

Daily Life 751

Chapter 751: To Bring the Thunder

Wang Ling knew that Wang Ming was still alive.

Although, when he activated the Mind-Reading Ability, all he heard were the pitying voices of the lead teachers for this summer camp lamenting Wang Ming's death.

The paper crane "life talisman" which Wang Ling had folded for Wang Ming was still here, and could act as life support.

But since it hadn't been activated up to now, this was enough to prove that Wang Ming hadn't died, so Wang Ling immediately assumed that the former was probably in the Dead Sea of Space...

However, in most people's minds, Wang Ming was already dead.

Even Wu Zhenjun was already making funeral arrangements.

For example: Wang Ming's portrait.

To protect his identity, Wang Ming had never taken an ID photo in military uniform. The only photo which the government currently had on file was the image used for his official fake ID "Wang Xiaoer."

In the ID photo, Wang Ming wore a dark black short-sleeved shirt and a foolish smile.

"Is this the only photo we have?" Wu Zhenjun stared at Wang Ming's photo and couldn't stop sighing.

"Yes." A lead teacher accompanying him also sighed. "Also, the higher-ups want us to prepare everything that we have on this matter."

“Mm, got it. I’m already writing down what happened, and reviewing the events as well.” Wu Zhenjun gave a nod.

Next, they could only wait for instructions from the higher-ups.

Wu Zhenjun was guessing that following Wang Ming’s death, the higher-ups would certainly make his identity known. Although he was just an ordinary person, as the most powerful brain hiding behind Huaxiu nation all these years, he had made indelible contributions to the country over the last twenty years or so with all sorts of technological breakthroughs in cultivation magic treasures.

During his life, his identity had to be kept a secret.

After his death, his identity and achievements definitely had to be proclaimed to the world.

Perhaps the science textbooks next year would contain his photo.

Though, the only official photo they had of him was this ID photo...

“Teacher Wang is so unfortunate, I can’t believe there’s only one photo of him. If I had known earlier, I should’ve taken one with him.” The lead teacher couldn’t stop sighing.

“Then what is the opinion of the higher-ups?”

“They initially thought that we would take some photos of him on this trip, but we realized in the end that there weren’t any. The main problem is that his smile in this ID photo is just too foolish and not serious at all. But we don’t have any other choice now... There are no photos of Teacher Wang in military uniform, so the leader has said to photoshop his head onto a military uniform and use that as his portrait.”

Wu Zhenjun: “...”

Wang Ling: “...”

...

On the other side at the Huaxiu Alliance command center, the entire department had instantly entered “liver-destroying” overtime mode after Wang Ming’s disappearance.

The command center had dispatched technicians to provide extra one-on-one support for the lead teachers who were searching for Wang Ming in the real remains. Apart from providing relevant long-distance technical support, they also helped these teachers to communicate with a team of experts outside the remains.

The main role of these experts was to provide long-distance support for the lead teachers who were headed west in their search for Wang Ming.

This was mainly because the western region of the remains weren’t fully explored yet, and the only thing Huaxiu nation had at present was data which this Huaxiu Alliance team of experts had yet to make public.

The lead teachers had limited experience, so if they encountered some poisonous spirit plant which they didn’t recognize, they would basically be able to avoid them as long as they had these experts providing long-distance support.

Huaxiu Alliance already knew the eastern half of the map of the real remains inside out, and it was practically impossible for any accidents to happen here.

But the western part was still completely unknown to them.

Even if Wang Ming was still alive, if the space spat him out in the western half, it was still very dangerous.

So President Qi had immediately given the order for Wu Zhenjun to dispatch some reliable teachers to look for Wang Ming in the west.

Apart from Wang Ling, President Qi all along believed that Wang Ming was still alive.

When he had learned of the catastrophe that had befallen Wang Ming, President Qi had clasped his hands behind his back and fixed his eyes forward as he gazed in one direction for a very long time.

From beginning to end, General Yi and the other Ten Generals who were present took in this scene.

General Yi never thought that President Qi, who normally doted on and protected his disciple, would be so composed after learning of Wang Ming's misfortune. But the truth was that his intuition was telling him that all this was just on the surface...

After ten minutes or so, President Qi finally moved.

He turned around and looked at General Yi. "Old Yi, help me take care of things here."

"Sure thing." General Yi directly agreed.

He didn't say anything unnecessary.

The moment President Qi turned around, General Yi plus the other Ten Generals who were present knew what he was going to do.

In everyone's eyes, Old Qi was an upright and honest person who always did things by the book.

Of course, this didn't mean that Old Qi didn't have a bottom line...

It was already over four thousand years since Huaxiu nation was established, and as one of the Ten Generals, Old Qi's cultivation was naturally unfathomable. But in the several thousand years before he met Wang Ming, this Wisdom Saint had never taken in a disciple. Every one of the Ten Generals present remembered the look of pleasant delight on Old Qi's face when he had discovered Wang Ming back then, as if he had become a dad.

Furthermore, they had all been utterly stunned by his choice in the beginning.

They were unable to understand why Old Qi would choose an ordinary person to be his disciple.

In the end, reality proved that Old Qi had made the right decision.

Wang Ming's appearance indeed provided major breakthroughs one after another in knotty problems with magic treasure technology.

Old Qi limited Wang Ming's movements and concealed his true identity, protecting this disciple of his like his own kid.

Now, something had happened to Wang Ming.

Everyone's hearts were actually as clear as a mirror.

"Old Qi."

When Old Qi walked toward the door of the Huaxiu Alliance command center, Marshal Jiang stopped him with a yell.

Old Qi paused and turned his face slightly. "What?"

"What has happened, happened; you should know that you can't change anything," Marshal Jiang warned him.

"Mm."

President Qi knew that.

After a moment of silence, he said, "But someone hurt my disciple, and I must address this myself. Night Chief is indeed formidable, but I can still give them a warning."

"Once the head of state finds out, he'll definitely be furious."

"My mind's already made up. If the head of state doles out punishment later, I'll shoulder the blame." President Qi stroked his beard. "All of you here have yet to take in a disciple that you can be proud of, right? You may not understand my decision today, but I believe you will in the future."

"..."

Marshal Jiang was instantly lost for words.

“And let me clarify one thing.”

President Qi gazed at everyone in the command center. “Wang Ming is this old man’s disciple! It is impossible for him to die so easily!”

Chapter 752: Mind Amplification Device

The Ten Generals had come through that time and shared extremely deep bonds with each other, which had translated into the Huaxiu nation of today. If they weren’t united, internal cracks would have already started to show a long time ago.

Of course, from the moment this Night Chief affair started, the Ten Generals had guessed that there might be a mole at the management level... But this entailed a careful investigation. Since they didn’t have any proof, the best would be if they could catch the mole and find evidence.

The moment something happened to Wang Ming, General Yi and Marshal Jiang had already anticipated that Old Qi would stand up for him.

Old Qi was known for protecting his disciple.

Especially at the research institute, envious colleagues would always sneakily snitch on Wang Ming, but none of these reports were ever delivered to Huaxiu Alliance, as Old Qi would personally intercept and destroy them.

As he always said: talent would always be the target of envy.

Old Qi had experienced his own share of this sort of suffering when he was young.

To protect and educate was one thing, but like called to like.

While Wang Ming was sometimes haughty, he was absolutely respectful toward Old Qi.

At work, they were teacher and disciple, and in life, they were like father and son. For Old Qi, Wang Ming was the only candidate capable of assuming the mantle of Wisdom Sage after Old Qi retired one day. Most people felt that Wang Ming was still lacking in many aspects and was still very young, but from the moment Old Qi had discovered Wang Ming, he had firmly believed that this person was the hope and future that he lived for.

Old Qi didn't leave the Huaxiu Alliance building, but headed for his office.

He was going to give those people from Night Chief a warning.

But that didn't mean that he had to run off overseas.

Old Qi understood that as one of the Ten Generals, if he ran off just like that, it wouldn't just be the head of state he would alarm, but the country's news media would also be shaken.

Hence, President Qi had already decided on a more feasible option.

"Is everything ready?"

When Old Qi returned to his office, a young man was already waiting for him.

This was Old Qi's office assistant, Qi Mengyu.

Old Qi didn't have family, and Qi Mengyu was his adopted son and trusted aide whom Old Qi had had with him since young. Although he couldn't be considered a cultivation genius, he was still pretty good. He was quite a fair bit older than Wang Ming and the two of them were even closer than biological brothers.

"Everything's set up. The equipment was already tested the other day, there are no problems," replied Qi Mengyu.

When he had learned about what had happened to Wang Ming, he knew that Old Qi might do something, but he hadn't expected Old Qi to go this far for Wang Ming.

The last time Old Qi had activated his equipment in his office was several hundred years ago when he went up against a demon god...

This equipment set-up was called the Mind Amplification Device, and the way it worked was very simple: one only needed to sit on the sofa in the space capsule and put on a wireless helmet which would immediately amplify the mind.

Given Old Qi's current mental strength, when he used a particular cultivation technique with the helmet on, he could easily speak to anyone in any corner of the earth and even launch a long-distance mental attack.

This was now already version 8.0 of this amplification device, and it was Wang Ming who had completed the latest upgrade.

"Mengyu, stand guard outside the door and don't let anyone in," President Qi said to Qi Mengyu.

After that, President Qi turned a hidden knob in his office table, and the bookshelf behind him suddenly opened to both sides. Behind the bookshelf was a safe the size of a Rubik's cube. President Qi brought it up to his eye. It automatically opened, and with a ray of spirit light, he was directly sucked into the cube.

The equipment set had been shrunk down in size and placed inside the safe using space extension technology.

This safe had a built-in shrinking magic array, which was automatically activated through eye verification.

...

Elsewhere, Wang Ming was examining the tools on the bamboo raft.

Ghost Head Blade had injected enough spirit energy for Wang Ling to use into the toolbox. By his calculations, he realized that there was even a surplus of spirit energy in the toolbox.

Mm... when the time came, he could store this extra spirit energy in his ring.

“This is the blueprint for the amplification device. In order to guarantee that it will break through the space wall, I’ve significantly increased the original parameters to ensure that it will work in one blast.” Wang Ming spent ten minutes or so drawing the blueprint for the “Amplification Cannon” on the drawing board that had been inside the toolbox, and included the corresponding formulas under the parameters for each component.

Ghost Head Blade didn’t quite understand what he was looking at, but this drawing reassured him greatly.

Looking at the blueprint, he suddenly asked, “I heard that you are Wisdom Sage’s disciple?”

“That’s right.” Wang Ming didn’t deny it.

Since the other party had asked, this proved that he had definitely investigated him, so there was no use in Wang Ming hiding the truth.

“Our Old Qi also has an amplification cannon. I was the one who designed the blueprint for the latest version, so I’m very familiar with the parameters,” Wang Ming said. “At the very beginning, the prototype was actually a mind amplification device. When Old Qi developed it back then, he gave it to a foreign mutant organization. A Professor X used this device to recruit all kinds of people and even opened a mutant school.”

“...”

“But there were defects in the first design, and using this device easily caused hair loss, so it wasn’t long before this Professor X turned bald.”

“...”

“And this mutant school still exists! I visited the place when I went overseas with Old Qi before!”

Ghost Head Blade was suddenly curious and asked. “So are you a craftsman?”

“No, I’m just an inventor,” replied Wang Ming. “In a broad sense, a craftsman mainly forges and refines artifacts by melting the raw materials and then molding it into shape before finally pouring spirit energy into them. But for ordinary people with no spirit energy like us, we can also create magic treasures with modern technology if we’re smart enough. But this type of magic treasure works off two energy sources. The standard magic treasures forged by craftsmen operate on spirit energy, while the scientific magic treasures which we create operate jointly on spirit energy and rechargeable spirit energy.”

Ghost Head Blade gave a “mm.”... What you say fits with what I know.”

Actually, he didn’t know much about refining artifacts. If not for Wang Ming, Ghost Head Blade might never have known that there was this sort of difference in modern magic treasures.

What Wang Ming had to do now was to fully gain Ghost Head Blade’s trust.

Because the amplification cannon wasn’t the only magic treasure that he was going to design...

Chapter 753: A Strange Request

In Night Chief’s general HQ, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor looked like he was in a good mood.

Although it hadn’t been his original body that had directly confronted the head of state, he had at the very least been able to parry His Excellency’s blow in Dark Fragrance’s body, and furthermore hadn’t been at a disadvantage at all.

What did that mean?

If this was later reported in the news by all the major media outlets, Night Chief’s reputation would increase and they would be able to recruit new members to greatly boost their strength, thereby making up for the losses from this master plan in Huaxiu nation this time – only Night Ghost Spirit Emperor himself knew that whether or not the real remains had a level thirteen spell wasn’t important.

What was important was the momentum and impact which the clash this time, as well as future ones, carried.

It was only in recent years since Night Chief was first established that they had become the target of various governments and military forces.

But a nation had dared to move rashly against Night Chief.

Why?

Because unlike other dark forces, Night Chief's foundation was too solid.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had endured in secret for hundreds of years as he built up Night Chief's core members, and the organization had devoted itself to developments in science and technology. Night Chief now had the capability to produce magic crystals – more than that, the magic crystals they produced on average continued to surpass those produced by various nations in terms of quality, and Night Chief was already capable of mass producing them.

This meant that those members with lower realms in Night Chief only needed one high-level magic crystal to become a threatening force.

Thus, while Night Chief's plan to invade the remains this time seemed to have ended in failure...

The truth was that what Night Ghost Spirit Emperor valued the most was the international impact it generated.

As for President Dylan who would probably give his life for this master plan, and even Edmark who had died suddenly before the start of the plan, their sacrifices didn't hurt Night Ghost Spirit Emperor at all.

Losing two generals in exchange for international influence...

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor felt that this was an extremely worthwhile exchange.

He could recruit new members to replace those that were lost.

But such influence was hard to gain.

Of course, there was an unexpected element which worried Night Ghost Spirit Emperor, and that was the “mysterious expert” hidden in the ranks.

Who on earth was this expert?

This was a riddle.

But Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had a vague answer for this person’s identity.

He was practically convinced that the mysterious expert who had taken action, and the youngster who had killed President Bai, were probably the same person.

It was just that he didn’t know what that young man looked like, and the only lead he had was that youngster’s brother.

Saying that, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor suddenly recalled Wang Ming.

At the very beginning, Night Chief hadn’t fully investigated Wang Ming’s identity.

But Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was certain that this person’s identity wasn’t simple – because the personal information on this ID card was too fake!

The initial plan was for Ghost Head Blade to capture Wang Ming, but unfortunately, the two of them had fallen into a space rift together.

If he wanted to find out that youngster’s exact identity, this brother whom he had a close relationship with would have been the best shortcut.

He touched the screen as he read the information on Wang Ming. There weren’t any other photos of him, and the one that Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was looking at was that foolish-looking ID pic.

“Continue tracking follow-up information on this person. If there’s anything new, inform me at once,” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor narrowed his eyes and instructed one of his subordinates.

This was the third president under him: Long Ming. He was an insect specialist, dressed in a very thick protective suit with a protective mask on his face.

But after Night Ghost Spirit Emperor gave the order, Long Ming uncharacteristically didn’t respond.

Something didn’t seem right.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor stood up as his eyes turned hard and he was instantly on guard.

In the next moment, Long Ming actually attacked him directly as black poisonous bees poured out of small gaps in the protective suit.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor knew that Long Ming was probably being controlled as the latter would never attack him directly no matter how much guts he had.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor waved his hand to cast a level five ice spell. Icy mist surged forth from his palm and the bees were instantly frozen into ice cubes which fell to the ground like snowflakes and shattered.

At the same time, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor rumbled, “Long Ming, wake up!”

This booming call had a sound wave spell mixed into it which could purify the mind and free a person from mind control.

However, the mind controlling Long Ming’s mind was beyond Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s imagination.

This level six sound wave spell “Sound of Revival” actually didn’t have the slightest bit of effect on Long Ming!

In this deadlock, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor saw out of the corner of his eye that except for him, all of Night Chief's command was actually under mind control!

All of them were frozen in motion.

This was the illusion that time had stopped, created by the brain when it was under mind control.

It was very clear that this Almighty had used the strength of his mind to track down the location of Night Chief's headquarters to launch this surprise attack.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's heart was shaken.

It seemed he would need to move headquarters once again.

When he had been hit by the medicine ball previously, he had already relocated headquarters once; who would have thought another wave would be stirred up yet again.

At the same time, he had already guessed the identity of this person. "I know who Your Excellency is."

To possess this sort of unimaginably formidable mental strength, there could be no one else but that commander in Huaxiu nation, one of the prestigious Ten Generals of legend: Wisdom Sage.

President Qi didn't say anything, but manipulated this insect specialist called Long Ming into launching an even fiercer attack!

Tens of thousands of insects poured forth and actually created a disorienting formation around Night Ghost Spirit Emperor.

"A petty trick." He sighed lightly, and with just a flick of his sleeve, these spirit insects were directly devoured by flame.

In that moment when the spirit insects were wiped out, Long Ming unexpectedly charged forward to attack him.

“Insect attacks are Long Ming’s forte. If you’re controlling his mind, you should use what he’s good at. He’s the worst at close-range combat!” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor sneered outright.

The next moment, he saw Long Ming raise his arm and aim his palm directly at his face.

“Usually when Long Ming hits me with a close-range technique, it’s just a tickle.”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor smirked again very broadly and didn’t raise any sort of defense at all, but half-turned his face himself. “Come, hit me!”

Long Ming’s body paused, and it was obvious that the person controlling his mind was startled by Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s move.

In the next moment.

“Pa”!

When Long Ming slapped his face, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s expression changed dramatically.

Like a shell shot out of a cannon, he was sent flying out of the command post with a bang.

...

Elsewhere, in the military tent, Wang Ling withdrew his mental power.

This was the first time someone had offered their face up for him to hit.

He had never heard such a strange request before.

Chapter 754: Wang Ming’s Sword Spirit

President Qi was stupefied. He remembered that he had indeed infiltrated Night Chief and put everyone under precise control with the power of his mind prior to launching the insect troops.

But most unfortunately, it felt as if he had been distracted a little just now...

President Qi felt like his mind had been stolen by someone else!!!

Generally speaking, invading someone's mind while yours was being invaded at the same time was an agonizing experience. This clash between three minds was extremely harmful to the person in the middle; it was like being pulled in two different directions by the arms, and it was difficult to look after both at the same time.

President Qi controlled Long Ming's mind while the mysterious person controlled President Qi's mind, which made him the middle person.

He had suddenly become the middle person in a struggle of minds, and logically speaking, he should be in immeasurable pain.

But the sensation of his mind being taken over was unexpectedly comfortable...

It was even a kind of pleasure he had never felt before...

When he came back to his senses, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had already disappeared and there was a very large hole in the ceiling of Night Chief's general headquarters.

After that, President Qi withdrew his mind and took off the amplification helmet.

For a very long time, he didn't get up, but quietly pondered two things.

One: Who on earth was this mysterious person who had invaded his mind just now?

Second: Should he look for a wife himself...

He looked down at his pants.

It was a good thing that his clothes were made from a special material which dried quickly and eliminated strange smells.

How embarrassing would it be if Mengyu had seen his state just now!

At that thought, President Qi flushed before getting out of the space capsule with a sigh.

It was only at that moment that he realized that his adopted son Qi Mengyu was actually standing behind the space capsule.

Qi Mengyu: “Dad.”

President Qi was startled. “You... when did you come in...”

Qi Mengyu: “I heard you cry out just now and I thought something happened, so... so I came in.”

President Qi gazed at Qi Mengyu. “Use the method I taught you... erase that memory right now! Don’t make me do it for you.”

Qi Mengyu: “...”

...

In the Dead Sea of Space, Wang Ming’s battle of wits and courage against Ghost Head Blade continued.

After drawing the blueprint, Wang Ming fashioned his belt, which he had taken off earlier, into a hook to snag magic treasure fragments floating in the sea. Since the fragments that floated past were random, Wang Ming basically had to reel in whatever he saw; only when it was on the raft did he check to see if they were the components he needed.

Several dozen minutes later, there was already no longer much space on the bamboo raft as it was taken up by magic treasure fragments large and small.

Wang Ling chose the bits he needed and then took off his white coat and used it like a cleaning rag to wipe these fragments clean of the Dead Sea spirit fluid on them. The white coat was made from a special material and wasn't an ordinary piece of clothing: it was tough and could be used to clean things.

He didn't dare directly touch the spirit fluid, otherwise it would definitely corrode his skin.

Among the ten or so magic treasure pieces he had reeled in, Wang Ming in the end only chose three of them.

He threw the rest back into the Dead Sea of Space.

Ghost Head Blade watched as Wang Ming wiped these pieces over and over before finally using a tool from the toolbox to cut out the parts he needed.

The cutting instrument that Wang Ming was using was the mini-robot "Small Crab" that had been in the toolbox. Compared with that eight-armed "Big Crab" in the military tent, it was naturally much less effective. Although Small Crab was easy to carry around, it was much slower at cutting.

"If only Big Crab was here." Wang Ming heaved a sigh.

He deliberately said this for Ghost Head Blade to hear.

Although Ghost Head Blade heard the insinuation, he showed no sign of being chastised and pressed Wang Ming instead: "You're slow, hurry up!"

Wang Ming curled his lip and then began to assemble the parts he had cut out.

After several minutes, the first component for the Amplification Cannon was complete.

"So fast?" Ghost Head Blade was flabbergasted.

“This is just one part, we need a lot of components,” Wang Ming replied.

He then put this assembled component away in his storage ring and started the second round of fishing...

This second round was in the end very fruitful!

Furthermore, he even reeled in a complete magic sword in this second round. Although there were cracks in it, it was still intact! It was a dark blue spirit sword which even had a dragon head engraved on its hilt, and the overall craftsmanship was very refined!

“Such a good sword should have a sword spirit, right?” Wang Ming knew how to appraise magic treasures to some extent, and he estimated that this complete magic sword should be a holy weapon!

“There are so many broken magic treasures floating around in the Dead Sea of Space, and some of them would be more or less intact. However, once they’re sucked in here, there’s no way to retrieve them at all. It’s likely that the connection with its master was cut, so the sword spirit self-destructed in the end,” Ghost Head Blade said.

“What a pity.”

Wang Ming felt some regret.

As he wiped this dark blue spirit sword clean, he was surprised to discover several rows of words on it.

Wang Ming: “What’s this?”

Ghost Head Blade immediately replied without even looking, “Whether it’s a sword spirit or any other type of artifact spirit, they’ll leave behind on the magic artifact the reason for destroying themselves, otherwise they won’t be able to reincarnate after they die. Those are probably the sword spirit’s last words that you’re looking at.”

So that was it.

Curious, Wang Ming looked at these words and then read them aloud.

It read: This humble servant is called Kunshan and is the sword spirit of this sword. My sword master's name was Brother Long. Master was drunk while traveling on his sword in the air, and he collided with a young knight in white, which led to an altercation. During the dispute, my sword master raised this humble servant to slash the other party, but his hand trembled and this humble servant fell out of his grasp and was sucked into a space rift, just like that, before entering the Dead Sea of Space. My sword master, that unarmed and defenseless soft ancestor, was then hacked to death by the young knight in white outside... Hence, this humble servant has decided to destroy myself. If anyone finds this sword, please take photo evidence of my explanation and give it to the young knight in white as proof of "reasonable self-defense." Heavenly Dao of reincarnation, this humble servant begs that when I am reincarnated, please set me up with a reliable sword master 1!

Wang Ming: "..."

Ghost Head Blade: "..."

As soon as Wang Ming finished reading aloud, he suddenly realized that the Heavenly Materials sword under his butt was glowing slightly.

A youngster dressed in an ancient style with long hair and dead fish eyes suddenly appeared like a breath of fresh air and looked at Wang Ming. "This humble servant is Kunshan. I came here at the Heavenly Dao's call to serve as this sword's spirit."

Both Wang Ming and Ghost Head Blade were stunned.

Why did a sword spirit pop up here all of a sudden?

Wang Ming suddenly recalled that it was his birthday today.

So... was this thing his birthday gift?

Surely it couldn't be that coincidental...

Chapter 755: Wang Ming's Counterattack

For a while, Wang Ming and Ghost Head Blade were blank at the unexpected arrival of this sword spirit. Logically speaking, it was impossible for an ordinary person without spirit energy like Wang Ming to spawn a sword spirit with his mundane body. But now that it had happened, even Ghost Head Blade was hard-pressed to explain why.

This was The Daily Life of the Immortal King , not A Sword Spirit's Cohabitation Diary!

Was this really because it was his birthday?

Wang Ming suddenly thought that there might be some weight to this explanation.

After all, Wang Ling had always given him his birthday gift in advance in past years.

For this summer camp, Wang Ming had deliberately made Wang Ling share a room with him actually as a hint for the latter to give him his birthday gift.

But after waiting for so long, Wang Ling hadn't given him anything.

Given the unusual situation, Wang Ming felt that Wang Ling had perhaps arranged for this sword spirit to automatically enter his Heavenly Materials sword on the day of his birthday.

Because he could clearly remember talking to Wang Ling some time ago about upgrading the Heavenly Materials sword. At that time, the summer camp had yet to start. If it was truly Wang Ling who had given him this sword spirit, he would certainly have had enough time to make such an arrangement.

At that thought, Wang Ming cupped his chin and carefully examined the long-haired young man in front of him.

Suddenly, he remembered how this dead fish-eyed sword spirit had introduced himself when it appeared. "Wait... you said your name is Kunshan?"

The young man nodded. "It was this humble servant's name in my last life. New sword master, Sir, can call me Heavenly Materials, since a sword spirit's name follow the sword's name."

"You actually remember your previous life?" Wang Ming was startled.

He glanced at the dark blue spirit sword in his hand and recalled that it seemed to have been called Kunshan... It couldn't be that coincidental, right?

"Of course I do," sighed the young man. "In my last life, because of my previous master, I unfortunately fell into the Dead Sea of Space. I was summoned anew by the Heavenly Dao to meet Sir as my new sword master, and I never thought it would also be on such a vast sea. It looks like this really is some profound fate! May I ask if Sir is on a trip?"

"No."

Wang Ming shook his head. "Look carefully, this is indeed the Dead Sea of Space."

The young man: "..."

Heavenly Materials seemed to have been struck a heavy blow and he didn't speak for a very long time. He just stared at the boundless Dead Sea of Space with some melancholy in his limpid eyes, as if his past life had only just been yesterday.

A sword spirit's memories didn't disappear. Destroying itself was the same as abandoning its original master, and as punishment from Heavenly Dao, it would undergo the Samsara Spirit Tribulation. It was only after experiencing the tribulation for over a hundred years that it could finally break away to be reborn.

But who would have thought, after all he had been through, he would find himself back here!

As expected... was this fate?

After a good long while, Heavenly Materials looked up and sighed. "Forget it, perhaps this is this humble servant's destiny."

“No need to be so pessimistic, it’s not like we can’t get out of here yet.”

Wang Ming smiled as he chatted, but his hands didn’t stop working.

Heavenly Materials was delighted. “Sword master, Sir, can we really escape? May I ask, does this humble servant need to do anything?”

As he was assembling the parts, Wang Ming looked up at Ghost Head Blade at the other end of the bamboo raft. “See that blade? Can you defeat him?”

Ghost Head Blade instantly gave out a sinister and fierce aura.

Heavenly Materials shrugged. “Seems that I can’t.”

Wang Ming: “Then, you just stay alive.”

Heavenly Materials: “...”

But this made Wang Ming realize something interesting: those with dead fish eyes seemed to talk much less.

In the blink of an eye, half a day had passed. Using magic treasure fragments from the sea, Wang Ming had already assembled more and more parts, all of which he put away in his storage ring.

“Cut this thing for me.”

Wang Ming handed Heavenly Materials an electric rice cooker magic treasure which he had reeled in.

There was a worn talisman seal stuck on its surface, and Wang Ming was guessing that this was some kind of sealing magic artifact.

With Heavenly Materials around, it was much faster to cut objects, and it also just so happened to help resolve Wang Ming's urgent situation – Heavenly Materials's appearance was of some use, after all.

Although Ghost Head Blade didn't speak, he had been observing on the side the whole time. Whenever he asked Wang Ming about his progress, the other party would always say "soon."

He was waiting for the moment when Wang Ming was done assembling the thing to make a move.

Although the electric rice cooker Wang Ming had reeled in earlier was extremely dilapidated, it was the thing he needed the most. After transforming it into a center which could be embedded with a spirit power core, he would be able to use this center to ultimately operate this machine.

What he was inventing was more than just a spirit power amplification device!

It was an assembled magic treasure similar to Head of State 001 that was human in form and could be worn!

But even after inventing this machine, Wang Ming felt that he would only be able to use it once at the very most. This was because the numerous data parameters he had come up with on the blueprint was based on his mental calculations. It wasn't that Wang Ming wasn't confident in his mental calculations, but the best was to use scientific instruments to generate precise measurements in assembling a complicated machine like this. It was only after running the calculations several hundred times that you could achieve a better result.

The only thing that Wang Ming had to ensure right now was that his invention would last long enough to get him out of this crisis!

All the materials he had collected were resistant to the corrosive spatial spirit liquid and could withstand spatial storms, so there weren't any issues!

In any case, all they needed to do was get out of this Dead Sea of Space!

...

Time passed.

It was at this moment that Ghost Head Blade finally noticed something wrong with the current situation.

He had seen the blueprint which Wang Ming had provided for the Spirit Power Amplification Cannon; Wang Ming was assembling a lot more components than there were on the blueprint! Although Ghost Head Blade didn't know what they were used for, he still knew how to count!

His maths teacher had passed away long ago, and he himself wasn't very well-educated, but he could still do his numbers!

“Brat, what trick are you playing?” The pitch-black dagger floated in the air and emitted intimidating pressure.

While Wang Ming had been assembling everything together, Ghost Head Blade hadn't been idle. He had been regulating his breathing all this time. The spirit energy was quite thin here, but it wasn't as if there wasn't any, and after a long time, he had recovered quite a bit.

“Done!”

Just as Ghost Head Blade asked the question, Wang Ming put in the final component for the “spirit power center.”

“Heavenly Materials! Cover me!”

At that moment, Wang Ming stood up and stuck his ring, which had spirit energy stored in it, into the spirit power center. In the next moment, the countless components that had been inside the ring flew out as if they were alive to wrap Wang Ming tightly from head to toe!

Heavenly Materials turned pale with fright. “Sword master, Sir... This is...”

He knew that Wang Ming was just an ordinary person, but while Wang Ming had been assembling everything together just now, Heavenly Materials had realized how unique Wang Ming was — it turned out his sword master wasn't ordinary at all, and was a real genius!

“Damn, you lied to me! You weren’t making the Amplification Cannon at all!” Ghost Head Blade finally realized he had been tricked. Flying into a rage, he was about to attack Wang Ming.

“No, I made it.” Wang Ming smiled and shook his head.

He had indeed made the Spirit Power Amplification Cannon, but as part of both his mecha armor’s arms.

“How can this be possible?! You’re just an ordinary person! How can you beat a cultivator?” Ghost Head Blade snarled.

“I’m already no longer Wang Ming.”

Wang Ming stared at Ghost Head Blade, his expression suddenly cold. “I’m Nihulu Wang Ming 1 !”

This was it.

At that moment, Wang Ming raised his right arm.

An auto target lock had already appeared in front of his eye.

Everything was done in one fluid motion!

This mecha armor had a mechanism for automatically identifying killing intent, and it almost instantly locked onto Ghost Head Blade!

In that moment, Ghost Head Blade was unexpectedly frozen with fright!

He was overwhelmed by a sense of danger!

Chapter 756: Reborn With A Brand New Attitude

Ghost Head Blade had never felt such an intense and grim sense of crisis as when Wang Ming came out armed to the teeth... even in his current injured condition, Ghost Head Blade had always felt that given Wang Ming's ordinary state, the latter was a worm he could crush at any time.

Wang Ming was without doubt very smart, but in the end he was just a mundane person, and wasn't a big deal.

This was what Ghost Head Blade had thought all along, before Wang Ming had armed himself.

However, reality proved that Ghost Head Blade had been too arrogant.

In the current age of national cultivation, cultivators with a particular level of cultivation always looked down on ordinary people. Furthermore, their numbers weren't small, accounting for almost half of the population.

So, this was the lesson that Wang Ming as an "ordinary person" taught to cultivators like Ghost Head Blade who treated ordinary people with contempt.

Knowledge was power...

Knowledge could indeed change a person's destiny.

"Prepare to fire!" At Wang Ming's shout, the target scope had already accurately locked onto Ghost Head Blade.

Although Ghost Head Blade was currently just a blade and very small in size, Wang Ming had already long taken this into consideration and had modified his Spirit Power Amplification Cannon into a "Spirit Power Amplification Tracker Cannon"! No need to hold his breath! No need to use cheats! He could still automatically lock onto the other party regardless! Identify killing intent! Aimbot headshot!

But the recoil from the blast was very strong, and the instant Wang Ming fired the spirit power cannon, he was flung backward.

This clumsy magic treasure which he had assembled together had just been made from magic treasure detritus in the Dead Sea of Space, so the weight of the various parts weren't evenly distributed despite the fact that Wang Ming had already tried as much as possible to find magic treasures of similar density and had extracted their materials to complete his creation.

But after firing this cannon, he was still deeply aware of the mecha armor's defects.

Just consider it experimental data...

Wang Ming was already determined to build a second generation mecha as soon as he got out of here!

His arm also hurt from the strong recoil, but it was still under his pain threshold, and was like the ache of a pulled muscle.

As he was thrown backward by the recoil, the mecha armor's suspension system kicked in at the same time. Looking at the situation, Heavenly Materials quickly turned into a stream of light and flew behind Wang Ming to brace him as they withstood the recoil together.

A huge and intense wave of light blasted straight in Ghost Head Blade's direction.

For a moment, the spirit power in the Dead Sea of Space shook; great waves rolled and spirit fluid was instantly vaporized into clouds of steam.

Ghost Head Blade realized he couldn't avoid this blast because this cannon had a tracker – the moment it fired, it already had him dead in its sights!

Damn! Wang Ming was merely an ordinary person, but wanted to show off his strength in front of him?

“Hidden Ghost Sword Technique!”

Since he couldn't avoid it, Ghost Head Blade simply slashed at this cannonball of light.

A dazzling purple sword light lit up the sky and rushed toward this cannon fire as it tried to split it in two.

But in the end, Ghost Head Blade had still underestimated Wang Ming's cannon. He himself was already injured, and although some of his spirit energy had been restored earlier, he had been saving it for use when he seized Wang Ming's body, and this reserve of strength was far from enough.

Although the sword light moved forward, it was quickly engulfed in Wang Ming's cannonball of light...

The moment it hit Ghost Head Blade, he roared, "— No!"

This mecha armor, cut and assembled from magic treasure detritus from the Dead Sea of Space, was in the end beyond Ghost Head Blade's imagination.

Even Heavenly Materials who was behind Wang Ming was utterly amazed.

His owner was just an ordinary person, but had actually relied on this mecha armor to battle a cultivator who was almost at the Soul Formation stage...

...

"Dead?" In the distance, Wang Ming relied on the mecha armor's suspension system to remain afloat in the air.

He had once invented flying equipment for himself, so he wasn't lacking when it came to flight dexterity and balance.

Moreover, this humanoid mecha armor magic treasure which he had put together wasn't something he had suddenly come up with in the Dead Sea of Space. The design blueprint was already long imprinted in his mind.

He had already had this idea when he had been developing the human imitation magic weapon Head of State 001; it was just that he had never put it into practice.

Relying now on magic treasure detritus to assemble the mecha armor was purely a last resort, because the assembly of the real mecha armor was currently still in the materials collection stage.

Wang Ming's biggest reason for coming on the summer camp as a lead teacher this time, apart from testing Head of State 001's performance, stalking Wang Ling, monitoring Wang Ling, peeping at Wang Ling, bullying Wang Ling, teasing Wang Ling, and asking Wang Ling for his birthday gift, was to gather the main materials for assembling the mecha armor.

This was something that Huaxiu Alliance had also approved: Wang Ming could freely choose the materials from the remains which he needed, in moderation. This was a privilege Old Qi which had given him, and Wang Ming had the stamped document to prove it.

Wang Ming gazed at the billowing smoke up ahead and sighed softly.

Because this mecha armor lacked spiritual awareness as a supplementary ability, plus Wang Ming himself wasn't a cultivator, he had no way of determining whether Ghost Head Blade was dead or not.

But he was fairly certain that that blast just now had already injured Ghost Head Blade badly.

Even if Ghost Head Blade wasn't dead, he already no longer had the strength to fight. In the days to come, his body would undoubtedly start to disintegrate little by little as he soaked in the spatial spirit fluid, and then his soul would suffer the curse of the ancient artifact spirit.

The question Heavenly Materials asked him also confirmed Wang Ming's thoughts. "Sword master, Sir, want to give it another shot?"

"He doesn't have the strength to struggle anymore. Forget it." Wang Ming shook his head.

It actually wasn't like he didn't want to fire a second shot, but that blast just now had used up thirty-two percent of his spirit power...

There was only forty percent left in the "spirit power center."

He had to save this spirit power for breaking through the space wall.

Thus, Wang Ming no longer paid Ghost Head Blade any heed.

Instead, he flew up as high as he was able to. “If there is a spatial storm later, protect me as much as you can.”

“Very well, sword master, Sir,” Heavenly Materials responded very gently. He had been made from materials carefully selected and refined by the Master of Immortal Mansion. He was the only one of his kind in the world and so tough that he had no reason to fear a spatial storm at all.

Heavenly Materials then braced Wang Ming’s back of his own accord, ready to withstand the recoil from the spirit power cannon.

“Ready...”

Wang Ming took a deep breath and mentally counted down from three.

Boom!

He raised his arm and fired a second shot at the sky high above the Dead Sea of Space!

It was a shot to bring him back to life, and a vow which Wang Ling made as an ordinary man...

After this, Wang Ming would be reborn as a brand new person!

Chapter 757: Soul-Repairing Art

On the other side, after being slapped by Wang Ling who had borrowed President Qi's mental powers to possess Insect Envoy Long Ming, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor finally woke up from his comatose state... but even if he had regained consciousness, he was in such bad condition that he couldn't even get up.

Unlike the few slaps Wang Ling had given Evil Sword God, this slap contained fifty percent of Wang Ling's strength after he took off half of his Dao talisman seal.

Of all the slaps he had given so far, this one was of very high quality.

If they were graded on a scale, the slaps that Wang Ling had given Evil Sword God were just regular ones, while the upper grade ones were: slightly serious slap, very serious slap, extremely serious slap, expert appraisal slap, and the ultimate Buddhist Palm.

And the slap just now happened to be at the "very serious slap" level.

Not only had it thrashed Night Ghost Spirit Emperor physically, even his soul had been shaken, causing him pain and torment.

At that moment, although he was already awake, he couldn't move. Every acupuncture point and every pore in his whole body felt like volcanoes erupting, resulting in searing pain.

That kind of mental strength just now...

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was certain, it was definitely Huaxiu's Wisdom Saint; he was very familiar with this aura...

Although he hadn't fought Wisdom Saint face to face before this, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor felt that he did have some knowledge of the latter. The other side was good at using his mental powers to wrest control over long distances. In this world, Wisdom Saint was the only person who could demonstrate the power of the mind to this extent.

Mental strength was a type of power that was nurtured at a young age and was different from spirit energy... It didn't require a spiritual root, but it was extremely difficult to cultivate.

President Qi's actual combat ability wasn't very strong, because he had reached the pinnacle of mental strength...

As Night Ghost Spirit Emperor understood it, there was no one in this world who could cultivate mental strength and spirit energy at the same time.

You couldn't have your cake and eat it too; this was precise proof of this point.

So when Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was slapped, he never considered that it was Wang Ling who had done it.

As he wailed endlessly, he only felt that the power in this slap was too unfathomable.

Huaxiu Alliance...

It seemed that he couldn't underestimate this place.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor instantly felt that he didn't know enough about the Ten Generals, and he would have to do in-depth research after this.

He had always thought that President Qi was just a mental strength expert, and never expected him to have attained such a terrifying level of cultivation.

At that moment, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor realized his blunder.

There were times when to know yourself and your enemy was the only way to triumph!

People made blunders every day in this world – it wasn't too late to realize it now, otherwise if he waited for Little Sister Milk Tea to become Little Sister Matcha Tea, it would really be too late for regrets 1 !

These were the type of thought-provoking reflections Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had as he lay on the ground and endured the pain from the slap.

Ten minutes or so later, there was still no movement on Night Chief's end...

That slap had sent him flying too far away, and now Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was lying in a desert. Who knew how long it would take those blockhead subordinates of his to find him.

So in the end, Night Ghost Spirit Emperor could only think of a way to save himself.

His injury was very serious, so he could only release True Immortal qi continuously to recover.

But that slap carried the "major damage effect." Even though he was using True Immortal qi, his recovery was crawling along as slow as a snail climbing a tree, which was a pain in the ass.

Poor Night Ghost Spirit Emperor could only slowly recover from his injuries and start by trying to move his fingers...

For now, he could only use one-hand seals to cast some recovery spells.

And so...

After another twenty minutes...

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor could finally move one finger!

This was the moment!

"Soul-Repairing Art!" Night Ghost Spirit Emperor made a hand seal with just one finger.

In a split second, a blue array with complex runes appeared on the ground with Night Ghost Spirit Emperor in its center. Hazy light curled above the array, and countless souls hovered above his head to repair his soul.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had translated and edited the foreign and rare volume of forbidden spells, "Dark Bible," from the "Shadow Priest's Collection," to create this Soul-Repairing Art. In theory, this was also a forbidden art that couldn't gain international recognition. The way it worked

was that Night Ghost Spirit Emperor controlled the souls which he had been swallowing all this time by turning them into his slaves that would fill in the gaps in his own damaged soul.

And once these summoned souls were depleted of soul energy, they would be utterly destroyed.

From the moment Night Ghost Spirit Emperor absorbed these souls, they became his servants as well as pawns that could be abandoned at any time.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor closed his eyes and enjoyed the cozy feeling of being restored by these souls. Although he was now lying in a desert, it felt like an outdoor spa.

A while later, more than half of Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's arms and hands had recovered, and he could already move.

Performing another hand seal, he examined his soul repository, which contained all the souls he had swallowed over the last century...

"That's right... Bai Zhe that brat..."

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor laughed sinisterly as he recalled President Bai all of a sudden.

He had swallowed President Bai's soul a while ago. He remembered that President Bai's ability to recover was very strong.

"Just nice, I'll use Bai Zhe's soul later to help me recover from my injuries." Night Ghost Spirit Emperor thought this was a great plan for later.

...

And so, after his soul was twenty to thirty percent recovered, he gave the summons. "Bai Zhe, come out..."

A white shadow slowly coalesced in front of him.

This person was precisely that President Bai who had been swallowed by Night Ghost Spirit Emperor.

It was clear that President Bai had been tormented badly in the soul repository. His hair was disheveled and his cheeks were deeply sunken in.

The soul repository was like a prison. The souls of thousands of experts were detained here, and the souls of newcomers would definitely go through the so-called “newbie hazing.”

“Bai Zhe... it appears you’ve gotten a lot thinner?” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor chuckled.

“Speak for yourself.” President Bai looked at Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s sorry condition and his voice was ice cold.

“Kneel!”

With just one command from Night Ghost Spirit Emperor, President Bai couldn’t control the way his knees dropped to the ground.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor lifted President Bai’s chin with one hand with the air of one who wielded all the power. “You are now my slave... No matter how sorry my state looks, I advise that you best be careful with your words since you are a soul slave, or there’ll be nothing left of you. I can throw you into the Soul-Repairing Art array as raw material whenever I want, understand?”

There was some unwillingness on President Bai’s face, but he then clenched his teeth. “I... I understand... Master...”

Chapter 758: Reverse Polarity

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor lay on the ground, enjoying a massage from a soul slave in the “Soul-Repairing Array” with an extremely languid expression on his face.

President Bai was still kneeling in front of him.

“I was initially just going to put you away in the soul repository, and then digest you when I had the chance later in order to obtain your recovery ability. But my venerable self changed my mind... do you know why?” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor suddenly spoke a moment later.

President Bai pursed his lips and said nothing.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor waited for a moment, and then could only answer his own question. “The Bai clan’s Creation Art is the best in the world, as renowned as the Toya clan’s Wondrous Alchemy and the Xiao clan’s Art of Alchemy. When you failed to steal it from your teacher back then, you would have been put to death by your clan if my venerable self hadn’t taken you in as my subordinate. Later, with my tremendous support, you inherited the Bai clan’s legacy, which is the reason for your status today.”

President Bai’s face instantly darkened. “Your Excellency, what are you trying to say...”

“If I devour your soul and steal your magic, my venerable self will instantly receive all your memories. But I personally saved you back then, and because of that, my venerable self indeed can’t bear to kill you now. While you made a grave mistake this time, my venerable self still remembers our past friendship and has decided to let you live... If I hadn’t used the Ten Thousand Li Soul Chaser to keep your soul around, how long do you think you would have been able to hold on against that young man?” Night Ghost Spirit Emperor said.

President Bai was instantly lost for words.

Even his body began to tremble despite himself.

After Wang Ling had defeated him, he would experience this side effect from time to time. Whenever he recalled it... he was filled with dread.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor chuckled before crooking one finger, and a white jade scroll appeared in the air. President Bai received it with both hands, amazed to find that he could touch the scroll directly in his soul state.

“This is the Soul Book used for communicating with the spirits.”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor said, “I want you to write down the Creation Art technique in this jade scroll, without changing a single word of the original.”

President Bai finally realized what Night Ghost Spirit Emperor wanted. The expression on his face instantly froze. “This is our Bai clan’s secret art...”

“My venerable self knows that is the secret art of your Bai clan, but do you have any other choice right now?”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor chuckled darkly. “I know that you guessed I would lock up your soul after you died and then swallow you when I had the chance. So you put a curse on your soul first, isn’t that right?”

President Bai said nothing.

This curse was already very deeply hidden, but he never thought that Night Ghost Spirit Emperor would still find out about it.

But originally, this curse wasn’t deliberately aimed at President Bai.

Whoever damaged his soul would be cursed.

President Bai had initially thought that if he was defeated in the fight against that young man, and the latter refused to let go of his soul, he could at least place a curse on him; leaving him plagued by disasters and ongoing bad luck could be considered President Bai’s revenge.

As for Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s fanciful notion, it actually did make sense.

While this curse hadn’t initially been aimed at Night Ghost Spirit Emperor, it did in fact act as a guard against him.

So when President Bai had set up this curse in the beginning, he had already thought of various follow-up possibilities...

“Bai Zhe, you are indeed pretty smart, but you’re still inexperienced compared with my venerable self. As long as you write down the Bai clan’s Creation Art in its entirety, I will naturally let bygones be bygones. I can even reconstruct a physical body and you can keep your life.”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor raised his hand and a soul pen dropped down. His tone brooked no argument. “So, will you write it down?”

President Bai took a deep breath.

There was no way for him to refuse, and he set about doing it...

...

This Creation Art was a new technique which was developed during the golden age of the Bai clan and later revered as an ancestral secret technique.

In the clan, President Bai was originally just the son of a concubine, and so never had the chance to learn it. His mother had had a lowly status; she was just a singer who had accidentally obtained favor – even when she died, she couldn’t enter the clan’s memorial hall, and he could only place her memorial tablet in his bedroom.

As he wrote down the secret technique, Bai Zhe remembered the moment he had first encountered Night Ghost Spirit Emperor. At that time, Night Chief had just started out and Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had been recruiting people from all over, and had chanced upon the in-fighting in the Bai clan.

As for why Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had chosen him in the end, President Bai had been investigating the reason for it for the last century, and had finally learned the truth.

“Your Excellency, I have finished.” Soon enough, Bai Zhe presented the jade scroll.

The creation of an ordinary spell was little more than a few core rules and formulas. Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had a very high opinion of himself; writing down every little detail would conversely annoy the other party. Thus, Bai Zhe just wrote down the core formulas of the spell on the scroll, which made Night Ghost Spirit Emperor’s eyes light up.

All spells shared the same basic formula – the essence was made up of core rules and formulas, like the universal 4536251 chord routine in music.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was very satisfied with President Bai's display. "Bai Zhe, you're a smart man."

"Your Excellency flatters me." President Bai was expressionless. He knelt on the ground in the manner of a slave who listened obediently to everything his master said, like a well-behaved puppy.

This scene made Night Ghost Spirit Emperor sigh. The reason he had chosen Bai Zhe in the beginning was because of his defiant nature. Who knew that after being thrown into the soul repository, this character trait of Bai Zhe's would be worn down.

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor stared at this scene in deep disappointment.

But this was actually also good; it was at least another reason for him to keep Bai Zhe alive...

At that point, almost forty percent of Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's injured soul had recovered, and he now had enough strength. He got up from the ground and started to learn the core formulas for the Creation Spell which Bai Zhe had given to him.

A genuine True Immortal expert could learn spells at heaven-defying speeds.

This was especially true of an old veteran like Night Ghost Spirit Emperor. In just a few glances, he was able to break these formulas down and absorb them as he learned them at the speed of light.

A flood of green spirit energy turned into steam as they rose from Night Ghost Spirit Emperor's seven orifices.

"So this is the Bai clan's Creation Art?" Night Ghost Spirit Emperor was utterly pleased as his injuries healed at an astonishing rate!

But this delight didn't last long before he quickly realized that something wasn't right... While his physical injuries were healing rapidly, it seemed like his soul was falling apart...

Suddenly, everything in front of him turned black and he felt exhausted and weak.

At that moment, President Bai finally got up and smiled. “Your Excellency Spirit Emperor, is my Bai’s Creation Art still useful?”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor finally realized the cause of this abnormality.

Eyes wide, he glared at President Bai. “What did you do?”

“Back then, Your Excellency viewed the Bai clan as a huge threat and wiped out the entire clan, and left me alive to become your loyal dog... But Your Excellency, you should have investigated the history of the Bai clan carefully before you wiped out my family.” Hands behind his back, President Bai had a pleased expression on his face. “I wonder if Your Excellency has heard of ‘reverse polarity’ before?”

Night Ghost Spirit Emperor seemed to realize something, and his expression finally turned alarmed.

This Bai Zhe...

Was shady, as expected!!!!

“It seems that Your Excellency has already guessed the secret of the Creation Art.” President Bai narrowed his eyes and smiled. “Lastly, thank you for your body, Your Excellency. After this... it’s mine!”

Chapter 759: Ghost Head Blade’s Deathbed Struggle

On the other side, Wang Ming successfully fired his second shot, which consumed twenty-eight percent of his spirit power reserve. He now only had twelve percent of spirit power left for breaking through the space wall.

A space crack appeared, and at the same time, there was a system warning from Wang Ming's mecha armor: Up ahead, space fissure, estimated time before fissure seals up is 243 seconds... Current energy remaining: 12%...

The mecha armor had a built-in computer system, but this wasn't an AI system at all. If its design could be combined with satellite technology, it would be even more human-like and intelligent, but Wang Ming could only produce this much for now with the junk from the Dead Sea of Space.

Just like the system said, the space fissure was already open, but it wouldn't remain open for long.

Now was the best time to charge out of here.

"No, you don't!"

Wang Ming was about to set out when Ghost Head Blade's roar of anger and grief rang out from below.

There was a bright light as Ghost Head Blade prepared to use the last bit of his strength to keep Wang Ming here.

"Sword Master, Sir, go quickly, this humble servant will cover you!" Heavenly Materials pushed Wang Ming forward.

"No way, if we leave, we do it together." Wang Ming pulled Heavenly Materials along with him. He knew that Heavenly Materials's previous reincarnation was Kunshan, a pitiful sword spirit who had drifted in the silence of the Dead Sea of Space for a hundred years because of his master's carelessness, until he had become so lonely that he self-destructed. Wang Ming really couldn't bear to abandon Heavenly Materials here again.

But there was already no longer time to think about it.

However, at that very moment, another space crack appeared in the sky, and a stream of snow-white light flashed past in front of Wang Ling to ultimately strike Ghost Head Blade dead-on...

Ah!

Ghost Head Blade howled in extreme agony.

Wang Ming: "..."

Heavenly Materials: "..."

What... was that?

Someone had made a move and killed Ghost Head Blade...

And it seemed that this light wasn't a spell, but a secret weapon.

Unfortunately, this mysterious expert had acted too quickly, and the mecha armor currently just wasn't capable of capturing the location and image of this secret weapon.

Heavenly Materials had keen eyes and quick hands, and sword qi swirled up as he snatched at something in the air.

His hands were instantly smeared with a white powder.

Heavenly Materials frowned and somehow felt that this stuff was like chalk dust...

"Could it be Little Master Ling who made a move?" Heavenly Materials suddenly asked.

Wang Ming: "You know my little brother?"

Heavenly Materials smiled. "Sword Master, after this humble servant became the sword spirit of this sword, everything that happened since its forging has been turned into memories that are now stored in this humble servant's mind."

"It's unlikely it was my little brother." Wang Ming shook his head. "If it was him, he would have been even fiercer. This Ghost Head Blade wouldn't even have time to cry out before instantly dying on the spot."

Heavenly Materials: "..."

Wang Ming cocked an eyebrow. Whoever the mystery person was, he didn't have time to care now.

The most important thing now was to get out of here.

Thinking this, Wang Ming lifted his eyes, and side by side with Heavenly Materials, he operated the mecha armor and entered the space fissure...

...

Meanwhile, in the real remains, almost all the activated cells that had fled earlier had been wiped out. Fortunately, given Wu Zhenjun's timely directives, the interior of the remains didn't suffer too much damage.

Having said that, Night Chief's impact was incalculable. What they really needed to take precautions against was the sensationalized news that would follow abroad. All the other countries had always had their eye on Beast King's Remains Devil Valley, this precious land with good fengshui. With this mishap, Mixiu nation would definitely seize the opportunity to make an international call for a combined force to jointly manage it.

In the eastern jungle of Beast King's Remains, Odd Zhuo's special ops team had cleaned up nearly half of the activated cells.

This was because they had Wuji, who was like a living human flesh radar; it was too easy for her to sense the summoned cells that had fled.

"Wu Zhenjun, I'm already done here. These activated cells have already been killed on site. It's just that with the bodies, how do you think we should handle them?"

In the Rainbow Glass Box, Wu Zhenjun quickly replied, "Thank you for your hard work, Director Zhuo. We don't have to specially dispose of these cell bodies. They have a lot of organic material in them which can be used as fertilizer."

“I see.” Odd Zhuo nodded.

“Mm.” Wu Zhenjun nodded. “And another thing, we’ve just detected strange space fluctuations in the western region. Currently, we’re not sure whether it’s related to Teacher Wang’s disappearance. Would Director Zhuo be able to lead your team to go and investigate? The teachers who were sent out earlier have received the order from the higher-ups that they have to reconvene for a meeting... If Director Zhuo is unable to go, I can only send someone tomorrow.”

Odd Zhuo hurriedly answered, “Wu Zhenjun, what are you talking about? Since we’re the special ops team, we naturally should take action. Saving a person is the same as putting out a fire!”

Wu Zhenjun was exultant. “Then, many thanks, Director Zhuo!”

After the call ended, Odd Zhuo looked at the people next to him. “Wu Zhenjun said that space fluctuations have been detected in the western region of the remains, and he suspects it might be related to Sir Wang Ming.”

“The fluctuations appeared not long ago; I felt them as well.” Wuji frowned. When she sensed unusual fluctuations, the bandages on her face would tighten, and when the space was normal, the bandages would look lax.

Wuji herself wasn’t aware of this fact, but Fatty Luo had noticed it early on, and had told Odd Zhuo about it. As a craftsman of some repute, Fatty Luo was very accurate when it came to surveying magic artifacts.

Only Wuji herself hadn’t yet realized how her bandages changed accordingly...

It looked like the space fluctuations were real.

According to what Wuji had said earlier, Wang Ming might have been sucked into the Dead Sea of Space. As long as there wasn’t any danger, the Dead Sea of Space would treat him as foreign matter and definitely spit him back out.

Therefore, the unusual space fluctuations might really be from the space spitting Wang Ming out!

“Let’s go take a look.”

Odd Zhuo didn't hesitate at all.

The only people who could freely move around in the remains now was their specially approved special ops team.

Besides, they now had a justifiable reason to search the western region of the remains, which was to investigate if the space fluctuations were related to Wang Ming.

Apart from that, they had now finally come to the real objective of their trip.

Because according to Little Silver, Devil King's tomb was in the western region of the remains. If they found this tomb, they might also discover the real reason behind Devil King being eaten in his sleep...

All these years, there had always been rumors in the outside world that Devil King wasn't truly dead.

Whether this was rumor or truth, they would only find out everything after their investigation.

...

In the Rainbow Glass Box, because of the chaos of the evening, there was no choice but to suspend the summer camp.

It was dinnertime and students from the various schools were discussing the incident. Even Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng, who had been painstakingly looking for Wang Ling earlier, had forgotten to do so for the time being.

In the canteen, Wang Ling sat at a table with Little Peanut, Super Chen and Dopey Guo.

"Have you heard? When the Sea And Sky Array was activated, some people saw a mysterious person appear and scare off the creatures summoned by the array."

“More nonsense! Where does all this metaphysical stuff come from? You don’t know, but I heard that Senior Odd Zhuo is here too, this time as a special ops team member. That mystery person might have been him.” Dopey Guo shrugged.

Wang Ling’s eyebrow twitched. This was obviously information from yet another uncle.

“Isn’t there a saying: there is no peace in this world, only people who shoulder that heavy burden and clear the way forward for us?”

Across from them, Super Chen also added, “Heh, a mystery person taking action... I’d sooner believe in Wang Ling up a tree!”

Wang Ling: “???”

Chapter 760: Replica Tongue

Wearing a complete set of human-shaped mecha armor, Wang Ming broke through the space wall and finally escaped the Dead Sea of Space as he was spat out by a space fissure which suddenly opened.

He surveyed the surrounding terrain. It was a completely unfamiliar environment, but the one thing he was sure of was that he was still inside the remains since he had done his homework before coming here. There was a lake nearby, and odd spirit plants grew all around – there was no mistaking it, these were all extinct resources.

“It seems that we are still inside the remains, and in the western region. We should contact someone as soon as possible.” Wang Ming got up from the ground and put away his human-shaped mecha armor.

After passing through the storm, it only had three percent left of its spirit power.

It had also sustained damage to the extent that it could only be used one more time at the most before it was completely scrapped.

But even if that was the case, Wang Ming had no plans to throw it away. He wanted to display it as part of his collection.

After all, this was his first mecha, which had saved his life in a critical moment!

“We have to find a way to get out of here.” Wang Ming observed his surroundings. He wasn’t sure how much time had passed in the outside world since he was sucked into the Dead Sea of Space... He knew that time flowed at different rates in different spaces, but he had never researched the exact difference.

Everyone couldn’t be gone, could they...

Wang Ming didn’t think he could be that unlucky.

The main thing was that he didn’t believe Wang Ling would abandon him. Their bond of brotherhood had survived the socialism of cultivation; they definitely weren’t brothers just for show!

His own silly otouto had chosen to give him a sword spirit for his birthday this time, so Wang Ling perhaps had had a foreboding early on that this disaster would befall Wang Ming, yet Wang Ling hadn’t taken action. Thus, Wang Ming felt that there probably was some sort of restriction on Wang Ling.

Wang Ming clearly remembered Wang Ling telling him before about the Heavenly Dao’s checks and balances.

If he meddled too much in the fate of others, it would often end badly.

“Sword Master, Sir, should this humble servant bring someone over?” Heavenly Materials asked with a very serious expression as he stood erect on the side.

“Don’t bother... My mecha armor is almost useless, and doesn’t have enough spirit power now. What will I do if you leave?” Wang Ming sighed.

After that, he sat down on the ground and stared at the lake. “Let’s just wait, I believe someone will come looking for me.”

As soon as he said this, Heavenly Materials sensed a strange fluctuation in the sky. “Sword Master, Sir, it seems that something is about to come out...”

Then, a crack opened.

Thump thump thump...

Several figures fell from the sky and hit the surface of the lake directly, splashing water on Wang Ming’s face.

Wang Ming: “...”

...

Odd Zhuo and the others swam ashore, eyes narrowed as they glared at Wuji with slightly resentful expressions.

Wuji was the only one who hadn’t gotten wet because she was able to teleport over short distances, so she had already moved just before she fell into the lake.

When Odd Zhuo reached the bank, Wuji had a “not good” face on her face. “Oh! I’m really sorry! This is the location of the space, I didn’t think we would teleport to a lake! It was an operation error! Don’t burn me with the Flame of Purification!”

Odd Zhuo, Fatty Luo, and Little Silver: “...”

Wuji had deliberately mentioned the Flame of Purification, so Odd Zhuo instantly knew that this was the girl’s blatant revenge!

He had threatened Wuji with the Flame of Purification before so that she would be obedient.

Who knew this chick could be such a vindictive person...

But Odd Zhuo felt that she was only like this with outsiders; if his shifu were here, she would definitely be the most sincere.

This revenge act didn't affect them much overall. They were dressed in Daoist robes that had a self-cleaning ability. When the robes got wet, they would dry themselves out in just a few seconds.

So Odd Zhuo ignored his wet clothes and stepped forward to excitedly take Wang Ming's hands. "I knew Mr Ming was still alive!"

Wang Ming's face was full of pride at the praise. "It was just a basic operation! But I have to thank Heavenly Materials for covering me, otherwise, I might not have been able to get rid of that Ghost Head Blade."

Odd Zhuo looked at Heavenly Materials standing next to Wang Ming. He had already noticed earlier on that this was a sword spirit.

"It looks like this was the birthday gift shifu said he would be giving you!" Odd Zhuo looked Heavenly Materials up and down, and felt that the dead fish eyes were really too prominent, as if it was a trademark that his shifu had directly handed down.

As expected of a birthday gift from shifu ...

It was because of this prominent characteristic that Odd Zhuo could tell at first glance that this sword spirit was a gift from shifu !

Wang Ming still hadn't been sure earlier if Heavenly Materials had been a gift from Wang Ling. Now that he had gotten personal confirmation from Odd Zhuo, his face was instantly full of joy.

Although his otouto was a little foolish, looking after him hadn't been in vain, as expected!

They shared information, and Wang Ming gave them a rough account of his experience in the Dead Sea of Space.

Odd Zhuo frowned when he heard that some mystery person had acted to thwart Ghost Head Blade before Wang Ming finally left the Dead Sea of Space.

“Mr Ming is saying that someone used a secret weapon to stop Ghost Head Blade?”

Odd Zhuo stroked his chin. He would have to remember to report this when he had the chance.

In order for him to “carry the wok” more easily, Wang Ling would tell him everything he had done... so Odd Zhuo was certain that the person who had used a hidden weapon absolutely wasn’t his own shifu .

But who it was remained to be investigated...

Sure enough, there were hidden dragons and crouching tigers among the teachers this time; it looked like there were many hidden experts present.

“What does Teacher Wang plan to do next?”

This was Fatty Luo’s first time meeting Wang Ming. Although he had heard the name before, he was only truly understanding who he was now.

Especially after learning of this young man’s real identity as Ling Zhenren’s older brother, Fatty Luo held Wang Ming in even higher esteem.

“The outside world thinks I’m already dead, so it just so happens that I’m free now. I’ll join you in the search for Devil King’s tomb.” Wang Ming shrugged, then looked at Fatty Luo. “Are you a craftsman?”

“My name is Luo Chuang.” Fatty Luo nodded and introduced himself.

“Oh, it’s you.” Wang Ming instantly recalled something.

He remembered that Grandfather Wang's kitchen knives and the tricycle Sheep were serviced at Fatty Luo's shop, and during the destruction of Immortal Mansion's general headquarters in Winter city, he recalled that a craftsman with the surname Luo had taken part in the operation.

"You should have some materials on you, right?" Wang Ming asked.

"Yes, Teacher Wang."

Fatty Luo nodded and directly summoned Rolling Wheels. "Teacher Wang, let me introduce you to my vehicle: Rolling Wheels. Rolling Wheels's toolbox contains all the materials you'll need for crafting artifacts, and it also has a mechanical arm modeled on Lord Jingke's!"

"..."

He was a good craftsman, but regrettably, he was a pervert...

Wang Ming: "Do you have an instrument for identifying materials?"

Fatty Luo nodded. "Yes! The mechanical arm has a replica tongue modeled after Lord Jingke's. The tongue only needs to lick any type of material, and the robot arm will be able to analyze its composition! Let me demonstrate!"

With that, Fatty Luo stuck his hand into his underpants.

Wang Ming was alarmed. "What the hell?! What are you doing?"

Odd Zhuo, Little Silver and Wuji: "..."

Fatty Luo rummaged around inside his underpants, then took out a small hammer. "Teacher Wang, don't get me wrong. I'm just used to hiding things in my underpants' storage space..."

Wang Ming: "..."

Then, Fatty Luo turned on the switch for the replica tongue.

He held the hammer up to the tongue and ordered with a perverted grin, “Lick!”

Everyone: “...”