

## Daily Life 691

### Chapter 691: The Disparity In Strength

The corner of President Bai's mouth twitched in bafflement. This youngster clearly hadn't used his true strength when their palms met just now. Although President Bai had spewed blood under that palm just now, he recovered in almost an instant without even an internal injury left behind. He had an extremely resilient physique to begin with, and wasn't afraid of being injured at all.

But he stared at this scene in front of him in disbelief. Of all the techniques he had mastered, his Detachment of the Primitive World Palm was ranked third... he couldn't believe that this technique which contained a massive space-destroying force actually hadn't injured this youngster at all.

How could his palm technique fail? No way... this person was just trying to be brave!

At that moment, countless thoughts crowded President Bai's mind, and he didn't even have time to think about the meaning of what the youngster had said.

Did such an Almighty figure still need to do homework?

All of a sudden, President Bai's mind felt like it was a mess.

He didn't believe that the other party wasn't injured even a little from his last attack. In terms of pure damage, not only was his palm fatal, it was also exceedingly destructive. No matter how formidable a person's recovery ability was, it was impossible to completely recover from injuries caused by a spatial technique in the short term; this was a type of injury which was more terrible than the "major damage" state.

Wang Ling's nonchalant palm earlier wasn't lethal, but the terrifying thing was that he had directly neutralized the damage from President Bai's spatial palm technique.

President Bai's loan transaction with Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had been successful, and he had traded his lifespan in exchange for boosting his strength to late True Immortal level for a brief period of time. Although his last palm hadn't contained one hundred-percent of his strength, it shouldn't be so bad as to cause no injuries at all to the other party — the other party, had to be putting on a brave face! Right! He was definitely just acting brave.

There was no way President Bai would admit nor believe that his attack had actually been neutralized... In this world, it was impossible for someone stronger than a True Immortal to exist! Even... even Immortal Zhenyuan who was said to have already reached the heights of a Venerated Immortal was only a legend! Many people hadn't even seen his face!

President Bai's breathing had already unconsciously started to speed up, not because he was feeling tired, but purely because of nerves.

Even in this situation, he still showed no signs of admitting defeat.

Seeing this, Wang Ling sighed silently. Sometimes, it was indeed very difficult for people to acknowledge the disparity with others.

This required a person to recognize his true strength in his heart; in other words, whether or not they were smart enough to understand...

It was very obvious that President Bai wasn't.

There were times when a person needed to clearly see themselves for who they were...

Wang Ling gazed deeply at President Bai.

Wang Ling had to admit that compared with his former opponents, President Bai was a little unique.

After enduring Wang Ling's somewhat half-hearted palm, the other party could actually recover in a flash. Even Evil Sword God and the Old Devil could only hope to match this type of self-healing ability.

In other words, even if Wang Ling was a little fiercer with his palm, President Bai wouldn't die so easily.

Actually, Wang Ling had felt pretty depressed in the previous battles, since he felt that his hands were tied during the fights.

The law had always been Wang Ling's first choice.

In an orderly age of cultivation, if everything was resolved through slaughter, that only proved that that generation was a failure. If one created rules, one had to abide by them. To be frank, Wang Ling felt that he was still young and it absolutely wouldn't be good to stain his hands with too much blood.

Thinking this, he sighed heavily and started to walk toward President Bai step by step.

The moment Wang Ling took his first step, President Bai already felt immeasurable pressure as if the whole of Mount Tai had directly dropped onto his shoulders! This youngster's aura had completely changed, flaring up sharply several times over!

It was just the first step, but President Bai jolted and spat blood!

"How can this be..."

While President Bai was feeling stupefied, Wang Ling had already taken his second step.

At the same time, this magic artifact's entire internal space started to stir with massive fluctuations. This was an independent world which President Bai had set up with the Wuji Umbrella's power, completely separated from the outside! The structure of this entire space was extremely stable! But the youngster's second step had directly affected the walls of these entire space.

Endless cracks stretched out in a domino effect, splitting open the space in all directions. Strong gales of space wind swirled out through the fissures to tear the space apart without end.

Directly destroying the space with just one step... How was that possible?!

With the space being torn apart by this tremendous power, President Bai felt that the situation was already completely out of control; he was like the clay Bodhisattva who couldn't save himself while crossing the river. The power ripping the space apart was too terrifying, and more and more cracks showed up around him, pulling at his body. The only thing President Bai could do was roar at Wang Ling, "Are you insane?! You'll kill yourself too, doing this!"

He couldn't understand why this youngster would straightaway use this space-destroying technique where neither side would win! This was an independent space which he had set up using the Wuji Umbrella; if it continued to be wrecked, and in the end directly exploded, it would be over for the both of them!

At that time, even if they didn't die but turned into pulps of flesh drifting in space, they wouldn't be able to return to their original world.

You actually used this technique to take me down with you?

President Bai broke out in a cold sweat, frightened by Wang Ling's "viciousness," and his complexion couldn't help turning deathly white.

But this was far from the only thing to stupefy him.

Because at that moment, he saw Wang Ling take his third step!

In that instant, there were countless space rifts in the world and it was already on the verge of collapsing. However, the rifts that appeared next to the youngster were actually completely patched up...

The youngster raised his hand slightly, and the space rifts suddenly transformed into tens of millions of vipers which lunged forward to bite President Bai!

It was only now that President Bai realized: this young man didn't want to kill both of them... he had broken the space open to manipulate the space rifts into tearing him to shreds!

He was going to die!

President Bai was struck with despair.

In the instant that these countless space rifts darted at him like vipers about to bite him, he subconsciously held up one hand to fend them off. But just as he raised his hand, everything in front of him returned to a dead calm.

“What...”

He was stunned by this technique.

Breaking open the space and fixing it at will...

Was this the youngster's true strength?

“You think it'll just end like this?”

While President Bai was feeling despondent, Wang Ling spoke to him telepathically.

After that, he unzipped his school jacket and put it away properly, his eyes fixed on President Bai.

President Bai didn't understand the meaning behind this action, but after the youngster took the jacket off, he saw him put his hand up one of his short sleeves, and seemed to be pulling at something...

“Heavenly Eye!”

President Bai opened his power of sight to see through the youngster's action.

He finally realized that there was actually a seal stuck on this youngster's arm inside the sleeve.

Also, half the seal had been pulled off...

Chapter 692: One Thousand And Five Hundred Heavenly Dao

The instant the talisman seal was removed, a stifling aura surged forth. In that moment, the youngster's aura and temperament completely changed. It was a profound feeling that was hard to

describe. The two of them were just dots in this space created by the magic treasure, but the youngster left an impression that was hard to forget.

The short sleeves of his school shirt flapped freely in the wind, and the golden three-petaled flowers of the King's Eye appeared again. It was immeasurably profound, as if it could pierce through all of heaven with one glance, and it hit President Bai hard in the chest as he drowned in its pressure.

Wang Ling had yet to attack, and hadn't even moved. However, President Bai had already been sent flying by this pressure as he sprayed blood.

The talisman seal had been suppressing Wang Ling's original strength all this time.

As someone who had an innate and consummate grasp of the Three Thousand Great Dao, the number of Heavenly Dao which Wang Ling could control in reality with the talisman seal stuck on him was limited to one hundred. Despite that, he was already powerful enough. Now, even though only half the talisman seal had come off, the huge difference between one hundred Heavenly Dao and one thousand and five hundred of them was a bitter pill for President Bai to swallow.

All this time, he had been judging this youngster by his realm, but he was now excruciatingly aware that the other party's strength couldn't be measured in terms of realm at all!

The rumor was that it had been world-defying enough when Evil Sword God had comprehended one Heavenly Dao. But in a suppressed state, Wang Ling already had one hundred Heavenly Dao... Now that half the talisman seal was off, the full weight of one thousand and five hundred Heavenly Dao was powerful enough to do more than just shake the heavens!

It could turn all of the heavens upside down!

This youngster was far from someone President Bai could shake.

He grit his teeth and his first reaction was to retreat; forcing himself to fight this round would truly be looking for death.

“Wuji Umbrella!”

He shouted the umbrella's name.

Behind him, that small black umbrella in mid-air instantly started to spin and give off black light when it heard its master's call.

But Wang Ling had already read President Bai's intention.

President Bai was scared and wanted to use the Wuji Umbrella's power to break open the space and escape.

But would it be that easy?

Wang Ling turned his gaze to this small black umbrella, and several dozen imperceptible Heavenly Dao rolled forth from the King's Eye to generate a massive restrictive force. President Bai watched blankly as halfway through spinning, the Wuji Umbrella stopped moving.

"Wuji Umbrella!"

President Bai called again.

But it didn't give any response.

"Wuji Umbrella!" he shouted a third time.

In the end, the Wuji Umbrella's weapon spirit replied in an extremely annoyed voice, "So noisy, shut the hell up! Don't you see this father can't move!"

President Bai: "..."

To be honest, the Wuji Umbrella's weapon spirit hardly ever responded, and it actually had such a nasty attitude!

"Do you have a way to get me out of here?!" President Bai asked the Wuji Umbrella for help.

The Wuji Umbrella was silent, then it directly begged Wang Ling for mercy. “Big boss, please let me go! It’s just that I formed a contract with him! I can cancel it, no problem! Big boss, just don’t kill me! This guy has committed too many sins, I can act as human witness... Bah! As weapon spirit witness!”

As a weapon spirit, the Wuji Umbrella was clearly intimidated by the restrictive force of these dozens of Heavenly Dao: it felt like the extremely sharp tips of a dozen or so precious swords were pointed at its neck.

After thorough consideration, the Wuji Umbrella weapon spirit felt that begging for mercy now was the most suitable option.

Wang Ling: “...”

After it begged for mercy, the Wuji Umbrella even well-meaningly urged President Bai, “Stop spouting nonsense, hurry up and kneel and admit you’re wrong, and it’ll be over!”

“???”

President Bai had never ever expected the Wuji Umbrella to actually choose to directly betray him.

Honestly speaking, even if the Wuji Umbrella hadn’t opened its mouth, Wang Ling had already planned to take it back.

He stretched out his hand and the Wuji Umbrella directly fell into it. As Wang Ling stroked its body lightly, he pulled out a string of golden talisman characters.

President Bai was thunderstruck; this string of characters was none other than the weapon spirit contract which he had formed with the Wuji Umbrella. This youngster had now actually directly pulled the contract out...

After dragging the entire contract out, Wang Ling didn’t even bother to have a look at it, and with a light squeeze of his hand, the entire contract exploded in his palm and was reduced to flying ash.

So since the beginning, there was no need for the Wuji Umbrella to break the contract, since Wang Ling could directly modify it.



The Wuji Umbrella now didn't have a master!

"I'll stake my life on yours!" President Bai gnashed his teeth in fury.

He never expected the youngster to humiliate him in this way — snatching his magic treasure away right in his face was no different than stealing his wife, and was a massive humiliation.

"Summoning! Nine Rashomon!"

President Bai yelled as he swiftly made a hand seal and slammed his palm down on the ground.

Nine massive, ancient stone gates were instantly summoned.

These nine stone gates were built in a foreign and simple style that were similar to the gateways of ancient shrines. The door frames were decorated with rich and complicated carvings of all kinds of rare and unusual beasts. The image of a head of an evil spirit in the center of each gate suddenly seemed to open their mouths with loud wails, and a desolate aura assaulted the senses from far away before transforming into a massive protective barrier that blocked the way forward.

With the Wuji Umbrella gone, this was the last magic treasure in President Bai's collection. These nine Rashomon created a huge sense of oppression and had an intense suppressive force. Since the youngster's aura was too terrifying, President Bai's first thought was to suppress him. If he could do this, he might still have a fighting chance!

But reality proved that he had indeed been thinking too much.

Now that Wang Ling had taken off half of the talisman seal, no matter how many tricks President Bai tried, they were nothing in the face of the power of a full one thousand and five hundred Heavenly Dao.

Gazing at these nine, ancient giant gates, Wang Ling sighed.

This sigh unexpectedly created a sonic wave... This was the King's Sigh...

In a flash, these nine giant gates, which were a first-rate, first-class holy weapon, were straightaway reduced to fine dust with that sigh.

When the wind blew, they became fine powder that drifted away into the universe...

Overblown attacks were of no use. In the face of one thousand and five hundred Heavenly Dao, a first-class holy weapon couldn't withstand this pressure and it was annihilated on the spot; even the Nine Rashomon's weapon spirit was thoroughly exterminated!

What kind of method was this...

Trembling, President Bai fell to his knees on the ground with a dull expression.

Even the Wuji Umbrella in Wang Ling's hand got the jitters. Looking at the youngster in front of it, it couldn't help letting out an awestruck sound.

Chapter 693: Are You Scared Now?

All this was just a test performance on Wang Ling's part; he wanted President Bai to recognize the gap in their strengths.

At that moment, President Bai's eyes were blank; he was utterly frightened by the youngster's enormous strength. Ever since cultivating an immortal physique, he had never been afraid of death, but given the youngster's ungodly techniques, President Bai was convinced that the other party had thousands of ways to finish him off.

He, Bai Zhe, who had cultivated for thousands of years, would finally be defeated here?

He lowered his eyes in dread, his heart shaken by the number of Heavenly Dao which Wang Ling had. At the same time, he gnashed his teeth as a trace of helpless envy sprouted quietly in his heart.

This was the first time Wang Ling had taken the talisman seal off. Even though it was only halfway, the power that had exploded out had been formidable enough. The reason why this was a so-called test performance was that Wang Ling wanted to see whether he could precisely control the Heavenly Dao, if half of his strength was released at his current stage of growth.

He got his answer when he destroyed the nine gates.

In his current condition, taking the talisman off was actually still a very dangerous thing to do.

He had only sighed casually and had been about to perform a spell. But before he could do so, the nine gates had been destroyed straightaway by his sigh...

President Bai was dumbstruck, and actually, so was Wang Ling.

The Heavenly Dao was a good thing, and so, so many people pursued it in vain, but sometimes, too many of them was in fact a pain in the neck.

If this hadn't been an independent space that had been completely partitioned off and the destruction of which wouldn't have any impact on the outside world, Wang Ling would never have taken the seal off so easily.

However, the damage which his inadvertent sigh had caused just now had dealt this President Bai a heavy blow. After a moment of silence, Wang Ling stuck the talisman seal fully back on again.

By now, President Bai should clearly understand the gap in strength between them. No one could withstand an attack from one thousand and five hundred Heavenly Dao, let alone three thousand of them. If the three thousand Heavenly Dao were all released at the same time, all the cultivators on Earth would probably be reduced to nothing but dust.

Not only had the King's Sigh just now destroyed the nine gates in a flash, President Bai had also been heavily injured. Although there were no surface wounds, the sigh had caused severe internal injuries, and his organs had probably been shaken to pieces. But it hadn't killed President Bai.

Compared with Wang Ling's previous opponents, this President Bai was really like a cockroach.

But though he was tricky to deal with, Wang Ling still had ways to do so.

Wang Ling smoothed the talisman seal back into place. He felt a little disturbed by half the strength he had released earlier, so it was better to stick the talisman back on. Such an ordinary sigh already had that sort of power, not to mention if he had cast a spell... But this action was a stab to President Bai's heart as he felt that he was being looked down on.

President Bai picked himself up on trembling legs and hastily popped a spirit-replenishing pill into his mouth.

President Bai had already recovered from most of the internal injuries caused by the King's Sigh just now, but Wang Ling could see that this kind of healing wasn't infinite — it consumed a great amount of spirit energy, and President Bai was currently close to his limit, forced to rely on elixirs to maintain his physical strength.

“Damn it... You're actually looking down on me...” When he saw Wang Ling stick the talisman back on, President Bai felt like he had never been struck a blow like this before.

This was naked disdain.

He was so angry he shook. “Even if you're a tiger, today I'm going to pull out your teeth!”

Saying this, he narrowed his eyes and in the blink of an eye, countless glowing talismans enveloped his body.

In an instant, President Bai's body suddenly grew to fill the space. Runes as black as ink wrapped around his body. These dark runes hid godly might which contained immeasurable power.

Wang Ling instantly realized that President Bai had sold his body again in another exchange.

But it was obvious that this time, he hadn't used his lifespan, but his soul in the trade!

The power obtained in exchange for your soul was completely different from using your lifespan. Wang Ling was taken aback, and felt that things had become troublesome. He never thought that his off-handed action would actually provoke President Bai into directly selling his soul in exchange for even greater power to fight... Although it wouldn't be to the extent of their mutual destruction, it really was likely that Wang Ling's clothes would be damaged!

The Wang family's house rule was that if Wang Ling's school uniform was damaged by anything other than an act of god and needed to be replaced with a new one, the amount would be deducted from his allowance!

In that instant, Wang Ling broke out in a cold sweat. Although No. 60 High's school uniform was inordinately ugly, it wasn't cheap! It was worth several boxes of crispy noodle snacks!

On the other side, President Bai was pleased when he saw the dramatic change in Wang Ling's expression.

Although he didn't know what had caused this composed youngster to unexpectedly reveal this flustered expression, President Bai's first reaction was that the other party was already holding back his fear at the power which he had traded his soul for.

Otherwise, it was impossible for this youngster to reveal such an expression.

"Are you scared now?" The gigantic President Bai sneered cruelly. It was practically a roar, the wild and unrestrained sound echoing in that world.

Wang Ling: "..."

Seeing no response from the youngster, President Bai's smile grew even more brilliant. "As expected! You're scared! You finally know how to be afraid!"

Wang Ling: "..."

At that moment, President Bai's body was hundreds of times larger and he looked down at Wang Ling. "In return for my soul, I obtained double the power of Heavenly Dao. No matter what, you will taste suffering with this strike!"

As soon as he said this, his gigantic body unexpectedly changed shape again and actually transformed into an enormous pitch-black spear! A strong wind blew out in all directions, creating a lot of cracks in the space and kicking up a massive storm that ruffled Wang Ling's bangs!

Staring at the scene in front of him, Wang Ling was blank for a while – blank because he couldn't see how on earth this was powerful...

“Go to hell!”

President Bai, who had transformed into a huge spear, was already thrusting down at Wang Ling. It was very fast and it undoubtedly contained devastating, destructive power.

“Sword, come...” Wang Ling pursed his lips and stretched out his hand.

Before President Bai could even completely make out the appearance of this youngster's weapon, he saw the youngster swing his arm, and a brown spirit light flew at President Bai head on!

#### Chapter 694: Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's Soul-Hunting Plan

This black spear was called the Spear of Fate, which President Bai had bought with his soul and which used his body as a medium for the transformation.

Not only was this President Bai's most powerful attack, it was also his last one.

Because he had sold his soul, it would be directly absorbed by Night Ghost Spirit Emperor after this spear attack, and President Bai would become Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's puppet... taking out a high-interest loan like this was very risky to begin with.

But when President Bai lunged forward, Wang Ling flung Jingke at him at the same time. Compared with the Spear of Fate's gigantic body, Jingke's brown spirit blade was like a tiny and insignificant spark. However, its battle strength was astonishing; when this brown spirit blade approached President Bai, who had transformed into this Spear of Fate, he couldn't help quivering at the looming sense of terror.

He was going to die!

This was his first instinct, as he sensed a killing intent which he had never felt before from this brown spirit blade. This was already his final trump card. He had smugly planned to teach this youngster a lesson, but ultimately had been reduced to such a sorry state and death.

He was bidding farewell to this world in the most tragic way. He might not die, but he had sold his soul to Night Ghost Spirit Emperor for good, and would become his slave — this was an outcome even more wretched than death.

It was over.

Wang Ling gazed at him and didn't utter a single word, not even telepathically.

But in that moment when he collided with Jingke, President Bai indeed read this meaning in this youngster's dead fish eyes.

This battle was already over.

Several seconds after the collision with Jingke, President Bai saw this initially feeble brown spirit blade abruptly grow in size, transforming into a huge light sword which descended on him with crushing force.

As they drew closer to each other, President Bai could hear countless stately and hallowed voices in his ears, which contained an immense, world-shattering pressure that violently shook his heart.

When President Bai and Jingke finally clashed, President Bai's eyes suddenly opened wide and despair was written all over his face.

World-Annihilating Sword.

The ultimate sword technique of the power of Sword Dao.

In his last moment before he perished, it was as if President Bai's mind had cleared. At the same time, he unexpectedly felt a peace he had never felt before. Before the World-Annihilating Sword hit him, he conversely didn't feel any fear, since he knew that once he was struck down by this sword, he wouldn't feel any pain.

The moment they collided, the entire space created by the magic treasure was smashed open with a violent boom.

Wang Ling turned the golden light shield all the way up, for fear that his school uniform would be damaged...

Elsewhere, in Night Chief's secret base in Mixiu nation.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor knew President Bai had died the moment it happened.

"So, in the end he still lost?" He stared at the soul crystal ball in his hand and watched as President Bai's soul mark gradually faded.

Second President Dylan standing next to him: "May I ask, Lord Spirit Emperor, how strong is the other party?"

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor frowned, and after a long while, shook his head and said indifferently, "Can't measure it."

"It looks like the other party is very strong..."

"Bai Zhe isn't completely dead. He sold his soul to me, but now that I have it, it's only a sliver left." Night Ghost Spirit Emperor chanted under his breath, and an azure soul light instantly appeared in his right palm. This was the soul which President Bai had sold to him, but it was already completely whittled down.

"Is this broken soul still of any use?"

"Whether it's just a remnant or not, as long as there is a sliver left, it's still useful to me." Night Ghost Spirit Emperor gave a faint smile, and then directly ingested President Bai's broken soul between his purple lips.

The moment he finished devouring the remnant soul, he also absorbed President Bai's abilities. He uncovered his right shoulder and took a look; he had initially been wounded by Wang Ling's



medicine ball when it had flown one loop around the Earth and then smashed into his right arm, blowing it right off. Even after it had been treated, a scar had remained at the joint.

But after absorbing President Bai's remnant soul, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor obtained President Bai's powerful self-healing ability, and the fracture was instantly evened out, smooth as ever.

To make other people's abilities his own – this was Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's strength; Second President Dylan trembled with fear at this scene.

When he was done absorbing President Bai's remnant soul, it appeared that Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had something else on his mind. After leaning back in his chair for a very long time, he asked languidly, "Hm, by the way, how's it going with the takeover?"

President Dylan replied, "I've already assumed control of all of the work of the Demon Hunters Association and I'll be leaving for Huaxiu nation in the next few days."

"Good." Night Ghost Spirit Emperor nodded. "In addition, I'll leave the task of collecting the souls of the elite members of the Demon Hunters Association to you. Especially Ji Xing's and Yaren's souls; the best would be if you can bring their souls back in one piece."

"Then how should we deal with that youngster who fought President Bai?" asked Dylan.

"That youngster? Hm... it would truly be a splendid thing if we can eat his soul." Night Ghost Spirit Emperor could feel how strong that youngster was from President Bai's remnant soul. The more powerful a person was, the tastier their soul.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor already couldn't help drooling at this thought.

Dylan: "..."

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor wiped at his saliva. "My apologies, I forgot myself."

Dylan: "..."

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor: “You must be cautious when dealing with this youngster. If we just leave him alone... he’ll become Night Chief’s biggest bane one day.”

“Then what is Lord Spirit Emperor’s opinion?”

“The strongest person will also have their weaknesses. The reason why Bai Zhe was defeated this time was that ultimately, he didn’t hit the other party where it truly hurts. There has always been something strange about No. 60 High, and acting rashly before thoroughly investigating the other party definitely won’t produce good results.”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor laughed. “I have some information here which I purchased from Mo Immortal Castle. According to this intelligence, this youngster seems to have an older brother and they have a good relationship. The critical thing is that this older brother isn’t a cultivator. I think this can be our point of attack. When you reach Huaxiu nation, apart from supervising the master plan, assign someone to investigate this person.”

“Yes, Lord Spirit Emperor.”

“That youngster’s soul is pretty tasty. If we can threaten him this time into willingly offering his soul to me in a trade, that would be too wonderful...”

“Lord Spirit Emperor, your saliva...”

“Oh my apologies, I forgot myself again.”

Then, President Dylan heard Night Ghost Spirit Emperor suck his drool back in...

Chapter 695: Young Lady Wuji

When Wang Ling opened his eyes again, it was already dusk, and there were several spotlights above his head. He had reappeared at No. 60 High’s main gate. The space rift that had appeared earlier had already been sealed off with layer upon layer of seals and barriers. He gave several

police officers who had been inspecting the barrier a shock – no one had expected this outcome, that this student who had been swallowed up by this space rift would actually be sent back safe and sound!

Forget the police officers, even Wang Ling himself was confused.

He hadn't expected to be spat out in the same place he had been swallowed up, which led to the surrounding police officers looking at him as if they were seeing a "rare animal."

"What's going on? Didn't they say that he had already been swallowed up?" The police officers scratched their heads, feeling that their overtime tonight was all for nothing...

...

After being spat out by the space, what unavoidably and naturally followed was the police taking Wang Ling's statement as well as asking all kinds of questions. The whole thing actually wasn't too troublesome, since President Bai had already died after giving up his soul, and as the only witness, Wang Ling could say whatever he wanted.

But this time, he didn't push everything on Odd Zhuo.

It was clear at the moment that behind President Bai, there was an even more powerful expert pulling the strings, and this person was the leader of the foreign power, Night Chief. Given the current situation, Wang Ling didn't really want his disciple to shoulder even this overseas "wok"; that would really be going a little too far...

It was already midnight by the time Wang Ling got home, and it was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who personally drove him back to the Wang family's small villa. It was all quiet inside as Wang Ling stood at the front door.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal waited in his car at the gate for a while, thinking that the seniors inside the villa would come out to receive them. When no one came out after a long time, the expression on his face was a little awkward. "Brother Ling, it seems that the seniors have already gone to bed."

"..."

The corner of Wang Ling's mouth twitched.

So Grenade-Throwing, this fake dad, cared more about him than his own biological parents?!

“Brother Ling, you should also get some early rest. Brother Zhuo and I will handle everything else at the police station.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled.

Because Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal courted death all year round, he frequently came into contact with the police, so dealing with all kinds of cases was a piece of cake. President Bai's body had been destroyed along with the space, and Wang Ling guessed that Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had absorbed whatever was left of his soul... Of course, while he was clear as a mirror about this, he hadn't told the police everything.

Because he really wouldn't be able to explain it clearly if he did.

He was now just a student, and his main priority was the upcoming final exams. If he was foolish enough to tell the police everything, the fact that he was immensely powerful would without doubt be exposed.

What was more, he had attracted too much attention after this incident today.

Wang Ling sighed; initially, his aim had been to be a transparent existence, but given all the things that had happened until now, it was a little hard for him to keep a low profile. Wang Ling felt that talk of him directly achieving an SSR result during the entrance exam at the start of the semester had only just started to die down recently; in the end, he was now the focus of attention once again.

When Wang Ling got out of the car, he gave the Wuji Umbrella which he had taken from President Bai to Grenade-Throwing, to take back and give to Little Silver to handle.

Wuji Umbrella: “Big Brother, hello! Please take care of me! We're one big family from now on!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew about retrieving the Wuji Umbrella. Because there were a lot of things the other man would need to follow up on, Wang Ling had directly relayed his memory of the fight with President Bai in the space to Grenade-Throwing, so the latter couldn't be any clearer about what had happened.

The moment Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal accepted the small black umbrella, he couldn't help sighing again. As expected, Brother Ling truly was formidable! He could actually directly invalidate the magic weapon contract!

This technique was too fearsome... In some sense, he thought that Wang Ling was just like a game administrator, who could directly use his identity to unlock game equipment!

But gripping the Wuji Umbrella, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked concerned. From its tone just now, it was clear that this wasn't an honorable umbrella. The most important thing, moreover, was that this Wuji Umbrella currently didn't have a master after its contract had been erased. If something were to suddenly happen on the way home, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt it would be very hard for him to quell the situation with his own power.

Given how extraordinary this magic treasure was, he inevitably had to think a little more on the matter. The reason why the Wuji Umbrella was so obedient right now was because Wang Ling was here... Who knew if it would be just as well-behaved when Wang Ling wasn't around?

Just as he was thinking this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw Wang Ling suddenly grab hold of one of his hands.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Ling, isn't this a little too fast? I'm not prepared yet..."

Wang Ling: "... What was this guy thinking about now..."

At that moment, Wang Ling fixed his gaze on Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and said something to him telepathically, and the latter immediately seemed enlightened.

...

Everything was as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had expected. The Wuji Umbrella, which had been resting quietly on the passenger seat as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took it back, suddenly moved to directly hover in the air and project a virtual image.

This was the human form of the Wuji Umbrella: a young maiden with long, pointy ears and long purple hair, her face wrapped with bandages. Her name was Wuji.

“Was that big shot just now your friend?” asked the Wuji Umbrella’s weapon spirit.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal raised his eyebrows. “So what?” His keen intuition was telling him that this Wuji Umbrella was most likely plotting something.

As expected, this umbrella would act up as long as Brother Ling wasn’t around!

It was fortunate that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had foreseen all of this.

When Wang Ling had grabbed hold of his hand just now, he had actually deposited a spell inside the Soul Suppression Ring. Although the ring was a resurrection-type magic artifact, it also had a space which could be used to store spells.

“It looks like you’re just a Soul Formation cultivator?” the maiden said in a profound voice.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. “What? Looking down on Soul Formation cultivators?”

The young lady smiled sinisterly. “No, I was just thinking, if...”

“Your plan is to use me as a hostage to threaten Brother Ling.”

“You knew?” The young lady was startled.

Holding the steering wheel, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was unperturbed. “Do you know why Brother Ling touched my hand just now?”

The young lady shook her head. ???”

“He put ten flame purification spells in my ring, and said that if you didn’t behave, to directly incinerate you.” He looked at the young lady. “If you don’t believe me, shall we give it a try?”

The young lady: “You actually thought this far ahead...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “Still want to make a move?”

She smiled humbly, then patted him on his shoulder. “Hahaha!! I was just kidding! Aren’t we one big family?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. “...”

Women flipped faces faster than flipping through a book...

Chapter 696: General Yi’s Suspicions

The Demon Hunters Association incident finally came to an end with President Bai blowing himself up, which was the widespread explanation that had been given to city residents. But anyone who was personally involved in this matter all knew that the Demon Hunters Association was just the beginning; before the leader of that foreign power was captured, this matter couldn’t be considered over.

The next day was July 26th, the fourteenth Wednesday of the semester.

The news that President Bai, the president of the Demon Hunters Association, had blown himself up spread like wildfire online. Under the pressure from Secretary Dakang of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools, every major media outlet left out news on Wang Ling and didn’t release any student information. It was the Alliance’s responsibility to protect student privacy to begin with... Of course, it was Odd Zhuo who had made the request, otherwise things wouldn’t have gone so smoothly.

Early in the morning at Elegant Little Pavilion, General Yi and his assistant Tang Chen were having tea and reading the morning post.

“The crisis was resolved just like that? Is that student really alright?” Old Tang had some doubts; he felt that there was something fishy about this affair, and there were too many suspicious points for which there were no clear explanations.

So many things had happened at No. 60 High, and in the end the school had managed to avoid all disaster. Furthermore, that Director Odd Zhuo of Songhai’s General Administration of 100 Schools, who was at the height of his fame, had been involved in practically every incident. He was a graduate of No. 60 High who made a name several years ago after somehow killing a demon king. Moreover, he had been shooting up the ladder like a rocket recently, and had already drawn General Yi’s eye.

Putting down the newspaper, General Yi gazed at Old Tang and said, “It appears that you and I share pretty much the same speculation.”

Old Tang nodded. “From my humble point of view, there is definitely someone acting as a driving force behind the scenes, and it’s someone with plenty of resources.”

“Dakang has always been mum on this matter... as expected, is what I’m most worried about going to happen?” General Yi heaved a sigh; this was what he dreaded the most!

In the last few years, the fight against corruption had become increasingly widespread, and practically no one dared commit this crime. If any one of the Ten Generals was corrupt... it would be a heavy blow to Huaxiu nation.

Old Tang: “Does General Yi suspect...”

General Yi hurriedly stopped him. “I do, but we can’t say anything rash since we don’t have any evidence at the moment.”

In fact, General Yi had already started to suspect something a long time ago. Now, he could finally almost see the entire shape of the matter. He was well aware that he wouldn’t get anywhere if he questioned Sun Dakang directly. Thus, when all was said and done, he had to start with No. 60



High, and with Odd Zhuo, if he wanted to carry out an investigation... he had indeed been considering this before the Demon Hunters Association incident had come to an end.

But now he had a new plan; he decided to pay the student at the center of this incident a visit at home.

He didn't know if it was his own mistaken impression, but General Yi felt that there was something a little fishy about this.

And as for what kind of person the Almighty who stood behind Director Odd Zhuo was, General Yi had a strong feeling that this trip... would give him an answer!

"Looks like you've made up your mind, General." Seeing General Yi's determined look, Old Tang chuckled.

"I hope the outcome of this matter won't be too terrible. Dakang and I have worked together for thousands of years. Logically speaking, he wouldn't do anything so stupid... but if he's involved in this matter, I'll go all out to arrest him."

When he said this, his eyes flickered. "Separate the public and the private, this is the best way to handle this."

"Does the General need me to make any preparations?" asked Old Tang.

General Yi waved his hand. "Not for now. The Beast King's Remains summer camp in Songhai city is about to start, and I'm supposed to go. I should also go see my foolish junior brother while I'm at it... But before that, I plan to clarify something first..."

...

Elsewhere, No. 60 High was especially noisy this morning, and the focus of attention in Grade One, Class Three was naturally Wang Ling and his "new lease on life."

He came to school particularly early today; when he arrived, there were only a few students who were cleaning the class, and Little Peanut was on his way out the door with several bouquets of flowers which he was going to throw out.

These flowers were from students in other classes at No. 60 High who had bought them yesterday after receiving the news of Wang Ling's mishap. The labels on the flowers even had "Profound Condolences, Classmate Wang Ling" on them.

Wang Ling: "..."

Holding the flowers, Little Peanut ran into Wang Ling just as he left the classroom, and he immediately cried out in alarm, "Holy shit! A living Classmate Wang Ling!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Although the news had already gotten out yesterday that Wang Ling was alive and kicking, Little Peanut was still a little petrified when he saw Wang Ling again.

The class cadre who had come early to clean the classroom had also officially received Teacher Pan's notice that morning. The class was still full of the scent of flowers... When Wang Ling entered, he saw that there was actually a pile of wreaths at his seat.

"Classmate Wang Ling, wait! Let me confirm it!"

Little Peanut stretched out a hand and poked Wang Ling's face.

Hm, it was the same facial paralysis and dead fish eyes, but in any case, this face was warm! It looked like this was indeed a living Classmate Wang Ling!

"Classmate Wang Ling, it's so good that you're still alive! Everyone was so worried! Some of the girls cried yesterday!" said Little Peanut.

Wang Ling listened to Little Peanut describe their classmates' reactions yesterday when he had been fighting President Bai elsewhere.

Among the girls, Lotus Sun and Feather Lin had been the saddest, while the boys had in contrast been more composed. Most of them had been silent, and only Super Chen acted as if nothing had happened because he felt that Wang Ling would be completely fine.

Yesterday, Little Peanut had thought Super Chen cold-blooded, but now... Super Chen's mouth was indeed pretty amazing.

Dopey Guo and Super Chen were chatting as they entered the class, and were stunned the moment they saw Wang Ling.

Dopey Guo: "Yo! Wang Ling, you're still alive."

Wang Ling: "Mm..."

Really sorry to disappoint you...

Dopey Guo: "Can you reimburse me for the wreath I bought yesterday?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Since it was purely a joke, Wang Ling's expression remained completely unchanged.

Super Chen patted his thigh. "Look, what did I say? I said he would definitely be fine! This is our class mascot, after all! How can something happen to him?"

Wang Ling: "..."

"Did you read the news this morning? I heard that this President Bai blew himself up in the space and there was nothing left of him." Super Chen smiled. "Look, not only did Wang Ling escape a calamity, he even got President Bai to blow himself up after he was caught by the other party... If it isn't for the fact that he's in the same high school as us, I'd suspect that he's the protagonist!"

"Are these two things necessarily linked?" Little Peanut asked doubtfully.

Super Chan didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "What protagonist would choose to study in an ordinary high school... there's a hole in his brain otherwise!"

Wang Ling: "..."

## Chapter 697: A Special Guest

It was bound to be a rowdy morning. Wang Ling's safe return became No. 60 High's newest topic of discussion, and it directly reinforced Wang Ling's identity as a "mascot." He heard a lot of stories, and felt that man was forever the type of creature to never know how to cherish something until it was gone.

He had been doing his best all this time to stay low-key and diminish his existence, but once people heard the grievous news about Wang Ling, all of his schoolmates at No. 60 High, whether they knew him or not, had felt like there were fishbones stuck in their throats.

Some of the girls in his class who were normally very carefree had cried with grief yesterday.

The person who surprised Wang Ling the most was Teacher Pan, who had taken leave today and hadn't come to school. She had reportedly cried herself hoarse yesterday and her mental state wasn't very good, so she had been forced to ask Director Shi for leave.

A mental blow would forever be the most dreadful thing. Old Pan had taught for so many years, and had never encountered a situation where a student of hers was involved. Thus, after hearing about this incident, she had been dealt a heavy psychological blow. Although there normally were times when she would lose her temper with her students over their studies, in Old Pan's eyes, every student was actually like her own child.

Wang Ling had always thought that this was just a saying, so his heart sank when he learned the news and the reason that Old Pan was taking leave today.

He should have given it more thought when he had made a move yesterday. For example, if he had left a clone in school, perhaps things wouldn't have developed to this extent now.

But at that time, he had already sensed President Bai's murderous aura from the classroom, and Wang Ling hadn't thought too much before stepping out of the school gate to meet the challenge

head on. If he had been any later, the space trap hidden at the school gate would definitely have sucked in other students.

This had been an unforeseen mishap this time, and it was obvious that President Bai had devised this plan on the spur of the moment, since Wang Ling's early eyelid warning hadn't given him any sign beforehand.

Sometimes, you really couldn't guard against this type of impromptu behavior. However, there was a saying: "for every fall into a moat, you gain a measure of wisdom." After his experience in managing the crisis this time, Wang Ling felt he should be a lot more knowledgeable now when he ran into trouble again in the future.

Hm...

Wait...

Why had he said "again"...

...

Not long after Wang Ling left for school that morning, the Wang family's small villa received a guest.

A robust-looking middle-aged uncle with a sturdy build and wearing a well-ironed suit stopped the car by the villa's gate.

"Come get me in the evening," the middle-aged man said.

"Yes, sir." The driver nodded his head, and drove off right away after the middle-aged man got out of the car. This already wasn't the driver's first time here, so he knew the nearby roads very well. The closest restaurant to the villa was Midnight Dining Hall; although Boss Tan wasn't officially open yet at this time, and was only offering newly released summer refreshments, it would be enough to kill time with.

This was a frequent visitor to the Wang family's small villa, but Wang Ling had never seen him before because this uncle always came on a weekday.

Hearing the activity at the gate from inside the villa, Mother Wang hastily went to open the door.  
“Welcome, Your Excellency, come in, come in!”

This was a big figure they couldn't afford to slight!

When the middle-aged man entered, Mother Wang took out a pair of slippers from the shoe cupboard, specially prepared for this uncle.

“Is Brother Situ still writing upstairs?” the middle-aged uncle asked after changing into the slippers.

“Mm, he's already written a lot today.”

“Great! More chapters to read!” the middle-aged man laughed like a kid.

Mother Wang: “What would Your Excellency like to eat for lunch?”

“Anything is fine! I'm not here to eat, after all! But it would be best if it isn't broccoli... I've realized that every time I come here, there's always broccoli. I'm a little tired of it!” said the middle-aged man.

Mother Wang: “Very well, Your Excellency...”

...

Elsewhere, General Yi, who had already made up his mind to check out the situation at the Wang family's small villa, was making preparations. Making inquiries was one thing, but he still needed to follow protocol.

Hence, it was very important to find a suitable excuse.

By the time General Yi arrived in Songhai city, his former subordinates had already arranged everything.

In fact, it wasn't just in Songhai city, but General Yi had former subordinates in every province throughout Huaxiu nation. Before he retired, all of the sword cultivators in Huaxiu had had to abide by his arrangements. These sword cultivators had been deployed as SWAT teams, and after General Yi's retirement, these former subordinates had then moved up to become leaders.

So even though he was already retired, the current leadership all still had the utmost respect for their old leader.

Logically speaking, calling on the student who had been the focus of the news and his parents was something that the education department should be informed of, but General Yi didn't want to alert the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools this time, so everything was done secretly.

"Everything has been prepared accordingly? What name are we using this time?" Sitting inside the office at Songhai city's police hall, General Yi flipped through the news on Wang Ling.

He had initially wanted to look up personal information on this student called Wang Ling, only to discover that there was so little information on him in all the newspapers it was pathetic. There wasn't even a photo of him, whether in the newspapers or online.

He was now more and more curious; who on earth was controlling the whole situation behind the scenes?

"Yes, teacher, everything has already been arranged. This time, we'll be going in the name of the Poverty Relief Foundation." A provincial leader stood respectfully in front of General Yi; this was the head of the police hall. Quite a number of police personnel wore amazed expressions when they saw this scene through the windows as they passed by the office.

It was said that every thing had its weakness, and no one had expected this irascible provincial head to have such an obedient side.

"Poverty Relief Foundation?"

"Yes, this student previously received aid through the poverty relief plan jointly carried out by No. 60 High and the General Administration of 100 Schools."

“Hm, what did this child ask for? An energy-replenishing pill? A Foundation Establishment pill? Or a spirit-gathering pill? Or even... money?” General Yi nodded his head as he continued asking questions.

He had mentioned several types of pills in one go; these were the commonly used supplementary pills required for cultivation at the Foundation Establishment stage in order to help speed up cultivation.

“No matter what this child wants, we can’t go bare-handed since we’re going in the name of the Poverty Relief Foundation. No matter what aid was given to him before, we need to give him double the amount this time,” General Yi said very earnestly.

In the end, this provincial head shook his head. “No, no, no, teacher, this student asked for crispy noodle snacks...”

Hearing this, General Yi was blank; suddenly, he felt a little old and a little muddle-headed.

Crispy noodle snacks?

Was this a new type of pill?

Chapter 698: General Yi’s Probe

This wasn’t the head of state’s first time dropping by the villa, but he knew absolutely nothing about Wang Ling. Wang Ling’s room was right in front of Father Wang’s study, but the head of state had never entered it.

However, he had seen a photo before; it was the only undoctored photo of Wang Ling, which was kept in a drawer in Father Wang’s study. Even if the head had never seen Wang Ling in person, this photo wouldn’t be turned into a bunch of pixels by the “Great Shielding Spell.” This photo had been specially prepared for the head of state. Whenever he came, all the gremlins in the Wang family’s small villa would enter sleep mode in case the head noticed something fishy.



Hm, from the photo, this was indeed a very average-looking, ordinary high school student.

This was the head of state's first impression of Wang Ling after seeing his photo.

Entering the study, he directly sat down in the chair next to Father Wang; this chair had initially been put out for Lie Mengmeng, but he hadn't come today.

Of course, Lie Mengmeng had no idea at all that the chair he always used was the same one that the head of state did.

In Father Wang's eyes, this chair was now very valuable.

If the head of state ate a vegetable steamed bun, this could translate to the launch of a head of state set meal which would be several times more expensive. This chair had become an even more culturally significant collector's item. There were now plenty of chairs identical to this one in the villa's basement, all of which the head of state had sat on before. Every time he came, Father Wang would replace the chair with a new one...

"Brother Situ? Is Little Wang Ling alright?" the head of state directly asked not long after he sat down. "If you're having a tough time, you must tell me, and I'll have someone make some arrangements."

"What kind of arrangements?"

"For example, a psychologist? Do you know Minister Luo?" said the head of state.

Father Wang broke out in a sweat on the spot.

How could he not know Minister Luo? This was one of the Ten Founding Generals and also the Medicine Saint...

"No need..."

Father Wang laughed and scratched the back of his head. "Thank you for Your Excellency's concern. His mental state is pretty good and he went to school this morning after getting up."

“Really? Looks like Little Wang Ling’s mentality is pretty good! He’s very strong at resisting pressure!” The head also laughed. “Nowadays, young people need to live with pressure if they want to get anywhere. Looks like Little Wang Ling definitely has a bright future!”

“Hahaha! Your Excellency, you flatter him! His grades are just so-so!”

“Also, when will you be done with that singer who stole your song previously?”

This was beyond Father Wang’s expectations as he realized that the head of state was still pretty concerned about this matter.

In fact, the head had sent Father Wang a private message before to ask him about it, because some time ago, he had been pissed off by a music-cutting whiz called “Li Yuanjie 1 ,” who had plagiarized several melodies and crammed them together in a song.

“There’s no rush, we’re now heating up the water to boil the frog, and we’re planning to slowly cook him to death. Fans are regularly entering his live stream room daily to demolish it and ferret out his deeds.”

“Mm, he has to pay for what he’s done sooner or later.” The head of state nodded. “When it comes to internal affairs, as long as it isn’t against the law or unethical, and it’s nothing that crosses the line, I can help Brother Situ sort out everything neatly!”

Saying this, the head gave a thumbs-up and grinned.

“Alright...”

Father Wang was overwhelmed by this favor.

Once again, he couldn’t help sighing emotionally in his heart.

To have the head of state as a fan was truly a good thing; he could make the arrangements and everything would be sorted...

...

Around lunchtime at noon, Father Wang and the head of state were eating in the dining room. Mother Wang had prepared a table full of home cooking.

The Wang family's small villa received a phone call from the "Poverty Relief Foundation."

From the other end came the sweet voice of the customer service lady. "May I ask if this is Student Wang Ling's parent?"

Mother Wang: "That's right, may I ask what's the matter?"

"It's like this. We noticed that a month ago, Student Wang Ling accepted charity aid and asked for crispy noodle snacks."

Mother Wang: "..."

"Student Wang Ling was in perpetual danger recently, and the leaders of the Poverty Relief Foundation are highly concerned. They have thus decided to pay a visit in person to express their sympathies as well as to present you with double... the crispy noodle snacks." When she said this, the customer service lady already couldn't help dropping her forehead in her hand. What kind of weird relief aid was this!

Mother Wang: "Ah... then may I ask when the leaders will come?"

"Please hold, let me check the time."

Mother Wang was actually bewildered when she listened to this on the phone. She knew about the Poverty Relief Foundation, but she had never expected the foundation to give them a call at this time, and even less that it would draw their leaders' attention enough to pay them a visit.

After all, their family had indeed received this "relief aid," so Mother Wang felt that it wouldn't be very proper to directly reject them.

"Is this afternoon a convenient time?"

“So soon?” Mother Wang was startled.

After she hung up, Father Wang raised his head and asked, “Who was it?”

“It was the Poverty Relief Foundation. They said that a leader would be coming here this afternoon.”

“Did you confirm their identity? It’s not a swindler, is it?” Father Wang frowned.

“This is a government organization. If someone dares pretend to be from the foundation, I’ll definitely sort them out.” The head of state chuckled.

Father Wang and Mother Wang: “...”

...

At noon, General Yi brought the supplies with him as he personally left for the Wang family’s small villa; he had a strong feeling that the puppeteer behind this entire affair was in this villa...

Moreover, before he could get close, he already sensed an unusual aura inside the villa.

The supply van carrying the crispy noodle snacks followed closely behind General Yi’s car. In the passenger seat, General Yi looked into the distance and sent out his spiritual senses.

He was one hundred percent certain that there was an expert inside this villa... furthermore, this person wasn’t any less powerful than he was, and even surpassed him!

Who on earth was it?

General Yi acknowledged that he was in no way the most powerful in Huaxiu nation, but he ranked in the top ten in terms of overall battle strength; he could count on his fingers those who were stronger than him. Of course, he couldn’t eliminate the possibility that there were some cultivation experts in the dark that he didn’t know about.

Finally, was everything going to come to light?

He narrowed his eyes, highly curious about the identities of the people in the villa.

When they approached the Wang family's small villa, he ordered the driver, "Stop the car. I'll take a look around first."

He had the driver stop his car fifty meters from the villa and he got out. The moment the car door opened, General Yi straightaway put his hands behind his back and floated over.

"Let me see who on earth you are..."

He floated at the entrance to the Wang family's small villa and directly sent out his spirit senses in a probe.

Although this was a probe, a clash in spiritual senses between cultivators was the most direct way of sounding out the other party. It was similar to two people shaking hands when they met and competing to see whose grip was stronger; it was the most direct reflection of basic strength.

Inside the villa, the head of state was absorbed in reading Father Wang's draft when he suddenly felt a chill on his back. This was the feeling of a probe with spiritual senses.

The head was taken aback. "???"

Someone was actually feeling out this place?

Heh...

You have guts.

Chapter 699: Smile Gradually Turning "Wicked"

This feeling of being observed in secret instantly caused the head of state to be on full alert right away, and Father Wang noticed that the head's expression didn't look right.

"Someone's at the entrance." The head bookmarked what he had been reading and then stood up to look out the window.

He had been interrupted while reading very cheerfully, which made him a little unhappy.

"Is it the people from the foundation?" Father Wang remembered hearing what sounded like a car drive by earlier. The Wang family's small villa was located on East Huang Road in the outskirts and it was usually very desolate, so they would clearly hear any car that drove by.

"I don't know for now, but I want to meet this person." The head of state frowned.

Even if they were from the foundation, who would drop in and do a probe like this?

"Then..." Father Wang opened his mouth and subconsciously felt like the head of state was about to sort something out once again.

The head stared at him seriously. "Brother Situ, you sit there and don't move. While I go sort this out, you can do more writing."

Father Wang: "..."

...

At the entrance, General Yi frowned deeply after his probe.

This was because he had felt his spiritual senses dispelled. It was obvious that the expert inside the villa had sensed his probing and then stopped his prying. It was clear that this was a supremely powerful expert.

General Yi carefully surveyed the villa's location. As far as he knew, this stretch of road was quite remote and had ordinary fengshui.

Why would such an expert choose to live in seclusion in such a remote place?

Nothing made sense.

For now, there were a few things General Yi felt that he had to figure out.

One, this mysterious expert's connection to Odd Zhuo of the General Administration of 100 Schools as well as to Secretary Sun Dakang.

Two, this mysterious expert's identity and strength.

Three, this mysterious expert's true objective.

Considering that more and more foreign forces were becoming more active recently, General Yi even started to wonder if this mysterious expert was a foreigner.

And the one thing that General Yi had always dreaded the most, and had been surreptitiously on high alert against, was collusion between higher-ups in Huaxiu Alliance and foreign forces.

But he now finally had some clues!

There's a mole... stop the deal 1!

So, the day when he could shout out this catchphrase himself had come?

At that moment, General Yi recalled that classic story.

Foreign forces had without a doubt dispatched spies to Huaxiu nation, and had even already bribed quite a number of mid-tier cadre into becoming informants. Over the years, General Yi had gathered plenty of evidence, and most of the high officials in various regions who had been sacked during this time were linked to this. But the ranks of these leaders were too low, which wasn't good enough! Thus, General Yi had been wondering all these years what he could do, given his retired status, to hook a big fish.

It was very obvious that the mysterious expert inside this villa was a big fish!

While General Yi was feeling excited, he suddenly saw the scene in front of him change.

After a few seconds, he appeared in a blistering hot landscape and was surrounded by volcanoes which could erupt at any moment! The ground burned with red-hot flames and there were actually nine suns in the sky!

“It’s genuinely hot... Is this an intrinsic spirit field?”

He narrowed his eyes as he hovered in the air, his training clothes also floating on the waves of heat.

To be able to instantly produce an intrinsic spirit field was ample proof of how powerful the person in the villa was. The most critical thing was that this person had dragged General Yi into the field but was not here himself... There were very few people in the world who were capable of separating themselves from their intrinsic spirit field.

It seemed that this was a very tough enemy.

General Yi calmly analyzed the situation; even if he hadn’t been cautious in acting first and had put himself in an unfavorable position, he still showed no signs of fluster.

He stretched out his hand. A soft golden ring of light instantly appeared around his right hand, and General Yi pulled a freezing cold, azure-colored ice sword out of it.

The instant this ice sword was drawn out, the initially boiling hot ground was in a flash covered in a layer of frost which radiated out from General Yi and gradually spread over the surroundings.

Not only that, even his outfit changed.

In the blink of an eye, the training clothes which General Yi had been wearing was covered in magical ice armor, and he looked like an ancient knight.



...

On the other side, inside the Wang family's small villa, the head of state used a projection spell to project a view of the intrinsic spirit field in the study.

"Hehe, it's been several centuries, but this boy hasn't made any progress." The head smiled slightly, then turned to Father Wang to explain, "Brother Situ, do you see that golden ring of light? That's his infinite sword repository, which contains his collection of tens of thousands of magic swords."

Father Wang opened his eyes wide; this battle scene was just like watching a blockbuster!

"This infinite sword repository can automatically pick out the most suitable magic sword for Little Yiyi to use, based on his situation. In addition, each sword is part of a holy armor set, and so comes with armor exclusive to it," said the head of state.

Previously, Father Wang had actually considered asking Wang Ling to fight and thus help provide material as reference for his novel. But he was deeply worried that Wang Ling wouldn't be able to control his strength and would muck up while playing around... also, getting Wang Ling to participate in a fight was itself very risky, so all this time, Father Wang had basically collected material for his novel's fight scenes from TV dramas.

But a drawback of this was that films in the end were mostly fictional, and certainly couldn't create the true shock of personal experience!

Looking at this scene in that moment, Father Wang unexpectedly felt like a lightbulb had instantly lit up in his mind.

This was an obvious sign that he had been hit with inspiration!

The head of state had seen this before!

But most of the time, Father Wang would only be hit with this burst of inspiration after smoking a cigar.

This was why the head of state sent him cigars every month. But it seemed that these cigars alone had already stopped working in the past few months, and Father Wang had been searching for a new

way to help him gain inspiration. Previously, he had been fond of thinking while on the toilet, but gave it up after he developed hemorrhoids from spending too much time on it...

Now, the head of state's eyes immediately lit up at this scene. "Brother Situ, you have inspiration now?"

"Yes!" Father Wang nodded his head solemnly. "Following the part that Your Excellency is now reading, it just so happens that there's a fight scene, and I've been pondering how to write it... If possible, I hope to be able to obtain more material on the art of battle."

"Very well! Leave it to me!"

The head of state nodded.

He just wanted to see a fight scene, right?

Too easy...

The head of state stared at Little Yiyi trapped in the intrinsic spirit field, his smile gradually turning "wicked 2."

## Chapter 700: The Head of State's Infinite Spirit Field

Father Wang had rich writing experience, but his writing wasn't perfect. He had always felt that fight scenes were his weak point since he had never specially observed a battle.

This was such a rare opportunity for him to gather some truly reliable material to enrich his writing.

"Truly a troublesome guy." General Yi, who had used the infinite sword repository to summon the Cold Frost Sword and cover himself in frost armor, frowned. The Cold Frost Sword was currently the most suitable magic sword to counter this stifling hot field, but he knew that he wouldn't be able to rely purely on this sword for too long.

The other party was stronger than he was, and he could directly feel that the temperature in the field was still rising; thus, he had to destroy this field as soon as possible.

“In my name as Blademaster, I’ll cut open this field!” Taking a deep breath, General Yi imbued the Cold Frost Sword in his hand with boundless spirit energy, and in a split second, icy mist rolled out as the cold air surged forth to cover at least half the field!

Father Wang was amazed at this scene, and then he saw this mist which had spread out actually begin to coalesce together again to swiftly turn into an ice-blue sword blade which cut through the air.

The sword blade pierced the sky and spilt open the space as effortlessly as cutting tofu.

It looked like it took nothing at all for the Cold Frost Sword to cut open the intrinsic field space.

Father Wang gasped in wonder at this scene. “As expected of General Yi...”

Not including Wang Ling, Father Wang recalled that in the most recent release of this year’s power ranking list for Huaxiu cultivators, General Yi’s overall strength had put him in the top ten.

“You think this is the end, just like this?” The head of state laughed.

Puzzled, Father Wang stared at the image broadcast. General Yi had indeed cut open the intrinsic spirit field with that one swing from his sword just now.

Judging from the smile on his face, it was obvious that he was extremely confident in his sword strike just now.

But in the next moment, General Yi’s face gradually drained of color.

Because he realized that he was still inside the intrinsic spirit field!

This time, the scene was different as the number of suns in the sky had doubled to eighteen!

“How can this be?” General Yi looked at this scene in disbelief.

“In the end, Little Yiyi is still green...”

In the study, the head of state gazed at this image and explained, “I’ve never used my intrinsic spirit field with Little Yiyi around before, so he doesn’t know at all that this field is mine.”

Father Wang made notes on his computer as he listened seriously. “Do intrinsic spirit fields vary in their attributes?”

“Of course.”

The head nodded. “As everyone knows, the intrinsic spirit field takes the form of a small world, and is also called an internal small world. After it’s perfectly formed inside the body, it can be instantly discharged in battle. Furthermore, only the person who discharged the intrinsic spirit field can use the spirit energy contained inside it. That is to say, once you are caught and dragged into an intrinsic spirit field, you have to think of a way to break it open as soon as possible, otherwise once you’ve used up all your spirit energy, you’ll be at a disadvantage.

“The attribute which Brother Situ mentioned is probably what is called the spirit field’s secret law, in technical terms. Every person’s field has its own exclusive secret law that can usually be classified according to the five spiritual root elements. And while my field’s secret law might look like fire, it is in fact an infinite ability.”

Father Wang earnestly gathered all this information together. “Infinite ability? Can Your Excellency elaborate on that?”

“Hm, Brother Situ can actually think of it like a Matryoshka doll.”

“...”

“My intrinsic spirit field has nine layers in total. In order to break it open, you need to break apart all nine layers in one go before you can come out. What Little Yiyi cut open just now was only the innermost layer.” Saying this, the head of state smiled slightly. “Little Yiyi is still green...”

“If there are only nine layers, why is it called infinite?”

“Simple, because the intrinsic spirit field can automatically restore itself.”

“...”

“In other words, Little Yiyi has to hurry up and destroy the next eight layers. Otherwise, once the innermost layer that was destroyed just now is perfectly restored, it will wrap itself around the outermost layer. This, is the infinite ability.”

“...”

For some reason, Father Wang suddenly felt a little sorry for General Yi!

...

Just as the head of state had said, General Yi had never seen his intrinsic spirit field before and thus had no idea who was the enemy he was now fighting. Furthermore, it was the first time that the experienced and knowledgeable General Yi had seen an intrinsic spirit field with this “infinite” attribute, so he had completely no idea what he was facing.

The second layer of the intrinsic spirit field was hotter than the first one, and the Cold Frost Sword wasn't as effective here. General Yi could already see drops of water forming along the Cold Frost Sword, which seemed to be melting.

“Multi-layered intrinsic spirit field?”

This was General Yi's initial guess, and while he wasn't completely right, to be able to make this connection in this situation was already very astute of him.

At that moment in the study, the head of state suddenly turned to look at Father Wang. “Brother Situ, want to see Little Yiyi's most powerful sword? But it won't be easy to make him produce it; we'll have to provoke him first.”

“Sure!”

Father Wang looked expectant. “But how will we do that?”

It had to be known that for General Yi to be able to reach his realm, he basically didn’t get angry or explode too easily. Provoking him would be difficult, second only to making Wang Ling smile...

“No one knows Little Yiyi better than I do. I’ll sort it out, Brother Situ, just watch.”

After saying that, the head of state opened his eyes, turned his gaze to the image broadcast and said softly to General Yi, who was in the intrinsic spirit field, “Scared?”

In Father Wang’s ears, it was a very light word, but inside the intrinsic spirit field, the sound was magnified endlessly. It was deafening, and General Yi couldn’t help but cover his ears.

The head of state changed the sound of his voice so that General Yi wouldn’t be able to parse his true identity.

“Your Excellency, who on earth are you?” General Yi asked the air in the second intrinsic spirit field after he regained his composure.

The head of state: “You are not qualified to know who I am. I’m just warning you, if this goes on, you’ll die for sure. So... want to surrender?”

“You want me to surrender?” General Yi heaved a deep sigh.

Since he had no idea what this intrinsic spirit field was like, he thought that it wasn’t necessarily wrong to feign surrender for the moment... all was fair in war.

As long as he could leave this place, he would be vigilant next time and it wouldn’t be so easy for the other party to drag him into the intrinsic spirit field again.

Just as General Yi was thinking this, the head of state’s voice came through again. “I want you to yell ‘I’m not the Blademaster’ three times. If you do that, I’ll set you free.”

Father Wang never expected General Yi’s expression to abruptly change at these words.

He saw General Yi's face quiver slightly as wisps of golden-red sword qi started to rise off his body; even his white spiky hair became awash in the same color.

Father Wang was stunned. "...” What the hell?! Super Saiyan God?!