

Daily Life 681

Chapter 681: Shameless Singers Institute

What was going on?

Yang Zhong didn't expect to be attacked by a "water army" as soon as he started live streaming today. The question was, where did this water army come from? Were the guild battles starting again?

In the live streaming industry, guild battles were very common, especially in the entertainment circle on live streaming platforms. In order to consolidate their strength, each guild frequently signed on many singers to create a team, and it wasn't uncommon for different teams of singers to wrestle each other behind the scenes.

Shadow Fool Guild had a lot of rival guilds in the Langya Broadcasting circle, so Yang Zhong guessed that the other guilds were most likely envious of the profit he had made from his live stream yesterday, and hence had hired a water army to attack him.

Wang Situ? Who was Wang Situ? Was there this kind of singer? He had never heard of him!

Just as Yang Zhong was feeling very confused, that President Lang Bei also sent some news in the chat group: numbers in the live stream room had grown abnormally large, and the spectators squatting in the live stream room before the start of the broadcast had already surpassed tens of thousands. A hired water army was usually only made up of several hundred people, and they were the only ones who would repeatedly spam the bullet screen with malicious comments... everything would be fine as long as they were all blocked.

But now, the live stream room was besieged by thousands and thousands of people!

Like Li Yunlong's battle formation when he attacked Pingan county...

Then the question was, who on earth was this Wang Situ?

In the chat group, Lang Bei asked anxiously, "What's going on, who is this Wang Situ?"

Under the mask, Yang Zhong frowned. A bead of cold sweat rolled down his cheek, and he swiftly replied, “I took a look at the bullet screen just now; I’m guessing it’s probably the fans of the original owner of that audio who’ve come to demolish our live stream room 1

.”

Hearing this, Lang Bei was shocked. “Such a coincidence?” They had only just talked about the audio before the start of the live stream, and after hanging up, President Lang Bei had already specially arranged for a record company to give this song a limited release online.

The number of online users in the live stream room continued to climb, breaking half a million in five minutes, and Yang Zhong suddenly started to panic. “What should I do now?” He was just a small live streamer. Because he couldn’t sing, he relied on buying raw vocals off other people and lip-syncing them to attract fans. Yang Zhong did think that he might be exposed one day, but he didn’t expect that day to come so soon.

In the face of such huge momentum, he felt a little overwhelmed...

“For now, calm your fans down in the live stream room. Ban what should be banned. I’ll arrange for someone to upload the song as soon as possible. Since it’s never been released online, if we release it first, we’ll have the upper hand.”

President Lang Bei thought of countermeasures. “Didn’t we have a singer who always helped us before? Contact him and ask him to sing this song raw, then record it... lip-sync it in the live stream room; remember to act more like you’re the one singing it, don’t get caught with your pants down.”

Yang Zhong nodded. “Alright.”

After talking with President Lang Bei, Yang Zhong got in touch with the singer who had lip-synced for him. He had been flustered just now and had almost forgotten this trump card.

This singer was none other than that online celebrity singer Tang Youning who became famous after singing “Old Boys,” the vagrant singer whom Wang Ling had helped out at Boss Tan’s Midnight Dining Hall!

“Brother Tang? I have a song here, can you sing it raw?” Yang Zhong sent a message to Tang Youning.

On the other end, Tang Youning fell silent when he once again received Yang Zhong's message.

After a while, he typed one word: "Again?"

Yang Zhong thought for a moment before replying, "Brother Tang, this really is the last time... I'm not going to sing anymore. I'm going to switch to becoming a talk show live streamer. You know what my family situation is like, my father is bedridden, my mother died shortly after I was born... I still have a brother at home, I need to pay his school fees! We've known each other for a while, can't you help me out one last time?"

Tang Youning was silent.

"But when you were exposed before, you already vowed to all your viewers and fans that you wouldn't steal songs and lip-sync anymore. Were those words... all fake?"

"Brother Tang! Your voice is really very similar to the singer of this audio I found recently. As long as we don't say anything, no one will know! This really is the last time!"

Yang Zhong knew that this was very important. If Tang Youning didn't help him this time, his career in entertainment was over!

Apologize? Impossible... He had already apologized once in the previous incident. He clearly remembered saying to the audience that from then on, all the songs he performed in his live stream would be his own, that he wouldn't use another artist's music, that he wouldn't let those who liked him down anymore, that he wasn't a hypocrite...

If something went wrong today and he had to bow to pressure and apologize again, his future path would be destroyed... Although he had already contacted Tang Youning before and said that he wouldn't bother him anymore, Yang Zhong now genuinely felt that he was already at the end of his rope with no way out.

"Brother Tang, you have to help me with this!" Yang Zhong pleaded again. "I know you're riding the momentum now, but Brother Tang... Remember, when you were a vagrant singer back then, I especially helped you out financially. Also, I kept some screenshots of our previous deals."

Tang Youning laughed. “Are you threatening me?”

Yang Zhong: “No... I’m not threatening you... I’m begging you...”

Tang Youning grit his teeth. “Back then, it was because I knew your family situation was difficult, and I didn’t have any money, which was why I chose to help you! If I really wanted your money, I would have directly asked for half of your live stream profits instead of selling that raw vocal to you for fifty HNY!”

Tang Youning was really furious as he never thought Yang Zhong would actually threaten him like this.

Yang Zhong had relied on Tang Youning’s voice to trend on the Internet and to gain popularity and fans... now, Yang Zhong actually didn’t hesitate to threaten him with records of their previous transactions if Tang Youning didn’t continue helping him trick the audience.

This type of person actually existed in the world?

Tang Youning was so angry that he directly closed the chat window and then turned off his phone!

He had many benefactors, but Yang Zhong wasn’t one of them!

For Tang Youning, his benefactors were Boss Tan, who owned Midnight Dining Hall, and that youngster and his father who had sold him a song for cheap...

But now Tang Youning had been dragged deep into the mud because of Yang Zhong.

From the moment Yang Zhong had threatened him, Tang Youning realized that things couldn’t go on like this.

He had to step forward to uncover the true identity of this hypocrite... and get more people to see the repulsive face under that mask!

Chapter 682: Fan Group’s Battle Strength

Tang Youning had already endured this for a long time. He had always indulged Yang Zhong, but in the end never expected the other party to turn into someone who only knew how to take advantage of him; that was something Tang Youning could never accept nor forgive.

Tang Youning had heard the story “The Farmer and the Snake” many times, but never imagined it would actually happen to him one day.

Yang Zhong had almost driven him crazy in the last few months. This wasn’t the first time Yang Zhong had humbly begged him for help, but it was the first time he was using blackmail to get Tang Youning to help him deceive viewers. Tang Youning felt that he was so stupid for actually helping this type of person.

He got up from his computer and went to look in the mirror. His face looked tired, and he had a scruffy beard and messy hair... he was already very different from that Tang Youning who had made a pure living on the streets as a vagrant singer.

This wasn’t what Tang Youning wanted, and he had turned into what he had once hated the most...

After the song “Old Boys” became popular, Tang Youning suffered and struggled constantly in his heart because of Yang Zhong, and it felt like he hadn’t left the house in a long time.

But just now, Tang Youning had found the answer.

He shaved off his beard with a small razor, then trimmed his hair until it was an inch long.

He then turned on his cell phone and dialed his manager’s number. “Brother Tian? I’ve seen the light...”

Hearing this, his manager was dazed before he breathed a long sigh of relief. “That’s great!”

“Mm, I’ve decided to expose him.”

“Good! That’s the best thing to do!” This “Brother Tian” nodded. “I’ve never had a good impression of this Singers Institute... Singing everyday with an SM half-mask on, as if he’s giving a philosophical 1 performance!”

Tang Youning: “...”

...

Elsewhere, the fans from Father Wang’s fan group were sending complaints one after another in the first wave on the frontline of battle. Many fans had been extremely indignant when they heard that Father Wang’s “The Starry Sky’s Language of Love” had been stolen, and they organized teams to go blow up the live stream room one after another. Quite a number of people had signed up for several accounts, and while these ones weren’t piling on the abuse, they were directly banned for seven days by the administrator just for asking whether or not the live streamer was in the habit of stealing songs.

The fan group was now grumbling that the enemy’s fans were too terrible and ferocious in their defense of the live streamer.

It was true what was said about a person’s fans being like them. Father Wang had looked up the live streamer’s profile previously. After he was caught lip-syncing last year, the live streamer had at first refused to admit it, no matter what, but in the end he couldn’t withstand the pressure of public opinion and had been forced to apologize to everyone.

And as someone who had already gone through such an experience, this Singers Institute’s skin was probably even thicker than city walls now; it would be pointless for Father Wang to simply enter the other party’s live stream room to challenge him.

Father Wang opened “Singers Institute’s” live stream room. When he had seen it yesterday, the number of people online had been about thirty thousand, but after making this matter public in his fan group earlier, it was now about to break six hundred thousand.

Haha, in the end, his fans’ battle strength was formidable!

Father Wang was very cheerful and skimmed the live stream room’s bullet screen in passing.

Several fans with the tag “Dean” defended him one after another: “How can our Dean possibly lip-sync? Otherwise, how can you explain his raw vocal before? Don’t tell me that was also lip-syncing? Don’t mislead new viewers!”

Father Wang: “...”

“So what if he lip-syncs? The reason I like Dean is because I like watching how fancy he is when he hits on girls. I don’t listen to him sing! What does lip-syncing and stealing songs have to do with me? La la la I’m not listening to you!”

Father Wang: “...”

“Why is there such a big water army today? With all due respect, who does this Wang Situ think he is? I’ve never heard of this singer at all. Is he trying to freeload off our Dean’s popularity?”

The corner of Father Wang’s lips already couldn’t help twitching. “...” Really, this was going too far!

Did a grand, top-class guru on the Cultivation Chinese Network like him need to ride off some small singer’s popularity?

But what made Father Wang even more speechless was what happened after.

At that time, the administrator typed on the public screen: “Dean’s throat is a little uncomfortable today, so he won’t be singing in his live stream. He’ll take it easy for a bit and chat with everyone. If there are any songs you want to listen to, you can also leave a message first on the public screen. I’ll note them down, and Dean will perform them in later live streams to make it up to everyone.”

This was clearly a delay tactic.

Because there were too many viewers in the live stream room now, the other party was worried that he would give the game away if he sang in front of so many people. If his trick was seen through again, he definitely wouldn’t be able to defend himself.

Hence, Father Wang could conclude that the other side was definitely using this method to fob off today’s live stream and to take his time considering his next move once he got offline.

But the most terrible thing was, these fans in the live stream room actually believed it.

” Cry cry cry , Great Dean, rest well. I love hearing you sing!”

“If your throat’s not good, don’t sing, we understand!”

“God! Great Dean’s throat was kissed by an angel! It will definitely be alright! Drink more hot water!”

...

Looking at the bullet screen, Father Wang almost spat out a mouthful of thick blood.

So many fans had been deceived!

Even if his song hadn’t been stolen, Father Wang felt that he would still need to address this issue and couldn’t allow this kind of person to continue getting away with what he was doing.

In his fan group, Father Wang asked, “Is there anyone who can find out this live streamer’s real identity? His name and phone number will be enough. I’ll give you ten chapter updates in exchange.”

Less than ten seconds after he said that, a fan called “Distressed Eggs” replied: “Yang Zhong, male, 176cm, mobile number 139188XXXXX, address: Lane 872, Yunmen West Road, Songhai city...”

“WTF, Brother Egg, did you dox him?” a lot of fans in the group exclaimed in surprise.

It was only in that moment that Father Wang realized that there really were other big shots hiding in his fan group...

It hadn’t been long, but even the address had been uncovered!

As the rest of his fans sighed emotionally over Brother Egg's battle strength, Brother Egg responded very modestly, "This is the most I can do; I actually also have his ID and whatnot, but it wouldn't be very nice for me to give that out. Let's not call this number to harass him; let's wait for our great lord to contact this live streamer first and see how it goes."

"OK!"

"No problem."

Many people in the fan group responded in the next moment.

At that time, someone asked a question: "But Brother Egg, how did you find all this out? Do you have particular resources?"

"That is naturally a secret." This "Brother Egg" smiled. "It's mainly because I'm used to doing regular investigations – I have a nephew who always comes now and then to ask me all kinds of things..."

"Nephew?"

"That's right, his surname is Guo, and he's still in senior high."

"..."

Chapter 683: Silent Heavenly Dao

It was a full hour since the start of the live stream, and thousands of people had already been banned from "Singers Institute's" live stream room. Two administrators with the nicknames "Mr Li" and "Zhang Fei" banned anyone who mentioned the keywords "lip-sync" or "piracy" for seven days, regardless of the actual situation; even some of the live streamer's fans who carried his tags suffered the same treatment when they came asking about the situation.

Father Wang stared at the live stream room, speechless and helpless.

Yet this live streamer didn't seem flustered at all. The black half-mask completely and neatly hid the subtle changes in his expressions. Father Wang now seemed to understand why the live streamer wore a mask in his live stream – it was because he had no face at all!

After a little over an hour, Father Wang started to see Yang Zhong interact with the fans in the live stream room: “It turns out everyone thinks that this song ‘The Starry Sky’s Language of Love’ sounds good? In fact...”

Father Wang thought this guy had finally gotten a conscience and was going to apologize; who knew he would abruptly go the other way: “In fact, the song is well written, and I sing it well! Right! As the original singer of this song, my singing is really too outstanding!”

Father Wang: “...”

“Oh, by the way, I’m about to upload this song to a music platform. When the time comes, I hope everyone will download ‘Singers Institute’s Record.’ Currently, no version of this song exists on the Internet because I haven’t uploaded it yet. After we upload the record later on, I hope everyone will download it in support. If you like it, click ‘Follow’ or ‘Favorite,’ then comment on it! It’ll be on NetEase Cloud Music! You just need to search directly for ‘The Starry Sky’s Language of Love’!”

After hearing this, Father Wang felt the urge to smash his keyboard for the first time ever.

He didn’t feel like this even when he had writer’s block, but after hearing the other side shamelessly dupe the audience, Father Wang was truly enraged... He was stunned and couldn’t understand how a person could be so thick-skinned!

The most important thing was that this guy actually wanted to upload the song ahead of him. This guy had to be crazy... This was outright infringement!

Next to Father Wang, Lie Mengmeng was also surprised when he saw this. “If this person does this, we’ll probably sue him, wouldn’t we?”

“We definitely will!”

Father Wang said, “This song’s copyright belongs to me. What he’s done is an act of theft... Worse still, it’s for commercial use. If a tremendous amount of money is involved, he might be put away for several years. But I don’t think he’s brave enough to do it on his own; it’s probably the guild behind this person that’s helping him out.”

Lie Mengmeng nodded. “I think so too. This person seems quite young, and is unlikely to have the guts to do it himself.”

Furthermore, how many people had already been banned?

In Lie Mengmeng’s eyes, the two administrators in the live stream room were already no different from lunatics... Basically, they were the type to ban people right away regardless of the actual situation; whether you were a passer-by asking a question or a fan looking for an explanation, as long as you raised this issue, you would be banned.

When Lie Mengmeng had opened an account to comment in the live stream room before, he had just typed a question mark and was immediately banned for seven days.

“Really, I’ve never seen such a shameless person before.” Lie Mengmeng gave a heartfelt sigh

“That’s right, this type of disavowal tactic is truly shameless. Compared with my delayed chapter updates and extraneous words, I’m simply a pure white lotus...”

Lie Mengmeng: “...”

This case of copyright infringement wasn’t over yet; Father Wang knew that he needed to get even tougher. The important thing right now was to continue collecting evidence of the other party’s violation of copyright and go through the relevant certification procedure for the copyright of “The Starry Sky’s Language of Love” as soon as possible.

Since Father Wang had decided not to use that big big big big shot behind him, this battle was destined to be drawn-out slightly longer than the ones before, and it was going to be a battle that revolved around fans from different circles. Live stream fans vs novel fans... which side was stronger? Father Wang was looking forward to finding out.

Elsewhere, Odd Zhuo had already picked out a whole kit for himself. The shoes, coats, undergarments, socks and even the briefs he would be wearing were all genuine magic treasures;

most crucially, he had never heard of them before. It could only be said that it was just like shifu to walk an extraordinary path... even the magic treasures he used weren't the same as the ones on the market.

You could now search the ranking of basically every magic treasure on a relevant magic treasure app, but there wasn't any information at all on these magic weapons from Wang Ling. He had picked them from the original Eight Classes of Divine Weapons text; the book that was sold on the market was the incomplete version, and a lot of the data it contained was too lacking to be inputted into the software app.

As a result, the magic treasures from the original Eight Classes of Divine Weapons couldn't be found in the online magic treasures software.

After Odd Zhuo was done picking out the magic treasures he wanted, Wang Ling silently noted them down, then took back the exercise book. He would give this exercise book to the Heavenly Dao later in exchange for the materials to make the magic treasures.

Moreover, Wang Ling had deliberately used very elaborate writing inside the exercise book in order to exchange it for a larger amount of materials.

Since he would be making more magic treasures this time, Wang Ling felt the materials might still not be enough.

He wondered if the Heavenly Dao accepted copies...

Wang Ling pondered this, chin in hand.

Heavenly Dao: "..."

...

It was July 25th on Tuesday in the fourteenth week of the semester.

Today was the day the overseas returnee elites of the Demon Hunters Association had organized to attack No. 60 High, but the school was as calm as always.

At the pancake stall in front of the school gate, Uncle Qiu still enthusiastically served the students early in the morning. As the old man who sold Chinese pancakes in front of No. 60 High's gate all year long, he heard most of the rumors of No. 60 High.

As Super Chen passed by, he bought a pancake and put five yuan into the money box next to the old man's cart. "Here you go, uncle!"

"Got it, just leave it there." Uncle Qiu nodded and then very proficiently poured out a layer of batter on the pancake cart, spread it evenly, and directly cracked two eggs on it.

Super Chen: "Uncle, I gave you money for one egg..."

Uncle Qiu: "It's fine, it's a promo today, buy one and get one free."

Super Chen: "... By the by, uncle, do you know that a bunch of criminals have declared that they're going to attack our school today?"

Uncle Qiu raised his eyebrows. "Do you mean the Demon Hunters Association?"

Super Chen nodded. "That's right! The Demon Hunters Association. Aren't you scared, uncle? You're so close to the school, what if you get pulled into it?"

Uncle Qiu: "There's nothing to be afraid of; I've been selling pancakes in front of your school gate for so many years, there aren't any demons and ghosts I haven't seen."

Super Chen: "..."

This was indeed true. Uncle Qiu had been selling pancakes at No. 60 High's front gate for many years, and seniors from the previous years presumably had all seen him. Most importantly, almost everyone at No. 60 High had bought Uncle Qiu's pancakes before. Old Li at the school gate especially loved to eat them!

Uncle Qiu: "That Shadow Stream group that came to pick a fight with your school a few months ago – isn't the grass on their graves taller than a man now?"

Super Chen: “...”

Chapter 684: The Demon Hunters Association’s Attack?

Anyone at No. 60 High could see that Uncle Qiu had already been there for a long time. This was an uncle who had witnessed No. 60 High’s history of hardships. Some said that one of the reasons why No. 60 High could stand firm in the face of so many disasters was Uncle Qiu.

In fact, there had been no shortage of legends about Uncle Qiu all these years. In No. 60 High’s Tieba circle, at least, there were numerous legends about him. Many people thought that Uncle Qiu was a hidden expert with a mysterious identity. Moreover, there were several times when people had even seen Uncle Qiu crack eggs in the shape of the yin yang symbol when he was making pancakes...

This was precisely why legends about Uncle Qiu popped up one after another, and they could be found online.

Wang Ling hadn’t attended this school for long, but he had also already eaten Uncle Qiu’s pancakes. Furthermore, they were currently the best thing Wang Ling felt that he had ever eaten apart from crispy noodle snacks. The point was that this five-yuan pancake had plenty of filling, which included sweet sauce, chili, egg, crackers, youtiao , tenderloin, sausage and anything else.

When Wang Ling arrived at school that morning, he happened to see Super Chen buying a pancake, so after thinking about it, he also took out five yuan to buy one.

“Wang Ling! Are you also buying a pancake?” Super Chen greeted him as he chewed on his freshly made pancake.

Today, Uncle Qiu had a special “buy one egg and get one free” offer. Just like when he had made the pancake for Super Chen earlier, he directly cracked two eggs... in the end, four eggs yolks came out! Both these eggs were actually double-yolked!

Wang Ling: "..."

Uncle Qiu was stunned, and so was Super Chen... What kind of operation was this?!

Uncle Qiu laughed. "This student is pretty lucky!"

After spreading out the pancake, Uncle Qiu asked, "Student, do you want youtiao

or crackers?"

Wang Ling took out a crispy noodle snack packet from his pocket and opened it, then divided the contents in half before giving one portion to Uncle Qiu.

Uncle Qiu: "..."

...

The morning at No. 60 High today was more peaceful than expected.

It had already been a whole night since word of the Demon Hunters Association's planned attack had broken yesterday. Last night, No. 60 High had sent out a lot of teachers to make emergency home visits and to do a lot of coordinating and to appease parents. Even then, there were still one or two parents who decided that their children would take a leave of absence and so didn't attend school today.

As for how many parents would choose to transfer their children out after this incident, this wasn't something Wang Ling couldn't calculate. He had chosen No. 60 High in the very beginning because he wanted to live a peaceful study life. This was because in every respect, whether it was the school's location, campus history or overall assessment, No. 60 High in fact seemed very average compared with other ordinary high schools.

But the absurd part was that the things which had happened since the semester started ten or so weeks ago didn't make No. 60 High seem like an average school at all...

Would the Demon Hunters Association's attack proceed smoothly?

Wang Ling thought that this was a question mark.

Because his eyelid warning had already stopped...

...

Elsewhere, Father Wang was still fighting Singers Institute, the live streamer who stole songs, and fans on both sides were blowing the matter up. In addition to the fan viewers who supported Father Wang and were boycotting this thieving live streamer, there was also a key figure who was directly causing this battle to enter a white-hot state.

This person was none other than Daoist Guang who had just become a live streamer and entered the live stream circle in recent weeks.

Daoist Guang was the all-round big brother on the Cultivation Broadcasting platform. He had amassed millions of fans in a few short weeks, directly creating a new record in the website's history. Now, as long as Daoist Guang started live streaming, he would hit over ten million views in less than ten minutes.

Why was Daoist Guang so popular? While timing and luck played a role, another factor was that his island was something he had created himself and he could come up with all sorts of new material for a survival broadcast series to live stream to the audience every day. He could even create bogus spirit beasts on the island out of clay to bring out the best in the program.

It was very normal for a live streamer to create effects for their program to begin with. However, the live streamer should also use their own actual abilities to do so; relying on crooked methods and a mixed bag of tricks in the end wasn't right.

Knowing that Father Wang's song had been infringed, Daoist Guang's attitude was very clear. He directly changed the title of his live stream room to "Langya Broadcasting Platform's 'Shadow Fool – Dean' Stealing and Lip-Syncing Songs!" and even publicly expressed on Weibo how he felt about the issue of stealing and lip-syncing songs – this became the fuse that ignited the whole incident.

Daoist Guang knew that this Senior Wang was Ling Zhenren's father; how could this senior be an ordinary person? Daoist Guang didn't even need to think about it before he sided firmly with Father Wang.

However, he couldn't use this explanation with outsiders. Therefore, after obtaining Father Wang's permission, Daoist Guang directly made public some information.

That was, the person who was currently ranked number one on his fan list with the ID "Has Three Days And Two Sleeps Been Updated," and whom many of the water friends in the live stream room called "Brother Sleep," was the famous guru writer "Wang Situ" himself.

When the news came out, it wasn't just the live stream circle, but the novel circle also exploded.

"Damn, it turns out this guy is Wang Situ?"

"My god... so Wang Situ is Lord Island's fan, too?"

"Haha, that live streamer is finished. Not only did he do Wang Situ wrong, he even offended Lord Island. Wang Situ's given Lord Island so many gifts, their relationship certainly isn't an ordinary one!"

This gave Daoist Guang, as a live streamer on another platform, a better reason for helping to crush that thieving live streamer "Singers Institute."

Nowadays, Daoist Guang was the big brother of the Cultivation Broadcasting platform, while Father Wang was a very famous Internet guru. For these two people to join hands to crush a live streamer was basically a declaration that the live streamer was already done for.

Staring at the screen, Lie Mengmeng sighed. "This person is also obstinate. Wouldn't this have been over if he had apologized early on?"

"You don't understand, some people won't shed tears until they see the coffin." Father Wang sighed. "If you don't believe me, take a look..."

Father Wang opened the live streamer's live stream room to show the other side sitting there as if nothing had happened as he didn't respond at all to the issue of stealing and lip-syncing songs.

"This man really has the nerve..." Lie Mengmeng was speechless.

“He’s good at playing dead. He did the same last year and played dead when he ran into trouble. The people slamming him then got tired after some time and slowly stopped investigating. But the problem is that he’s never encountered a stubborn enough person.” Father Wang laughed. “He dared steal the song I gave to my wife, it looks like this guy doesn’t want to live anymore...”

“How do you want to deal with him?” Lie Mengmeng asked.

Father Wang drew his thumb across his throat. “Shut him down.”

Chapter 685: President Lang Bei’s Little Secretary

That day, Yang Zhong didn’t start a live stream, and used the excuse of being sick with the audience in the live stream room to take a break. The administrators in the live stream room, however, didn’t take any breaks, and “Mr Li” and “Zhang Fei” continued to ban people. In less than two days, they had banned over ten thousand people who basically were passers-by that had found out about the incident through Father Wang.

Online users forever liked to butt in on the action as they looked forward to a show. Although the audiences for novel and live stream circles were different, their ages were similar, so this show was very tantalizing for spectators in both circles.

Yang Zhong knew very well that right now he was in the eye of the storm; it was very important that he didn’t admit to stealing songs and to avoid the limelight for a while. This was how he had handled the crisis last year, and it turned out to work pretty well.

But this time, Yang Zhong underestimated the power of Wang Situ, the veteran guru writer on the Cultivation Chinese Network.

After Daoist Guang’s support for Wang Situ last night, Yang Zhong already had a feeling it would be very hard for him to free himself of this mess.

“President, what should we do now?” He had no choice but to look for help from Lang Bei. Shadow Fool Guild wasn’t a small one, and had signed hundreds of artists, Yang Zhong being one of them.

Yang Zhong always believed that the president would never abandon him so easily. This year, he had drummed up a lot of ill-gotten gains for Shadow Fool by stealing and lip-syncing songs. Moreover, when that mishap had happened last year, it was Shadow Fool who spent several hundred thousand in penalty fees and specially signed him on. Yang Zhong had always felt that this guild cared for him and wouldn't abandon him so easily.

On the other end of the line, the tone of Lang Bei, President of Shadow Fool Guild, wasn't as confident as before.

That was because the two people whom Yang Zhong had offended this time had massive numbers of fans, and they would actually be very difficult to contend with if things continued like this.

President Lang Bei had in fact been weighing the stakes before he picked up the phone.

Shadow Fool Guild wasn't a charity guild, but a live streaming guild that had to support so many people. To be frank, everything was just a matter of making profit. Last year, Shadow Fool had signed Yang Zhong on despite the criticism. They even spent a huge sum of money to pay off his former guild's penalty fee, since they had had an eye on his future commercial value.

But they were now in the eye of the storm... Any move would be more difficult to make compared with last year.

"Don't worry, we've already prioritized uploading the record. You can take a screenshot first and post it on Weibo; the most important thing is to calm your own fans down first." President Lang Bei said, "As for Wang Situ, I've already contacted the Cultivation Chinese Network and gotten his contact information. I'll discuss it in detail with him later. If this incident can be settled privately, and both sides can release statements to clarify the matter, it'll be a perfect ending. Plus, you'll have a lot more fans compared with last year..."

"OK! Thank you, president! President, you have to help me this time!" Listening to President Lang Bei, Yang Zhong immediately felt relieved. As long as his backer hadn't abandoned him, there was still a way to save everything.

After the call ended, President Lang Bei, sitting in his office, rubbed his eyes and felt his head hurt deeply.

“Lord President doesn’t plan to abandon him yet?” a little secretary wearing scanty clothing said next to him.

“It’s too early to give up on him. He still has some value.” President Lang Bei mused, “This matter has already blown up, and looking at the current situation, it basically won’t end well for us, but if we can settle this privately with this Mr Wang Situ... this is definitely the best option for us. ”

Hearing this, the scantily-clad little secretary understood. It was all because President Lang Bei thought Yang Zhong could still be used. Relying on Yang Zhong’s commercial value, Shadow Fool Guild had made a lot of money this year.

These days, while the live stream room was at the center of things, there was also a lot of revenue earned from gifts. Many “loyal” fans didn’t hesitate to spend large sums of money in the live stream room to frantically send small gifts in order to cover those negative suspicions on the bullet screen.

“What should we do next?” asked the scantily-clad little secretary.

“It’s very simple.” President Lang Bei said, “Contact Wang Situ first, and also that Daoist Guang. Ask them what their thoughts are on this incident. If they just want compensation, we can pay a sum on Yang Zhong’s behalf. Of course, if it’s a sky-high price, then it’s another story.”

“Then you’ll give up on him?”

“If things reach that point, of course we can only give up on him.”

President Lang Bei said, “Yang Zhong this person isn’t clean to begin with. If it wasn’t because he still has some final commercial value, I would have already canceled his contract early on. To me, he’s just a pawn that can be discarded anytime...”

“Lord President really is merciless.” The scantily-clad little secretary smiled, went directly to President Lang Bei, then sat on his lap.

Just then, the little secretary’s cell phone rang.

President Lang Bei held the secretary. “Who’s calling?”

“Hm, it’s a delivery.”

The little secretary directly turned on the hands-free function.

A voice then came through the phone. “Excuse me, is that Mr Shen? Your express delivery has arrived!”

The scantily-clad little secretary stood up. “Very well! I’ll go get it!”

...

Elsewhere, it was still quiet at No. 60 High. It was already long past the time the Demon Hunters Association’s master attack plan was meant to be carried out. It was now almost noon and there was still no movement from those so-called overseas returnee elites from the Demon Hunters Association.

Quite a few No. 60 High students started to mock them in the class chats and on Tieba.

“Are they coming or not? If not, we can go have lunch...”

“Damn, so untrustworthy! Stressed us out for a long time! What is this group doing? They’re even worse than Shadow Stream! Back when Shadow Stream came, for better or worse, they still got into the school. Can it be that this bunch can’t even get through No. 60 High’s front gate?”

“...”

After quietly reading the messages on Tieba and in the class chat, Wang Ling also looked out of the window and felt it was strange.

The sun was exceptionally bright today... There was no sign of a storm.

What on earth was going on?

Wang Ling himself was also puzzled. His eyelid had clearly twitched in warning previously, but in the end it had suddenly stopped. Did the other party run into some sort of accident? Emm...

“Let’s stop waiting. Do what we should do, eat, eat!” Super Chen couldn’t help laughing. “Mother Juan reportedly held a food tasting event for parents in No. 60 High a while ago. It seemed only one parent showed up. When she left, she took some croquettes with her. If this parent was someone from the Demon Hunters Association who brought those meatballs back, do you think that group of people might have been directly poisoned to death?”

Wang Ling was taken aback. “...” So that was it!

Chapter 686: Wiped Out

When Elder Ji Xing regained consciousness, he felt sore all over and he didn’t even have the energy to stand up.

Cold...

An endless cold pierced his marrows, which frightened him terribly.

What the hell happened yesterday?

Elder Ji Xing felt like he couldn’t remember anything. His body felt extremely weak; it was as if his bones were limp and his entire body half paralyzed — he couldn’t get up at all!

Had he been poisoned?

How could that be...

Elder Ji Xing closed his eyes and tried circulating his spirit energy to take a look at his surroundings, but it actually got stuck halfway in his body’s golden core... He hadn’t been poisoned, since he could at least still run spirit energy. If it was a very potent poison, it would

definitely have directly shut down all his meridians so that even spirit energy wouldn't be able to circulate normally.

Taking a deep breath, Elder Ji Xing tried using spirit energy to break through the restraints on his golden core. Doing this was very risky, because whether it worked or not, forcibly using spirit energy to break through a seal inside the body was bound to cause serious internal injuries.

And Elder Ji Xing was now already very seriously injured!

But he had no choice – he needed to know what the current situation was.

At this thought, Elder Ji Xing grit his teeth, and enduring the acute pain in his body, he started to exert force on his golden core. It was very uncomfortable, as if he was constipated, and Elder Ji Xing felt so stifled that his entire face turned red. In the end, even the blue veins on his forehead burst! A man of the Demon Hunters Association would never give up!

A few minutes later, Elder Ji Xing let out a sudden “wa” sound and spat out a mouthful of blood.

So far, he had already broken through the block on his golden core inside his body and could run his spirit energy as usual. However, Elder Ji Xing was suffering from the internal injury it caused. He now couldn't move, and couldn't even take out the emergency pills he had prepared, which was what he was most angry about... Sometimes the most tragic thing in life wasn't that a person didn't spend his money before he died, but that a dying man who had medicine couldn't eat it!

Step by step...

Elder Ji Xing took a deep breath and tried to calm his thoughts as much as possible. Now wasn't the time to get angry, because rash anger would only aggravate his injuries.

At that moment, his spirit energy began to circulate normally, and Elder Ji Xing could finally use a cultivator's sense of spiritual awareness to check the situation inside the military tent.

Everyone...

Yes...

Everyone had collapsed!

Some of the elders had even already completely stopped breathing and abruptly died!

The breathing of the remaining elders who were still alive was also very weak...

Elder Ji Xing was utterly dumbstruck in his heart. What on earth happened? Why had they suddenly been wiped out like this?

And this was the part that was even more freaky, because Elder Ji Xing realized that he couldn't recall what had happened last night at all, as if his memory had been cut off!

At that moment, his face was white and he was covered in cold sweat. He truly couldn't imagine what kind of Almighty they had offended, who could do things to this extent.

They were all elite members of the Demon Hunters Association who had been trained overseas! The weakest of them was in any case still an Itinerant Immortal expert, but at that moment, some had actually fainted and some had suddenly died. In a split second, they had been completely wiped out... And the scariest thing was that Elder Ji Xing had no idea what on earth happened.

The coordinates of the military tent from where they were organizing this operation were strictly confidential. This area of mountain forest was protected inside and out by a barrier. If there had been an invasion last night, they should have sensed it early on given how many people they had! But not only hadn't that "Almighty" made any noise, it had been an absolutely silent infiltration in which they had been quietly wiped out, and even their memories had been erased in the end...

Elder Ji Xing couldn't help sucking in a cold breath of air at this thought.

What a frightening and dreadful strategy...

He really couldn't remember anything. And the most, most horrifying of all, was that Elder Mingren, who had taken Nine-Tails for psychological treatment, had also fallen to the ground and was already dead.

Who could tell him what the hell happened yesterday?

...

A few hours before the Demon Hunters Association was wiped out, Elder Mingren, who had taken Nine-Tails for psychological treatment, returned to the military tent where the others were.

Because its condition was discovered in time, the Nine-Tailed Demon Fox's psychological treatment went well. The psychologist sprayed a growth agent on its tails so that the fur would grow out thick again and its original confidence would return.

But just as he approached the military tent, Elder Mingren felt that something clearly wasn't right about the aura inside.

He frowned deeply.

Had something happened?

Elder Mingren reacted immediately, because he could clearly sense that the auras of the elders inside the military tent were very faint, as if they had been injured. Strangely, however, Elder Mingren didn't sense any enemy aura nearby.

"Nine-Tails, enter battle mode." As soon as Elder Mingren said that, he was promptly enveloped in golden spirit energy. This was an augmentation technique which combined the Nine-Tails' chakra with the spirit energy inside his body to double his battle strength.

But this form couldn't be maintained for long, because the Nine-Tailed Demon Fox's original form consumed large amounts of spirit energy inside the body. Currently, they were using chakra the same way Elder Poisonous Dragon had; by sacrificing fat, the chakra as a second energy source was combined with spirit energy to be used together.

Elder Mingren thought himself invincible in this mode, since his self-healing ability in this form was more formidable than President Bai's. Although this mode could only last for two minutes, it was clearly already more than enough time to deal with the enemy.

Besides, even if he couldn't defeat the enemy, he could run away...

Taking a deep breath, Elder Mingren stepped inside the military tent.

When he pushed the tent flap aside, the scene in front of him was something he would never forget in his life.

All the elders were down...

Elder Ji Xing, the commander of this operation, was no exception. Some of the elders had even died already, without a single sound.

He had to contact President Bai at once.

Elder Mingren frowned and canceled the Nine-Tails mode. He then took out his cell phone and dialed President Bai's hotline.

While waiting for the call to connect, Elder Mingren looked carefully at his surroundings again. There was fine wine and croquettes on the table; it was clear that Elder Ji Xing and the others had been celebrating not long ago... toasting the success of the plan tomorrow.

Elder Mingren remembered reading Elder Ji Xing's message on WeChat Moments previously, and had even given a thumbs-up and said that he was on his way back.

Who would have thought, not long after that...

Elder Mingren sighed deeply.

He picked up a croquette from the table, put it in his mouth, and drank the last of the wine.

This meatball and this wine represented his grief for Elder Ji Xing and the other elders...

...

Elder Mingren, died.

Chapter 687: Wang Ling's Warning

That afternoon, Odd Zhuo was in his office, feeling gloomy.

He had been answering phone calls all morning from “enthusiastic citizens” who were mainly complaining about the No. 60 High issue. A lot of these enthusiastic citizens didn’t understand why No. 60 High wasn’t on holiday today and was carrying on with classes.

Although there was no movement with regard to the Demon Hunters Association’s revenge plan, this was a gang of crafty hoodlums! God knew what kind of sick things they would do to kids... Nowadays, there were many cases of these psychopaths causing injuries!

For example, there was a scumbag some time ago who should be struck by lightning for stabbing two primary school children on their way to school. This kind of person should be cut to pieces and go to hell, his soul never to be reincarnated! Why attack kids... If you can, go attack Ling Zhenren!

When Odd Zhuo read this news, he had been utterly furious.

So it actually wasn’t as if he couldn’t understand when it came to this matter, but a lot of the time, suspending classes wasn’t up to him alone... Conversely, when you held a high position, there were times when you were actually more limited in what you could do, and you had to be prudent in how you handled each matter.

The reason why No. 60 High hadn’t suspended classes this time was a combination of various factors. While Odd Zhuo didn’t know exactly what factors Headmaster Chen and the higher-ups had taken into account before they made this decision, Headmaster Chen had never made a wrong decision when it came to No. 60 High... And this indeed was the reality: the overseas returnee elites of the Demon Hunters Association had announced that they would be getting their revenge in the morning, but it was now the afternoon with not even a shadow to be seen.

“Brother Zhuo, it seems like there’s no movement?” The director and the deputy director shared the same office space. Zhong Lang looked at the time, then poked his head out to ask Odd Zhuo the question.

Odd Zhuo shrugged and spread his hands. “No idea...”

He didn’t know what the situation was.

But for some reason, he could feel a massive shadow slowly covering him; he had a very strong premonition that it was ultimately going to directly turn into a wok on his head...

Just as Odd Zhuo’s thoughts were running wild, his phone suddenly vibrated...

Odd Zhuo looked at the caller ID.

It was Secretary Dakang calling...

“No way, right?” The corner of Odd Zhuo’s lips twitched, and he picked up the phone.

From the other end of the line came the old secretary’s wholehearted praise. “Little Zhuozi! Beautifully done!”

Odd Zhuo: “...”

What... What did he do this time?

Secretary Dakang: “We discovered the bodies of the Demon Hunters Association overseas returnee elites in an area of mountain forest, including the Elder Ji Xing who organized the plan! He’s now the only one who survived! That overseas returnee team of elites from the Demon Hunters Association has already been wiped out! Tell me the truth, was it that old shifu behind you who took action again?”

Odd Zhuo: “Old secretary, I...”

“Don’t deny it, I can tell right away that this was a setup!”

Secretary Dakang: “If that senior expert is willing to come out and meet me, he’s welcome anytime. He’s helped us out so much, after all!”

Odd Zhuo: “Then now...”

Secretary Dakang: “Why are you still spacing out now? Hurry up and hold a press conference. The overseas returnee team of elites from the Demon Hunters Association was completely eliminated this time, I want to see what that bunch online have to say about that.”

Odd Zhuo: “...”

...

The Demon Hunters Association’s grand plan for their overseas returnee elites to attack No. 60 High ultimately came to an end with almost all of them dead, except for two people: One was Elder Ji Xing, who was struggling painfully, while the other was Elder Yaren who had already been captured earlier, and who was at the stage of twitchy revival.

These were the top two experts among the overseas returnee elites this time, yet even then they had both already completely lost the ability to fight, and wouldn’t be able to participate in any battles any time soon.

No. 60 High was still tranquil at noon, which was when Uncle Qiu prepared to close up his pancake stall. Just as he was about to leave with the cart, a customer with a snow-white face and carrying a black umbrella appeared all of a sudden. The customer’s aura was so gloomy and cold that even the stove on the pancake cart seemed to cool down a few degrees as he drew near.

The small black umbrella covered half the newcomer’s face, so Uncle Qiu didn’t have a full view of it.

Uncle Qiu raised his eyebrows and then sighed in his heart. “Sir... I don’t have enough batter, and can only make one last pancake. Do you want crackers or youtiao ? My pancake ingredients aren’t as fresh by noon, but if you still want them, I can give you a cheaper price...”

The man under the black umbrella said quietly, ” Youtiao .”

It was succinct and to the point, without any unnecessary words.

“Alright.” Uncle Qiu nodded and began to make a pancake.

When he cracked open an egg, Uncle Qiu couldn’t help sighing with feeling. “It really is peaceful today.”

The man under the black umbrella listened to him silently.

“To be a person is just like making this pancake: whether you’re adding sweet or spicy sauce, you ultimately have to be careful when you make your choice. There are some places you can provoke and some you can’t...” At this point, Uncle Qiu was done making the pancake, and he then expertly wrapped it in oilpaper. “Here you are, young man, your pancake.”

This customer with the black umbrella stared at the pancake without moving for a long time. He watched as Uncle Qiu left, pushing the cart down to the end of the road...

Under the black umbrella, President Bai was utterly stupefied.

He had stood there unmoving for a long time not because he was reflecting on something, but because a powerful aura had held him in place... He hadn’t been able to move at all!

Could it be that this No. 60 High really was full of hidden dragons and crouching tigers?

Even the uncle selling pancakes at the gate was so frightening?

President Bai narrowed his eyes and started to weigh the stakes.

Then he lowered his head to take a bite of the pancake in his hand...

Hm...

It was overcooked...

...

At the window of Grade One, Class Three, Wang Ling relaxed inwardly as his pupils refocused. That Great Soul Transformation Spell just now was a technique for attaching his soul to another person. He had used Uncle Qiu's body to give President Bai a warning. Although he couldn't be sure that it made an impact, it could be said that this was Wang Ling's "ultimatum" this time.

Mother Wang had taught him to be a polite child since young, to try talking things out first before resorting to violence! Wang Ling felt that his warning just now... could be considered quite polite!

But whether President Bai understood his meaning in the end was another matter...

Chapter 688: Something's Happened to Wang Ling!

President Bai was inordinately depressed by the colossal failure of the revenge plan.

That was fifteen overseas returnee elites from the Demon Hunters Association! Now there wasn't even one left!

President Bai frowned. He knew full well that he could no longer act on his own initiative in this matter because he was afraid of taking risks. The main reason their Demon Hunters Association had put down roots in Huaxiu nation was actually for the sake of seizing the level thirteen spell in Beast King's Remains.

This wouldn't be easy to do because President Bai was well aware that Huaxiu had already noticed their movements and was bound to set up tight defenses in Beast King's Remains this time.

Now that the Demon Hunters Association's battle strength was greatly depleted, everything had become very hard to predict.

President Bai sighed. He had no choice but to send a message to Night Chief's top leader, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor: Lord Night Ghost Spirit Emperor, this is Bai Zhe. I'm at a loss right now...

...

Abroad, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor received President Bai's message requesting aid.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor: "What useless trash... In the end, he still gave himself away."

"Do you have any solutions, Lord Night Ghost Spirit Emperor?" asked a handsome and elegant young man. He held a folding fan in his hand and was dressed in a traditional style of clothing.

This man was called Dylan. After President Edmark, the head of Night Chief's six generals, was killed by that medicine ball, Dylan as deputy head had taken over all of the president's power networks.

"What do you think?" Night Ghost Spirit Emperor looked at the young man and asked for his opinion.

Compared with President Edmark who did things recklessly, Second President Dylan was a genuinely intelligent commander.

"I suggest that Bai Zhe should withdraw and our people take over before the plan is carried out, which will be the best way to minimize our losses," said Second President Dylan. "Of course, even if President Bai returns, he still has to face Your Majesty's punishment. If Your Majesty allows it, you can order him to make reparations over there first before coming back."

"Mm."

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor nodded.

The punishment was necessary; before the start of the master plan, President Bai had mobilized the overseas returnee elites without permission over a small personal grievance and without fully understanding the enemy. In the end, they had walked into a trap and were wiped out. If President Bai wasn't punished for this, it would be a very bad influence on the rest of Night Chief.

Thus, he had to be punished as a lesson to others.

“Given the severity of this incident, it wouldn’t be considered excessive to remove President Bai from office completely and have him die to make amends.”

Second President Dylan said, “President Bai thought he already had enough information on that No. 60 High School, but it now seems that what he learned was useless. Otherwise, the Demon Hunters Association’s entire elite team wouldn’t have been destroyed...”

“It’s just a small Foundation Establishment high school, but swarming with so many experts... I have a feeling that this No. 60 High won’t be easy to deal with.” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor stood up from his throne with a resolute expression.

In addition to sending someone to take over the rest of the master plan, he decided to have President Bai thoroughly investigate No. 60 High.

At the very least, they had to find out who on earth that great senior hiding behind No. 60 High was...

“President Bai has a very strong recovery ability, but since he has sent a message requesting aid this time, it would only be appropriate for Night Ghost Spirit Emperor to help him out a little. As long as we exert strong enough pressure, we should be able to force that senior behind the scenes to come out,” President Dylan said.

“Mm, I’ve already transferred a technique over to him, it’s the ‘Spirit Power Loan Spell’ I developed myself.”

“Spirit Power Loan Spell?”

“Yes, it’s a kind of spell that allows me to take control through a person’s soul mark. For a short time, a borrower’s strength will be greatly boosted through this loan method...”

“It just so happens that this technique is still in the trial stage. Since Bai Zhe is willing to be the lab rat, there’s no harm in letting him try it out.” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor laughed. “It’s more cost-effective than student loans, and there’s no interest on it; you just need to repay it with your life, and you can do it in installments.”

President Dylan: "..."

...

That day after school, Wang Ling had the vague feeling that something wasn't right. It was still calm on campus, but somehow he sensed some hidden killing intent.

His intuition was always on point and had never been wrong.

Judging from the aura, this overwhelming air of hostility was coming from that very President Bai whom Wang Ling had warned before.

Sure enough, this person in the end couldn't leave well alone.

Sighing in his heart, Wang Ling feigned ignorance as he stuck his hands in his pockets and left.

At that moment, everyone in class was having a lively discussion about the summer camp. Because they were going to be camping overnight in Beast King's Remains, a lot of people were discussing what they should bring with them.

Once again, Wang Ling didn't participate in the discussion...

"Wang Ling, what do you think we should bring?" Super Chen turned his head to ask Wang Ling for his opinion, but discovered that Wang Ling had already disappeared.

Where was he?

Super Chen scratched his head.

"Wang Ling's already left."

Dopey Guo pointed to the window. "This guy leaves school with us every day, why did he leave so early today?"

While he was speaking as he looked out the window, his expression swiftly changed. “Holy crap! Everyone, look!”

Startled by his cry of alarm, everyone crowded around the window, and then saw the air distort as a black crack suddenly appeared at the school gate!

A dozen or so tentacle-like things extended out from the crack right away and directly dragged Wang Ling inside!

This scene happened so suddenly, and several students behind Wang Ling screamed and ran back to the school.

Almost everyone in Grade One, Class Three looked on helplessly as Wang Ling was swallowed up by this black rift in the air!

A lot of people were so scared that they got goosebumps and some of the girls in class promptly screamed.

“Go and tell the teacher, quickly!” Little Peanut’s face was deathly pale.

Super Chen and Dopey Guo had already rushed out.

...

Roughly five minutes later, the phone rang at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s small villa.

The person who picked up was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal himself. Because he had attended the parent-teacher conference for Wang Ling, the contact details he had left behind were his landline and cell phone number. Back then, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had attended the parent-teacher conference in Father Wang and Mother Wang’s place, and had given himself the alias Wang Lei.

“Hello, is this Wang Ling’s father, Mr Wang Lei...” From the other end of the line came the voice of Director Shi, the director of education.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was dazed before he replied, “Yes... speaking...”

“It’s like this... Mr Wang Lei, we’re now urgently following up on this incident, so please remain calm at what I’m about to say, alright?” Director Shi said.

“Alright, I’ll stay calm, please go ahead...” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was confused.

“Mr Wang Lei, Student Wang Ling was swallowed up by a black rift after school today. For now, we suspect that the Demon Hunters Association’s President Bai is taking personal revenge, and that he was the one who grabbed Wang Ling just now...” Director Shi’s tone was very gloomy. “As teachers, we understand that there are responsibilities which we must be held accountable for, but we still wanted to let Mr Wang Lei know to please be prepared for the worst...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded seriously. “Is that all?”

Director Shi: “Yes...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s face was unperturbed. “Alright, got it. If there’s nothing else, I’m hanging up! Let me know when you find my son’s body.”

Director Shi: “???”

Chapter 689: Poor Student Wang Ling

Director Shi was dumbstruck. How could there be a parent like this in the world...

Disbelievingly, she looked at the phone number in the address book of parents’ contacts and confirmed that she hadn’t called the wrong number. But she felt like she had just called a fake dad! The word in school all this time was that Wang Ling’s family situation was very tough and he had a cold personality. Now that Director Shi thought about it, she felt that this was inevitably tied to his upbringing.

Student Wang Ling's family situation was a little wretched!

At that moment, director of education Director Shi's maternal instincts overflowed. She suddenly felt that she hadn't cared for Student Wang Ling enough. Since he was in the elite class, his academic grades definitely weren't bad... but they also had to pay attention to the psychological aspect. No. 60 High's education style advocated two points: the education of their students and teaching!

And educating the students was still far more important than teaching!

It wasn't right for teachers to blindly chase grades; the students' psychological education was equally important. Headmaster Chen had stressed this point many times at staff meetings.

Now that Director Shi was on the phone, her mind was full of regrets. She didn't know whether Wang Ling was still alive or not. Either way, Director Shi and the other No. 60 High teachers at that moment all shared the same somber mood.

Elsewhere, not long after the old secretary's phone call of commendation, the office of the General Administration of 100 Schools received the grievous news about Wang Ling.

This time, it was Headmaster Chen himself who called Odd Zhuo.

Since something had happened to a student, Headmaster Chen was accountable in his position as headmaster.

Headmaster Chen sounded very sorrowful on the phone, but Odd Zhuo still didn't know which student had been taken. "Student Odd Zhuo..." This was Headmaster Chen's familiar address for this old graduate.

"I understand the situation, headmaster..." Odd Zhuo's voice was also very gloomy.

After the collective deaths of the team of overseas returnee elites from the Demon Hunters Association, no one expected President Bai to strike yet again, and furthermore kidnap a student.

"I am already prepared to resign."

Headmaster Chen sighed deeply. “If this lapse in my judgment leads to this student’s unfortunate end, I’ll feel guilty for the rest of my life...”

“Headmaster...”

Odd Zhuo was moved. “Calm down first, headmaster. Why don’t we think of some possible solutions? Perhaps that student is still alright...”

“That student is only at the Foundation Establishment stage, there’s no way his body would have been able to withstand being drawn directly into a space fissure!” Headmaster Chen was very agitated.

Odd Zhuo: “May I ask exactly who this student is, Headmaster Chen?”

“You’ve seen him before.”

Headmaster Chen replied, “It’s that Student Wang Ling from Grade One, Class Three.”

“...”

Odd Zhuo exclaimed loudly in his heart: Crap! Shifu ‘s been caught by a monster!

...

Half an hour before the incident, Wang Ling had already sensed an abnormality at the school gate. It just so happened that school was over. Grade One classes were the earliest to end. Usually, the students would linger in class after school to discuss homework before leaving.

With his King’s Eye, Wang Ling had seen a deeply hidden space trap. As long as students walked out of the gate, they would be sucked into the space.

Sure enough, this bull-headed person still came...

Wang Ling sighed in his heart.

In this world, there would always be some people who wouldn't listen. Wang Ling felt that he had already been very benevolent.

When he was sucked into the space, Wang Ling was expressionless. The tear in space didn't have any impact on his body. Also, the instant he was sucked into the space, Wang Ling had already cast a spell to get rid of the space trap and directly plug the crack so that he was the only person to be swallowed up.

After he landed, Wang Ling surveyed his surroundings carefully.

This was a completely independent and unusual space. Wang Ling's first assumption was that this was probably the inside of a magic artifact.

The entire space was a snow-white world that seemed endless.

President Bai had used a technique to combine the magic artifact with his own body to partition off this space.

Wang Ling dusted off his school uniform. This was space debris from when he fell through the space fissure. When the space fissure formed, it sucked in drifting matter from other spaces, and this matter ultimately broke down into incredibly dirty debris and fine particles.

Wang Ling was a bit annoyed because this stuff was hard to wash off... Who knew if enchanted detergent would be able to wash clean his dirty school uniform.

While Wang Ling was pondering this, there was a slight distortion in the air in front of him, and a young man with a deathly white face and carrying a black umbrella stepped out of the distortion.

This person was none other than President Bai.

President Bai's aura was already different from what Wang Ling had felt before.

“We should resolve our grievances today.” President Bai let go of the small black umbrella, which then hovered behind him, and his whole face was revealed.

At that moment, Wang Ling saw a dark black dot between President Bai’s eyebrows.

This was the mark of a soul exchange.

As the Heavenly Dao had said, there was a balance to all things in the world, and the principle of equivalence exchange was an eternal and inviolable rule. To boost his power, President Bai could only rely on this “shortcut” of selling his soul and sacrificing his lifespan to make himself stronger.

President Bai stared at Wang Ling, full of confidence in his increased strength. “I’ve already thoroughly investigated your strength; you’re a True Immortal, aren’t you?”

Wang Ling: “...”

“Your Excellency has repeatedly thwarted my Demon Hunters Association’s plans, I won’t let you off so easily.” President Bai’s tone was grim. His eyes were fixed unwaveringly on Wang Ling as he gnashed his teeth in rage. “In order to deal with Your Excellency, I gave up a thousand years of my life without exception in exchange for this chance to boost my strength...”

Wang Ling cocked an eyebrow. He had indeed heard Mr Lu mention before that President Bai had a very powerful recovery ability to begin with, and that his self-healing ability was more terrifying than Elder Yaren’s. It was an instant kind of self-healing, where he might already recover even while still being attacked.

Now that President Bai’s whole body had been enhanced, Wang Ling felt that the other party’s self-healing ability was probably stronger than before.

Wang Ling remembered that he had used one slap to deal with the Old Devil.

And two slaps to deal with Evil Sword God...

Here, now, was the question...

How many times would he have to slap this President Bai to deal with him?

For now, Wang Ling wasn't sure, and only felt a little twitchy.

It was almost time for the final exams, and he still had a lot of homework to do when he went home as he hadn't finished it yet!

So troublesome!

Chapter 690: Several Huge Misconceptions In Life

After using the "Spirit Power Loan Spell" to boost his strength in a short period of time, President Bai obviously now had great confidence in himself. But the truth was that he had had no other choice left except to trade with Night Ghost Spirit Emperor; before the launch of the master plan, he had made a very poor decision over a personal grievance, leading to fifteen members of the Demon Hunters Association's overseas returnee elite team being wiped out.

After making such a mistake, even if he went back, he wouldn't be able to escape Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's punishment.

Therefore, President Bai's decision to attack Wang Ling this time was the result of careful consideration. He had to make reparations for his crime by resolving this "major threat" as much as possible before returning to Night Chief's headquarters. Even if he couldn't settle it, inflicting serious injury on the other party would also be good. In any case, since he was putting everything on the line, he couldn't lose.

Even if his overall battle strength wasn't good, President Bai could use attrition tactics. His powerful self-healing ability was his biggest source of confidence in a war of attrition. President Bai was a very cautious man and also a rather cunning character. This could be seen from the previous confrontations; President Bai would never participate in a fight he couldn't be sure of winning.

But in all his calculations, President Bai had missed something.

In this world, not everything could be viewed through the lens of common sense.

In this separate magic artifact space layer.

In a blink of an eye, the small black umbrella suspended above President Bai's head powered up and emitted a black light which attached itself to President Bai's spine. His entire figure then flashed directly in front of Wang Ling at an insane speed of a ten-millionth of a blink of an eye, which was already the peak late True Immortal level.

This small black umbrella was a spatial magic treasure that was just one step away from becoming a world-defying magic artifact, but the power it was exhibiting now was already slightly above what Wang Ling had expected.

After all, this was a powerful magic artifact made from forty-nine holy beast skins. Even as a first class holy weapon, it was much more powerful than any other holy weapon on the same level. The teleportation ability which it granted its owner through the link was very troublesome. If President Bai completed his skin collection and the umbrella was bumped up to world-defying level, this small black umbrella might have the ability to turn back space and time...

Wang Ling had his own reasons for making this deduction, since the independent space he was in now had been created by this small black umbrella.

A first class holy artifact usually wouldn't be able to create a separate space. Even in Eight Classes of Divine Weapons

, the most that a first class spatial magic artifact could do was move the user long distances back and forth through space.

But not only was this little black umbrella capable of long-range movement, it could also partition off space to set up an independent space... Its spatial attributes were diverse and complex, and had very comprehensive functions.

If it was upgraded to world-defying level, all its spatial attributes would be enhanced, and it would be able to turn back space and time and even freeze space!

This Wuji Umbrella was a dangerous magic weapon. Wang Ling had already planned to retrieve it after this fight was over and give it to Little Silver for safekeeping.

President Bai didn't hold anything back and flashed in front of Wang Ling to hit him in the chest with his palm. "Detachment of the Primitive World Palm 1 !"

This was a technique that had also been combined with the Wuji Umbrella's spatial attribute. Once hit with the palm, the point of contact would be directly torn to pieces and absorbed by the space.

Wang Ling had predicted this palm with his King's Eye, so he dodged sideways. President Bai's palm directly warped the air, tearing open a gap in this independent space.

The gap was then swiftly mended and the space restored through the power of the Wuji Umbrella.

How dangerous...

Wang Ling sighed secretly. Fortunately, his response had been quick!

Otherwise, his school uniform would have been torn!

Wang Ling had always thought that No. 60 High's school uniform was very ugly, so he had never planned to enchant it. Now, he thought it would better to enchant the uniform a little, at least so that it would never tear or be damaged. Plus, it would always be free of dirt and never need to be washed!

"I created this technique; is there something wrong with Your Excellency's expression?" President Bai sneered. He hadn't used all of his strength in that palm strike just now, but that youngster's complexion had already turned unsightly.

This proved that his palm just now was already sufficiently intimidating!

He had hope in this fight!

President Bai sneered.

Wang Ling: "..."

Sometimes, you had to acknowledge that there were indeed several huge misconceptions in life.

In studying, for example: This lesson isn't important; I'll understand the contents when I read it at home; the exam shouldn't be too hard; if I can't do it, neither can everyone else; I'll do some revision after I finish my homework; the top students can't do this problem, so what if I can't either; there's plenty of time for revision; I'll get some marks for writing down the formula; if I blur out the symbols I'm unsure of, the teacher won't be able to tell; I should be able to pass this time!

The same was true of misconceptions in cultivation: This technique will work; he broke out in a sweat just now, I definitely scared him; this person shouldn't be difficult to deal with; I couldn't beat him before, but I'm stronger now; this person looks very young, he's definitely not stronger than me; the fight's just begun, I can beat him...

Perhaps other people might not be able to understand this feeling, but Wang Ling had a profound understanding of it. He didn't want to be a curve wrecker, but also didn't want to be seen as a poor student. The same was true in cultivation. Wang Ling thus didn't know where on earth President Bai got his confidence from.

A master would never tell other people that he was very strong.

This was probably like those curve wreckers who slowly walked out of the exam room every time and said that they hadn't done well... There were always those who were naive enough to believe that these curve wreckers had stuffed up the exam, but when they got the exam paper back, they were still fifty marks behind them!

President Bai used the Wuji Umbrella's flash teleportation and the "Detachment of the Primitive World Palm" to start a new round of attacks that were swift and violent, with the palm ultimately transforming into countless shadows that flashed intangibly in front of Wang Ling, but he cleanly dodged all of them.

"Dodging all the time is useless..." President Bai demonstrated his confidence at that moment as his attack speed increased almost a hundred-fold, and still continued to rise.

President Bai carefully observed Wang Ling's reaction under this increasingly violent offensive. Unfortunately, he didn't see any change in his face; apart from that pinched expression at the very beginning of the attack, the other party maintained a poker face throughout the subsequent offensive.

Could it be he had been scared silly?

Was he pretending to be calm?

President Bai pondered...

But in the next moment, a palm directly met his, instantly blowing all the thoughts out of President Bai's mind.

It was just a light palm which didn't seem to have much strength behind it, but not only did its force cancel out the Detachment of the Primitive World Palm's power of space, it also directly sent President Bai flying and made him spit blood on the spot.

The next moment, President Bai heard Wang Ling's indifferent voice in his mind. "What else can you do? Otherwise, I'm going to go back and do my homework..."

President Bai: "???"