

Daily Life 721

Chapter 721: Unity, Is Strength...

After meeting Li Mingyao, Wang Ling realized he had completely become famous, and had probably been noticed by some of the big families in Songhai.

The four big families of Songhai whom Li Mingyao had mentioned were a typical example. To be able to draw the attention of the four big families was enough to prove how serious the issue was.

Fortunately, Wang Ling himself was not stupid and had already been on guard earlier on.

With the upgraded version of the Great Shielding Spell, it was almost impossible to investigate him, but Wang Ling was starting to feel a little worried. Previously, the Demon Hunters Association hadn't been able to track him down, and so had started to attack the people around him, making trouble for almost all the people who were close to him.

Had this Night Chief, far abroad, truly come up with a revenge plan this time that was aimed specifically at him?

Wang Ling thought that this matter was far more complicated than it seemed...

...

Approximately half an hour after lunch, the Rainbow Glass Box piloted by Wu Zhenjun was about to arrive at the secure base station in the central zone of Beast King's Remains.

Before the box landed, all the students received an item — a custom-made smart watch.

Previously, all the electronic gadgets which the students had been carrying were confiscated, but after taking various factors into account, Huaxiu Alliance had gotten customized smart watches specially made that could be used inside Beast King's Remains. A signal tower had also been temporarily set up inside the Rainbow Glass Box and it covered more than half of Beast King's Remains.

The watch didn't have a camera function, but it could be used to set up chat groups and discussion groups to make it easier for students from different schools to get to know each other.

Of course, the most important thing was that these watches were also a safeguard.

Each watch contained a "one click for help" app. A soft tap on it was the same as firing a virtual signal flare, and the Rainbow Glass Box would immediately receive information on the student's location in the remains.

When Wang Ling received the watch like everyone else, a chat group had already been set up.

This was the entire group going on this Beast King's Remains summer camp, with over a thousand members...

Unfortunately, the watch had a smart ID function, so everyone would join the group with their real names. As long as a student put on the watch, they would automatically be added to the group, and the software would automatically change their name after identifying who they were.

As a result, Wang Ling barely entered the group before the messages directly exploded.

"Oh my god! Wang Ling? Which Wang Ling? It can't be that recent Fortune Emperor, can it?"

"What?! Wang Ling's in the group? Excuse me, Classmate Wang Ling, which dorm are you in? Can I go and get your autograph?!"

"Classmate Wang Ling, please take a photo with me!"

Wang Ling: "..."

The upgraded Great Shielding Spell screened those people who deliberately asked for information on him, and worked in a similar way in an online environment... However, Wang Ling never expected that there would actually be so many people paying attention to him after the incident with President Bai!!!

Fortunately, however, the upgraded Great Shielding Spell was very clearly in effect.

Although a group of people were asking for information on Wang Ling, no one could answer them.

Students from the other high schools couldn't help feeling moved — No. 60 High, was really united!

So many people actually kept their mouths shut and no one was willing to reveal anything about Wang Ling...

In fact, everyone could understand. After all, they were asking for personal information on a student. No. 60 High might have reminded its students before this that Wang Ling was still at the center of things, and if this wasn't kept under control, it would really affect his life.

However, the teachers and students from other high schools never expected No. 60 High as a key city high school candidate to be united to this extent... It wasn't just the teachers who said nothing, but the students were also unwilling to reveal any information on Wang Ling.

What kind of spirit of unity was this?

For a moment, a lot of students and teachers from other schools couldn't help staring at the screen and sighing with feeling.

In the past few months, it was No. 60 High who had been in the news the most in Songhai city. Assassins had mounted a sneak attack on them, the millennium-old Devil Emperor had upset their military training, and a spirit beast trafficking ring had targeted them in revenge... In the end, No. 60 High had dealt with them one by one.

So, was this the power of unity...

...

In his room, Li Mingyao, who had looked for Wang Ling and asked the person himself for information on him, was also lost in deep thought for a long while.

There were two people to a dorm, and the person rooming with Li Mingyao was Zhou Youzheng, the third young master of the Zhou family, one of the four big families of Songhai city.

In some sense, Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng were birds of a feather. First of all, both of them were the third young master in their families, and they were both studying at Remnant High.

Moreover, there was hardly any difference in their realms and strength, plus they were competing with the other young masters in their families for power.

Therefore, both of them were in great need of “fortune”...

If they wanted to use another method to win their families’ Young Master Succession Ceremony after graduating from high school in addition to cultivating even more vigorously, the best way was still to find someone with very good fortune and become their friend.

Both of them had had their eye on Wang Ling at the same time after the incident with President Bai, and they had come up with an all-inclusive plan to “lure Wang Ling” in with their proposal.

The news reports had said that Wang Ling was only at the middle Foundation Establishment stage, so their enticement plan had been tailored accordingly. Even a late Foundation Establishment cultivator or a Golden Core cultivator wouldn’t have been able to refuse it, let alone a cultivator at the middle Foundation Establishment stage... The benefits and treatment they had offered were several levels higher than what could typically be found on the market.

After seeing how tight-lipped No. 60 High was in the chat group, Zhou Youzheng and Li Mingyao were silent for a long time.

After a while, Li Mingyao spoke first. “I didn’t expect the whole of No. 60 High to be so united... I met a teacher and a student from No. 60 High in the canteen earlier. They clearly know who Wang Ling is, but they refused to tell me anything.”

“Hm... I wonder if we should be more low-key?” said Zhou Youzheng.

“Low-key? What do you mean?”

“Think about it – doesn’t it seem a little too bombastic to announce that we’re of the four big families off the bat? Instead, people might dislike us for it.”

Zhou Youzheng gave his unhurried analysis. “So I think we should move them sincerely and be quiet about our wealth.”

Li Mingyao: “Brother Zhou’s meaning is...”

“I don’t think we’ve made our position in relation to Wang Ling very clear. If we want to ask No. 60 High for information on Wang Ling, we shouldn’t reveal our identities as young masters... That’s too high-profile.”

Zhou Youzheng: “So, we might as well just directly say in the group that we’re Wang Ling’s underlings! Maybe this way, we might be able to directly draw Classmate Wang Ling out!”

Li Mingyao: “...”

Chapter 722: Gag Authority Technique!

After some consideration, Zhou Youzheng and Li Mingyao instantly felt that their plan was so clever that it was already godlike. Even if No. 60 High was tight-lipped, could that Classmate Wang Ling really continue to be indifferent to them, two young masters from the big families?

When all was said and done, to Zhou Youzheng’s and Li Mingyao’s minds, most Foundation Establishment cultivators didn’t have a broad worldview. The reason why they were confident in this aspect was because after the incident with President Bai, they had secretly sent people to gather some information on Wang Ling, which showed that he had received a government subsidy before.

Although they didn’t know exactly what this subsidy was, the fact that this Classmate Wang Ling had accepted it was a clear sign that his family situation definitely wasn’t great!

Zhou Youzheng and Li Mingyao both felt that they were offering Wang Ling a chance to touch the upper levels of society. They just needed to continue with their sugar-coated offensive – it didn't make sense that they wouldn't be able to convince him!

Wang Ling already couldn't be bothered to look at the chat group, which was now full of messages asking about him. All along, he had never been used to a lot of contact with people he wasn't familiar with.

Back then, Odd Zhuo had gone to a crazy lot of trouble to find him.

But the reason why Wang Ling had finally acknowledged Odd Zhuo and accepted him as a disciple wasn't just because of the crispy noodle snacks membership card that Odd Zhuo had given to him when the latter had paid him a visit... Actually, what Wang Ling had paid more attention to was how their fates were linked.

Their fates had already started to become inexplicably entwined when the Gate Between Worlds descended six years ago and Odd Zhuo had become Wang Ling's scapegoat for the first time.

So for Wang Ling, Odd Zhuo was someone who was already part of his fate and wasn't a passer-by.

Of course, Wang Ling had always thought since young that he himself wasn't anything special, and that he was just an ordinary kid who couldn't quite control his powers.

He liked to eat snacks, watch cartoons, and follow and discuss hot news in society. Of course, he loved the "sugar-coated bullets" which Zhou Youzheng and Li Mingyao had mentioned, but these things should be obtained in an upright manner.

Wang Ling really didn't dare take something for nothing...

The Heavenly Dao's principle of equivalent exchange had taken root deep in Wang Ling's mind from a very young age. There was no such thing as a free lunch; in giving and taking, all food had its own price.

So Wang Ling didn't care at all about the thing with Zhou Youzheng and Li Mingyao.

On the other hand, Wang Ming was delighted. That Li Mingyao was a typical rich second generation son, crazily firing sugar-coated bullets in the canteen earlier. At first, Wang Ming had wondered whether he should mess around with this person, but now things were getting even more interesting... Now there were two of them! Even Zhou Youzheng, the third young master of the Zhou family, had become involved. This was simply double the fun!

...

With less than half an hour to go before the Rainbow Glass Box arrived at their destination, Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng started to stir things up in the chat group.

As if he was telling the whole world, Li Mingyao directly announced in the group, “Ah, dear friends of No. 60 High, it’s fine even if you don’t tell us. Zhou Youzheng and I have already found Classmate Wang Ling, and have already asked him to be our big brother. If you don’t believe me, you can ask him later.”

Most of the people in the group were stunned at these words. It didn’t sound like a joke –

if it was, shouldn’t there at least be a funny emoji at the end of this statement?

Moreover, this was the main group, which also had the teachers from various schools!

Who were Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng? They were the young masters of the Li family and the Zhou family, two of the four big families of Songhai city. The teachers would usually give them some face in school; even when criticizing them, the teachers didn’t dare use too severe a tone. These two had now actually announced that they had become that Classmate Wang Ling’s underlings...

It wasn’t just the teachers and students from other schools, but even the students and teachers from No. 60 High in the group were all blank.

Because given Wang Ling’s personality, the first reaction that a lot of the people from No. 60 High had was that Wang Ling wasn’t this type of person. He was average in his studies and he wasn’t very talkative. If it hadn’t been for that incident with President Bai, a lot of them probably wouldn’t have remembered Wang Ling... In short, in the eyes of many from No. 60 High, Wang Ling was a bit of a “lone ranger.”

It was only his classmates like Super Chen and Dopey Guo who didn't think so.

Wang Ling indeed usually didn't like to say much, and was aloof with outsiders because he wasn't familiar with them. However, he had studied together with this bunch from Grade One, Class Three for almost half a year.

Therefore, Super Chen, Dopey Guo and everyone else in Grade One, Class Three had once animatedly discussed Wang Ling's real character when he hadn't been in the classroom.

Finally, they had summed it up in one word: "mensao"...

Having said that, it indeed wasn't in-character for Wang Ling to accept underlings.

Hence, people from No. 60 High started to question how true this was.

"Really? Why don't I believe it?" Dopey Guo, Wang Ling's deskmate, was the very first person to question it.

Actually, while it was uncertain whether the same could be said of the other people from No. 60 High, absolutely no one in Grade One, Class Three would give away information on Wang Ling so easily to people from other schools, even without the Great Shielding Spell in effect.

As the saying went, "a friend in need is a friend indeed." When they had previously heard that something terrible had happened to Wang Ling, everyone in Grade One, Class Three had been grieved for a long time.

The most crucial point, moreover, was that the students and parents who had been coming to No. 60 High recently to absorb fortune by paying homage to "Wang Ling" actually disgusted the whole school.

"Are these Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng fishing?" Super Chen wondered in his room.

He and Dopey Guo were in the same room.

Actually, anyone who used their brains just a little would be able to guess what these two rich young masters were up to, but even then there were some people who still fell into the trap.

Because of Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng's words, momentum in the group immediately picked up, and some even asked for Wang Ling's room number...

"This is a good opportunity." Li Mingyao's face lit up when he saw the flood of messages in the group.

"As soon as someone asks that Classmate Wang Ling later, we'll know who he is," Zhou Youzheng said with a smile.

In the end, no sooner had the two of them finished speaking when a system notification promptly popped up in the chat group.

System message: User "Li Mingyao" is banned for 6 hours.

System message: User "Zhou Youzheng" is banned for 6 hours.

Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng: "???"

Wang Ming had activated his skill — Gag Authority Technique!

It was Wang Ming who had originally designed this internal chat software, so he had the highest level of authority. It took only a matter of minutes to ban two people.

"Done."

Wang Ming dusted his hands.

Dare to bully Wang Ling?

These two guys had a lot of nerve...

So what if they were from the four big families of Songhai city? If it wasn't for the fact that the Wang family heir was obsessed with crispy noodle snacks, these four big families would be nothing!

Chapter 723: Jinghua Royal Teacher's College

Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng were caught off guard by Wang Ming's Gag Authority Technique. They were from Songhai's four big families – usually, even the headmaster had to be respectful when he saw them, yet there was actually a teacher who dared to directly ban them?

Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng felt that this was utterly inconceivable.

And the most important thing was that this was still in the main group. After been banned, the two of them instantly felt that they had lost face – what would those in the group who knew their identities think of them?

Instantly, Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng felt like they had been struck a further blow.

Li Mingyao was stupefied. "I'm going to find our teacher and see if he can lift the ban."

All the lead teachers had been set as administrators in this summer camp chat group. Li Mingyao thought this would work, and quickly started to type a message which he then sent to his lead teacher.

In the end, the message directly turned into an exclamation mark, which was a sign that the other party hadn't received the message.

System message: During the period of the ban, you have been put on a PM blacklist and are forbidden from chatting with anyone in the group. Time of ban remaining: 5 hours and 58 minutes...

Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng: "???"

Being banned also included being blacklisted?

What the hell was with this operation??

Wang Ming could already picture how discomfited those two young masters must be. He had just set up this secondary blacklist effect. Wang Ming had expected that given the characters of Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng these two young masters, they would definitely PM their lead teacher to lift the ban, so he had spent roughly thirty seconds rewriting the rules just now.

Except for him and Wu Zhenjun, both of whom had the highest level of administrative authority, the rest of the administrators could only ban someone, but couldn't lift it. Moreover, once someone was banned, the system would blacklist them for the duration of the ban.

It was just like Wang Ming to go the whole hog...

The point was that it wasn't just Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng who were stunned stupid by this gag rule, the teachers from Remnant High were also shocked.

Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng's lead teacher then directly looked for Wang Ming in a private chat. "Teacher Wang Xiaer from No. 60 High? Why did you ban my students?"

This teacher's name was Yuan Hua, who had graduated from Jinghua Royal Teacher's College. Before Wang Ming had confirmed his own participation in this summer camp, he had investigated all the teachers. This Teacher Yuan Hua's qualifications weren't simple. Moreover, among the lead teachers this time, the chief commander Wu Zhenjun was actually also a graduate from this Jinghua Royal Teacher's College.

Furthermore, back when Wu Zhenjun and this Teacher Yuan Hua graduated, they were included on the list of most outstanding graduates of the last century. To this day, their photos still hung in the school's exhibition building on campus... Very few people were actually qualified to be regarded as the top graduates of the last century at Jinghua Royal Teacher's College.

Including Teacher Yuan Hua and Wu Zhenjun, Jinghua Royal Teacher's College had awarded this title to only seven people.

It was also because of this that these seven graduates were now known in the outside world as the “Royal Seven Scholars 1 “...

Bearing in mind the development of No. 60 High’s future relationship with other schools, Wang Ming replied in as smooth a tone as possible to this lead teacher from Remnant High, “Teacher Yuan, your students started a rumor about my student. The fact that I only banned them for six hours is already a courtesy. Outside, those who spread rumors now are detained when the rumor has been forwarded over five hundred times, for at least seven to fifteen days. So many people in our group have already seen it, but I only banned them for six hours... This is already giving you and Remnant High face with this discount!”

Teacher Yuan Hua was speechless. “...” What f**king discount!

Yuan Hua took a deep breath and tried to keep calm. “Teacher Wang, you should know who these two students are, right?”

“Yes,” Wang Ming replied quickly. “They are the third young masters of the Li and Zhou families of the four big families of Songhai city. But the people I banned are Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng. What does that have to do with the third young masters?”

“...”

Yuan Hua: “Teacher Wang, for the sake of the future relationship between our two schools, I think it would still be better for you to lift the ban. The Rainbow Glass Box is going to land at the base station soon. If this matter makes students in both schools unhappy, can you shoulder that responsibility?”

When Wang Ming heard this, he had to say that Teacher Yuan Hua’s words actually did make sense.

No. 60 High was a key city high school candidate, while Remnant High was a famous key high school in a different district. Students in such key high schools had a strong sense of collective honor. While everyone had come on this summer camp to learn and in the name of joint progress, this process of learning and broadening their horizons was actually similar to an inter-school competition.

And this perhaps was what Teacher Yuan Hua wanted to imply: What if the students from Remnant High didn’t care about friendship in the competition and instead struck No. 60 High a heavy blow...?

Seeing that Wang Ming hadn't replied for a long while, Yuan Hua was a little impatient. "Teacher Wang, what do you think?"

Wang Ming typed his reply: "Let me think about it."

About two minutes later...

Another system message popped up.

System message: User "Yuan Hua" is banned for 6 hours.

Yuan Hua: "???"

Everyone: "..."

As a graduate of Jinghua Royal Teacher's College and a special-grade teacher who had a reputation as one of the "Royal Seven Scholars," Yuan Hua was very popular in Remnant High. When he was banned, a lot of the students instantly voiced their discontent, not to mention the other bewildered teachers from Remnant High.

A Remnant High student directly asked in the group, "Why did you ban Teacher Yuan Hua?"

Wang Ming wasn't in a hurry to reply, and instead sent screenshots of his chat with Teacher Yuan Hua. "Teacher Yuan wanted to have a private chat with me, but we are both cultured people. How can we scrape and bow to nobility?"

But the Remnant High student didn't buy it. "I don't believe it! This image was definitely photoshopped. Teacher Yuan is so cultured, there's no way he can do such a thing! How can a teacher from No. 60 High dirty someone else's name like this?!"

Wang Ming chuckled and swiftly replied, "If silence is golden, can a speaking ban on a cultured person be considered a ban?"

"..."

The student who had challenged Wang Ming flushed, but couldn't help denouncing him. "You think you're so hot just because you have authority?"

Wang Ming: "Sorry. It's because I have authority that I can do whatever I want."

Everyone: "..."

Elsewhere, the banned Teacher Yuan Hua was depressed.

He was online friends with Wu Zhenjun to begin with, so it wasn't considered a PM when he messaged the latter, nor was he pulled into the PM blacklist which Wang Ming had set up.

"Wu Zhenjun, hasn't this Teacher Wang gone a little too far?" Teacher Yuan couldn't help complaining.

"Should apologize."

Wu Zhenjun replied after quite a while.

"That's right, that's right, he should apologize!"

"I mean, you should take those two students who were banned to apologize to him."

"..."

Chapter 724: Mahjong Squad, Move Out!

Yuan Hua was silenced by Wu Zhenjun's words, because from the latter's tone, it didn't sound like he was joking...

It was only at that moment that Yuan Hua realized that Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng, these two young masters of Songhai's noble families, might truly have provoked a big shot whom they couldn't afford to provoke, although he didn't know the identity of this big shot.

Everyone in the group had been authenticated by the system and their names couldn't be fake. Staring at Wang Ming's pseudonym "Wang Xiaoer," Yuan Hua turned this name over and over in his mind, but to absolutely no avail.

Who was this Wang Xiaoer, exactly?

Teacher Yuan Hua was a little muddleheaded.

Just before the Rainbow Glass Box landed, Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng were told to go look for Teacher Wang Xiaoer when the box landed later to apologize. In order to highlight how serious the situation was, Teacher Yuan Hua went to Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng's dorm in person to tell them.

In the end, Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng went listlessly.

But their fire to pursue Wang Ling shifu didn't wane.

...

Elsewhere, disguised as part of the medical team, General Bai, who was leading the Mahjong Squad from Songhai First Prison, entered the fake remains smoothly alongside the team of experts which contained terrorist members dispatched by Night Chief.

Everyone wore white coats and had made simple changes to their appearances.

These fake remains were a specially constructed small world, inside which the environment and even some of the plants of Beast King's Remains had been perfectly set up.

And where they were landing now was the fake base station in the center zone of the fake remains, which looked exactly like the real one.

Everyone stood in front of the base station.

“Sarira Grass?” The Old Devil’s gaze was fixed on a three-colored grass that was emitting a rainbow-colored spirit halo.

This was Sarira Grass, a completely extinct resource, which once was the primary source ingredient for making the Nine Cycles Sarira Pill, which was a powerful medical drug that could help the dying recover and was also known as the “Resurrection Pill.” Even if your golden core was damaged or your nascent soul had disintegrated, eating a Nine Cycles Sarira Pill would reverse the situation right away.

The Old Devil remembered once asking about the price of the Nine Cycles Sarira Pill on the black market when he had just re-entered the world. After Sarira Grass had become extinct, the price of the Nine Cycles Sarira Pill had soared to a hundred times higher than its original price, putting it on par with the price of a first-class holy weapon.

Just as the Old Devil was thinking this, the terrorists who had been hiding in the team of experts pushed off of their feet to swiftly scatter in all directions.

Each of these dozen figures demonstrated their individual prowess as they slipped away quickly.

They fled on all kinds of various magic treasures.

One of them was even gutsy enough to stretch out a hand and try and grab the “Sarira Grass” that the Old Devil was staring at.

“Hahahaha! I got it!” The man took out a sickle magic treasure, and after cutting the Sarira Grass, he stepped onto the sickle and sped away.

They stripped off the coats worn by the team of experts to reveal the exclusive pitch-black cloaks of the Night Chief organization, which had the emblem of a purple sunflower wrapped in black wings on it and looked a little creepy.

With just one sweeping gaze, General Bai instantly took stock of how many streams of light had flown out.

There were fully fifty-three terrorists this time.

This was the exact number of people they had had their eye on prior to entering the fake remains.

General Bai distributed pocket watches to the Old Devil and others. “This is a radar tracker. All of you must operate in groups, except for the Mahjong Squad. If you encounter a tough opponent, you can press the button on the radar, and whoever is nearby will instantly hurry over as backup. They should find out very soon that these remains are fake. To prevent them from joining hands to break through the barricade, apprehend them as quickly as possible.”

“What should we do with the resources that were stolen?” someone asked.

“Don’t bother with them, they’re fake to begin with.” General Bai waved his hand.

“...”

“These are all quality fakes. The head of state knows an ikebana master who can make fake resources that look very realistic. This master worked overtime for half a month to set up these fake remains.”

“Then why is this Sarira Grass glowing?”

“Well, this is a trick which this ikebana master learned from those fake goods dealers. Huaxiu Alliance cracked down on these dealers before, some of whom sold fluorescent facial masks. This master later learned this technique and applied them to his flower arrangements.”

“...”

...

“Hunt them down!”

The three-man Mahjong Squad was already moving and took the lead as soon as General Bai gave the order.

The shortened prison sentences they would get out of this was very important for the three of them, and was based on the number of people they caught. Not including the special members, each person caught was worth twenty points. For every ten points they gained, a year would be taken off their prison sentences. At the moment, each of the three men would have to serve more than several thousand years in prison, so the points were very crucial.

While fifty-three people wasn't a lot, some of them were extremely strong and had been classified as special members. Each special member caught was worth five hundred points. That was the highlight.

Hence, as soon as he had arrived at the base station, the Old Devil had already locked onto the auras of these special members.

Out of the fifty-three people, only four of them were special members worth five hundred points...

If the Old Devil could catch them all, that was two thousand points, which would directly shave off two hundred years of his prison sentence!

While he was doing the calculations, he approached the position of the special member whom he had targeted.

The special member he was targeting was a mercenary whom Night Chief had hired from the Dark Network. She was also a Red A-Class fugitive wanted by Huaxiu Alliance, with the nickname "Bloody Butterfly 1" “!

At this point, not long after Bloody Butterfly had fled, a bone-chilling sense of terror ran down her spine.

Bloody Butterfly instantly stopped her flight at this somewhat familiar aura and immediately concealed her own as she hid at the bottom of a mountain creek.

Bloody Butterfly's stealth technique was exceptional. She could use the "Emulation Technique" to imitate a spirit beast and directly blend into the surrounding environment. This was a more advanced technique than the pure "Invisibility Technique," since with the "Emulation Technique," her aura would also melt into the air.

This was originally a highly sophisticated escape technique. When Bloody Butterfly had been in danger several times before, she had used this move to escape disaster.

But this time, Bloody Butterfly felt something wasn't right.

Even when she used the "Emulation Technique," it felt like that horrible and somewhat familiar aura was stuck to her like a piece of gum.

A trembling which welled up from the depths of her soul made her twin ponytails shake.

This aura...

Who the hell was this person?

"Come out, my venerable self has already seen you." At this point, the Old Devil's voice rang out from behind Bloody Butterfly.

At the same time, he canceled his simple transfiguration spell to reveal his original appearance.

And this Devil Emperor's face, which had once shocked the whole of Huaxiu nation, almost instantly frightened Bloody Butterfly into a cold sweat...

Why was it him?!

Hadn't this guy been caught already...

Chapter 725: A Perverted Mage's Dream

There was a dismayed expression on Bloody Butterfly's face. In her camouflaged state, she didn't dare move at all, but the Old Devil was already slowly moving in her direction.

“Don’t tell me he actually noticed me?” Bloody Butterfly’s face was so tense that she was sweating like a waterfall.

When the Old Devil was less than three zhang from her position, Bloody Butterfly’s feet shook and she immediately dropped her camouflage and swiftly put some distance between her and the Old Devil.

“There you are.” The Old Devil looked slowly at Bloody Butterfly.

Her twin ponytails trembled with anger. “You...”

She realized that she had probably been tricked. This guy in fact hadn’t discovered her just now!

“My venerable self only knew your general position, but didn’t expect you to be so close. Who would have thought I would really force you to come out.” The Old Devil chuckled.

Bloody Butterfly: “...”

Sure enough! Those who played tricks were dirty!

“But now it won’t be so easy for you to try and escape me.” The Old Devil pointed at Bloody Butterfly’s feet.

“Huh?”

A puzzled expression on her face, Bloody Butterfly looked down, and her face turned pale.

When had this devil marked her with a tracker?!

Was it in the moment she had betrayed herself?

This reaction was too terrifying...

Facing this devil who had once shocked the nation, Bloody Butterfly started to feel increasingly nervous.

Generally speaking, the Old Devil felt that this Bloody Butterfly was a pretty good opponent and at the very least was on par with the strength of his current body. He was still adapting to this imitation body, and he didn't yet have full coordination while in it – it was far worse than the original body which he had had before entering the Stone Ghost Mask.

Fighting was always the fastest way to quickly adapt to a body. Ordinarily, stuck as he was in prison, the most he could do was beat up Evil Sword God.

Helping the government clean up these foreign terrorists and apprehending members of the Dark Network thus wasn't just a path of atonement, but also a rare opportunity to fight.

The Old Devil estimated that this Bloody Butterfly's strength was at the ninth level of the peak Soul Foundation stage, which was only half a step away from the Itinerant Immortal realm.

While the Old Devil was currently in an imitation body which wasn't at its peak, he had the strength of an Itinerant Immortal. While he had a higher realm than Bloody Butterfly, his coordination inside this body was certainly piss poor.

Hence, the instant he faced off against Bloody Butterfly, the Old Devil had already come up with a plan.

In this battle, the best would be if he could avoid physical contact.

The daily life of a Dark Network most wanted criminal like Bloody Butterfly was filled with knives and blood. Close-range combat was like breathing for this sort of person. Until he fully adapted to his body, the Old Devil would suffer greatly in a drawn-out close-range fight.

Besides, he was a mage to begin with.

He wasn't used to magic weapons like knives and swords...

Then here was the question: What kind of spell should he use to deal with this Bloody Butterfly?

The Old Devil was stuck.

The Chaos Ball was the technique he was renowned for, but the Old Devil didn't think that this petty Dark Network wanted criminal Bloody Butterfly deserved to have it used on her.

The Old Devil felt that if he directly used the Chaos Ball, then the game would be no fun.

He could wipe out ten of her with the Chaos Ball!

As he pondered this, a wind was kicked up ahead of him as Bloody Butterfly attacked.

The best defense was offense!

Soaked in cold sweat, this was the decision Bloody Butterfly ultimately made.

A slender black shadow darted out from under a tree and swiftly spiraled toward the Old Devil's back like an agile tentacle!

"Twin Ponytails Thrust!"

This black shadow was none other than Bloody Butterfly's twin ponytails!

She had refined her twin ponytails into a killing weapon and as another magic treasure for survival!

This was a surprise attack, but she failed. The instant the shadow attacked, the Old Devil had already made a quick decision based on his rich experience.

A light shield swiftly coalesced around him in a spiral, keeping him safe like he was in an egg and perfectly fending off the shadow's surprise attack.

Intangible Magic Shield!

This was a level five spell!

It could block magic-based attacks!

Bloody Butterfly clenched her teeth. From this spell alone, she could already tell how difficult it was going to be to deal with this devil.

The scariest thing was that the Old Devil had cast this level five spell in a flash!

Without any hand seals!

A spell without the use of hand seals... This was proof that the Old Devil had already reached the height of proficiency with this spell!

This was undoubtedly a fearful opponent, but Bloody Butterfly didn't give up attacking.

The ambush by the shadow just now had just been a feint!

The real attack...

Was behind!

Chi!

At that moment, a blood-red dagger stabbed at the Old Devil's back!

The dagger in hand, Bloody Butterfly smiled cruelly — she had him!

This Blood Blade in her hand was an extremely powerful magic weapon, specially designed for assassination and which caused real damage — both shield and armor were useless against this dagger!

“A body double?” The Old Devil’s face was unruffled.

It had to be said that Bloody Butterfly’s plan seemed to be proceeding smoothly so far, and could certainly give people a real sense of being overwhelmed. In such a short moment, she had created a body double to launch a feint, allowing her true self to sneak behind the Old Devil in camouflage to stab his back with the Blood Blade.

This series of actions could be said to be so smooth and natural that if it had been anyone else, they would have fallen for it.

But Bloody Butterfly underestimated the opponent in front of her.

The next moment, the smile on her face froze.

The moment she thrust the Blood Blade at the Old Devil’s back, Bloody Butterfly felt her scalp tighten – he had grabbed hold of her twin ponytails!

“F**k... ow ow ow ow ow!”

This pain was like from a boy sitting behind her in junior high and pulling on her hair, and Bloody Butterfly’s scalp instantly turned numb!

She felt herself being completely dragged away!

The Old Devil hadn’t cast any spells; he had simply grabbed her twin ponytails and the whole situation had immediately been turned on its head.

“Your hair’s quite smooth, but nothing like my wife’s.” Twin ponytails in hand, the Old Devil sighed with sorrow.

General Yi had promised him previously that he would help him find the reincarnation of his wife with the Wheel of Time, but until now there still hadn’t been any news. Now, these two soft ponytails unexpectedly made the Old Devil think of her.

“You... let me go!”

With her pigtails caught, Bloody Butterfly couldn't put up the least bit resistance. "This is a foul! Aren't you a mage?! How can you resort to something so uncouth?!"

This move by the Old Devil was completely outside of Bloody Butterfly's expectations.

Sure enough, did every mage dream of close-range combat?

Holding Bloody Butterfly's twin ponytails, the Old Devil cast a depletion magic ring around her, and Bloody Butterfly's entire body jolted as she instantly lost her strength.

Affected by the depletion magic ring, Bloody Butterfly's voice was weak. "Wh... What are you going to do..."

"Don't worry, my venerable self isn't going to do anything. It's just that your twin ponytails suddenly made me think of my wife." The Old Devil stared at Bloody Butterfly lying limp on the ground, and his smile gradually turned mean. "My venerable self has decided, I'm going to cut off your twin ponytails."

Bloody Butterfly: "Are... are you a pervert..."

The Old Devil shook his head and sighed. "Even if I am a pervert, I am simply a gentleman burdened with that title..."

Bloody Butterfly: "No... noooo! Don't come near me..."

Chapter 726: Cells At Work

Bloody Butterfly's eyes were red with the pain from her twin ponytails being pulled. At this very moment, she felt like a rabbit that had been grabbed by the ears by a hunter.

And the scariest thing was that this hunter still wanted to ruthlessly cut off her rabbit ears.

These twin ponytails were one of the magic weapons she was most proud of, but now she actually had to say goodbye to them.

Bloody Butterfly stared in despair at the Old Devil. At this moment, she felt that her entire life was gloomy. As a Red A-Class fugitive wanted by the state, what was she going to face next?

Crystal tears glistened in the corners of Bloody Butterfly's eyes, but she didn't make a sound because under the influence of the Old Devil's depletion magic ring, she didn't even have the strength to cry.

The only thing she could do now was wait to be slaughtered.

"Don't cry. My venerable self... is most afraid of seeing women cry."

Staring at the tearful Bloody Butterfly, the Old Devil had a complicated expression on his face.

He suddenly remembered the moment he met his wife "Yamai" for the first time. Back then in class, he had pulled Yamai's hair and made her cry.

Bloody Butterfly's tearful crying now unexpectedly gave the Old Devil the impression that he was seeing his wife.

Bloody Butterfly thought that this would prick the Old Devil's conscience, and at the very least he would let go of her ponytails.

However, the Old Devil's next words made her completely give up hope.

The Old Devil took a deep breath, and said somewhat eagerly, "You look like my venerable self's wife when you cry... can I gouge out one of your eyes?"

Bloody Butterfly was so frightened that her tears immediately dried up!

She finally understood why this Old Devil had once been able to plunge the whole country into dark terror...

Mom, I want to go home!

...

Elsewhere, Cheng Yu and Evil Sword God's pursuit was equally successful.

They rode the military magic swords which General Bai had given them. Because they were all mass-produced military magic swords, they were all the same in terms of strength – even the sword spirits had been artificially placed inside the swords.

These were assembly line products, and certainly couldn't match up to a custom-made magic sword. However, if their users were expert swordsmen, they could also be very powerful...

Since they were both sword cultivators, the two of them were acutely familiar with flying a sword in a chase and attack.

Moreover, General Bai had lifted the restriction on Evil Sword God's "Purple Investigative Demon Eyes" so that the latter could use it in the pursuit this time. There was thus no escape for these dozen or so foreign terrorists.

After Cheng Yu and Evil Sword God undid their transfiguration spells, a loud cry had rung out inside the hearts of the foreign force and Dark Network mercenaries almost in unison: Why had these three big shots who had already been arrested joined hands now in this place?!

Evil Sword God was relentless in his pursuit.

General Bai had said initially that if the targets were caught alive, the reward was full points. During the pursuit, if these people fought back after being cornered, permission was given to execute them on the spot... But if they were dead, the points would be halved.

Evil Sword God, however, didn't care about any of this. He activated his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes, and stepped forward to claim lives.

In a temporarily opened underground space, twelve people joined hands to build a barrier.

They combined to cast an earth-type spell called “Matrix of the Earth” to construct a solid space using soil as a foundation.

“Why is it him...” This group of a dozen couldn’t help sweating.

They had scattered when they fled earlier, but because Evil Sword God had been hunting them all this time, more and more people slowly started to gather together to work out countermeasures.

Roughly five minutes ago, Evil Sword God had already killed five people, and with his left hand, had used invisible sword qi to string their heads together like tanghulu 1 ...

Although they had completed the barrier, the enormous sense of oppression which Evil Sword God carried still made them feel as if they had been seized by the throat, even inside the barrier.

But what these people didn’t know was that this wasn’t Evil Sword God at his peak. Although General Bai had allowed the Mahjong Squad to participate in the operation this time, he had still put restrictions on their overall battle strength. Currently, each person on the Mahjong Squad could only use less than sixty percent of their overall battle strength.

But even then, this sense of drowning in killing intent still petrified people.

Damn!

They were clearly the invaders, but now they had to put up a barrier to protect themselves.

“Evil Sword God has probably already been recruited,” a man dressed in white said in a low voice as he looked upward with a profound expression.

This person was also a member of the Dark Network as well as a Red A-Class wanted criminal like Bloody Butterfly. His nickname was Dark Fragrance, and his real name was Kill All The Cells.

“Lord Dark Fragrance... What are we going to do?” someone asked nervously.

“Since it’s come to this, there’s no other way. Only by combining all the strength of everyone here inside the barrier can we defend ourselves and launch a counterattack.” This Lord Dark Fragrance in white said slowly, “We can’t win with strength, but in terms of numbers, we may have a ray of hope...”

A strategy of sheer numbers...

They fell silent, lost in deep thought.

In terms of individual strength, they actually weren’t weak at the third level of the Soul Formation stage.

This was the manpower which Night Chief was able to muster in a short time after the collective deaths of the overseas returnee group of elites.

However, even if each of them was at the third level of the Soul Formation stage, this was far from enough in the face of a person like Evil Sword God. Soul Formation, Itinerant Immortal, True Immortal... The disparities in these three stages were like night and day; right now, they were like clay chickens and pottery dogs huddled inside a dark cellar.

“This is our last chance, I suggest that we listen to Lord Dark Fragrance,” someone said just then.

Everyone looked at each other in dismay before finally turning to look at this Lord Dark Fragrance.

The Dark Network man nicknamed Dark Fragrance took a deep breath. “First, I have to tell you that this is a forbidden spell and can shorten your lifespan, though not by very much. It requires everyone to work together...”

“Lord Dark Fragrance, please go ahead! We are at your disposal!” the eleven people said in unison.

The man called Dark Fragrance explained, “There are roughly 37.2 trillion cells in the human body working energetically every day. The spell works to activate these cells, separate them from our bodies, and then further summon them out in secret formation. If used properly and with the twelve of us working together, we can conjure up thousands of cell legions...”

Hearing this, the eleven people were all enlightened: it seemed that this Lord Dark Fragrance was originally a biological scientist and very familiar with the composition of cells in a human body.

“Thousands of cell legions?”

“Correct. The main force is the white cell army, and we can even form an army of priests comprised primarily of platelets! What I’m going to do now is summon a platelet out of my body to use it as a parent to draw out the cells from your bodies.”

When he was done speaking, this Lord Dark Fragrance had already swiftly made a hand seal as he roared at the same time, “— Ho! Cells At Work 2 Spell

Chapter 727: Summon Platelets!!

The Cells At Work Spell was a forbidden skill that many people had never even heard of.

After the completion of the hand seal, all the people inside the underground barrier saw a layer of curse seals slowly rise out of Lord Dark Fragrance’s arm, and he then quickly bit his index finger to draw a summoning array on the ground.

The magic array wasn’t large, but a lot of people present were confused by its configuration, as it was a mix of Eastern runes and Western curse seals.

Some people surmised that this spell was probably an Eastern and Western fusion, or that it was a Western spell which had been localized.

He reduced his lifespan to split off a portion of his cells, and activated them again in another summoning...

This sort of technique was truly astonishing.

Several dozen seconds after the array was formed, a crack suddenly appeared in the ground, and dark red blood actually slowly bubbled up out of the crack like a fountain of blood.

This fountain of blood then quickly retreated, leaving behind a blood shadow which gradually coalesced to become a cute little lolita dressed in red frilly clothes in front of everyone's eyes.

"This is..."

"That's right, this is a platelet from my body." The man called Dark Fragrance said, "It takes a certain amount of time to summon cells for battle, so we have to call on the platelets first and have them build an even more solid line of defense in order to buy us time to summon the white blood cells and the macrophages to fight."

So that was it!

Everyone immediately understood.

As expected of Lord Dark Fragrance! As a Red A-Class Dark Network wanted criminal, he might not be on par with Red 3S-Class wanted criminals like the Old Devil, the Master of Immortal Mansion, and Evil Sword God, but he had a lot more experience in terms of battle strategy!

Besides, this platelet which he had summoned was so cute!

Just like one's own daughter!

Everyone present inexplicably felt a fatherly impulse...

If they survived this time!

They would definitely raise a daughter!

Seeing these people stare at the platelet, Dark Fragrance spoke again. "Next, I'll use my platelet as the parent. You will need to rely on the parent to execute a secondary separation spell, which is much easier to carry out than the original spell. Please make sure you remember what the secondary array looks like."

“Okay!” The eleven Night Chief members all nodded.

At that moment, someone asked again, “Lord Dark Fragrance, will our platelets also be as cute as yours?”

“Well... since each person’s body is unique, the appearance of the summoned platelets may vary. This is largely related to the body’s usual health. If you stay up too late for prolonged periods and are on the verge of falling sick, the platelets you summon may appear abnormal.”

After saying that, Dark Fragrance saw how some people couldn’t help trembling.

Several of them put their palms together as if they were praying. “Ah! Great cultivation god, please bless me with a cute platelet! I promise that I won’t recharge my Timi anymore 1 !”

“...”

...

While the eleven Night Chief members were hiding underground with Dark Network member Dark Fragrance, Evil Sword God was carefully searching for their whereabouts.

A few minutes ago, their auras had all vanished in a flash.

“Escape? You think you can escape?”

Evil Sword God looked at the tanghulu of heads which he had strung together with invisible sword qi in his left hand and licked his lips.

If he wasn’t limited to just sixty percent of his original strength, his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes would have already uncovered these people even if they had fled to the ends of the earth.

It was just a little more troublesome now.

“No one can hide from me...” Evil Sword God slowly closed his eyes and raised the tanghulu in his left hand to the sky. At that very moment, all of heaven and earth was quiet, and it was as if he was feeling for something.

At the same time, Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu stood on a cliff in the distance, and he narrowed his eyes slightly at Evil Sword God who was hovering in the air.

He was looking for killing intent...

Cheng Yu knew that this was the special skill which had made Evil Sword God famous, and it wasn't a spell.

It was a special perception technique that could only be built up by those who had spent years walking on the edge of hell... By grasping killing intent under this vast sky, they could lock onto their opponents.

As long as you stood on opposite sides on the battlefield, there would always be killing intent. No matter how well hidden it was, killing intent couldn't be erased.

Especially in a situation where you already knew who your opponent was... once you got hold of their killing intent, you just needed to exclude the people on your side, and the rest would without doubt be the enemy.

So this was Evil Sword God...

The Master of Immortal Mansion was scared witless when he saw this.

This was only sixty percent of Evil Sword God's fighting strength... if he was at his peak, how much more terrifying would he be?

Moreover, there was a sharp difference between the Evil Sword God with his soaring ego when he had eyeshadow on and the weak-looking Evil Sword God in prison.

Given this contrast, Cheng Yu didn't think it was too much to describe Evil Sword God as a monster...

Cheng Yu lifted his sword and dialed his focus up to the max, then let go of the military spirit sword in his hand to slowly float behind him as if it had a spirit.

So far, he had only caught some small fry, while the special Dark Network members worth five hundred points were now playing hide-and-seek.

But Cheng Yu also had his own way of finding them – and that was just to follow Evil Sword God from behind.

His best move was the “Thousand Li Sword Art,” which allowed him to control a spirit sword across very long distances to behead the enemy.

Although this was quite unscrupulous behavior, a steal kill was indeed a feasible method at the moment.

There weren’t many points for this operation, but many little drops would make an ocean; every little bit counted, and could be used as bargaining chips in the future to get his prison sentence shortened.

At that moment, Cheng Yu saw Evil Sword God in the air slowly open his eyes and fix his gaze on a piece of land ten li away. “Hiding underground? Only children go underground...”

Evil Sword God had already tracked down that bunch who had escaped his grasp.

But just as he was about to collect their heads, the whole of the fake remains unexpectedly started to tremble at that very moment.

An earthquake?

Evil Sword God and Cheng Yu were both puzzled. Everything here was fake, including the elements of nature... logically speaking, it wasn’t likely for an earthquake to happen unless it was man-made.

When the two of them were pondering this, the ground which Evil Sword God had been eyeing suddenly cracked open with a rumble...

A humanoid monster stained with blood and tens of meters tall like Godzilla crawled out of the ground!

Everyone was shaken by this scene.

All the Huaxiu Alliance cultivators paused in their pursuit; even across such a great distance, they could sense the aura of this blood-red monster.

“What is that?”

“Could it be a blood demon? But... how can a blood demon show up here?”

...

Elsewhere, inside the underground barrier set up by the Night Chief members, Lord Dark Fragrance was also startled by the blood-red monster.

A dozen or so people stared at a fatty in unison... because this blood-red monster was none other than this fatty's platelet...

“Lord Dark Fragrance... This is...”

How could this be a platelet?

It was too different to the cute little lolita Lord Dark Fragrance had summoned!

Wasn't this a cerebral blood clot?

At that moment, everyone received a grim reminder that they lived in fear of giants 2 ...

Chapter 728: The Platelets' Codenames

In the fake remains, this humanoid blood-red monster that was tens of meters tall stood up unhurriedly from the ground, thick, dark red liquid dripping from it like lava.

But this wasn't lava. To be exact, it was more like a syrupy substance; because the fatty's blood sugar level was so high, the humanoid platelet he had summoned was incredibly gooey. When this thick liquid dripped off the body to the ground, it immediately turned the earth into sludge.

"Whatever it is, take it down!" A Huaxiu Alliance cultivator made a move as he flew on his sword and tried to attack this giant blood-red monster from behind.

Instead, he was sent flying by a spray of sticky fluid from the monster.

Aya !!

The cultivator shrieked as he was smashed into the side of a mountain in the distance. Even though he only had a few bruises, he was completely trapped inside the mucus, which was extremely sweet!

"What the hell is that?"

On the other side, the Old Devil, Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu, Evil Sword God, and General Bai had all noticed the monster, but had no idea what it was at all.

"This is 7364! This is 7364!" Other Huaxiu Alliance cultivators starting calling HQ to find out what this monster was.

In fact, in Huaxiu Alliance's command center, General Yi and the others were also alarmed by the sudden appearance of this giant blood-red monster in the fake remains.

“Old Yi, what do you think?” President Qi stared at the image on the screen as his thoughts turned over and over in his mind.

General Yi shook his head. “It’s a little like a blood demon, but not really... The only thing we know for sure is that this thing was summoned. Chances are it’ll disappear if we can defeat the summoner.”

President Qi folded his arms and narrowed his eyes

“Can we analyze this substance?”

These fake remains was a made-up small world completely controlled by Huaxiu Alliance, so they had a certain ability to analyze the materials in it.

When President Qi said this, the staff members in the command center had already started to carry out the analysis.

It was a quick process which only took a matter of seconds.

Finally, the composition of this blood-red monster was tabulated and displayed on the screen.

Since it had a human form, this monster’s body was comprised of water, sugar, fat and so on, but there was one substance which took up seventy percent of its composition...

“Platelets?”

Many people were astonished by the report results.

So, this was an awakened platelet?

“What is the overall strength of this cerebral blood clot?” asked President Qi.

The researchers were blank when they heard this – cerebral blood clot?

It didn't seem to be an ailment...

Such a huge lump couldn't be called a platelet at all!!

"From the analysis, it has the overall strength of an Itinerant Immortal, and should be at level three," a staff member replied at that moment.

"Level three Itinerant Immortal? It looks like this thing has a parent, and its strength is enhanced by radiation," President Qi immediately surmised.

A normal summoned creature's realm of strength would never be so fierce, so there was only one possibility, and that was that this blood-red monster had a parent. The parent would continuously supply it with energy from behind, finally increasing this monster's overall strength. There was in fact a special term for this type of summoning situation: Maternal Radiation.

"I recall a Western forbidden skill which was localized for our context: it's called the 'Cells At Work Spell.'" As Wisdom Saint, President Qi had already drawn a conclusion. "And there is a biologist on the list of Dark Network members whom Night Chief recruited, so everything makes sense now."

General Yi frowned. "If it is as you say, Old Qi, then it's pointless simply defeating this monster." "That's right."

President Qi nodded and then said to the staff member next to the command platform, "Tell them they have to find the parent, or this blood-red monster will continue regenerating."

Platelets were cells with a hemostatic effect to begin with, so the self-healing ability of this huge monster would naturally be first-class.

...

At that moment, the situation inside the fake remains wasn't good; after the appearance of this huge blood-red monster, several smaller ones rose up from the ground next to it. Although they weren't as large as this "Cerebral Blood Clot," they were still tens of meters tall.

It looked like they were guarding something, with the tallest “Cerebral Blood Clot” monster in the center. Seven monsters stood in a line to form a human wall, their blood-red bodies rippling with extremely high sugar content.

Their intentions were very clear, as if they were telling everyone...

You shall not pass!

General Bai narrowed his eyes at the seven monsters and instructed everyone, “Don’t waste time on these monsters. We must find the summoner and the parent as soon as possible.”

Knowing that this was the Cells At Work Spell, General Bai straightaway knew that time was of the essence.

These seven monsters were here just to buy time, and the real purpose had to be the summoning of the follow-up cells. If the white blood cells and macrophages were called out in human form, it would then become a really difficult situation to settle.

Given their current numbers, they might not be able to withstand tens of thousands of monsters.

Moreover, General Bai himself was severely restrained. If it truly reached the point where the only thing he could do was wipe out all the monsters in one go as Explosion Saint, he might blow up all of the fake remains with his current strength.

But at that time, all these Huaxiu Alliance colleagues would also suffer...

“I’ll handle these seven monsters. Everyone, hurry up and find the summoner and the parent! They should be hiding underground!”

Thinking this, General Bai clenched his teeth and soared into the air and dashed toward the biggest Cerebral Blood Clot.

He spread his palm and a ball of energy shot out!

Explosion, was an art!

Boom!

The head of the biggest “Cerebral Blood Clot” monster was completely blown off!

But as President Qi had predicted, not long after the monster’s head was blown off, the mucus of its body swiftly piled up on its neck and in the end formed a new head.

...

The largest monster, codenamed “Cerebral Blood Clot,” had the strength of a level three Itinerant Immortal.

The second biggest one was fifteen meters tall with the strength of a level two Itinerant Immortal. Unlike the other monsters, it was more yellowish in color and looked very oily, so this fifteen-meter platelet’s codename was “Fatty Liver.”

The third one was twelve meters tall and a level one Itinerant Immortal. While it was smaller than the first two, its chest was extremely big, and it was codenamed “Heart Attack.”

Looking at this scene from afar, the Old Devil felt that these platelets were allabnormals 1 ...

The remaining four weren’t as big as the first three, only five meters to seven meters tall on average, but they had discernable facial features since they were “thinner.” Two of them looked more terrible and sluggish, and were codenamed “Brainless and Unhappy 2 .”

Of the last two monsters, one had a big head and the other a small one.

Codenames: Big Head Son and Small Head Father 3 ...

Chapter 729: What the Hell? So You Were Also Captured by That Great Master?

These were almost deformed humanoid platelets manipulated by humans, and they were obviously the sort with low IQ. Their massive and deformed states directly led to abnormalities in their brains. Usually, a cell summoned to take human form by the Cells At Work Spell should look like the parent platelet summoned by Lord Dark Fragrance, a very pretty little lolita.

What was very clear was that the lives of these Night Chief cultivators were generally messy and they didn't take very good care of themselves, thus resulting in this current situation.

Whether it was cultivators or ordinary people, they needed to pay attention to their health in their daily lives. While cultivators could go without eating or drinking for days, this in fact consumed a lot of energy, and it wasn't like there weren't any side effects. This was the so-called work-life balance, which was the true path of virtue.

But then again, it wasn't like these deformed, abnormal platelets didn't have any good points; despite their low IQ, they had unexpectedly remarkable defensive effects.

It looks like when I use this spell again in the future, I'll have to find several fat shut-ins to work with me...

Lord Dark Fragrance pondered this thought in his heart as he looked at this scene.

"Lord Dark Fragrance, will we be able to hold them off?" someone asked nervously.

They could already hear the constant explosions above their heads, and from beginning to end, the pressure of a True Immortal pushed down on their hearts with the weight of a thousand catties.

The legendary head of the Ten Founding Generals — Explosion Saint General Bai...

The Night Chief and Dark Network members hadn't expected Huaxiu nation to ramp up their efforts and actually get the head of the Ten Founding Generals to personally come and wipe them out.

If it wasn't for the remarkable self-healing ability of these abnormal platelets, they really wouldn't have been able to withstand this kind of pressure.

And not only that, in addition to Explosion Saint, the three prison bigwigs who were caught a while ago – the Old Devil, Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu and Evil Sword God – were also waiting for them outside...

It could be said that a lot of experts had gathered for this battle.

In order to protect the real remains and at the same time destroy this foreign force, Huaxiu had spared no effort this time.

And given their attitude, it was likely that Huaxiu wanted to get rid of them in one fell swoop!

“It’s not over yet.”

Their opponents were indeed tough, but Lord Dark Fragrance and the Night Chief members didn’t want to give up just like that.

Lord Dark Fragrance actively managed the magic array and focused his energy. “It’s almost done... The summoning to activate the white blood cells, macrophages and red blood cells is almost complete... I just need a little more time...”

He just had to successfully summon these activated cells to fight.

The white blood cells were very strong fighters. Coupled with the halo of the parent platelet, they had an extremely strong recovery ability and could render normal physical attacks ineffective.

Except for the Old Devil and Explosion Saint, almost everyone else on the scene used swords.

The white blood cells would be able to fend off most of them.

As for magical damage, the Night Chief members could only rely on the activated macrophages that were being summoned to absorb them.

That would be when they would fight back and then escape.

Of course, even if this final plan succeeded and they could escape, some people would definitely have to be sacrificed.

As for who the unlucky one would be, that would depend on serendipity and each person's own luck.

Of course, this was a story for later.

...

Elsewhere, General Bai, Songhai First Prison's Mahjong Squad and all the other Huaxiu Alliance cultivators were locked in a bitter struggle.

A lot of the Huaxiu Alliance cultivators had their movements restricted by the platelets' mucus, since if one of them got stuck, the others were bound to try and help.

This kind of fluid was extremely sticky, and using a water talisman to wash themselves clean seemed to be the best solution at the moment.

But the problem was that no one had anticipated this sort of situation this time, and the entire Huaxiu Alliance squad in the fake remains hadn't brought enough water talismans.

In a moment like this, a spellmaster was needed to draw talismans on the spot.

Instantly, a lot of people turned to look at the Old Devil.

In the air, General Bai once again released several giant mushroom eggs to burst through the bodies of the seven deformed platelets.

Looking at the current state of battle, now wasn't a good time to cast a lethal explosion spell with a wider range since some of the Huaxiu Alliance members were trapped in the mucus. He had to wait until everyone had been rescued.

"I'll hold them here, you go and draw the talismans."

While the seven platelets were regenerating, General Bai spoke telepathically to the Old Devil in the far distance.

The Old Devil pointed to himself in disbelief at being singled out. “My venerable self???”

He was Devil Emperor Gua Pi!

A grand devil emperor actually lowering himself to draw talismans... He would definitely become a joke if this leaked out!

“One talisman, five points!”

“No problem, boss!” The Old Devil was instantly fired up!

Everyone: “...”

...

The Huaxiu Alliance squad hadn’t brought many water talismans, but they carried quite a bit of materials for drawing talismans on them. Materials for making talismans were essential in order for cultivators to survive in the wild, and it was precisely for use in this sort of situation. There were many times when a cultivator didn’t know what kind of talisman would be needed, so they brought these materials with them just in case.

There was always the possibility of failure, but if you could find a cultivator who was a spells expert... then it was the best of both worlds.

Both quality and success would be guaranteed.

But the current problem was that it had already been a very long time since the Old Devil had drawn talismans...

From the day he became a devil, this sort of low-level work had always been done by the subordinates around him.

The Old Devil had never imagined that he would one day fall low enough to help other people draw talismans...

While the Old Devil was thinking this, some of the Huaxiu Alliance members had already prepared the materials: spirit water, cinnabar, the talisman paper and brush, and even a little table to draw the talismans on.

“Both of us are unfortunate and stranded 1 ; working to earn points is the most important thing for us.” Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu landed next to the Old Devil and sighed.

For some reason, he actually felt envious.

For them, points might mean their freedom in the future.

Although each of them might be sentenced to over several thousand years, they could accumulate points little by little, which would add up.

The Old Devil picked up the talisman brush and said with a bitter smile, “Has this ever happened to my venerable self before? I’ll treat it as gaining experience...”

At that moment, the Old Devil suddenly understood Wang Ling’s mindset a little.

The mindset of an expert who studied and did things low-key...

The Old Devil couldn’t help muttering to himself, “So that young big shot who scared my venerable self half to death back then tempered his mindset in this kind of environment to ultimately become a bigwig...”

The Old Devil was just speaking in passing, but when Cheng Yu heard it, he was dumbfounded.

When they had been sent to prison one after another previously, they had never mentioned how they had been caught. The most important factor was in fact that young big shot.

Hence, when Cheng Yu heard this, he instantly felt something wasn’t right.

Young big shot...

“Hold on!”

Cheng Yu couldn't help speaking telepathically to the Old Devil.

The Old Devil: “???”

Cheng Yu stared at him. “The young big shot you're talking about, who is he... Don't tell me it's the same guy who grabbed me?”

At that time, the Old Devil also wore a stunned expression. “...”

What the hell?!

It turned out that this guy had also been caught by that great master...

Chapter 730: Artificial Intelligence!

While a violent battle was raging in the fake remains, all was peaceful inside the real remains.

It was the calm before the storm. Wang Ling followed the main group as they began to tour the base station inside the real remains. A lot of extinct resource specimens from inside the remains had been harvested and were documented here. It had all kinds of spirit plants, and was an eye-opener.

Each spirit plant was individually protected, and the temperature inside each incubator was regulated at the level most suited for the plant's growth.

The most impressive-looking spirit plant was one called “Fire Lotus Mix.” In ordinary conditions, this Fire Lotus Mix was pure white in appearance and grew unsullied out of the mud. However, when the temperature increased, the petals of the white lotus flower would slowly start to wilt.

Having said that, the white lotus didn't die right away... It still clung tenaciously to life despite its extremely withered appearance! In the end, the white lotus completely transcended the secular world to evolve into its true form as a Fire Lotus Mix!

High temperatures didn't affect the Fire Lotus Mix; it could survive even in extremely red-hot conditions. At the end of its life, it would even directly pollinate its surroundings to produce new white lotus flowers.

Wang Ming deliberately separated from Wang Ling so that those two young masters wouldn't find Wang Ling. Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng were also busy...

While observing spirit plants with the group, they didn't forget to look for a chance to ask for the room number of that Teacher "Wang Xiaoer" in the Rainbow Glass Box. They really wanted to apologize to him!

"Classmate, do you know the zone and room number of Teacher Wang Xiaoer?" As they were looking around, Li Mingyao suddenly put his arm around Little Peanut's shoulders.

Little Peanut nodded. "You mean Teacher Wang? Yes!"

Hearing this, Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng were delighted.

But because this was related to Wang Ling, Little Peanut's memory very quickly started to become spotty due to the Great Shielding Spell. "Whoops, what room is Teacher Wang in?"

Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng: "..."

A moment later, Little Peanut scratched his head. "Sorry, I forgot."

Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng: "..."

This perhaps happened to everyone; there were times when you wanted to say something, but in the next second you suddenly forgot what you wanted to say...

Thus, it wasn't like Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng couldn't understand.

But the point was that Little Peanut was the eighth person they had asked!!!

And while everyone looked like they knew at first, in the blink of an eye, they would forget in the end... What the hell!

...

The plan in the afternoon was to tour the eastern forest in the fake remains. The research team was directly divided into two groups, one of which was responsible for the development of the western region. In the whole remains, only the eastern region had been completely explored, while the western region remained a blank.

Frankly speaking, the summer camp for broadening the students' horizons was incidental – the real bulk of the activity was still to research and protect Beast King's Remains.

Beast King's Remains didn't open all the time, so the research team naturally wanted to firmly grasp this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

Apart from the research group exploring the western region, roughly a third of the remaining research group accompanied the students and teachers, since no one knew the spirit plants in the eastern region better than the experts in the research team.

There were two reasons why they accompanied the students.

On one hand, it would be easy to explain about the spirit plants to them.

On the other hand, it was for the students' protection. If a student was accidentally poisoned while surveying the forest, the group of experts could very quickly cooperate with the medical team to give relevant advice for treatment.

The afternoon forest activity also had a session which all the students were eagerly looking forward to — pitching a tent!

A summer camp without tents was a camp without soul!

However, taking the environment into account, Huaxiu Alliance had actually prepared special camping tents for the students' safety. The reason why students hadn't been allowed to bring their own tents was that the Alliance was worried that the safety features of their tents wouldn't be up to standard and would easily cause danger.

The students on this summer camp cheered up instantly. The fun of pitching a tent together, especially with people you knew, wasn't something a lone camper would understand. It was twice as fun pitching a tent with people you were close to or even someone you had a crush on.

But as the students were happily setting up the tents on one side...

There were two people who were feeling anxious on the other side.

One of them was President Dylan, who was hiding in the medical team.

He had just received the news that the Night Chief members and the Dark Network members who had been dispatched to the fake remains... would possibly be caught in one fell swoop.

This could almost be said to be an unprecedented crackdown unlike anything before, which left President Dylan in deep thought.

Because of this issue with the real and fake remains, when President Dylan had taken over the mess that President Bai had left behind, the army which had been temporarily established had already lost half of its fighting strength...

If things continued in this vein, it wouldn't be good for them.

President Dylan gazed darkly at the young man in the white coat up ahead — this was their bargaining chip...

In light of the current situation, President Dylan felt that he couldn't afford to delay any longer.

They had to take action as soon as possible.

...

Besides President Dylan, the other person who was fretting was Wang Ming.

The military tent used by the teachers was a compressed version of one that had already been set up and could straightaway be used as soon as it was taken out.

At that very moment, Wang Ming was making modifications to Head of State 001.

Although Head of State 001's status was invisible, this summer camp was its first trial run. As the designer who had drawn up the blueprint himself for Head of State 001 at the very beginning, this trial run was of great importance to Wang Ming.

But Wang Ming somehow felt that this Head of State 001 was a little different from his initial design.

Although there was no difference in its overall function, and it very obediently followed his commands...

The crucial point... was that this Head of State 001 seemed especially intelligent.

There were even some details which were slowly emerging.

Such as its eyelids fluttering and its eyelashes trembling... These minute expressions shouldn't be this precise on a humanoid magic treasure.

In the military tent, Wang Ming gazed at the head of state pretending to be Head of State 001, and the both of them eyed each other.

The head of state: "..."

The more he looked, the more amazed Wang Ming felt, because after staring at it for a while... he noticed that Head of State 001 was actually sweating!

What the heck!!!

Was this the evolution of artificial intelligence?!

Wang Ming turned pale with shock.

What a momentous discovery.

He had to record this down as soon as possible!