

Daily Life 701

Chapter 701: General Yi's Boundless Dao

“Finally angry?”

Looking at General Yi who seemed to have become another person, the head of state smiled.

It was rare to see General Yi in this state. As far as the head of state could remember, except for when they had fought the seven demon gods back then with all their might, he had rarely seen General Yi activate this form.

“What mode is this?” Father Wang was very curious.

“This is when Little Yiyi's potential is activated. Simply put, this is a method for activating the meridians in the body with boundless sword qi to stimulate the body's potential, and it carries certain risks...” The head of state said, “Back then, it was Sword Immortal Fan Rui who developed this Boundless Sword Dao, but Little Yiyi was the only one to inherit it.”

Hearing this, realization dawned on Father Wang.

He also knew about Evil Sword God's arrest previously. If that was the case, then Evil Sword God had very likely murdered his shifu back then because of jealousy.

The head of state's next words also confirmed Father Wang's speculation. “Brother Situ has probably heard that Fan Rui had two disciples. One was Little Yiyi, and the other was Chen Nanxuan, who is now known as Evil Sword God. Fan Rui was of two minds when selecting the successor to the Boundless Sword Dao; he even came to me for advice.”

“The head of state and Sword Immortal knew each other?”

“We were fellow students.” The head of state nodded and said, “In retaliation for Fan Rui passing the Boundless Sword Dao on to Little Yiyi, Chen Nanxuan plotted the murder of his shifu. But the truth was that Fan Rui had already long been aware of it. Fan Rui had always been a cautious person, so he wouldn't be caught unawares so easily.”

“So Sword Immortal is still alive?” Father Wang remembered once searching the news on Evil Sword God out of curiosity, and amidst the numerous comments online, there was in fact information going around which said that Fan Rui wasn’t really dead.

But these online views were just speculation after all, and had no proof to back them up.

“Fan Rui indeed has already passed on.” At this moment, the head of state revealed the truth of what happened back then. “But unlike what the rumors say, he didn’t die because he couldn’t defeat Chen Nanxuan. The truth is that during that battle, Fan Rui deliberately yielded, which allowed Chen Nanxuan to seize the advantage. Chen Nanxuan naively thought that his sword skills had surpassed his shifu’s, when they actually hadn’t...”

When Father Wang heard this, he couldn’t help clicking his tongue.

No wonder Evil Sword God had been so endlessly haughty all these years, looking for people everywhere to PK with; it appeared that he had a gross misunderstanding of how strong he was.

No wonder he got thrashed by Ling Ling...

Father Wang couldn’t help sighing. “Did Sword Immortal do this in order to guide him?”

“Yes, Brother Situ is right.” The head of state said non-committedly, “After Fan Rui chose the sole successor of the Boundless Sword Dao from among the two of them back then, Chen Nanxuan harbored a grudge ever since. But Fan Rui always believed that Chen Nanxuan wasn’t bad by nature. He wanted to use his death to guide this disciple toward the right path, but what a pity... Chen Nanxuan still took this type of path in the end.”

“Then, does Your Excellency know why Sword Immortal chose General Yi as the successor of the Boundless Sword Dao? On what specific basis?”

“I truly don’t know.”

The head of state tsked. He really wasn’t clear about this matter. “I asked Little Yiyi before privately, but he said this had to do with the secret of the Boundless Sword Dao, so it wasn’t good for me to ask too much. But one thing’s for sure: when Fan Rui picked his successor, the final

stipulation had nothing to do with sword skills or overall combat ability. Back then, Little Yiyi and Chen Nanxuan had been almost neck to neck in their sword skills.”

Listening to the head of state, Father Wang raised his eyebrows and felt that this was becoming more interesting.

If it wasn't based on sword skills or combat ability, then what was it based on?

On who had more cheek?

...

At that very moment, Blademaster General Yi's aura seemed to undergo a one hundred and eighty-degree turn after he entered Boundless mode.

He clenched one fist. “Boundless Sword Qi Rush!”

The Cold Frost Sword then unexpectedly burst with the golden-red sword qi that was coming off General Yi, as if it was getting a power boost, before it emitted a dazzling cold, azure light!

The water drops on the sword had already completely disappeared, and its powers of ice and frost were once again on display at that moment.

“Your Excellency, your spirit field is very strong, but perhaps you don't know how formidable this humble one's boundless sword qi is...” General Yi let go of the Cold Frost Sword as he stood with his hands behind his back, and the sword started to rotate around his body, forming a three- zhang sword circle which firmly enclosed General Yi inside it.

The Boundless Sword Dao had strengthened the Cold Frost Sword as well as the Cold Frost Armor on General Yi to protect him from the blistering hot environment.

But this was only the beginning...

Because General Yi had yet to take out his most powerful sword.

Father Wang stared intently at the image projected in the air.

Several dozen seconds later, General Yi spread his palm once more. The entrance to the infinite sword repository opened again in the air, and General Yi took out something unexpected.

What he took out wasn't a complete magic sword, but a sword hilt!

"A sword hilt?" Father Wang looked blankly at this scene.

Next to him, the head of state seemed deeply moved when he saw this sword hilt. "After so many years, I never thought that I would see Little Yiyi take out this magic sword again... truly, how nostalgic."

"What kind of magic sword is this?" asked Father Wang.

"People think that Heaven-Cleaving and Brilliant Victory were Sword Immortal Fan Rui's principal swords, but that's not the case. It is this sword hilt that was Fan Rui's biggest treasure, and it was also given to Little Yiyi as an emblem of him inheriting the Boundless Sword Dao. Only those who comprehend Boundless Sword Dao can wield this sword..." The head of state stared at the image and smiled slightly. "If Little Yiyi gets serious, my infinite spirit field truly won't be able to hold him."

The head of state was very clear on this sword's background, because this was a world-defying magic weapon!

...

At that moment, General Yi made a move once again.

With the Cold Frost Sword's protection on him, he grasped this sword hilt with both hands and held it high above his head.

A few seconds later, Father Wang saw masses of "qi" inside the spirit field stream toward the hilt as they gathered little by little to coalesce into the body of a sword...

“Brother Situ, this is Little Yiyi’s Boundless Sword Dao...”

The head of state said with a smile, “Boundless Sword Dao is a building technique which uses all qi under heaven. Using sword qi as a foundation, it absorbs other different types of qi and condenses them together. If it’s in a place with a lot of people around, even the air we exhale will be collected by Little Yiyi and turned into power. In the end, the power in the water droplets will coalesce into a mighty force as magnificent as a rolling sea, and will turn into the Boundless Sword!”

“So the name of the sword is Boundless Sword...” Father Wang was enthralled as he listened.

“No, Boundless Sword is just the name of the blade.”

The head of state corrected him. “With the sword hilt, the name of this sword should be... Qicalibur 1 !”

Father Wang: “...”

Chapter 702: You Can Do Whatever You Want If You Have a Bit of Strength?

Things were progressing according to the head of state’s plan. This was General Yi’s most powerful sword, and unless he used his strongest sword attack, it would be impossible for him to break open this infinite intrinsic spirit field.

From the very beginning, this had been the head of state’s goal.

This was a truly mind-blowing scene. In today’s peaceful era, when could you casually see a great battle of True Immortals like this? When General Yi swung his sword, it looked just like major special effects, which made Father Wang’s heart ripple when he saw it.

This immense mass of qi turned into a solid force that coalesced along the blade. Sword qi whistled past in the blink of an eye, and the golden-red sword light flared up, directly tearing open the

second space layer. The volcanoes in the scene almost instantly crumbled into rock, disintegrating again into finer particles and then into dust which was then sucked into the space fissure...

With a single slash, General Yi demonstrated the height of his prowess. A golden-red sword light ten thousand fathoms wide slashed down the front with unmatched, powerful godly might. The intrinsic spirit field was cut open like a thousand-layered cake, and the space wall of each layer could be clearly seen.

The entire process lasted a full minute until finally, Father Wang saw that the boundless sword qi above General Yi's sword hilt had already vanished. His Boundless mode had also disappeared, and General Yi reappeared at the villa entrance with his head drenched in sweat and gasping harshly for breath.

That sword swing just now had taken a lot out of General Yi. This was his sure-fire killing move, and he could only use it once in the short term.

Even so, it was already stunning enough.

Father Wang felt that thanks to the head of state today, he had truly collected a lot of good battle reference material. If he could adapt that scene just now for his novel, it would be an amazing battle scenario!

But that being said, Father Wang was actually still a little curious...

In terms of visual effects, General Yi's sword swing just now as a sure-fire killing move was truly perfect.

But in terms of power, Father Wang wondered which was stronger, this sword swing or a slap from Wang Ling...

...

After this sword swing, General Yi seemed so exhausted that he collapsed. He didn't move as he gasped for air for some time before he felt better. What was more awkward was that when he had come out this time, he hadn't brought any spirit energy-replenishing pills with him.

A True Immortal's ability to recover was very strong. As long as he was breathing at a normal rate, he could replenish the spirit energy that was lost from casting spells. However, if his "MP 1" had reached rock bottom, it would take him slightly longer to recover.

And the point was that in this current era of peace, where there was no war, General Yi never dreamed that there would be a day he would still use this killing move...

Looking at the villa in front of him, General Yi couldn't help falling into deep thought. So far, he hadn't fully figured out which godly saint this mysterious expert inside was.

But judging from this mysterious expert's technique, General Yi felt that he had no choice but to take this matter seriously. As long as they were within Huaxiu's borders, cultivators above the Golden Core stage had to report themselves to a local Huaxiu Alliance branch, which ultimately sent a summary of the statistical data to the headquarters annually.

As for cultivators above the Soul Formation stage, Huaxiu Alliance wanted to know their precise identities even more. Otherwise, they would be unregistered citizens who would encounter restrictions wherever they went.

Given the strength of the mysterious expert inside, General Yi felt that this person was most likely an "unregistered citizen."

It was likely that the matter would still have to be reported to the head of state in the end for him to handle.

With that in mind, General Yi already had a faint plan in his heart.

At that moment, a voice reached his ears. It was the mysterious expert's voice. "As expected of the Blademaster. That boundless sword qi just now truly opened my eyes..."

General Yi frowned tightly. "You already knew who I was, and still dared to be so heavy-handed? Do you really think you can do whatever you want just because you have a bit of strength?"

"My apologies."

The mysterious expert smiled. "It really is because I have strength that I can do whatever I want."

“...”

General Yi's lips twitched. “Don't push me too far...”

This tone, was too arrogant!

He, the grand Blademaster, one of Huaxiu's Ten Generals and a founding father, had actually been brought low in front of some unknown person – this was exceptionally difficult for General Yi to bear.

In the study, when Father Wang saw General Yi's expression change, he hastily said, “Your Excellency, how about we invite General Yi in?” To be honest, Father Wang really found General Yi a little pitiful...

But the head of state chuckled playfully. “Brother Situ, see how interesting Little Yiyi is? I haven't played enough...”

Father Wang: “...”

“I've always wanted to know the truth about the inheritance of Boundless Sword Dao. Brother Situ, aren't you curious about this?” The head of state said, “I understand that this involves the secret of Boundless Sword Dao, and the reason Little Yiyi isn't willing to tell me about it is also because he's following his shifu's command. But the truth is that I've always been puzzled about Fan Rui's last words.”

“Does Your Excellency think that Sword Immortal still had hidden secrets?”

“That's right.” The head of state nodded. “Even though he chose to die to enlighten his stubborn disciple, I've always felt that there was still an ulterior motive...”

...

And so, a few minutes later, the head of state negotiated with General Yi, who was standing outside the villa.

“Would you be willing to trade a secret in exchange for knowing my identity?”

As soon as the head of state said this, Father Wang instantly knew that he was starting to play tricks again...

“Hehe.” General Yi said, “If I want to investigate you...”

The head of state wasn't afraid at all, and chuckled. “If you can find out who I am, would you still need to go to all this trouble? I can promise you that as long as I want to, you'll never learn my identity...”

General Yi was cut to the quick, because it was true. Until now, he had only heard the voice of the mysterious person inside this villa and hadn't seen his face; even in battle, the other party had had the upper hand.

He was at a complete disadvantage in this situation...

And if they clashed again later, he would probably be thrashed given his current lack of spirit energy.

Thinking this, General Yi sighed and said, “How can I be sure that you're not lying?”

General Yi thought the most important thing right now was still to find out more about this “mysterious expert.”

“I swear on Heavenly Dao that everything I've said is true. If even just a little bit of it is a lie, I'll be unlucky forever!”

Hearing this, General Yi was dazed. “...”

It turned out that this was a tough guy!

General Yi: “What secret of mine do you want to know?”

The head of state said, “I want to know why Sword Immortal passed the Boundless Sword Dao on to you back then?”

“That’s it?”

“That’s it!”

“Hehe, I was wondering what it was...”

The head of state cocked an eyebrow. “So, you’re willing to tell me?”

“It’s just a small thing.”

General Yi waved his hand. “Back then I was too thin-skinned to say it, so I told the outside world that it was a secret... But now I’ve already stopped being afraid! It won’t hurt for you to know, I’ll tell you!”

General Yi said, “A crucial factor is that the successor of Boundless Sword Dao has to be pure.”

The head of state: “So?”

General Yi: “So, this old man is a virgin!!! Understand?”

The head of state: “...”

Father Wang: “...”

Chapter 703: Summer Assignment

It could be said that General Yi’s answer was unexpected, but it also made sense...

In fact, given this explanation, the head of state immediately realized that many things about General Yi which he hadn't understood before could now be explained. No wonder when he recommended before that General Yi participate in the program "If You Are The One" to look for a partner, General Yi had adamantly refused... It turned out that he wanted to continue perfectly with the Boundless Sword Dao...

After confessing his "secret," General Yi chuckled, his face triumphant as he stood at the door of the villa. "Excuse me, Your Excellency, shouldn't you come out now? And clearly explain your own identity while you're at it. This is part of our agreement."

On the other side, the head of state was already standing behind the door. "Open the door..."

"..."

General Yi straightened his clothes, floated over, and opened the door.

The result was that he was utterly gobsmacked by the person standing in front of him.

H- H- Hea... Head of state?

Really...

It turned out that the person in the dark whom he had come to blows with was the head of state!

General Yi immediately felt like there was blood lodged in the pit of his stomach which he couldn't spit out...

- Wait, was it because he had opened the door the wrong way?

General Yi slammed the door shut, and then opened it again.

Okay, it was confirmed that this person was without any doubt the head of state himself...

It was impossible for him to be an impostor; General Yi was very familiar with the head of state's aura.

"Leader, why are you here?" General Yi straightened almost instantly and even stopped floating as both his feet directly touched the ground. He scratched the back of his head, an awkward expression on his face.

Not far away, the driver in the car and the people in the supply van behind him were shocked when they saw this. From this angle, they couldn't see exactly who was standing inside the door... But there really weren't many people who could make General Yi talk to them with both his feet on the ground!

The head of state chuckled. "It's a long story, let's go in and have a chat."

General Yi nodded weakly. "Alright, Your Excellency... also, the matter just now..."

"Don't worry, it won't go any further than this villa." The head of state said, "Also, I have to apologize. This time, I took the opportunity to secretly feel out Little Yiyi; I even had doubts about you before..."

"What sort of doubts did Your Excellency have?" Hearing these words, General Yi couldn't help breaking into a cold sweat.

"Before, I introduced you to so many pretty old ladies, but you didn't like any of them... Actually, I've always wondered if there was a problem with your orientation."

"..."

"But after feeling you out just now, it seems that you accepted this compromise for the sake of abiding by your shifu's command." Saying this, the head of state patted General Yi on the shoulder and sighed deeply. "Little Yiyi, holding back all these years has been hard on you!"

Hearing this sentence, tears welled up in General Yi's eyes despite himself.

...

In the afternoon, it was Teacher Pan's chemistry class. Because Teacher Pan had asked for leave today, Old Antique would be taking over this period.

However, Old Antique didn't use this opportunity to give a history lesson because he had already worked out his class schedule. He preferred to go at his own pace and wouldn't take over extra class time. For this sudden surplus of time, Old Antique would talk about something else.

It so happened that the summer camp and the final exams were coming up, so he could spend the extra time talking about these two matters.

After the final exams were the holidays and then the second semester.

And it was only at this time that a lot of people realized: in the blink of an eye, there was only a semester left of Grade One...

The trials of Grade Two were imminent.

Life in Grade Two would be much more tiring compared with Grade One. If you wanted to relax in Grade Three, it was very important to lay a good foundation in Grade Two. And most important of all, students would be streamed into different classes in Grade Two according to their results in the final exams.

Almost every year, there would be students from the elite classes who would be replaced by some students from the normal or even remedial classes due to their poor grades in Grade One. While this rarely happened, it would be absolutely disgraceful to be demoted from an elite class.

One elbow propped up on the lectern, Old Antique said very meaningfully, "Actually, the grades in our class are pretty stable, and there isn't one especially poor kid, although Old Pan said that you were the worst class she ever had, at the start of school."

Everyone: "..."

Speaking up to this point, Old Antique changed the subject. "Of course, the most stable person in our class is Student Wang Ling, who had just had a narrow escape."

A lot of people couldn't help turning to look at Wang Ling.

Wang Ling: "..."

Old Antique: "Student Wang Ling's grades are almost always in the middle every time; if he's not ranked seventh, then he's eighth. One word: stable! Teacher Pan has also given Student Wang Ling a nickname in the office: WangWenjian 1."

Wang Ling: "..."

"Actually, as long as everyone can demonstrate a steady level like Wang Ling in the Grade Two entrance exam... no one will be transferred out." When Old Antique said this, he even teased slightly, "If a student comes to my snack kiosk to buy something after being transferred out, I'll give him a fifty percent discount."

When he said this, all the students looking at him in the class roared with laughter.

Of course, it was still a little early to talk about this subject. After all, there was still one more semester to go. If someone who hadn't worked hard in the first semester made the most of the second semester and did their best, everyone could still happily be together in Grade Two.

After that, Old Antique quickly switched to a mundane topic: the summer assignment.

Old Antique slowly opened his mouth. "This year's summer assignment is a little difficult, but I believe that everyone will definitely be able to complete it."

Of course, the summer assignment Old Antique was talking about was more than just about doing homework... The summer homework at Foundation Establishment high schools were nothing like those at regular high schools. Based on the experiences of No. 60 High senior graduates from previous years, the summer assignment basically involved students forming small groups to come up with research topics related to cultivation and perform experiments.

Thus, when Old Antique said this, everyone basically had some idea in their hearts already.

It was just that this year's summer assignment wasn't anything as simple as a mere research topic...

“Considering how much more rampant criminals have become recently, all our No. 60 High teachers voted and have decided to set this year’s summer assignment as: developing a killing technique. This is an individual research project, not to be carried out in groups. Simply put, you’ll be designing a killing move for yourself...” Saying this, Old Antique narrowed his eyes enigmatically.

Hearing this, Wang Ling stared at his own palm, lost in deep thought...

Chapter 704: The Method for Refining a Killing Technique

“Originally, this project is usually carried out in Grade Two, but taking all factors into consideration, we decided to bring this project forward to raise your defensive abilities to some extent.”

Old Antique said, “So this summer, you must combine your spiritual root attribute with spells you’re good at in order to design for yourselves a killing technique for survival.”

Special training in killing techniques was an additional exam in senior high that was compulsory for students to complete. Furthermore, the marks would be added to the overall grade for the college entrance exam, accounting for five percent of the total score. It might seem like a very small portion, but this five percent was often the key element in the cultivation college entrance exam!

What was the saying? Cultivators taking the college entrance exam was like all the king’s horses and all the king’s men crowding a footbridge... There were times when people couldn’t get into the university they idolized because of a few marks.

But Wang Ling didn’t care whether or not he could get into a university he idolized; he just wanted to find a university where he could live a smooth and stable life...

Because killing techniques were linked to the college entrance exam, Old Antique’s expression turned a lot more serious. “You can start conceptualizing your killing technique during the summer camp this time. At your current stage, a killing technique doesn’t necessarily mean a skill with

tremendous power. Hence, we will assess your killing techniques this time based on their holistic integration of the three aspects of skill, survival, and power.”

After Old Antique said this, there was instantly a hubbub of discussion in the classroom. Innovating spells was very sophisticated learning, and designing a killing spell for your own use wasn't an easy task. For now, a killing spell at senior high level permitted students to use the underlying operational theory of other spells as reference.

There were two issues that needed to be taken into account.

One was spiritual root.

How powerful a spell was largely depended on the spiritual root attribute.

For example, those with the fire spiritual root were naturally strong. Those who had the water spiritual root had a strong self-healing and recovery ability, and those with the wood spiritual root had a natural advantage in AP (Attack Power). Those who had the earth spiritual root had a greatly enhanced sense of nature, while the metal spiritual root represented a stable defensive ability.

A lot of people actually did understand this concept.

Thus, the most appropriate approach in choosing spells to learn was to select those that were more compatible with your spiritual root.

Of course, the Three Thousand Great Dao transcended the five elements.

As soon as Old Antique brought this matter up, Wang Ling started to ponder how on earth he was going to design a spell that looked low-key and unassuming, which was an enormously difficult problem for him.

“Since everyone has different spiritual root attributes, the school will arrange for all of you to take a combined test before the summer camp officially begins. You'll be able to clearly see the distribution of the five elements in your bodies.”

At that moment, Old Antique brought up another point, and that was the distribution of the five spiritual roots.

People with a single spiritual root were naturally more sought after, because they could straightaway focus on one attribute to cultivate. The rest were those with double spiritual roots, three spiritual roots and even four spiritual roots as well as five spiritual roots... If you had only two spiritual roots, that was still alright. The scariest was if you had all five spiritual roots jumbled together, with none being more prominent than the other.

Wang Ling himself had the five spiritual roots, but they weren't a random mix...

He had five innate and consummate spiritual roots! That meant he could freely adjust the distribution of the five elements in his body to achieve the outcome he wanted.

This was actually an advantage in Wang Ling's opinion, because it gave him a wide range of spells to choose from.

Generally speaking, the least conspicuous attribute was metal.

This spiritual root had the color symbolic of defense. Most metal-type spells basically emphasized defense.

While Wang Ling was mulling this, Old Antique lifted his hand to send out a stack of pamphlets.

"What's this?" someone asked.

"Although it isn't as difficult as designing an original spell, borrowing the operational theory of other spells to design your killing move also isn't easy. This pamphlet contains your seniors' design ideas for their killing techniques."

Old Antique smiled. "The best grade a No. 60 High graduate has ever achieved is S-rank, which is equivalent to nearly two hundred marks."

"Two hundred? Why so much?" Little Peanut exclaimed.

“Because the design of this killing technique was relatively complete. First was the skill component. This male senior made full use of the properties of his fire spiritual root and combined three fire spells together to create a spell called ‘Dead Sea of Dry Fire.’ He scored very high in terms of skill.

“Next were the survival and power components. In terms of survival, this spell could effectively cut off an enemy attack and turn into thick smoke that could ward against regular sight spells. As for the final power component, after combining three types of fire spells together, plus the fact that this senior himself was a cultivator with a fire spiritual root, he directly obtained full marks.”

Little Peanut added up the marks roughly and then scratched his head. “Teacher, that isn’t right. Even after counting... It can’t be two hundred marks...”

“Of course, the reason why this senior could obtain such a high grade was actually because he had been given additional marks. Because at that time, this senior’s spell design was plagiarized by a student from another school. In the end, the headmaster approved the decision to give this senior additional marks as consolation,” Old Antique explained.

“Someone would actually steal this?” The students were shocked.

“This society is a lot more complicated than you think...”

The corners of Old Antique’s mouth curled up. “The student who plagiarized the design had the surname Li, and was called Li Yuanjie 1 . You should be able to look him up online. Based on your senior’s design idea, this Student Li swapped the order of the three spells used in ‘Dead Sea of Dry Fire’ and designed a spell called ‘Sorrow of Leaving Fire’...”

“...”

“But it was a pity that this Student Li Yuanjie wasn’t a good learner. He didn’t understand the spell’s fundamental principle at all. We ultimately wanted students to design and create spells based on the operational theory of existing spells. But this Student Li Yuanjie just swapped the order of the three original spells, and copied everything else. In the end, this ‘Sorrow of Leaving Fire’ which he designed was neither here nor there, and was full of holes.”

“...”

“So, I want to remind all of you here, you have to use your own brain and hands to design your killing technique. Don’t plagiarize other people’s work, and at the same time, you have to protect your own work. Hm... I heard that this Student Li Yuanjie switched to a foreign name, and is still using this method after graduation to brag and swindle people outside, by claiming that he’s a mage who has original spells.”

“A foreign name?”

“That’s right.”

Old Antique nodded. “His name is Li Ghost Cut 2 Yuanjie...”

“...”

Chapter 705: Shock! Wang Ling’s Killing Technique Is...

Nowadays, there were too many shameless people to count... Wang Ling was already used to it, like that Dean from Shadow Fool Guild who had stolen Father Wang’s song a few days ago. Wang Ling heard that the guy was already halfway to his doom. Rather than directly crush him, Father Wang had chosen to “boil the frog” and thoroughly discredit him.

In the magic circle, original spells and derivative spells, as well as plagiarizing and stealing spells, had always been a focus. To take the “cultivation forum” which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal ran as an example, there were a lot of posts on the forum every day asking people to check whether certain spells were identical or not.

The most difficult part of any new spell was the operational theory. Once you had the theory, you experimented with it step by step to convert it into a working formula. The birth of an original spell could take a cultivator hundreds or even thousands of years. Of course, there were some extraordinarily talented people who could complete their research in decades, but in the end, they were a small minority.

After the new technique was complete, you could submit an application for an original spell copyright with the cultivation skills library on the Huaxiu Alliance website to protect your rights and interests.

After this step, the creator of the new spell could subsequently make money in the form of authorized dividend sales in online cultivator's skills stores like the ones Dog Two had visited previously.

In the case of a derivative spell, the underlying operational theory of one or more spells were modified. The killing techniques which they had to complete designs for this time were precisely derivative spells.

In terms of copyright, as long as you noted what original art or spell it was derived from, how it worked, and who created it, as well as made sure that the derivative spell wasn't sold commercially, then it wouldn't be a violation of copyright.

Unfortunately, however, there were some people who liked to engage in plagiarism or theft in the current magic circle, flaunting themselves as mages with original spells and showing off and swindling people left and right.

Wang Ling believed that there were more and more spell copyright disputes nowadays largely because of the utilitarian hearts of modern cultivators.

These days, fewer and fewer cultivators were willing to devote themselves to properly developing spells. A lot of them had started to become fickle and impatient. In today's relatively peaceful cultivation era, without the uproar and clashes between warring tribes and sects, more and more cultivators were obsessed with making money, even not scrupling to use some dirty tricks.

Currently, it was also a big problem trying to determine whether an original spell had been plagiarized or not. This was because there were still too few professional spell infringement experts, and the relevant system had yet to be perfected.

Wang Ling had in fact noticed this problem a long time ago, but so far there hadn't been an effective way to solve it.

Nonetheless, the spells anti-plagiarism movement had started to gain momentum among cultivators in recent years.

And the truth was that all spells evolved out of the Three Thousand Great Dao.

It was possible that some of the most sought-after top-level spells were just a small branch of the Three Thousand Great Dao.

But Wang Ling didn't have the heart to reveal this, because even if he did, there wouldn't necessarily be anyone who would listen.

He could tell them, but there was no point...

In the afternoon after school, several boys in the classroom took out their cell phones and set up a discussion group to discuss their plans for their killing techniques.

For one thing, they had already studied together for a semester, and knew each other quite well. But in some other sense, if you weren't an especially talented person and you had to design a spell at senior high level... It was just more logical and efficient to discuss it in a group together.

While Dopey Guo, Super Chen and Little Peanut were setting up the group, Dopey Guo turned to look at Wang Ling. "Wang Ling, why are you spacing out? Join the group!"

"..."

Wang Ling thought for a bit, and in the end still took out his phone.

It couldn't be helped. This was a product of his surrounding environment; if he didn't join the group and he completed his spell on his own, he would likely become the focus of attention again.

But honestly speaking, even though Wang Ling had such a wide range of spells to choose from, he hadn't really thought about which spell would be right for him... For now, he only had a general direction — the best would be to use the least conspicuous metal spell as the primary base.

So Wang Ling joined the group...

He was pretty curious to hear the constructive suggestions of this group of people.

Dopey Guo's thinking was very clear-cut as he held his phone and said with a sage expression, "The exact plan is like this: everyone put your spiritual root attribute in front of your username in the group. It's fine if you don't know what yours is yet; in any case, the school will test us for them in a few days."

"And then?" asked Little Peanut.

Dopey Guo said firmly, "Draw lots!"

When he heard this, Wang Ling understood what Dopey Guo meant. They would draw lots to decide the order of spell research. They would pool their knowledge together to help one person complete a general design of their killing technique first before moving on to help the person next in line improve on theirs. This was actually a pretty fair way of doing things!

After speaking, Dopey Guo opened a lottery app. Each time you clicked on it, it would give you a random number between 1 and 4.

The first one to draw a number was Little Peanut, who got a 4.

Dopey Guo was 2.

Super Chen was 3...

Hm... the person who got 1, was Wang Ling.

Wang Ling: "..."

"Alright, Wang Ling is number one. Let's help Wang Ling think of something first," Dopey Guo said.

To be honest, Super Chen was a little surprised. He didn't expect Wang Ling's spiritual root to have the relatively conservative metal attribute. Wasn't there a saying... silence is golden?

Little Peanut lowered his head and thought for a moment before he said, “Usually, spells that are a better fit for the metal attribute can use the fire element as a secondary spell. Classmate Wang Ling can choose a metal spell as the primary spell and combine it with a fire spell as a secondary one.”

Dopey Guo: “But if we take metal as the primary element, it doesn’t seem like there are a lot of spells to choose from. The main thing is that we currently still don’t know which metal spells Wang Ling has mastered.”

“That isn’t a problem.” Super Chen gave a different opinion. “Even if Wang Ling can’t do metal spells, he can start learning now. Right now we are at the design stage, and it’s still way early before the formal evaluation in Grade Two. There’s plenty of time to master it!”

“True!” Dopey Guo nodded. “In that case, let’s check. My uncle’s company developed an app that can help you find the spells most compatible for you from the skills library.”

Wang Ling listened very seriously to everyone else’s analysis and moved closer when Dopey Guo opened the compatibility app.

After Dopey Guo filled in various fields in the questionnaire like height, weight, realm, spiritual root attribute, everyday personality and so on, the software automatically recommended the following skills...

Level two spell “Free Golden Monkey”: A metal enhancement spell. A body spell primarily for strengthening the four limbs so that they become the limbs of the golden monkey. When the spell is in use, speed and agility are greatly enhanced, making it easier to escape for your life! — (from “Journey to the West: Conquering the Demons Magic Scroll 1“)

Level two spell “Tianpeng’s 2Metal Breaking Roar”: A metal sound wave spell. Bolsters the vocal cords to release a powerful roar that can break metal and split stone. Causes temporary dizziness in the other party, making it easier to escape for your life! — (from “Journey to the West: Conquering the Demons Magic Scroll”)

Super Chen shook his head when he looked at this spell. “This one won’t work! Wang Ling hardly talks...”

Wang Ling: “...”

Dopey Guo: “Don’t worry, keep reading! There’s also a secondary fire spell! If these three spells are combined together, it might not necessarily turn out to be a sound wave spell!”

With a “mm,” Wang Ling continued reading...

The third recommended spell — Level one spell “Fire Beacon to the Skies”: A fire barrier spell. Uses spirit energy as a medium to set the air aflame. Creates a tremendous amount of smoke, and used when escaping for your life! — (from “Zhurong 3 Spiritual Scroll”)

Wang Ling: “...”

Little Peanut: “Why are they all for escaping?”

“This is the limitation of metal spells; most of them are defensive spells to begin with.” Dopey Guo sighed.

“Yeah!” Super Chen nodded and said, “But I think after combining them together, the new name will sound pretty good!”

“What will it be called?”

“Fire Beacons Trick Pig and Monkey 4 !”

Chapter 706: Little Silver’s Skin!

These two days, there was one more person at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s villa.

It was the human form of the Wuji Umbrella’s weapon spirit, a young lady called Wuji.

In theory, weapon spirits didn’t need to eat, but Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was happy that Wuji was very fond of eating broccoli.

It was July 27th on the fourteenth Thursday of the semester.

Wuji was perfectly content as she ate two full basins of assorted broccoli salad. Her face all wrapped up in bandages, she would only remove the lower half when she ate. Despite the fact that they didn't know what she actually looked like, it was easy to tell, just from the lower half of her face, that Wuji was a very pretty girl.

“Are the other holy beasts truly no more?” Little Silver cupped his chin and gazed fixedly at Wuji.

Heaving a sigh, she put down the fork she was using to eat the broccoli with. “That is the three hundredth and second time you've asked this question in two days. The one thing I am very sure of is that since my creation, you are the only living holy beast I've ever sensed.”

“Maybe you overlooked something?”

“No way.” Young lady Wuji quickly shook her head like a rattle-drum. “You should know that I'm a spatial magic weapon. After I was created, I traveled with that President Bai all over the place and never sensed the aura of any other holy beast, but when I arrived in Songhai city, I detected Mr Silver's scent!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. He believed Wuji's words; although this girl had been a little conflicted when she had first arrived, ultimately she was no match for the ten flame purification spells which Wang Ling had deposited inside the Soul Suppression Ring.

Wuji had had a taste of Wang Ling's strength and was afraid of possible consequences...

Although she didn't know what this flame purification was, it sounded really scary!

If she was touched even a little by this thing, would she be utterly annihilated?

Thus, when Wuji spoke, her gaze never once strayed from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's ring.

In this situation, it was even less likely that she would lie.

Of course, in the face of Little Silver's repeated inquiries these two days, it actually wasn't as if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't understand him.

Little Silver was very innocent by nature. Initially, he had held on to the faint fantasy that even if there was only one other holy beast left in the world, the holy beasts in some sense couldn't be considered truly extinct...

But now, faced with this cruel reality, Little Silver truly found it a little hard to accept.

Hence why he kept asking Wuji the same question.

After thinking for a while, Wuji finally said to Little Silver, "Mr Silver, of course you don't have to be too discouraged. There are some places I cannot search, like the demon world, or outer space... If there are remaining holy beasts that have fled to the demon world or left Earth, I won't be able to detect them."

Although these words were actually meant to comfort Little Silver, after Wuji said them, she felt even more sorry for him...

"Then the truth of the holy beasts going extinct back then – was it really President Bai who caused it?" asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Wuji nodded. "That's right, he was the ringleader! But I don't know very much about it, since I was created after that massacre."

And the person who had created her was none other than that Elder Ji Xing.

"What a shame, I was young and didn't know anything, so I was under their thumb!" Saying this, Wuji clenched her teeth in resentment.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

"Of course, if I can expand my detection range, I might be able to search some other places. Also, I have a very strong feeling." When she said this, Wuji revealed an enigmatic expression. "I think

that there's definitely a secret inside Beast King's Remains. If you want me to do another search... the demon world, Beast King's Remains, beyond the Milky Way – I can search all these places. If I can move up a level, my detection range will be able to cover a whole planet!”

The corner of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's lips twitched. “Beyond the Milky Way...?”

That was an endless place...

Even if Wuji's detection range could be upgraded to cover an entire planet, there were trillions of planets outside the Milky Way; it would be dead impossible to go over all of them!

This was a pretty ridiculous idea. In contrast, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought it would be easier to look for clues in Devil Valley.

One of the main reasons why the holy beasts had been wiped out was because of the death of the king of holy beasts, Devil King. Devil King had had severe narcolepsy, which left it dead to the world when it slept.

It was when Devil King had been sleeping back then that it had been stewed and turned into a pot of meat broth...

Of course, there wasn't enough evidence to prove that Devil King had truly been stewed to death... But there had been absolutely no sign of Devil King all these years, and it was difficult to differentiate between what was real and what was fake when it came to information on Devil King.

“I have a feeling that there's definitely some secret to do with Devil King in Devil Valley.”

Wuji said very earnestly, “I've always had the same dream about Beast King's Remains... Although I couldn't see it very clearly, there's definitely something there! You must believe a woman's intuition!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Although Wuji was now in the form of a young lady, a weapon spirit's appearance was based on their master's will; the forms that they turned into were the ideal types of the first generation owners.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “Wuji... theoretically speaking, weapon spirits don’t have genders.”

“Impossible!”

Wuji felt the lower part of her body and confirmed her gender again. “I don’t have that thing!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn’t want to argue about it, and said, “Do you have a way to expand your detection range?”

“Of course!”

Wuji replied, “You should know by now that in order to make me, that insane Bai Zhe collected forty-nine holy beast skins, and was only missing one to complete the set. As long as I have the last one, I can complete my upgrade!”

When she said this, her gaze shifted to Little Silver on the side, which sent a chill through him. “Shit... what do you want to do to me?!”

Wuji: “Actually I don’t need much... If you cut a bit off, Mr Silver, that’ll be enough.”

Little Silver: “No way! All of my body belongs to Master!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Wuji threw up her hands. “Then there’s no other way. Of course, we can always search for Devil King; the skin of the king of holy beasts is multi-purpose; it’ll be fine to mix it in.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal kned his brow as he felt his head hurt slightly. He then asked, “As long as it’s skin from Little Silver’s body, it’ll do?”

Wuji thought for a second before nodding. “That’s right!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled and looked at Little Silver. “Brother Silver, start scraping your feet from today onwards and collect the skin.”

Little Silver: “...”

Wuji: “...”

Chapter 707: Heavenly Dao: Why Is It You Again?

It was July 28th on the fourteenth Friday of the semester. Upon returning home from school, Wang Ling hurried to his room.

He was preparing something, and that was the birthday gift which he had planned to give to Wang Ming. Wang Ling had actually already thought about it for so long, but hadn’t yet been able to figure out what to give Wang Ming.

Wang Ming’s birthday was on Army Day, which was August 1st. It also happened to be the day of the summer camp. The school had organized for them to go to Beast King’s Remains, and problems were bound to crop up. Hence, Wang Ling decided to prioritize the birthday gift first before thinking about anything else.

After all, things should be dealt with one by one.

The birthday gift, final exams, the summer camp, the mysterious young girl from the kun’s belly who was currently receiving treatment to wake her up at Immortal Toya’s place as well as the identity of that mysterious angler behind the scenes... He could only tackle these troublesome issues one by one.

In giving gifts, the best would be to give a person something that was in line with their preferences, but this was the hardest part.

Wang Ling knew that Wang Ming had very high self-esteem, so he had to be careful that his gift didn't touch Wang Ming's bottom line. For example, Wang Ming was obsessed with cultivation, and Wang Ling in fact had plenty of unconventional methods that could help Wang Ming on the path to cultivation. Unfortunately, Wang Ming himself wouldn't accept them at all.

Wang Ling had a vivid memory from a few years back of Wang Ming thumping his chest and solemnly vowing to Wang Ling that sooner or later, he would open his own path.

Although he was muggle-born and just a regular person, he could stand shoulder to shoulder with the top cultivators in the world.

Thus, Wang Ling could basically strike cultivation magic weapons off the list. He had initially planned to forge a permanent defensive artifact for Wang Ming with the three passion stones left over from making the Three Views-Shattering Hammer. But on second thought, he suddenly felt that this wasn't a reliable plan.

Because Wang Ming would definitely prefer to use the rechargeable magic treasure which he had developed himself.

After the incident with Old Antique and Shuigou Sect, Wang Ming had remodified the Heavenly Materials sword, which had previously been taken from the Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu, so that it was even lighter. Furthermore, a single full charge this time would be able to last up to half a month. The crucial point was that the sword could be charged very quickly, and only took four hours to become fully charged.

Apart from that, Wang Ming had also added a device to the sword hilt which displayed the percentage of remaining spirit energy in the sword...

It could be said that Wang Ming had already modified the Heavenly Materials sword for a modern and scientific age of cultivation. The most extraordinary thing was that not only wasn't the sword's functionality reduced, it had even been upgraded.

The Heavenly Materials sword possessed a formidable amount of spirit power to begin with. As long as it struck something, even if it was just a scratch, the spirit power sealed inside it would be instantly released.

During the previous Shuigou Sect incident, Wang Ming had used the Heavenly Materials sword to suppress a Nascent Soul cultivator, who couldn't put up the slightest resistance – this was enough to prove how powerful the sword was.

After all, the Master of Immortal Mansion had poured close to a hundred years' worth of blood and sweat into forging the Heavenly Materials sword; he had even tried to capture Jingke, to pull the sword spirit out and place it inside the Heavenly Materials sword.

Unfortunately, his plan failed.

Because the one shortcoming of the Heavenly Materials sword was that until now, it still lacked a sword spirit.

So when Wang Ling thought about this, he already had an idea.

Compared with giving a magic weapon as a gift, giving a sword spirit really wasn't a bad idea.

Whenever necessary, a sword spirit could act as a bodyguard, and could also dial 120 for Wang Ming at any time. If he accidentally ate Zhai Yin's food one day and couldn't be revived... a sword spirit would definitely be able to save his life!

...

Creating a sword spirit, however, couldn't be done overnight. Furthermore, given the fact that Wang Ming wasn't able to generate his own spirit energy, simply relying on rechargeable spirit energy to spawn a sword spirit was absolutely ludicrous.

But that didn't mean Wang Ming couldn't have his own sword spirit. Many mass-produced, commercial brand spirit swords on the market had pre-installed sword spirits. Some of them were artificially made while some were spawned naturally using industrial methods. As soon as they met the minimum industrial standard, they were taken to be sold through public channels.

Sword spirits produced through industrial methods could be identified at first glance and basically all looked the same. As for sword spirits that were spawned naturally, they would automatically turn into the form their masters most wanted when summoned for the first time.

The concept wasn't that much different to how an artifact spirit was generated, since a sword spirit was a type of artifact spirit to begin with.

In order for the Heavenly Materials sword to produce a sword spirit to help Wang Ming...

This required Wang Ling to arrange something with the Heavenly Dao.

...

This was Wang Ling's third time summoning the Heavenly Dao this month with the equivalent exchange array, which was more than in the whole of the year before.

When Wang Ling had been younger, the Heavenly Dao had been eager to make deals with him.

But now he was very afraid when Wang Ling looked for him...

Of course, the Heavenly Dao was very happy to trade for Wang Ling's handwritten documents –

what he was afraid of was Wang Ling giving him crispy noodle snacks yet again.

The most terrible thing was that whatever Wang Ling used to trade with, the Heavenly Dao couldn't reject it... The core of the array was equivalent exchange, and as the person who summoned the Heavenly Dao, Wang Ling had the right to use whatever he had in an exchange.

Including crispy noodle snacks...

Even if what Wang Ling needed was a little more special, he just needed to give enough crispy noodle snacks in exchange.

When Wang Ling used the array to summon the Heavenly Dao again, its embodiment as the three-inch man was directly dumbfounded. Why is it you again...

The golden three-inch man was silent for a moment; several drops of cold sweat were already trickling down his forehead.

After several minutes, he had to accept reality...

The golden three-inch man: "What... do you want?"

"Sword spirit."

Wang Ling spoke telepathically, his eyes fixed on the golden three-inch man.

"Sword spirit?"

The golden three-inch man was dazed before he asked, "For which sword?"

To the Heavenly Dao, sword spirits actually weren't anything special since they spawned naturally. The most important thing was that all artifact spirits were made from a very small part of the enormous Heavenly Dao system. As long as the golden three-inch man wanted to do so, he could custom-make a sword spirit.

Wang Ling: "It's not my sword, I need you to set this up for me."

The golden three-inch man: "..."

Wang Ling spoke telepathically: "Can't do it?"

The golden three-inch man: "I'm not saying I can't... But if it isn't your sword, this exchange will be a little more costly."

Costly?

Chin in hand, Wang Ling pondered this before his telepathic voice trembled as he said, "How... how many crispy noodle snack packets?"

The golden three-inch man: "... He knew it!!!

Chapter 708: Ghost Head Blade

A sword spirit couldn't be cultivated overnight. Although the Heavenly Dao could indeed arrange it, getting crispy noodle snacks in exchange was really a little... It had to be said that the Heavenly Dao had no right to refuse whatever Wang Ling used in a trade. Moreover, the Heavenly Dao couldn't give his own opinion! He couldn't say what he did or did not want!

This was the absolute rule of an equivalent trade.

The crucial point was that this young man didn't realize that the other party didn't want crispy noodle snacks at all...

Thus, when Wang Ling took out the entire box of baked gluten-flavored crispy noodle snacks which he had gotten custom-made, the golden three-inch man that was the embodiment of Heavenly Dao suddenly felt like crying but had no tears to shed.

He couldn't be any more sure that when he had first done a transaction with a young Wang Ling... it was his brain that had short-circuited!

This, was the consequence!

The golden three-inch man stared at this box of crispy noodle snacks, took a deep breath, then directly put it away.

Wang Ling's heart ached a little at this scene – he had never expected this birthday gift to actually cost him this box of crispy noodle snacks, which had twenty-four packets inside... Although he had already opened the box, he hadn't even eaten one packet yet.

Wang Ling stared at the Heavenly Dao and sighed.

It was said that Heavenly Dao was heartless, and sure enough, it seemed that there was some truth to it.

“???”

After taking the crispy noodle snacks, the golden three-inch man looked at Wang Ling. “The transaction is complete. Everything will be as you wish: on August 1st of this year, the sword spirit will be placed inside the Heavenly Materials sword as agreed. Whether or not he can summon it, however, will depend on him.”

Wang Ling nodded.

The truth was that he had already helped Wang Ming with the most difficult step: creating the sword spirit.

But whether or not Wang Ming could summon it would depend on his own will.

The first summoning of a sword spirit only happened when the owner of the sword needed it the most.

...

Elsewhere, in the overseas customs line at Songhai International Airport.

A blonde and blue-eyed young man with hair combed into a swept-back style and wearing an elegant suit stood on the security check platform with his arms spread as a customs little sister checked along his arms and down his trouser legs for dangerous material.

According to international cultivation flight regulations, cultivators traveling by large magic flight artifacts weren't allowed to carry space storage magic treasures on them. Even pants with independent storage spaces that had been set up in their pockets weren't allowed.

Confirming that the young man didn't have anything in his pants, the customs little sister ran a black metal probe over his body, which didn't detect anything unusual.

“Your checks are so strict.” The blonde-haired young man smiled in a genteel way as he followed the customs little sister’s instruction and walked through the virus-detection gate.

This was a smart-type virus quarantine magic treasure, initially developed by Huaxiu’s Scientific Institute of Cultivation and Magic Treasures, which could detect if overseas cultivators were carrying foreign viruses on them.

When the young man walked through the detection gate, a green light appeared.

The customs staff then stamped the young man’s passport and gave it back to him with a smile. “Mr Han Di, have a pleasant stay.”

“Thank you.” The young man put away the passport and put on a pair of sunglasses.

Han Di.

This was the alias that Night Chief’s Second President Dylan was using for the Huaxiu operation.

After passing the security check at customs, President Dylan’s anxious heart finally calmed down.

Because of Bai Zhe that useless trash, plus the fact that Beast King’s Remains was about to open, Huaxiu nation had now tightened their security checks at customs. If it hadn’t been for the fact that someone inside Huaxiu had helped arrange the identity “Han Di” for President Dylan, he might not even have been able to get a visa.

Furthermore, this Han Di identity wasn’t fake, and did exist in reality.

When Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had demanded that President Dylan take over the master plan some days ago, the latter had already arranged for someone to prepare a new identity for him.

This Han Di was the chairman of a vaccine enterprise who was of Mixiu descent. He held quite some power, and ran twenty vaccine testing companies. Unfortunately, there had been a huge issue some time ago with the vaccine produced by one of this “Han Di’s” companies.

Just like that, President Dylan had seized this opening and taken over his identity.

There actually weren't any problems with that vaccine batch to begin with – it was President Dylan who had dispatched someone to tamper with the vaccine on the production line.

Vaccines were very important drugs. If there was any problem with safety and quality, this Mr Han Di would be held responsible. Once Huaxiu's Food and Drug Administration tracked him down, several billion in compensation wouldn't be considered a lot. Most crucially, it was very possible that he could be sentenced to several hundreds years of playing mahjong with the Old Devil and the others.

Afraid, this Mr Han Di thus willingly agreed to the "escape plan" which President Dylan had offered him, and gave away his identity and absconded to Mixiu nation.

But what this Mr Han Di didn't know was that there were people from Night Chief waiting for him in Huaxiu nation.

For Night Ghost Spirit Emperor, only dead men told no tales.

...

When President Dylan strolled out of the airport, a black military SUV was already parked at the A3 exit.

As he approached the car, the door automatically opened.

When he got into the car, he immediately received an overseas call on his cell phone, and the number was a string of asterisks.

He picked up the call right away.

"Lord Spirit Emperor, I've arrived. Everything went smoothly as planned. And as you expected, Huaxiu has tightened security across the board," said President Dylan.

"Mm, since everything went smoothly, I'm greatly reassured," said Night Ghost Spirit Emperor. "Do you have enough people in Huaxiu?"

“Lord, please rest assured. I used the Dark Network to contact a number of vagrant cultivators for hire this time. Their strength is the real deal. Among them, there’s one called Ghost Head Blade.” Speaking up to this point, President Dylan narrowed his eyes. The Dark Network he was talking about was the mysterious online network set up by dark forces at home and abroad. As long as one had the means to infiltrate it, they could post ads to hire dark vagrant cultivators.

Given Night Chief’s current lack of people in Huaxiu nation, this was the quickest way of rounding up manpower. These dark vagrant cultivators were very expensive to hire, but compared with the master plan, this money was nothing.

“Hm? What is this Ghost Head Blade’s background?” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s interest was peaked.

“This person was Numinous Mother’s third disciple – I’ve already sent someone to verify this. Although he isn’t on the list of assassins, he’s skilled at stealth, transfiguration and invisibility techniques, and comes and goes like a ghost. I’ve already dispatched him to investigate the identity of that youngster’s older brother.”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor: “You have everything in hand?”

“Lord Spirit Emperor, please rest assured, I am nothing like Bai Zhe that trash.” President Dylan curled his lip. “I’ll make sure that Ghost Head Blade captures that youngster’s older brother alive within the next seven days.”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was very satisfied with this answer. “Then I will wait for news, President Han Di.”

Chapter 709: The Teacher Leading the Team

Ending the call, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s tight and uneasy frown relaxed a little. His biggest concern had been Huaxiu’s customs; if President Dylan had been stopped there, the master plan would definitely be affected. In order to infiltrate the remains this time, timing was a very important factor. It wasn’t hard to guess that Huaxiu’s higher-ups would definitely be dispatching a lot of

experts to defend the remains. If they didn't seize this window of opportunity, the entire plan would become millions of times harder to carry out.

But since President Dylan had made it through customs, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was vastly relieved.

The only thing that surprised him was the "Ghost Head Blade" whom Dylan had mentioned. He had never heard of an assassin with this name before. And the rumor was that he was actually the third disciple of the legendary ancestral teacher of assassins, Numinous Mother?

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was extremely curious about this person's identity.

What kind of person was Numinous Mother?

She was an ancestral-level assassin whose two disciples were reportedly that Gorgeous Itinerant and Daoist Taotie. Although what they had learned only scratched the surface, they were already two epic superstars in the world of assassins... So who was this Ghost Head Blade?

In Night Chief's headquarters, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor rested his head on his hand in deep contemplation.

After a while, he raised his head to look at a lab staff member and ask, "Can you help me investigate this Ghost Head Blade's background on the Dark Network?"

"Please wait a moment, Lord Spirit Emperor." This staff member nodded slightly.

A few minutes later, information on "Ghost Head Blade" was printed out and delivered to Night Ghost Spirit Emperor.

After carefully going through the material, his eyes suddenly lit up. So that was it!

...

It was July 31st on the fifteenth Monday of the semester.

Conceived by Huaxiu Alliance, personally endorsed by Secretary Dakang from the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools, and led by the General Administration of 100 Schools, the Beast King's Remains summer camp officially began. Students from the Foundation Establishment high schools selected for the summer camp this time were taken by coach to Peiyuan district's public square.

At ten in the morning, more than a thousand Foundation Establishment students gathered together.

In addition, there were a lot of teachers in white Daoist robes who stood along the sides of the square to maintain order.

These teachers were part of the protection team personally selected by Huaxiu Alliance from different schools across the city, all of whom were wearing the same Daoist robe as arranged by the Alliance.

Their main role on this trip was to ensure the students' safety.

Headmaster Chen, Old Li and Old Antique from No. 60 High School were part of this impressive line-up.

Wang Ling heard that Teacher Pan was also supposed to come... but had directly given it up since she had a Grade Three Dao talisman class on at the same time.

Of course, this was just the protection that could be seen on the surface; the Ten Generals of Huaxiu Alliance and the humanoid magic treasure "Head of State Number 001" developed by the Alliance would also be providing protection from the shadows. In addition, President Qi would be giving instructions remotely, and if necessary, the Heavenly E-Satellite could provide backup at any time.

This formidable defense formation looked solid and impregnable, but for some reason, Wang Ling still felt a little uneasy.

He didn't think it would be a very smooth trip.

Not everyone shared Wang Ling's feeling.

A person in line couldn't help taking a photo and was going to show it off in WeChat Moments, but this student's phone was very quickly confiscated by a black-faced teacher in a white robe. "Didn't your teacher tell you that photos are forbidden during this summer camp?"

This red-faced student's head drooped; it was obvious that the school teacher had specially stressed this point.

"Devil Valley" Beast King's Remains was a state-protected secret land to begin with, and in previous years, only teams of experts personally endorsed by Huaxiu Alliance had been allowed to explore and study it. This year, a number of places had been specially opened up for a batch of Grade One students; apart from acting as a cover to fool foreign powers, it was actually also a trial run by the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools this time.

For many students nowadays, there were some things that couldn't be learned in the classroom.

Thus, this was indeed a rare cultivation opportunity. However, as the teachers had explained before the students had set out, they could only use their eyes to observe, their ears to listen, their hearts to feel and their heads to remember everything about this secret land – they weren't allowed to make public anything about it in the outside world.

But it was very clear that not all the students were honest people...

After confiscating the first cell phone, this teacher then asked repeatedly, "Is anyone else carrying electronic gadgets on them? Hand them over."

The whole scene was instantly silent.

After a long while, this teacher smiled slightly before taking out a U-shaped magnet from inside the lapel of his robe and tossing it into the sky.

All the electronic gadgets which the students in line had on them such as cell phones, wristwatches, MP3 players and tablets were drawn out by the magnet...

After confiscating these electronic gadgets, this teacher continued to organize the rows like nothing had happened.

The other teachers all looked like they were used to it. Among lead teachers like these, there would always be one who was the bad cop. It was clear that in order to handle this bunch of Grade One students as well as those that had “rebellious” written all over them, the teachers had already made preparations early on.

“So strict?” Super Chen was stupefied, since his cell phone had been one of the “victims.”

“Serves you right, I already told you not to bring it.” Dopey Guo’s expression was one of incredible foresight. “Before the trip, I sounded things out from my uncle – this time, quite a few of the teachers leading us were transferred over from Jinghua city. That bad cop just now is one of them! Do you know Tianshi Imperial High School?”

These words caught Wang Ling’s attention, because Tianshi Imperial High was where Fang Xing had studied before transferring to No. 60 High.

Back then, after Immortal She Pi’s execution, Fang Xing had been directly sent to Tianshi Imperial High to study, and he grew up there. This was an aristocratic school on the surface, but to Wang Ling’s knowledge, just because you had money didn’t necessarily mean you could get into the school.

The students there weren’t simple, nor were the teachers.

Furthermore, most of the core members of that Society of Saints, which had previously been recruiting Foundation Establishment elites nationwide, were from Tianshi Imperial High.

After ten minutes or so, the thousand-over students had been sorted by the teachers into several dozen square formations according to gender, height and school. It looked highly organized, and felt like a contingent of the three armed services. A teacher stood in front of each of the formations that they would be leading.

Lotus Sun and Feather Lin were in the formation next to Wang Ling’s and were led by Old Antique.

At first glance, Wang Ling realized that his formation was the only one that didn’t have a teacher standing in front of it.

Could it be that they hadn’t been allocated a teacher yet?

While he was puzzling over this, he saw a familiar black car slowly come to a halt at a distance next to the public square.

The moment Zhai Yin got out of the driver's seat, it was as if Wang Ling realized something.

And as expected...

He saw a dumbass wearing a white coat pass through the crowd to reach them.

Wang Ming grinned and laughed shamelessly. "Hello, everyone! I'll be the teacher leading you, Teacher Wang! Just call me Big Brother Daidai 1!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 710: Injecting Antibodies

As part of the research team, Wang Ming's participation in this trip was a sheer coincidence. Also, Head of State 001 was in the experimental stage, so if any problems cropped up during its operation, Wang Ming could promptly make adjustments; he also had the emergency brake button for Head of State 001 on him.

In addition, President Qi had a long-range brake system in place as an additional safeguard. In an emergency, however, it took time for the system to officially start up once the instruction was given, so it was safer for Wang Ming to carry that brake button on him.

At that moment, Head of State 001 was in fact standing right next to Wang Ming, but was currently in invisible mode. Except for Wang Ling and Fang Xing, no one else could see it.

Head of State 001 was now in alert mode. All the data on every student and teacher on this trip had already been imported into its database. Once a dangerous person showed up, Head of State 001 would automatically take action.

Hence, the reason why Wang Ming had the confidence to act as a lead teacher was because he had Head of State 001.

On the other side, Wang Ling noticed that Zhai Yin had changed into the white Daoist robe that was the uniform which had been custom-made by Huaxiu Alliance, and was the lead teacher for a different formation of students.

Seeing this, Wang Ling was clear as a mirror on the basic details of the situation.

At that moment, Super Chen suddenly asked, “This Teacher Wang leading us, where have I seen him before? Somehow he seems a little familiar...”

Dopey Guo nodded his head. “I also feel that he seems familiar for some reason!”

Wang Ling: “...”

Back during the combined military training for the six schools, Wang Ming had gotten along well with Super Chen, Dopey Guo and the others. After the military training, however, in order to protect his identity, Wang Ming had gotten Wang Ling to wipe their memories of him.

This sense of familiarity was a subconscious sixth sense. Wang Ling’s impression of Wang Ming was that he had always been an easygoing person, who was a little more restrained in front of Zhai Yin, but acted very cheekily the rest of the time.

At that moment, more and more people had already congregated in the public square. More than a hundred teachers and a team of research experts would be leading over a thousand Foundation Establishment students in an exploration of Beast King’s Remains. A summer camp activity happening at the same time as a research expedition – this was indeed an uncommon event. Also, Wang Ling noticed that there weren’t any media crews nearby.

As early as midnight, a curfew had already been imposed on the roads around the square. At that time, Wang Ling had already wondered whether the entrance to Beast King’s Remains was going to open in Peiyuan’s public square.

Looking at the situation, this was probably the case.

“I never expected so many big shots to enter the remains this time. Since our nation values it so much, do you think the Ten Generals might be sent to protect us? Are the remains that dangerous?” Super Chen asked curiously.

Wang Ling: “...”

“I looked it up before, and Devil Valley Beast King’s Remains is the tomb which Devil King built for itself. But the rumor is that Devil King was turned into stew while it was sleeping. Of course, this is all hearsay, and there’s no concrete evidence for it.”

Dopey Guo said, “But to decorate its tomb back then, Beast King grew numerous precious natural resources in Devil Valley. This is why some extinct natural resources still exist in the valley. As for whether or not Devil Valley is dangerous, I heard that it shouldn’t be, since there are no signs of any living creatures there – for now, we can perhaps treat it as a botanical garden?”

The corner of Wang Ling’s mouth twitched when he heard this.

What damn botanical garden...

Just because there weren’t any living creatures in Beast King’s Remains didn’t mean that it wasn’t dangerous. After all, it was possible that a small proportion of the plant life had gained enlightenment through cultivation and could attack people. In addition, some of these extinct resources were extremely poisonous, which was something everyone had to be mindful about.

Apart from that, Devil Valley’s natural environment was itself hugely dangerous.

And the most dangerous part was entering and exiting the valley.

There wasn’t a special fixed time when Devil Valley opened; usually, it was the government that would detect fluctuations from the secret land’s entrance, and make arrangements in advance for entering and exiting the valley.

So during this operation, it was very important to follow the lead teachers’ instructions the entire time. Although it was a summer camp, the majority of the students couldn’t go overboard in their

antics. Otherwise, if they wandered off from the group and got trapped alone in the valley, they would be risking their lives.

Thus, many of the students listening to Dopey Guo's detailed analysis on the side couldn't help feeling a little nervous. When all was said and done, they were only at the Foundation Establishment stage, and most of them had yet to experience much of the world. If they really had to fight, there was no way they could match pros in terms of actual combat training, even if there were training classes for real combat in high school.

Battle courses were only offered at progressive levels in university.

Depending on what their strong points were, each person could choose a different major, whether it was the specialized cultivation of a particular weapon or of spells and so forth.

Given today's era of peace, the education council had grown stricter over the years when it came to the teaching of battle skills.

Wang Ling had heard that a "battle qualification certificate" would be officially put out next year. Except for special circumstances in which one was saving lives, only certified cultivators would have the right to fight in urban areas, otherwise it would be considered breaking the law. In the future, schools would organize a qualification exam every year for the students, depending on the demand for it, but whether or not the students could obtain the certificate was a different story.

If they managed to obtain this certificate, it would be a plus in their favor, just like any other marketable skill, when they looked for jobs in the future.

"As long as you follow the teacher leading your formation and don't act on your own, there won't be any especially big problems," one of the teachers told all the students at that moment.

Everyone was blank; what did he mean by "no especially big problems"... That was to say, there definitely were going to be problems!

Not long after Wang Ming arrived, a dozen or so ambulances with sirens flashing drove up to the side of the square around ten minutes later.

"Teacher Wang, what's this?" Little Peanut asked Wang Ming at that moment.

“It’s hazardous inside the remains, so we’ve arranged for everyone to get an antibody vaccination. Before entering the remains, you’ll be injected with a universal antibody, so even if you touch a poisonous plant by accident, ninety-five percent of the toxin in your body will be neutralized,” explained Wang Ming.

“Antibody? Produced by which company?” Lotus Sun was quite familiar with the pharmaceutical field. Standing in the neighboring formation, she couldn’t help asking the question when she heard Wang Ming’s explanation.

“Don’t worry, this is a genuine company which follows regulations.”

Wang Ming quickly replied, “This time, Huaxiu Alliance looked for a genuine partner to collaborate with. That unscrupulous Gao Junfang whose Changchun Biotechnology company produced substandard vaccines was punished 1 not long ago. The Cultivation Court sentenced her to lifetime imprisonment and she has to use up all the fake drugs she created herself.”

Everyone: “...”