

## Daily Life 731

### Chapter 731: Step It Up!!

Something was wrong with this Head of State 001.

This was Wang Ming's first impression after making notes in his small notebook, and he was now entertaining the possibility that Head of State 001 had been switched. The current Head of State 001 was just too intelligent... In addition, it was vividly displaying a lot of minute expressions that had yet to be tested.

That was a little unrealistic...

Inside the military tent, Wang Ming carefully looked this slightly unusual Head of State 001 up and down.

A moment later, Wang Ming suddenly shouted, "Activate! Super Transformation Mode!"

The head of state froze for a moment. Did Head of State 001 have this operation?

However, he forced himself to start the "Super Transformation Mode" at Wang Ming's request. After Wang Ming gave the order, the head of state's body suddenly shot up several inches and he turned into an impressive muscular man in front of Wang Ming.

This... could be considered a Super Transformation Mode, right?

But Wang Ming was struck by realization at this scene.

Sure enough, there was something wrong with this Head of State 001!

The original Head of State 001 which he had designed didn't have a Super Transformation Mode at all!

...

Elsewhere, the battle inside the fake remains continued.

The Old Devil was indeed worthy of his name. As the age-old devil emperor who had plunged Huaxiu into black terror back then, and as a Tank mage with experience in close- and long-range battles, he very quickly began to churn out water talismans en masse.

Furthermore, these water talismans were so powerful that one was equivalent to five of the original talismans!

Those Huaxiu Alliance cultivators who were trapped in the deformed platelets' mucus were rescued with the water talismans one by one.

General Bai, together with Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu and Evil Sword God, hovered in the air; with these two people acting to protect him, General Bai was determining the range of his blast.

In order to not get the innocent involved, General Bai immediately threw out a "Tight Net" from his sleeve after confirming that the last trapped Huaxiu Alliance member within explosion range had been successfully rescued.

"Go!" General Bai manipulated the "Tight Net" into directly covering the heads of the platelets.

This was a limited use magic artifact, just like the Three Views-Shattering Hammer which Wang Ling had specially made for Immortal Zhenyuan.

But it would only work once.

Immediately after the Tight Net was thrown out, a powerful net-like barrier was formed, which trapped all the seven abnormal platelets inside.

General Bai's explosions had been restrained earlier when his allies had been trapped before.

But this time, he would demonstrate his true art.

Seeming to sense the heavy killing intent that had permeated the air, these seven deformed platelets that had been standing around foolishly started to roar one after another as they felt the incoming danger.

This was also a direct signal to the summoner that they wouldn't be able to hold out much longer.

Inside the underground barrier, Lord Dark Fragrance, who heard the roars of the platelets, didn't even frown. He had known that it was impossible for the seven platelets alone to stop Huaxiu Alliance, especially since a True Immortal was in charge this time. Furthermore, it was Explosion Saint, the head of the Ten Founding Generals...

Lord Dark Fragrance was already quite satisfied that they were able to hold the other party at bay for so long.

Next to Lord Dark Fragrance, the expression of that cute and lovable lolita parent platelet changed dramatically at that moment, as whatever mental pressure the seven deformed platelets were feeling were ultimately transmitted back to the parent.

The platelets were connected to the parent, so theoretically, the seven deformed platelets would survive as long as the parent wasn't destroyed... on the condition that there was something left of the seven deformed platelets. It didn't have to be much; just a little bit of cell tissue was enough for a full regeneration.

But if these seven abnormals sustained severe damage and were wiped out all at once, then the parent would be implicated and die with them.

"Almost done."

Lord Dark Fragrance knew at that moment that the platelets were mostly likely already about to be destroyed.

So he concentrated even more.

Just a little bit more... if there was a progress bar, 95% of the summoning was already complete.

It was just another 5% before an army of white blood cells and macrophages would appear on the battlefield!

All the Night Chief members inside the underground barrier shivered as they felt the powerful killing intent permeate the air. This power was too strong...

Was this the power of a True Immortal?

They had never directly faced the pressure from a True Immortal before.

Even in Night Chief, the only people qualified to see Lord Night Ghost Spirit Emperor, who was also a True Immortal, were those big shot presidents who made up the organization's core and members of the command center.

Most of them had never experienced the real power of a True Immortal.

Thus, these Night Chief members couldn't help being scared witless.

A True Immortal expert...

Was this what it felt like to be oppressed by someone who had the strongest realm in the world?

At that moment, they felt like children who had just come out of a mountain village to see the big world and were only just realizing how narrow their own horizons were.

Compared with a True Immortal, they really were like a bunch of laughable frogs in a well...

...

The barrier was complete!

In the air, General Bai took a deep breath and assumed a battle pose, ready to blow things up.

Looking at this scene, many of his Huaxiu Alliance allies immediately knew that General Bai was about to “step it up”!

Standing straight in the air, General Bai put his hands together. After a few seconds, a golden ball of energy gathered in his hands. Gripping this energy ball between both hands, he slowly brought it down by his waist, which was the standard pose for gathering power.

“Ha meh! — Ha meh! —”

In a short five or six seconds, the “qi” of heaven and earth immediately encircled this golden energy ball, which got bigger and bigger.

“He’s going to fire it!”

A lot of people held their breaths as they watched this scene.

The next moment, General Bai gave a roar, and the energy ball in his hand instantly turned into a great golden blast which shot forward like the Hyper Beam to strike the earth. In a flash, all the trees within a hundred-li radius were blasted to smithereens as a massive mushroom cloud rose up!

The waves of thick smoke were securely trapped inside the “Tight Net” barrier.

Many people who felt the violent tremors through the earth were indescribably frightened. If it wasn’t for the “Tight Net” barrier, General Bai’s blast just now might have impacted the area up to thousands of li away...

And all of the fake remains would have been destroyed.

After releasing this attack, General Bai sighed.

He had already controlled the range of this blast, otherwise it would have wrecked at least seventy percent of the fake remains.

Although these remains were fake, in order to capture the foreign party this time, a lot of resources had still been used to set up the remains.

Thus, the fake remains were public property...

As one of the Ten Generals, protecting public property to the best of his ability and ultimately recycling them for use were factors which General Bai had to consider.

The protection of the environment!

This was everyone's responsibility!

Chapter 732: Edible Soil

The blast shook earth and heaven.

Billows of thick smoke filled the entire Tight Net barrier and took a long time to disperse, making it hard to clearly see what was happening inside.

The only thing that was certain was that the blast just now had directly leveled the ground, and all the trees within a hundred-li radius had been blown to smithereens without leaving even a single bit of debris left.

This was a blast at True Immortal level...

This was the power of General Bai's attack.

At the same time, this scene made the Old Devil sweat a little.

The truth was, the whole of Huaxiu nation being enveloped in Devil Emperor Gua Pi's black terror back then was just an exaggerated legend... Although his personal invasion of Huaxiu's National Palace in his search for the Wheel of Time had indeed become a hot topic for quite a long time, it definitely wasn't as terrible as the rumors had boasted.

After all, in those days, in order to deal with Blademaster General Yi Jianchuan, he had also suffered a lot.

During that period when the Old Devil had been wreaking havoc, this General Bai had been in seclusion. Otherwise, the Old Devil felt that even at his peak, he would have been hard-pressed to deal with the other party's explosive power.

Among the Ten Generals, General Bai was ranked first in battle strength and General Yi was ranked third.

It had already been very difficult for the Old Devil to deal with the third-ranked; it was really hard to say what the outcome would have been if he had fought the first-ranked general back then.

Recalling the past, the Old Devil couldn't help sweating in his heart.

Speaking logically, he still felt that the pressure from this General Bai wasn't as heavy as the pressure from that teenager... Even though that youngster hadn't performed any sort of heaven-defying move in front of the Old Devil back then, he had certainly played a crucial role in the Old Devil's eventual arrest.

In his overall plan back then, he had had two critical arrays: one was the Body-Turning Array, which could absorb vitality, and the other was the magic array for summoning the Gate Between Worlds.

But because of that boy, his plan had completely fallen through.

Until now, the Old Devil could never forget the image of that boy single-handedly closing the Gate Between Worlds...

To this day, the Old Devil still couldn't help shivering when he thought about it.

Looking at the profound expression on the Old Devil's face as he drew the talismans, Cheng Yu immediately knew that the Old Devil was probably thinking of something upsetting...

A moment later, the Old Devil looked up at Cheng Yu and said, "Brother Cheng, I want to know, how many times were you slapped when you were arrested?"

“...”

Cheng Yu's face instantly darkened. “How many times were you slapped?”

The Old Devil recalled carefully. “For me, just once...”

After saying that, he looked up at the extremely excited Evil Sword God in the sky. “I heard that our friend up there was slapped three times before he was put in jail.”

Cheng Yu's face became even darker when he heard this. “...”

He hadn't even been slapped at all!

Because back then, it had been Jingke all along who had dealt with him!

...

The activity that night in the real remains was a picnic. The lead teachers gave each student an abridged edition of a handbook on spirit plants. The handbook covered all the poisonous and dangerous plants that the students might come into contact with at this summer camp.

After pitching their tents, each person was assigned a task for the picnic, and everyone would need to use resources from the forest for their cooking.

Basically, they were supposed to make vegetable soup...

In Beast King's Remains, there were extinct resources as well as cultivated spirit plants. The reason why this stretch of forest had been chosen was because many of the spirit plants here had originally been brought in from the outside world by expedition teams.

The spirit soil in this forest was very fertile and contained many trace elements that couldn't be found in the outside world. The research institute had been analyzing the specific composition of the soil for years, but had yet to make any sort of breakthrough. It was precisely because of these trace elements that many types of spirit plants which couldn't grow in the outside world could effectively reproduce and grow here.



Thus, the resources which the students would be consuming for the picnic this time were also within Huaxiu Alliance's scope of consideration. Enough seeds had been sown here previously, and harvesting some of the spirit plants would actually be beneficial for their future growth.

Super Chen, Little Peanut, Wang Ling and Dopey Guo were in the same team.

The four of them set out and came to the edge of a creek. Super Chen stood with arms akimbo on a rock and took a deep breath. "Do you know, I feel that the soil here is very different... I feel very relaxed and it feels especially refreshing."

Little Peanut nodded. "Mm, it certainly is a very special smell! It's quite refreshing!"

"The soil here isn't ordinary. Do you know, this soil is actually edible," Dopey Guo said.

"Edible?"

"That's right." Dopey Guo: "I asked a teacher from the research institute just now, who said that this soil is rich in nutrients and free of bacteria, fully edible. Of course... although it's edible, I heard that it's unpalatable, like chewing salt, and it'll make you very thirsty."

Wang Ling: "..."

Little Peanut picked up a handful of dirt and took a sniff.

The spirit soil had an indescribable aroma... If Dopey Guo hadn't said anything, it really would have made a person want to eat it!

...

While the picnic activity was happening on this side, several streams of light fell from the sky on the other side and landed at the entrance to the forest in the remains.

The special ops team which Odd Zhuo had established arrived with Wuji in the lead as the party landed right here.

Fatty Luo was utterly excited. “My god, so these are the real remains...”

It was normal for him to be excited. For many years, cultivators all over the country had voted Devil Valley Beast King’s Remains as the place they most wanted to visit to broaden their horizons. But since the entrance only opened inside Huaxiu nation, and the vast majority of resources inside the secret land was strictly regulated by the state, plus a variety of extinct resources grew inside it... If you wanted to come here to visit, it was really hard.

The only way was to pass the scholarly exam set by Huaxiu’s Scientific Institute of Cultivation and Magic Treasures. As long as you could become an institute fellow, you would have the opportunity to follow a team in to study the secret land when the remains opened.

“This group of children really struck the lottery.” At the entrance to the forest, Odd Zhuo couldn’t help smiling.

This summer camp was really a rare opportunity, especially for this lucky group of high school students. Going for a summer camp in Beast King’s Remains was something they could brag about for a year alone!

“Let’s go in.”

Odd Zhuo spoke at the entrance.

He could already sniff out shifu !

Shifu was in there!

But before he met shifu , Odd Zhuo thought it would still be better for him to first look for that Wu Zhenjun who was leading the whole group to explain their situation.

Fatty Luo was very excited. He had barely stepped onto the ground in the forest when Little Silver immediately cried out, ” Aya ! Slow down! Don’t step on it!”

“???”

Fatty Luo was startled. “Is the soil here also an extinct resource?”

“No...”

Little Silver quickly shook his head and then pinched his nose. “This is Devil King’s shit.”

Fatty Luo, Odd Zhuo and Wuji: “...”

Chapter 733: Zhai Yin’s Counterattack

Little Silver’s answer made everyone immediately freeze in place.

Odd Zhuo had specially done his homework before entering Beast King’s Remains, and in particular had studied the map of the eastern region of Beast King’s Remains which scientific research teams had already explored previously.

So Odd Zhuo knew that the soil in this forest was of edible quality...

This wasn’t a secret. The last time an expedition team had explored Beast King’s Remains, they had posted information on the soil on the state’s authoritative scientific data website. It was said that in order to confirm the soil’s functional use, the research team had specially engaged the food critic Yuan Zhou to taste it.

After eating the soil, Yuan Zhou said that his eyesight was clearer, his back was better and it seemed that even his skin was more delicate than before – these powerful effects were produced on the spot.

However, Yuan Zhou also said that after eating the soil, if he was grading how unpalatable it was on a scale from one to ten...

This soil was an eleven...

Thus, before coming to the remains, Odd Zhuo had actually been quite curious about how unpalatable the soil was and wanted to have a taste.

But after listening to what Little Silver had said, Odd Zhuo broke out in a cold sweat right away.

“Why are you so sure?” Odd Zhuo looked at Little Silver and asked.

Little Silver pinched his nose and said, “Human cultivators who smell this soil probably think it smells very, very appetizing! But for us who grew up in the holy beast village, we would come in contact with Devil King when the village had its annual meeting. Once you encountered Devil King and then smelled this soil, it smells bad! Stinks like shit!”

After saying this, Little Silver felt that his words were a little ambiguous, so he hurriedly corrected himself. “Ah, wrong, it’s shit to begin with!”

Odd Zhuo: “Why did Devil King leave a pile... here...”

Little Silver casually pressed his nostrils and sealed his sense of smell before folding his arms with a knowing expression on his face. “The remains were originally the tomb Devil King left behind for himself. When he had been building the tomb back then, he had taken into consideration a lot of fengshui issues, and some of the spirit plants and whatnot had to be specially arranged. It was precisely because of fengshui that His Highness Beast King decided to create a whole forest. But he also suffered a lot to build the forest.”

“Could it be that these trees can only grow in this ‘soil’?” Fatty Luo theorized.

“That’s one reason, but that wasn’t the hardest part.”

Little Silver nodded and then said, “In order to build this forest, the most difficult part for His Highness Beast King was to hoard his shit.”

Everyone: “...”

For some reason, Odd Zhuo suddenly found that he already couldn’t look directly at this soil on the ground which smelled so fragrant he had once wanted to try it.

...

The picnic activity in the evening was basically DIY cooking that students would carry out under the guidance of the lead teachers. Most of the small groups used local ingredients to cook vegetable and spirit fruit soup, but the taste of the soup depended on how the students combined the ingredients together. The lead teachers' guidance was nothing more than helping to check if students had put poisonous spirit plants in their soups.

Even if they had, it wasn't a big deal, but the summer camp experience would also count to their overall study points. If students did put poisonous spirit plants in their soups, they would lose points.

And these overall points would directly affect their evaluation for graduation from high school.

While collecting spirit fruit, Little Peanut came up with a lot of ideas for cooking them, but Super Chen and Dopey Guo didn't have any appetite.

This was because when they were collecting the fruit, these two people hadn't been able to resist the temptation of the sweet soil underfoot and couldn't help eating some – in the end, they almost spat it out.

The scene reminded Wang Ling of a magical lyric: “Have you ever eaten tasty baked gluten (soil) 1 ...”

Super Chen and Dopey Guo in fact weren't the only ones who were affected. A lot of the other students hadn't been able to resist the temptation of this “edible soil” and had tried it on the sly, only to still feel a little nauseated until now.

According to Super Chen, this stuff was salty and had a fishy smell, like salted fish that had been fermented for one thousand years in lao tan 2 pickled cabbage beef noodles... The taste was completely different to how it smelled!

And it was because of this taste that many students directly had no appetite that night.

When Wang Ling and Little Peanut were preparing their team's vegetable and fruit soup, they saw many students from No. 60 High as well as from other schools holding their stomachs as they leaned against the trees, their faces deathly pale and looking like life wasn't worth living.

“Good thing I didn’t eat it...” Little Peanut looked at this scene in alarm and couldn’t help shivering.

Because Super Chen and Dopey Guo had been K.O’ed one after another halfway through, the bulk of the work of collecting ingredients this time had fallen to Wang Ling and Little Peanut.

Actually, it was still Little Peanut who did most of the picking and gathering.

When the group returned, Little Peanut was carrying a bamboo basket on his back full of spirit plants which looked pretty strange. Feather Lin who had come poking around from next door mocked him when she saw this. “What did you pick?”

She grabbed a strange spirit plant that was black, purple and green in color and looked a little like a turnip, and couldn’t help the skeptical expression that crossed her face. “Is this stuff edible? So ugly!”

Little Peanut pursed his lips. “This soil smells good, but in the end it’s so unpalatable... Two of our men here are already down, but don’t you know that when push comes to shove, the only direction to go in is in reverse? Ugly things won’t necessarily taste bad! Stinky tofu smells bad but tastes great!”

This explanation instantly left Feather Lin speechless.

Then it was time to wash the vegetables and boil the soup.

Because this group lacked Super Chen and Dopey Guo as two important sources of manpower, the whole process was slower for them. When Wang Ling set up the pot, the aroma of tasty soup was already in the air from the front of a military tent not far away.

The soup was indescribably fragrant, and the aroma wafted far enough that even Super Chen and Dopey Guo, who were leaning against a tree after eating the soil, felt slightly less nauseated for a moment.

Everyone’s appetites were almost instantly triggered.

“Whose soup is that? How delicious...” Little Peanut craned his head to look into the distance.

Someone coming back after going over to take a look replied, “It’s that lead teacher, Teacher Zhai Yin!”

Wang Ling: “...”

Zhai... Zhai Yin?

That Zhai Yin who had almost killed one of the Ten Founding Generals with a dragon pork chop?

Wang Ling was astonished.

But to his surprise, he noticed from a distance that there were actually people already drinking the soup. Furthermore, everyone’s faces were brimming with happiness, and nothing untoward happened at all.

Wang Ling pondered this, chin in hand. Had Zhai Yin’s cooking improved recently?

The students drinking the soup all sighed emotionally. “Wow! I’ve tried several bowls of soup already, and this bowl is the best! It’s actually a tasty salted vegetable soup!”

“Most of the soups cooked by the other groups are sweet! Some even made fruit soup...” someone complained.

That was because all the ingredients were local and no one was allowed to add their own seasoning, which directly led to many people making sweet soup.

Now that Zhai Yin had made a pot of salted vegetable soup, it was promptly praised by various students and teachers.

“Whoever marries Teacher Zhai Yin will be so lucky!”

A lead teacher of another small group praised, “Speaking of which, what did Teacher Zhai Yin add to the soup? Why is it so tasty?”

Zhai Yin, who was embarrassed by the praise, said a little bashfully, “It was nothing, just a bit of dirt.”

Everyone: “...”

Zhai Yin: “I heard the students just now say that the soil’s very salty, so I added a grain or so. I didn’t think the effect would be so good!”

Everyone: “...”

## Chapter 734: Real Target

On one side, a lively picnic was happening in the calm before a storm, while on the other, the battle in the fake remains still raged on.

In any case, after the Old Devil and Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu’s chat, they found out that it was Evil Sword God who had gotten slapped the most out of the three of them, and straightaway their expressions turned heavy with frustration.

In terms of overall fighting strength, the three of them would have had the strength of a True Immortal at their peaks... Although Cheng Yu himself was half a step away from True Immortal level, he had relied on dark powers to successfully cultivate an intrinsic spirit field beforehand. With the advantage that an intrinsic spirit field gave him, he could also act as a True Immortal.

But these two people absolutely never expected that it would be the eyeshadow and echo brother in the sky who among the three of them would have received the most slaps...

Hands behind his back, the Old Devil took a deep breath.

He and Cheng Yu exchanged looks. While they didn’t communicate telepathically, at that moment, they came up with a tacit, mutual plan for a cathartic bashing.

When they went back this time, they had to teach this eyeshadow weirdo a good lesson...



Anyway, Evil Sword God getting beaten up in Songhai First Prison's special cell was normal – that guy had rough skin and thick flesh, and had cultivated the art of swift healing; he thus also had a self-healing physique.

It was just that this kind of self-healing physique wasn't as terrifying as President Bai's rumored ability...

...

Inside the Tight Net barrier which General Bai had set up, every living thing had been annihilated and everything had been blown to smithereens, like there wasn't even any dust left.

There was a massive crater in the ground; if one stood on the edge, it felt like staring into an abyss.

But this explosion hadn't directly blown that group of Night Chief members out from inside their underground barrier. The other side was very cunning, and had hidden very deep underground where they had established a barrier.

But though the explosion hadn't forced the Night Chief members out, at least those seven troublesome deformed platelets had been utterly wiped out.

The Huaxiu Alliance members lowered their eyes and lit candles for the seven deformed platelets called "Cerebral Blood Clot," "Heart Attack," "Fatty Liver," "Brainless and Unhappy," and "Big Head Son and Little Head Father."

At the same time, this incident caused these cultivators to turn mindful.

Even cultivators still needed to take care of themselves; they couldn't ignore the importance of taking care of their bodies just because they were cultivators. In addition to cultivating skills, cultivating the body and mind was also an essential lesson for a true cultivator.

It was common knowledge that cultivators lived longer than the average person. The so-called eight hundred years of the Golden Core stage and one thousand years of the Soul Formation stage were only what a normal lifespan could achieve in theory. If you didn't cherish your body, even if you were the most talented cultivator, your lifespan would easily be cut short.

It wasn't like in the novels; the truth was that in real life, there were quite a number of cultivators who died only ten years after advancing to the Soul Formation stage... And it was mostly because they went crazy day and night since they thought they didn't have anything to worry about as they would have very long lives after reaching the Soul Formation stage.

"I have to take good care of my body from now on. For the sake of my body platelets, I have to be more diligent in my cultivation and in taking care of my body and mind. This is what happens when you indulge too much in your desires..." someone sighed.

These desires represented a lot of things, such as food, lust, wealth and so on.

At that moment, someone couldn't help wondering, "Do you think there's a cultivator in this world who can sleep well, study peacefully and do things low-key all day long?"

Hearing this, the Old Devil, Evil Sword God and Cheng Yu couldn't help shuddering on the spot.

They were all thinking of one person... Wang Ling.

The Old Devil and Evil Sword God touched their faces thoughtfully.

This was where Wang Ling had hit them before.

Cheng Yu raised his hand, and then put it down.

Cheng Yu, had no place to touch...

...

In the air, General Bai's knitted eyebrows didn't relax after he released that blast. He gazed into the massive, round abyss in the ground. "Pay attention, it's not over yet..."

He had a very strong feeling that something more frightening than the seven platelets was about to come out of the ground.

Sure enough, he had hardly said the words when instantly there was a rumble from below.

Evil Sword God looked into the abyss, and the image from down below was directly reflected by the light of his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes so that it appeared in the air and they could clearly see what was happening at the bottom of the abyss.

A lot of snow-white figures had appeared at the bottom of the abyss. This group of people all wore peaked caps and held white daggers in both hands. Every single one of them was murderous-looking.

Although their physiques were far from that of the seven deformed platelets, it was obvious that this group in white were very lethal and destructive!

The most crucial thing was that there were so many of them!

In a flash, thousands upon thousands of people in white had already gathered, and more were still breaking out of the ground continuously like mushrooms after the rain!

“This is...”

The Old Devil couldn't help sighing as he narrowed his eyes at this huge momentum.

Back when he had personally broken into Huaxiu's National Palace, it had only been with ten thousand men...

“White Zetsu?” Cheng Yu was dazed.

“Aren't these transformed white blood cells?” The Old Devil was surprised.

So, what was White Zetsu 1 ?!

Something that had once again been shoved in messily by this unscrupulous author to make up the word count 2 ?!

“Prepare to counterattack!” In the sky, General Bai gave the order.

These guys were too fast and too strong. A lot of them had already scuttled upward to try and rip through the Tight Net.

General Bai had already fired one shot just now, and had to wait for the gloves on his hands to cool down completely before he could fire another, otherwise it would place a heavy burden on his body.

On the other side, the command center was alarmed by Night Chief’s momentum.

“They didn’t just summon platelets, they also summoned an army of white blood cells...” President Qi stared at the image on the screen and frowned.

To him, this was just harming themselves.

Using the Cells At Work Spell to summon activated cells had the major side effect of a reduced lifespan.

Generally speaking, to minimize this loss, the best would be to summon just one cell type, but not only had the other side summoned platelets, they had even summoned an army of white blood cells, which cut down their lifespans even more by twice as much.

“Why are they doing this?” For some reason, General Yi felt that there was something wrong with this development.

“To escape, and to disrupt things...” President Qi replied quickly. “Also, Old Yi, I believe that their purpose now is no longer just about realizing their own ambition...”

“What do you mean?” General Yi asked.

“The rumor is that there’s an advanced level thirteen secret spell inside Beast King’s Remains, and whoever gets it can command the entire world, but we were strictly on guard this time and dispatched all these forces to eliminate this foreign party. I’m afraid, however, that their real target has already changed earlier on... This group of people in the fake remains are just creating a ruckus to distract us.” At this point, President Qi suddenly felt a strong sense of unease.

But what was their new target?

Was it No. 60 High yet again?

President Qi pondered.

It shouldn't be...

After all, the villains who had stirred up trouble at No. 60 High previously were now all dead...

Chapter 735: The Signal For Action

In the command center of the Huaxiu Alliance building, President Qi carefully checked the list of Dark Network members that the government had investigated. Most of the troublesome ones had by happenstance been assigned to the fake remains by Night Chief, such as Bloody Butterfly and Lord Dark Fragrance.

But from beginning to end, President Qi felt uneasy. Furthermore, it was such an intense feeling, like an axe was suddenly hanging high in his heart, and the rope tied to the top of the axe was already about to snap.

The last time he had felt this uneasy was before the sudden descent of the Gate Between Worlds six years ago...

In fact, it wasn't just President Qi, but General Yi also felt the same.

This was the ability to foresee a crisis, and anyone who reached the True Immortal realm would more or less have it.

As for the rumored sixth sense...

In general, the higher a cultivator's realm, the more accurate this sixth sense became.

Wang Ling's twitching eyelid warning itself was also a kind of sixth sense.

But this twitching eyelid warning was more precise than a normal sixth sense. If you had to find fault with it, it would be that any crisis it predicted was focused on Wang Ling himself and couldn't foresee other people's situations.

Wang Ling had had a premonition before that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was in danger, but he had gotten this from a prophetic dream. Wang Ling rarely had such dreams, so when he did have one, it would definitely come true.

But it just so happened that because he had to prepare for the summer camp and the final exams recently, he had actually been suffering from insomnia lately...

It wasn't that Wang Ling didn't want to sleep – it was just that compared with sleep, studying was the most important!

So long as you couldn't literally die from studying, you could study to death...

"If you are lazy in your prime, you will be sorry in your old age"...

This was what Father Wang had taught Wang Ling about studying since his childhood.

While Pen and Eraser these two gremlins could write Wang Ling's homework for him, this was based on the premise that he had to master all the knowledge first.

"Given His Excellency Head of State's strength, his presence this time is more than enough to keep the students safe." Gazing at the screen, General Yi stroked his goatee and spoke slowly.

"I hope you're right." President Qi sighed.

Be that as it may, they were still outnumbered. The main problem was that they still didn't know what the other side was planning. However, looking at the enemy's movements, the one thing President Qi could be sure of was that Night Chief's objective this time was already no longer just that "level thirteen magic treasure."

“Command center, send out the order! Have all the teachers in the real remains be on alert! Prepare to close the net!” President Qi gave the latest command to the staff.

He had initially wanted to see what this group of people were going to do before he acted, but now he was worried that the students might be pulled into the danger, so he immediately gave the arrest order.

This President Dylan thought he could slip quietly into their ranks, but before he had done so, Huaxiu Alliance had already acquired information on Night Chief’s foreign force as well as the Dark Network rebels.

...

After Huaxiu Alliance issued the order, Wu Zhenjun immediately received the news on the other side.

The Night Chief and Dark Network members that had been detected previously had been isolated. They were lurking inside the medical team, and even their military tent for the evening picnic had been specially prepared by Wu Zhenjun.

Furthermore, in order not to arouse their suspicions, Wu Zhenjun had specially put the medical team in two military tents, and had had the regular medical personnel act as Barb Wolves 1 inside.

It would be suspicious if the entire group they wanted to apprehend were put together in one tent.

The moment Wu Zhenjun received President Qi’s command, he instantly posted in a side chat group called “FisherKing 2 “: “Attention, everyone, prepare to close the net!”

The members of the FisherKing group were all the teachers who were participating in the operation to close the net this time, and who had been very carefully selected by Wu Zhenjun.

Zhai Yin and Wang Ming were both in it.

“So soon?” Wang Ming replied with a quick message.

Wu Zhenjun nodded. “Yes, the higher-ups believe that this group is on the verge of taking action, which might pose a threat to the students’ safety, so we have to act first. Everyone should have already read the information on this group lurking in our midst. Please remember not to hurt our allies when we close the net.”

“Alright.” Wang Ming nodded.

“Can Head of State 001 be activated properly?” Wu Zhenjun asked again.

“Yes, I was debugging it just now, but that won’t affect its use,” Wang Ming replied.

He had been in the process of debugging Head of State 001. He still didn’t understand which program it was that was responsible for Head of State 001’s intelligence evolving, but since a task had been assigned, he would have to wait for Head of State 001 to complete it first before he could continue with his research.

He still hadn’t figured out how this Head of State 001 had learned this “Super Transformation Mode” skill on its own...

Wu Zhenjun: “Everyone get ready. In thirty seconds, wait for my signal and then move in together on members of the medical team in the two military tents!”

“Alright! May I ask what the signal will be?”

“Skr~ Skr~!”

“...”

...

On this side, President Dylan’s infiltration plan had already begun.

There was a hiccup now in the master plan as Huaxiu had sent too many people to deal with them. Their main objective this time was Wang Ming; as long as they grabbed Wang Ming first and used him as a hostage, they believed that their master plan would ultimately still proceed smoothly.



Just a few minutes ago, Night Chief had sent over the latest information on this “Wang Ming”...

There was barely anything on him, just one information sheet which was his resume from his time in college, when he had still used the alias “Wang Xiaoer.” The only thing they knew so far was that Wang Xiaoer was a fake name, and the young man’s real name was Ming.

Based on this information sheet alone, it was clearly illogical for him to be a lead teacher qualified to enter Beast King’s Remains with everyone else this time.

“The more he conceals, the more it proves that his identity isn’t simple...” President Dylan had already come to this conclusion in his heart after looking at this information sheet.

He was quite sure that this Teacher Wang Ming absolutely wasn’t an ordinary person.

President Dylan also had his own side chat group, and the signal they had agreed on previously was a funny emoji. Once President Dylan sent “funny,” all personnel would immediately carry out their individual missions.

But not long after this funny emoji was sent out, several powerful spotlights instantly lit up outside the military tent which President Dylan was in.

This was followed by two sharp artificial “skr~ skr” signals.

Dozens of figures instantly surrounded the military tents in a tight circle...

Outside the military tents, Wu Zhenjun’s voice rang out. “Skr~ skr! The criminals inside, listen up! You are surrounded! Give up – to struggle and resist is futile! Otherwise, I will play Wu Yifan’s raw vocal 3 !”

“...”

Chapter 736: The Village’s Last Hope

Because of this operation to close the net, there was a lot of noise on Wu Zhenjun's end, and many of the lead teachers surrounded the two military tents. A lot of student bystanders who didn't know the truth went over to look.

"What happened? Are the teachers putting on an impromptu performance?" someone asked.

They had no idea at all that people from the foreign rebel party Night Chief had infiltrated their ranks.

By the time most of the students came back to their senses, the situation was already effectively under control.

"Everybody, don't cause more trouble, carry on with what you should be doing! This has nothing to do with you." Unprompted, a few of the lead teachers in the front maintained order since more and more students were gathering around, and unexpected danger might surface.

Holding a bowl of salted vegetable soup each which they had gotten from Zhai Yin, Dopey Guo and Super Chen watched from afar as they drank the soup contentedly.

Super Chen elbowed Dopey Guo. "What's going on? Does your uncle have any information?"

Dopey Guo frowned and replied, "It might have something to do with a foreign power."

"Foreign power?" Super Chen was puzzled.

"Yeah." Dopey Guo nodded. "Every year, there will be some foreign forces who sneak into the remains. I heard from one of my uncles before that the country is prepared to come down hard on them, but I didn't expect it would be this harsh... Using sound artifacts like this can be considered pretty crazy."

Next to them, Little Peanut pursed his lips and asked in disbelief, "Do they sound that bad?"

Dopey Guo: "Do you know why something always happens in music talent shows every year? Those foolish-looking ones who think they sing very well go up on stage and show off their vocals, but in the end, the judges almost flip the table at their singing..."

Super Chen: “Why?”

Dopey Guo sighed. “Because it’s the sound artifacts that give them confidence!”

Super Chen: “...”

Little Peanut: “...”

Wang Ling: “...”

Saying this, Dopey Guo was suddenly curious. “Do you think anyone in our class can sing well? Isn’t there a ‘Classes Sing Well’ activity at the beginning of the next semester? Someone has to be a lead singer!”

At that moment, all eyes turned to Wang Ling.

Because Wang Ling had sung in class with a guitar before, and it had been good!

Wang Ling: “...”

Super Chen clapped Wang Ling on the shoulder. “It’s decided, it’ll be you, Wang Ling! In any case, you normally don’t say much, it’ll be good for you to have a few more lines!”

Dopey Guo: “This subject seconds that!”

Little Peanut: “This subject seconds that!”

Wang Ling: “...”

...

President Dylan had no idea that they had actually been targeted from the very beginning... And the other side was actually treating them in such an inhuman way. Although he had long heard that the song which Wu Yifan Daoist Wu had sung in the shower was a major killer weapon, he hadn't expected Wu Zhenjun, who was Daoist Wu's disciple, to be so cruel as to record his own shifu's raw vocal!

Instantly, President Dylan's face changed dramatically. "You... If you dare sing, at worst we'll all die together!"

Irascible Dharmaraja Daoist Wu, the melody master, was exceptionally lethal... No one would try to take him on so easily, not even President Dylan.

This was a major killer weapon...

And the recording only needed to be combined with an amplifier magic artifact to be used.

As for President Dylan's words, Wu Zhenjun had already made preparations earlier on, and he gave the signal again. "Skr! Skr! Skr!"

As soon as Wu Zhenjun gave the signal, President Dylan saw the other medical personnel in the tent take out earplugs that they had prepared beforehand and put them in their ears.

President Dylan: "..."

Motherf\*\*ker! It turned out that they were well prepared!

At that moment outside the military tent, a sound isolation barrier had already been set up.

Now, when they broadcasted this raw vocal, everyone else wouldn't be affected.

Stun this gang first!

With a smile, Wu Zhenjun directly threw an audiovisual magic ball into the military tent. The moment it hit the ground, it shattered like brittle glass, and the voice of the legendary melody master Wu Yifan was finally released...

It was just a shower recording, but the moment the glass ball hit the ground, it actually became an intense force that could shake the air, as it turned into visible sound waves on the spot which spread in pulsing waves.

One by one, the Night Chief cultivators all covered their ears and collapsed as they writhed on the ground in pain.

...

A few minutes later, the Night Chief members who had been disguised as medical personnel were all trussed up and carried out one after another. The immortal rope restraints on them had been specially sent by Huaxiu Alliance this time. The more they struggled, the tighter the ropes became, plus they had the effect of suppressing spirit energy.

“Done.” Wu Zhenjun dusted his hands.

This incident had come to an end, which was a huge relief to Wu Zhenjun; at least the students were no longer in danger.

Because of his black face, no one could tell whether he was angry or not. He stared coldly at President Dylan. “You’re in our custody for now. I suggest you confess the truth. We’ve already applied to the international prison to take you in, and we should receive a reply very soon.”

When it came to foreign criminal invaders, Huaxiu had specially applied to establish an international prison more than ten years ago. There were three international prisons in the world, and one of them was located in Jinghua city in Huaxiu.

In fact, that international prison which had been built more than a decade ago was for this plan today.

President Dylan grit his teeth, unwilling to cooperate. He had thoroughly underestimated Huaxiu Alliance’s determination this time.

President Dylan felt he should have been more cautious from the moment he learned of the fake remains. Although they had infiltrated the remains this time, they had been closely monitored by the other side the whole time.

This was a severe lapse in tactical planning...

As commander of Night Chief this time, President Dylan was certainly to blame.

But it wasn't over yet, and they could still seize an opportunity.

Because just now, President Dylan had noticed that one person hadn't been caught...

It was none other than the girl killer who had made waves when she had officially joined the Dark Network recently, and who was reputed to be the third disciple of Numinous Mother: "Ghost Head Blade."

President Dylan narrowed his eyes and his thoughts churned.

Sure enough, it had been a very good decision to hire Ghost Head Blade at such a steep price, even though she was ten times more expensive than the rest of the Dark Network members.

But as expected, there was a reason why the price was so high.

For now at least, Ghost Head Blade had become Night Chief village's last hope...

But that said, Ghost Head Blade had still been next to him the moment that sound wave magic ball had been thrown in! How on earth had she escaped?

President Dylan was astonished by Ghost Head Blade's swift response.

...

While Wu Zhenjun counted heads on one side, a cold blade flew out from the side of the military tent which Wang Ming was in toward the latter's thigh at a strange angle...

## Chapter 737: The Power of Chapter Updates

This blade was as fast as light and shadow as it aimed suddenly for Wang Ming's thigh.

This was very clearly a planned attack, not to take Wang Ming's life, but simply to incapacitate him and steal him away.

At the moment, Wang Ming was waiting for Wu Zhenjun's signal. He thought that all the Night Chief members as well as the hired Dark Network forces had been caught, and never expected that there would still be one who had escaped the net and would come for him.

This Ghost Head Blade came prepared, out of nowhere!

But the head of state's reaction was just as swift. The moment the blade of light split the military tent and flashed its way inside, even with its killing intent completely concealed, the invisible head of state acted right away!

Pa!

With his bare hand... he actually swatted this naked blade directly to pieces.

"Aimed at me?"

It was only at that moment that Wang Ming realized he had suddenly been attacked, and he looked hugely astonished.

This person had actually been able to escape the assault from Wu Zhenjun's sound wave magic ball; not only had they escaped Irascible Dharmaraja's raw vocal unscathed, they had also launched a precise surprise attack on Wang Ming.

It seemed this wasn't just any ordinary person...

Wang Ming immediately gave the head of state disguised as Number 001 an order. "Number 001! Catch him alive!"

It was only after Wang Ming issued this command that the astonished Ghost Head Blade, whose surprise attack had failed, realized that there was actually a hidden expert inside the military tent.

Ghost Head Blade knew she had been careless, and was fully aware that this hidden expert was incredibly powerful – before mounting her sneak attack, she had specifically scouted out the situation inside the military tent!

The problem was, she had only sensed one person, Wang Ming!

A lead teacher actually had a personal bodyguard specially assigned to him?

Ghost Head Blade, who had originally been uninterested in Wang Ming, was now instantly and intensely curious.

A hundred meters away outside Wang Ming's tent, Ghost Head Blade was hiding in a leafy tree.

She was carrying a lacy little goth umbrella.

After finding out that there was another expert in the military tent, she immediately pulled the umbrella handle and a blade slid out. Using it to cut her wrist, she smeared the blood which oozed out onto her left eyelid to act as a medium.

“Shura Eye!”

When Ghost Head Blade opened her eyes again, her left eye changed as the pupil instantly turned red, the blood causing a magic array to form inside it.

The Shura Eye was the legendary skill which had made Ghost Head Blade famous.

This wasn't some fantastic eye spell, but involved digging out the eye of a particular devil beast and transplanting it into your own left eye and refining it.



After successful refinement, the transplanted devil beast eye would be fused with the human body. It would look normal most of the time, but as soon as it was affected by blood, it would promptly transform.

Faced with the mysterious hidden expert in the military tent, Ghost Head Blade's own battle experience was telling her that it was necessary to use this technique.

But unexpectedly, Ghost Head Blade found that even after activating the Shura Eye, she could only see the other party's extremely hazy figure... she couldn't clearly see who it was at all!

She could only discern an outline, a glance...

And the scariest thing was that the other side directly locked gazes with her, eyes completely and obviously fixed on her... This was the typical alert, eagle-eyed standoff!

Ghost Head Blade broke out in a cold sweat!

Who the hell was this guy?

Ghost Head Blade was so scared that all her pores abruptly contracted. One glance was enough to frighten her out of her wits.

And in the next moment, this person suddenly moved...

Going on a counterattack at a speed that Ghost Head Blade couldn't follow with the naked eye.

Tremendous pressure suddenly flooded Ghost Head Blade's soul. She felt like her body had been strung up against a tree trunk with a thousand-jin weight on the other end, unable to move a single inch.

By the time Ghost Head Blade came back to her senses, a large and sturdy hand was already pressing down on her shoulder.

"A True Immortal expert..."

Instantly, Ghost Head Blade felt despair.

Although she didn't know exactly what True Immortal level the other party was at, the enemy was actually a True Immortal... This was far beyond what Ghost Head Blade had expected.

Who on earth was this Wang Ming?

There was actually a True Immortal expert following him around, protecting him at all times... this person wasn't the illegitimate son of Huaxiu's head of state, was he?

Ghost Head Blade was drenched in cold sweat.

Now that she knew that her opponent was a True Immortal expert, Ghost Head Blade knew there was no way for her to fight back; however, escaping was something she was good at.

After recognizing the reality of her situation, her first response was to throw off the head of state's grip. But she was held in place as the aura of a True Immortal pressed down on her shoulder, making it increasingly heavy.

It was so crushing that Ghost Head Blade almost couldn't breathe. For the head of state to be so vicious even when she was a girl was vastly unlike his image.

"This arm, you can have it!" Gritting her teeth, she pulled hard, and her entire right arm, including her right shoulder, was ripped off like beef jerky!

She then dragged her broken body along as she turned into a stream of light that swiftly fled.

The head of state knitted his eyebrows as he held Ghost Head Blade's arm.

Although the other party was a woman, he didn't expect her to be so savage.

He knew a "Gecko Technique" which allowed a person to imitate a gecko and abandon a part of their body to escape as necessary, and the part that had been given up would grow back later.

It was a life-saving trick, and while many cultivators had learned this technique, few could use it proficiently.

The main point... was that this Ghost Head Blade hadn't used the Gecko Technique or whatnot – instead, she had abandoned her arm by directly snapping it off!

“What a fierce person.”

Dropping the broken limb, the head of state sighed.

The next moment, he directly stretched out one hand in the direction Ghost Head Blade had fled and curled his fingers. “Buddha Palm Mark 1 ...”

A moment later, the head of state caught a fleeing stream of light, and Ghost Head Blade, who had been magically forced to shrink in size, appeared with a petrified face in the head of state's palm.

Ghost Head Blade knew she had run into a tough opponent today...

This was an advanced level seven spell, and was the spell which the head of state was most familiar with and which he used the most.

As for why he had learned this spell, it all started when the head of state began reading Father Wang's novel.

When Father Wang had just started writing the novel, the very slow chapter updates had prompted the head of state's interest in learning this spell. At the time, the head of state's intention had been to hold Father Wang firmly in his palm and force him to update his novel...

Therefore, Father Wang was a key motivator for the head of state to learn this spell!

Staring at Ghost Head Blade in his palm, the head of state wondered if he should demonstrate some other skills, like “Universal Little Black House” or “Wheel of Flying Time and Pressure”...

Come to think of it, the head of state felt that while waiting for Father Wang to update as well as urging him to update, he had indeed learned quite a number of techniques!

Even though in the end, he hadn't used any of them...

## Chapter 738: Put On a Good Show

This was clearly an Almighty.

A sense of despair instantly washed over Ghost Head Blade, now a miniature being held inside the head of state's hand.

Was it all over?

Then she looked up and clearly saw this Almighty's face at long last.

In the end, she was directly scared out of her wits...

Why was it him?

That young man wasn't even a cultivator, but how important was he to Huaxiu that the head of state would personally make an appearance to protect him? This kind of treatment was simply unheard of!

Ghost Head Blade knelt in the head of state's palm and was unable to move an inch, completely suppressed by the remarkable ability the latter had just demonstrated.

"Who is this?" The head of state narrowed his eyes and asked the command center.

A reply soon came through his built-in headset: "Your Excellency Head of State, based on our investigation, this is a Dark Network SS-Class wanted criminal called Ghost Head Blade."

Ghost Head Blade?

The head of state rubbed his chin, feeling like he had heard this name before.

“Of all the Dark Network fugitives, this person is the most dangerous. Since the Old Devil’s arrest, this person started to make a name for himself in the Dark Network. It’s a little unexpected that Night Chief was able to hire him this time.” President Qi sighed.

Now that Ghost Head Blade was under control, his tense heart instantly calmed down. The uncertainty he had been worried about earlier was precisely this Ghost Head Blade.

This was a Dark Network member whom they had overlooked.

Before entering the real remains, they had pinpointed all the members of the foreign force and the Dark Network except for this Ghost Head Blade. This was a mistake on the command center’s part, and it had almost turned into a disaster.

“Your Excellency Head of State... This Ghost Head Blade is my fault.” President Qi bowed his head in apology.

“It’s fine. In any case, Little Ming is safe enough with me by his side. Everything is going according to plan.” Gripping Ghost Head Blade in one hand, the head of state gave a thumbs-up with the other.

But President Qi wasn’t relieved at these words. This was his fault, and a punishment was necessary, otherwise the masses wouldn’t be convinced.

He decided to submit an application himself after the summer camp was over: a five hundred-year pay deduction.

President Qi: “Your Excellency Head of State, Ghost Head Blade is a major criminal on the wanted list. He has committed numerous unspeakable crimes and is in contact with many dark forces. He must be watched carefully. We also want to get some leads from Ghost Head Blade on these dark forces...”

The head of state nodded quickly. “Don’t worry, I’ll act accordingly in this regard – but you probably had no idea that the extremely crafty Ghost Head Blade of legend, is a girl.”

“A girl?”

President Qi was blank.

The reason why it had been difficult to catch Ghost Head Blade all this time was partly because they had never been able to confirm what the other party looked like.

Many people had the impression of Ghost Head Blade as a tall, skinny and extremely gloomy man... This was the image that a lot of criminal profilers had come up with after analyzing Ghost Head Blade's crimes.

At the time, these criminal profilers were unusually consistent in their depiction of Ghost Head Blade.

But now that the actual person had been captured, this image of Ghost Head Blade had been thoroughly overturned.

President Qi had a hunch that if Ghost Head Blade's arrest was later exposed by the media, it would definitely become explosive, major news.

Frowning, he replied to the head of state from the command platform, "Your Excellency Head of State, you can't be soft on her just because this person is female. This person is vicious and cunning..."

"Don't worry, I know how to take care of women the most!" the head of state said.

Roughly a few minutes later, the head of state's cry suddenly rang out in the command center. "Ah!"

President Qi: "Your Excellency Head of State, what happened?"

The head of state: "When I was talking to you just now, I forgot that I was holding Ghost Head Blade... I used a bit of strength."

President Qi took a deep breath. "Is she... still alive..."

The head of state: “She’s already become paste...”

President Qi: “...”

...

After that, the head of state pretending to be Head of State 001 returned to Wang Ming’s side with the Ghost Head Blade paste.

This was clearly living human scum...

Wang Ming: “...”

This scene somehow Wang Ming gave déjà vu. Among the Shadow Stream assassins who had been the very first group to invade No. 60 High, it seemed that there was one person who had been turned into “human scum” by backlash from Wang Ling...

Sure enough, when Almightys made a move, did they all have a special obsession with “paste”?

Wang Ming stared at the paste on the ground and sighed deeply.

Wait...

He suddenly thought of something.

When it came to Almightys taking action...

Wang Ming came up with a theory that sounded utterly ridiculous but in fact could actually be possible.

If it was the Head of State 001 which he had designed, something like too much strength shouldn’t happen since its power system was controlled by the Alliance through the Heavenly E-Satellite!

He had given the order earlier for Ghost Head Blade to be captured alive, so Head of State 001's power output would definitely have been regulated accordingly by the system! Even if Ghost Head Blade was crippled, it wouldn't be to the point of being turned into paste!

So to sum up, there was only one truth Wang Ming could think of at that moment...

Recalling "Head of State 001's" strange behavior earlier, Wang Ming immediately started to drip cold sweat.

This Head of State 001...

Couldn't be the real head of state, right?

If this was the case, they would have secretly traded places before entering the remains!

When he came up with this conjecture, Wang Ming took a deep breath.

No way, even if this was the real head of state, he absolutely had to turn a blind eye... This was a top leader! If he publicly exposed the leader who could make things difficult for him later, could he still live peacefully?!

On the other side, the head of state was feeling a little uncomfortable under Wang Ming's gaze.

He did his best to preserve an unwavering expression and lock up every muscle on his face.

It was actually the head of state himself who had proposed this "prince and pauper" plan as he was very confident in his ability to pretend! At the moment, the real Head of State 001 should have already infiltrated Night Chief's inner ranks disguised as the fugitive from the vaccine company, President Han Di!

The head of state had thought that his disguise was flawless, but he now sensed that Wang Ming seemed to have noticed something.

His first reaction was naturally to feel gratified.



Standing before him now was the disciple of Wisdom Saint and the strongest brain in the nation! Moreover, he was the only living existence today who could possibly surpass President Qi intellectually... Wang Ming's intelligence continued to expand every year!

It was in fact reasonable for the strongest brain to notice some discrepancy about him!

This was how the head of state comforted himself in his heart.

Looking at Wang Ming's suspicious expression, the head of state tried hard to keep cool.

No way, even if he really had been found out, he still had to continue pretending... He was the head of state! How humiliating would it be if he was publicly exposed!

“...”

Outside the military tent, Wang Ling gazed at the two men who were in the middle of a psychological showdown, and fell into deep thought.

## Chapter 739: The Unprincipled Teacher Wang

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

It was supposed to be time for the evening picnic, but the planned infiltration of the real remains by the foreign force Night Chief together with the Dark Network members it had hired eventually ended with the capture of all the members, one of whom was turned into paste.

But Wang Ling somehow had a premonition that things weren't so simple...

...

That night, Wang Ming received a new assignment from the command center, which was to collect a DNA sample from Ghost Head Blade, who had turned into paste, and perform a data comparison to verify Ghost Head Blade's real identity.

Initially, it would have been quite easy to do the data comparison if Head of State 001 was around. Wang Ming would just need to put a little of the paste sample into Head of State 001's mouth, and it would automatically identify the DNA based on its built-in database.

But the situation now was that this Head of State 001 was the real head of state...

No matter how gutsy Wang Ming could be, there was no way he could put paste inside the real head of state's mouth!

So in the end, he had to do it himself...

He sent the head of state away by having it enter "Patrol Alert Mode." Furthermore, Wang Ming didn't plan to call the head of state back before the end of this summer camp.

When was work the most stressful?

When the boss was around, of course...

Huaxiu Cultivation Academy of Science was an official institution, and who was the boss of an official institution? Old Qi? Of course not... Strictly speaking, Old Qi himself was also an employee.

It was the head of state who was the ultimate big boss!

But Wang Ming truly never expected the head of state to participate in this summer camp in Number 001's place... The head of state had faked it very well, but a few discrepancies did exist. If Wang Ming hadn't noticed these flaws, he would very likely have still been in the dark.

Then this was now the question... Where on earth had the Head of State 001 which he had invented run off to, to carry out a mission?

But Wang Ming guessed that only Old Qi would be able to answer him.

To be able to trick him and cause him to almost screw up so badly... even if Old Qi wasn't the mastermind, he absolutely had had a hand in it.

Wang Ming had almost become the laughingstock of the whole academy...

He stared at the paste in front of him and wiped his sweat as he pondered, feeling a growing sense of post-traumatic stress — it was a good thing he was so quick-witted!

Then, he took out a small silver-gray magic ball and used the spirit energy stored inside his ring to open it. The magic ball spun in the air like a top, and eight robotic arms swiftly extended out of it like a crab.

This was an experimental all-purpose assistance robot Wang Ming had invented, with the codename Crab.

“Prepare to extract a sample.” At Wang Ming’s command, Crab promptly stretched out one robotic arm to scan all of the paste.

In the end, Crab’s ball body immediately turned red after the scan.

This was a warning color which indicated that there might be foreign matter in the sample.

After that, Wang Ming saw one of Crab’s robotic arms instantly turn into a pair of tweezers and then pick out a black blade from the paste!

This was...?

Wang Ming was almost instantly on guard. He had a bad feeling that this blade was dangerous.

In his next breath, the blade actually turned into a stream of light in front of his eyes that darted toward him. By the time he came back to his senses, there was already a cut on his cheek.

“On guard!” Wang Ming broke out in a cold sweat.

He knew things weren’t that simple!

As an assistant, Crab naturally had defensive abilities to a certain extent.

After Wang Ming gave the command, Crab promptly stretched out one robotic arm to try and control the blade.

The robotic arm swung out extremely quickly, but the small blade was faster — Crab's cooldown period was too long!

There was a resounding clang of metal colliding, and two of Crab's robotic arms snapped off.

Wang Ming grit his teeth. It looked like things were now starting to become dangerous and troublesome!

This pitch-dark blade was probably the final hand which Ghost Head Blade had left behind.

Just like a viper whose head was still extremely poisonous even after you killed it and cut its head off — if you were just a little bit careless, you could still be bitten.

But what happened next made Wang Ming feel like his thinking had really been too simple...

Because this blade, actually spoke!

"His Excellency finally isn't with you..." When this pitch-dark blade spoke, its voice didn't sound like Ghost Head Blade's, but its manner of speech was the same.

Wang Ming narrowed his eyes slightly, cold sweat rolling down his face. "You are?"

"I'm Ghost Head Blade." The pitch-black blade continued speaking: "No one knows that this is my true body... I once sold my soul to the spirit of an ancient blade, and I turned into this fragment... As for the body you saw earlier, that was just my host. That cute little lolita was the most compatible host I'd found; it's a pity that His Excellency crushed her to paste just like that..."

Wang Ming: "..."

Speaking up to this point, the small blade gave a cold smile. “Hey, hey! But it doesn’t matter; that little lolita’s shelf life was short anyway, and the main thing is to find another body.”

Wang Ming was surprised; there was actually an expiry date.

“The kid you’re rooming with seems pretty good!”

“Then go look for him... why look for me?!”

It was Ghost Head Blade’s turn now to be taken aback. Wasn’t that person his student? How could a teacher be so unprincipled?

No wonder Huaxiu Alliance had always been unable to determine Ghost Head Blade’s true identity. Huaxiu Alliance was helpless as long as the other party kept changing hosts. In some sense, this trick of Ghost Head Blade’s was more troublesome than that of Myriad Faces Old Man, who was an expert at transformation in the Dark Network.

That was to say, even if Wang Ming could test for the paste’s DNA, he still wouldn’t be able to pinpoint who on earth Ghost Head Blade was...

Ghost Head Blade: “Alright, now that you know everything about me... if you don’t want me to kill you, you have two options.”

Wang Ming suddenly clutched his chest. “What... What do you want to do to me?!”

“...”

Ghost Head Blade calmed his thoughts and said to Wang Ming, “First, use your skills to undo the seals on both the Night Chief and Dark Network members. Second, you become my new host...”

“You still want me when I’m so weak? That’s not very good...” Wang Ming’s eyes widened in astonishment.

“The key isn’t the host’s abilities – as long as someone signs a host contract with me, even if the host is just an ordinary person, he can acquire cultivation abilities... The only drawback is that the body’s shelf life will be greatly reduced if an ordinary person becomes my host.”

“Then all the more reason I suggest you don’t choose me as your host.”

At that point, Wang Ming suddenly looked solemnly at Ghost Head Blade.

Ghost Head Blade: “???”

Wang Ming spread his hands. “I’m afraid you won’t be able to keep up with my IQ.”

Ghost Head Blade: “...”

Did this guy, want to die?

#### Chapter 740: Summer Camp Diary

At this time, all the students were inside the tents writing their summer camp diary. This was an assignment which each lead teacher had given their group. All the students participating in this summer camp had to write down their insights and reflections on this trip in the form of a diary, in no less than a thousand words. This thing was like the “military training diary” for the combined military training for six schools before, but there was a difference compared with an ordinary military training diary.

Because this summer camp diary counted toward credits!

The key to getting high marks this time was your impressions of the plants which you saw on your journey: after demonstrating extensive understanding of the medical effects of these plants, you had to come up with imaginative theories for their future use. Put simply, this was about who had the wilder imagination.

The overall marks for the summer camp diary accounted for fifty percent of the total points for the whole summer camp

Therefore, everyone had no choice but to do it properly.

“Dopey Guo, what did you write? Let me take a look when you’re done?” Liberal arts had always been Super Chen’s weak point. A pen in his mouth and the diary in his hand, he didn’t know where to start.

Writing an essay or whatnot was the hardest...

Worse still, it had to be a thousand words...

He could still endure it in high school, but Super Chen felt that once he entered university and studied a major that had absolutely nothing to do with liberal arts, he might not be able to write even five hundred words then.

“I’m also thinking about the subject matter, and it’s a little complicated, so I’m going to start the diary entry for my first day from a political angle.” Dopey Guo was the political science representative, and the social ills of today were his specialty. The other most important point was that he knew so much gossip that he didn’t need to worry that he wouldn’t have anything to write about; whether what he wrote was up to standard, however, was another matter.

But in using a political essay format to write a summer camp diary, he would have to ensure that he remained within bounds; otherwise, he would be held accountable for any deviations in his report in the future.

“If you can’t think of a theme, you can go ask Lotus Sun. Her tent’s pretty lively since a lot of people have gone to consult her, from our school as well as other schools,” Little Peanut said hurriedly when he heard that these two hadn’t decided on a subject yet while he was midway through writing his diary.

Super Chen: “Lotus Sun?”

Dopey Guo: “It’s natural for Lotus Sun to know. Every year, there are experts sent by Huaguo Water Curtain Group in the scientific research team. These experts were from the research institute, and were then employed by Huaguo Water Curtain Group at sky-high salaries. The only level five spirit medicine laboratory in our country was a collaborative setup between Lotus Sun’s family and the research institute. Every year, Huaguo Water Curtain Group pours a lot of money into breeding spirit plants and refining pills...”

Super Chen clicked his tongue non-stop. Going on what Dopey Guo had said, it was obvious that Lotus Sun usually had access to extra lessons on the side... Besides, Lotus Sun would most likely specialize in the field of medicine at university. As the eldest daughter of Huaguo Water Curtain Group, the responsibility she shouldered was in fact very heavy.

Just then, Dopey Guo pushed the tent flap aside and took a look. Sure enough, the outside of Lotus Sun's tent was jam-packed with students from various schools. Initially she was already very popular for her good looks. While there were students who had come to ask her questions, there were naturally those who were taking this opportunity to pester her.

Super Chen curled his lip. "These people are wasting their time with Lotus Sun... I've always felt that Lotus Sun has someone she likes." Super Chen's gaze happened to be on Wang Ling when he said this, which made Wang Ling's hand shake and he snapped his pen...

Little Peanut: "Lotus Sun has someone she likes?"

"Probably..."

Actually, Super Chen wasn't too sure, either. "And I think the guy is in our class."

Wang Ling: "..."

While the two of them were talking, Dopey Guo came back from outside the tent with a shocked look on his face.

Little Peanut: "What's wrong?"

Dopey Guo: "Lotus Sun will definitely get full marks for her diary this time... Guess what the title is?"

Wang Ling, Super Chen and Little Peanut: "???"

Dopey Guo: "'My International Top 100 Corporation Father's Guide to Spirit Plants.'"



Wang Ling: "..."

Super Chen: "..."

Little Peanut: "..."

...

Everyone was busy writing in their diaries, but Wang Ling's diary writing wasn't coming along smoothly. It wasn't that he couldn't write, but he somehow felt uneasy while doing it.

Suddenly, he looked up.

He had a intense foreboding that Wang Ming was in danger.

Except for prophetic dreams, all of Wang Ling's danger warnings centered on him. Sometimes, however, there really was a mystical bond between brothers, even if he and Wang Ming were cousins and not biological brothers.

But in the end, the blood of the Wang family ran through their veins.

This signal of danger was so strong that it almost immediately made Wang Ling tense up. He quickly looked in the direction of Wang Ming's military tent, and sure enough, he could sense the killing intent which permeated it.

Wang Ling was about to get up, but in the next moment, the world before him became crystal clear as he was unexpectedly sucked into a dark space.

A moment later, there was a golden light, which slowly coalesced in front of Wang Ling and finally took the form of a person he was familiar with.

Wang Ling hadn't expected the Heavenly Dao golden man to actually appear of his own accord.

The golden three-inch man: "This is Heavenly Dao space."

Wang Ling sat down cross-legged and stared at this golden three-inch man that was the embodiment of Heavenly Dao. He was a little confused about the golden three-inch man's purpose, and his Mind-Reading Ability didn't work on Heavenly Dao.

Because Heavenly Dao itself didn't have feelings.

The golden three-inch man: "I'm here to warn you, it's best that you don't interfere."

Chin in hand, Wang Ling instantly understood why the Heavenly Dao had come – he had to be referring to Wang Ming.

The golden three-inch man: "This is a calamity he has to go through in his life. If he makes it through smoothly, he will be blessed richly. But if external forces interfere, he will encounter even more difficult calamities and troubles in the future. There is never a good outcome if you go against Heaven..."

Wang Ling said telepathically, "So this is a piece of advice?"

The golden three-inch man: "You can think of it that way... I just hope you don't do anything that you can't come back from, otherwise it'll be too late for regrets."

For the first time, Wang Ling felt that the Heavenly Dao seemed pretty considerate.

Wang Ling carefully sized up the golden three-inch man in front of him, and appeared to realize something before he said again telepathically, "You seem different from the Heavenly Dao golden man I've seen."

The golden three-inch man immediately started sweating. During a meeting that had been held earlier, the Heavenly Dao had already said that this guy was extremely dangerous.

Now that he was encountering him in the flesh, the golden three-inch man felt even more scared out of his wits.

After a moment of silence, the golden three-inch man confessed, “The person you’ve been doing the equivalent exchanges with is my dad.”

Wang Ling was shocked: “???” The Heavenly Dao actually had family...

The golden three-inch man: “My dad should have been the one to come and inform you not to make a move, but he didn’t want to, so my granddad beat him up, which is why I’m the one who came.”

“...”

Wang Ling: “You all look the same?”

The golden three-inch man was quiet for a bit. “Not completely... People call us golden three-inch men, but a lot of them don’t know the meaning.”

Wang Ling: “???”

The golden three-inch man: “It’s true that we’re all three inches tall, but our Tower of Babels are different. The older the Heavenly Dao, the longer his Tower of Babel... Of course, it’s normally pulled back into the stomach.”

Wang Ling: “...”