

Daily Life 781

Chapter 781: Wang Ming's First Real Battle

All the teachers sucked in their breaths at these words...

This was a blatant declaration of war!

Although the gap between realms could be filled with the use of magic

treasures, these usually played a limited role. Uttering such words was simply

looking for a fight. Wang Ming didn't lack EQ, and Wu Zhenjun was well aware that Wang Ming was deliberately goading the other teachers into forcing him to have an all-out fight with the latter.

As expected, Wang Ming's method worked.

The surrounding teachers on the scene were aflutter with indignation. "Wu Zhenjun! Beat him up! Tear open his armor, let's see what he'll say to that!"

A lot of students were also cheering for Wu Zhenjun.

Because what Wang Ming had said was too arrogant and outrageous.

"Go, Teacher Wu! Don't be scared! It's just crap armor!"

"Who is the strongest demolition expert in Huaxiu? Teacher Wu, it's up to you!"

"Teacher Wu, good luck! Use EDM and Skr Skr him to death!" Most of the students were like the melon-eating masses, forever the kind to

enjoy a show without a care for the big picture. Now that their time in the remains was about to end, a fight between two

teachers was well worth seeing! This would be the grand finale for this summer

camp in the remains, and could even be looked upon as a precious opportunity

to observe and study a fight!

Of course, many of the students still stood on Wang Ming's side. The majority of them were from No. 60 High School, as well as those who had been cowed by

the murderous expression in Zhai Yin's eyes...

"Can Teacher Wang win..." Little Peanut pulled his neck back at this scene.

In the formation, Wang Ling gazed indifferently into the sky, the expression in

his eyes completely unruled.

In the minds of most, like the teachers cheering for Wu Zhenjun, magic

treasures usually played a limited role. While they might make up for a disparity in realms, it was impossible for them to help a person surpass the other party.

For example, a person with a lower realm could indeed make up for a disparity

in strength with a powerful magic treasure, but if their realm itself fell short, it was hard for the magic treasure to display its full battle strength. Hence, it was common sense to feel that a powerful magic treasure certainly

couldn't act as a substitute for realm. Many factors were involved, a main one being the artifact spirit.

The rapport between a person and the artifact spirit was crucial in determining how much battle strength the magic treasure could demonstrate.

But a lot of people were overlooking one point: the mecha armor which Wang Ming was wearing wasn't a cultivation magic treasure in the conventional

sense... but a scientific magic treasure.

This magic treasure didn't have an artifact spirit.

In other words, the artifact spirit was computational data!

The armor had a high-tech AI program in place of a weapon spirit, which was able to make decisions and learn autonomously. Hence, Wang Ling didn't say a word. He knew very well how strong his dumbass brother was.

Ever since Wang Ming repeatedly lost to him as a kid, this person would never do anything reckless.

Instead of this ght, what Wang Ling should be more concerned about was still

the head of state's reaction. He was well aware that the head of state was secretly looking for that "mystery person."

To stop the Sea And Sky Array this time, Wang Ling had almost exposed himself.

Luckily, for the time being, the head of state and Huaxiu Alliance didn't suspect

that their target might be a student, but speculated that this mystery person was among the teachers.

Currently, Wang Ling was wondering whether he should nd a teacher to take

in as a disciple like Odd Zhuo, in order to shoulder this particular wok for him...

... Wu Zhenjun knew there was already no way out. Wang Ming was too intense and confident.

And so, Wu Zhenjun sighed. "Since Teacher Wang is so insistent, then please...

I'll let you make the first move."

"Wu Zhenjun, I still think it's better for you to make the first move since I want

to test my armor's strength." Wang Ming waved his hand, completely unafraid

of facing Wu Zhenjun.

As Wu Zhenjun frowned, a little dissatisfied with Wang Ming's slightly

frivolous provocation, he saw Wang Ming in the air stick out his tongue at him

all of a sudden. It wasn't Wang Ming's own tongue, but Wang Ling One's built-in bionic tongue, which could identify materials and also had the mass taunt ability.

And after three upgrades, its abilities had increased yet again. Not only could it perform a mass taunt, it could even do a directed taunt! Hence, the moment Wang Ling One stuck out its bionic tongue, Wu Zhenjun was suddenly besieged by inexplicable wrath. As if he had come under mind

control, anger surged out of him.

"It works!" Wang Ming was elated.

As expected, the so-called "One Yang Finger + Lion's Roar" from the movie

still wasn't as useful as this tongue. Wu Zhenjun tried his best to contain his emotions, only to find that he couldn't.

It was at that moment that he realized why Wang Ming had manipulated this armor into sticking out its tongue. It wasn't a meaningless move, but a magic

treasure ability to taunt the enemy through sight.

The reason why Wu Zhenjun let Wang Ming make the first move was to test this armor's strength from its first attack. Unluckily, Wang Ming didn't give him a

chance at all.

"Teacher Wang, you..."

At that moment, Wu Zhenjun's face was already red with stifled anger.

And then, under everyone's stares, he couldn't hold it in anymore!

Like the imperial bodyguard Fu Erkang, Wu Zhenjun's hand started to twitch

involuntarily until it finally lifted in front of him against his control. Dense

spirit power molecules swirled in his palm and turned into invisible fine particles as spirit energy finally coalesced into a ball.

This wasn't the legendary spirit energy rasengan, but was a sound wave

technique.

It was like the re-breathing routine in an acrobatic show. Wu Zhenjun put this spirit energy ball the size of a ping-pong ball into his mouth, aimed in Wang Ming's direction in the air, and opened his mouth wide! With a yell –

In a split second, a white cannon blast of light shot out of his mouth!

This blast was extremely fierce, like the Blue Dragon rising. Many of the students and teachers were deeply shaken at that moment.

A lot of teachers who were familiar with Wu Zhenjun could see that this was a level four sound wave spell.

This was an attack that an average teacher would find very difficult to defend against.

“Teacher, what is this spell? It’s so cool!” someone in No. 60 High’s formation asked.

Old Antique raised his eyebrows. “As far as I can remember, this is one of Wu Zhenjun’s unique skills, and the first technique he learned from Irascible Dharmaraja Wu Yifan back then: Sky-Battering Cry. But it looks like Wu Zhenjun has improved it by adding some of his own modifications.”

“What improvement?”

“Can’t you see the electric sparks around the cannon blast?”

“...” Hearing this, realization dawned on everyone. He had actually added electric special effects!

Chapter 782: Sky-Battering Cry

Wu Zhenjun’s Sky-Battering Cry was the unique technique which had made Irascible Dharmaraja famous.

When they had been trading words earlier, Wang Ming had already used Wang Ling One to analyze Wu Zhenjun's data.

Looking at the global database in the Head of State 001 microchip, Wang Ming could easily investigate the data on Wu Zhenjun's past battles and do an analytical comparison to understand the skill which Wu Zhenjun was best at.

The Sky-Shattering Cry was a high grade, level four sound wave spell.

This wasn't his most powerful technique; this was the fifth of all the skills he was the most proficient in.

When it was aimed at a vital point, it could easily shoot dead a Nascent Soul expert.

Wang Ling One could easily obtain the data on all the skills which Wu Zhenjun had demonstrated in public before from the global database.

Hence, the moment Wu Zhenjun made a move, Wang Ming accurately and swiftly formulated a countermeasure in response.

Many cultivators had dynamic vision while Wang Ming didn't, but the Wang Ling One helmet had a formidable built-in ability to break down what it was seeing and quickly offer a clear visual.

In Wang Ming's eyes, the Sky-Battering Cry's white Blue Dragon became very slow, and he could fully move sideways to avoid the attack.

But he didn't choose to do so.

Hovering in the air, he opened his palm. With a hiss, something that looked like an electromagnetic wave glowed around his fingers to form a magnetic shield in front of Wang Ming.

The Blue Dragon rammed into the magnetic shield head-on. It struck the shield, which looked as fragile as a cicada's wings, with an ear-piercing sound, and countless sparks flared.

Contrary to everyone's expectations, this weak-looking magnetic shield was unexpectedly strong as it perfectly blocked Wu Zhenjun's attack!

Following this, Wang Ming heaved a sigh and gazed at Wu Zhenjun on the ground, a disappointed look in his eyes. "You only used fifty percent of your strength?"

"Teacher Wang, I think it would be better if we stop now." Wu Zhenjun lowered his voice.

But in his view, Wang Ming's mecha was really something. As an ordinary man, he could actually block a sound wave spell powerful enough to severely injure a Nascent Soul cultivator.

Wu Zhenjun had to admit that he had indeed underestimated Wang Ming's invention.

However, when he heard Wang Ming's dissatisfaction with his attack, he was a little annoyed.

"Wu Zhenjun, I hope you can treat this fight seriously, otherwise you'll lose face in front of your students," Wang Ming reminded him kindly from the air.

Almost in a flash in the next moment, Wang Ming lifted his arm to aim at him.

Wang Ling One had already automatically locked onto Wu Zhenjun.

And then, a cannon muzzle opened in Wang Ming's palm and fired, and that white Blue Dragon which had been launched by the Sky-Battering Cry, actually reappeared as it abruptly charged forth in Wu Zhenjun's direction.

At that time, countless curses burst out on the scene.

"What the hell?! Sky-Battering Cry?"

"What the hell?! This armor can also learn?"

"What the hell?! Gusu Murong 1 ?"

“This is a Shield Reflect! It’s absolutely a Shield Reflect 2 !”

...

This move also gave Wu Zhenjun a scare.

When Irascible Dhamaraja had passed this technique down to him, it had taken Wu Zhenjun a very long time to learn the considerably complex formulas for using it. Yet this mecha armor was actually able to analyze his sound wave spell?

How was that possible?

Wu Zhenjun frowned.

He was a master of sound wave magic, and just as he could use it, he naturally knew how to dispel it. To intercept this kind of sound wave spell, the best thing to do was to alter its medium of transmission.

A huge majority of sound wave spells traveled through the air.

“Universal Dust Release Spell 3 !” Wu Zhenjun shouted darkly as he swiftly crossed his fingers together in a hand seal to create a cube.

A black light shot forth with a loud buzz, aimed at this Blue Dragon in the air.

It was yet another high level spell!

“This is...!”

A lot of students and teachers cried out in surprise.

It looked like part of the air had been peeled away to create a pitch-black strip.

But this wasn't a space rift nor was it a spatial storm; it was a restraining spell specially designed to counter sound wave magic. It could forcefully alter the medium that sound traveled through, causing the sound wave spell to dissipate completely until it was finally just like punching cotton.

“Teacher Wang used a sound wave spell to counter my attack – isn't this looking down on me too much?” Wu Zhenjun snorted.

But just as he said the words, Wang Ming was already laughing. “You've fallen into my trap, Wu Zhenjun!”

Wu Zhenjun: “???”

Within the black space created by the Universal Dust Release Spell, a dim white light unexpectedly appeared.

This white light was none other than the Sky-Battering Cry's white Blue Dragon!

His Dust Release Spell had actually failed?

There was utter incomprehension on Wu Zhenjun's face.

This scene had truly caught him off guard.

He had assumed that this technique of his would easily dispel Wang Ming's attack, but this situation was completely out of his expectations. It had never occurred to him at all that Wang Ming's Sky-Battering Cry would actually disregard his Dust Release Spell and directly lunge at him.

He could only hurriedly raise both his arms in defense.

This blast hit his crossed arms hard, pushing his entire body back as his feet left two deep furrows in the ground.

“Teacher Wang's attack is actually so fierce.”

After this blast, Wu Zhenjun finally knew where the problem lay.

This wasn't the Sky-Battering Cry at all!

“Spirit Power Cannon,” Wang Ming answered quickly. “This is my armor’s most basic operation. That blast that hit Wu Zhenjun just now was pretty awesome, wasn’t it? To be able to push you back that far, the impact is pretty good.”

After the third modification, Wang Ming had already completely fixed the problem with the recoil from the Spirit Power Cannon. Now, when he activated the cannon, Wang Ling One would automatically readjust and minimize the impact from the recoil.

“Spirit Power Cannon?” Wu Zhenjun narrowed his eyes. “But why...”

“You want to ask why it’s clearly the Spirit Power Cannon but it looks like the Sky-Battering Cry?” Wang Ming laughed. “Do you know ‘skin 4’? My armor can copy a spell’s skin; I thought the Sky-Battering Cry was pretty cool, so I used it.”

Wu Zhenjun: “...”

Everyone: “...”

After a moment, Wu Zhenjun flicked his sleeves and heaved a sigh. “I thought my Dust Release Spell didn’t work, but it turns out that Teacher Wang evaded my spell under camouflage. That blast was indeed powerful enough, but Teacher Wang is too naïve if you think you can hurt me with just this.”

Wang Ming shrugged and laughed coldly. “Of course I don’t – what kind of damage can my Spirit Power Cannon at twenty percent do to you?”

Wu Zhenjun: “???”

Chapter 783: Wu Zhenjun’s Ultimate Move

He had only used twenty percent of his strength...

A lot of people were stupefied at Wang Ming's move.

This armor could actually change the Spirit Power Cannon's skin... this was too impressive!

The majority of the people present were lost for words.

None of the students and teachers who had doubted this armor earlier dared to speak now.

Because this suit of armor just couldn't be regarded with common sense.

Looking at the overall situation now, it seemed that Wang Ming had the upper hand.

"Teacher Wang's equipment is so awesome, I also want one. But does anyone know what Teacher Wang's realm was before he put this on?" someone asked.

Dopey Guo was blank; he realized that for the first time, there was something which both he and his uncle didn't know...

"I say, if Teacher Wang is just an ordinary person, and he can match an Itinerant Immortal in this armor, this would simply be a miracle invention!" On the side, Super Chen chuckled and rubbed his head. "Of course, I'm just joking. We don't know what Teacher Wang's realm is, so don't take this seriously!"

Wang Ling: "..."

At that point, the atmosphere on the scene shifted.

It wasn't until that moment that many of the students truly realized that intellectual knowledge could change one's destiny. It turned out that gaps in realm, cultivation talent and strength could be made up for with knowledge!

Knowledge was power – so, there really was some truth to this!

After the first clash, the teachers who were maintaining order on the scene started to get the students to sit down in a circle to watch this contest between cultivation and science.

“Everyone watch carefully and take notes! This is a rare study opportunity!” A teacher gave instructions on the scene.

Everyone then realized that without them knowing, a barrier had already been set up around Wu Zhenjun and Wang Ming as if it was a battle arena.

It was the head of state who had set up this barrier, and it was stable enough.

A lot of the teachers and students who didn't understand the situation would probably think that it was some busybody who had raised this barrier.

But even if this barrier hadn't gone up, the teachers had already planned to work together to build one. If Wang Ming truly could go toe-to-toe with an Itinerant Immortal in this armor, then this would be a great battle between Itinerant Immortals.

If two True Immortals were to fight for real, it would be enough to destroy a planet.

Similarly, a duel between Itinerant Immortals couldn't be underestimated. Since they were still in the remains, there was a chance the place would suffer damage if restrictions weren't put in place.

In short, after this barrier went up, it was Wu Zhenjun's turn to get a headache.

The implication was already very clear: he was to do battle with Wang Ming.

It was also at that moment that Wu Zhenjun realized the deeper significance of this duel.

His emperor medal teaching title instantly was nothing compared with the importance of this showdown.

Just like many people thought, this was a clash between cultivation and science – was it truly possible to rely on science to stand on par with a cultivator in a fight? This was one question. More importantly, once Wang Ming’s patent went public, it would undoubtedly favor those who didn’t have cultivation talent, but still had a cultivation dream.

Commercialization and factory-manufactured armor would enable them to rapidly stand on par with cultivators who had been genuinely and painstakingly cultivating for hundreds of years.

A true cultivator would definitely be depressed by this.

Thinking on it further, it was possible that ultimately, more and more people would abandon cultivation and choose to wear this armor instead.

Thus, Wu Zhenjun wanted to make it clear in this fight.

He had to win this fight.

This could be considered validation for all cultivators.

“It seems that Teacher Wang is already prepared. In that case, I won’t be polite.”

Wu Zhenjun released a soft breath.

The next moment, he stamped his foot lightly, and a grand circle appeared beneath his feet.

Summons Spell!

Some of the teachers immediately recognized this spell.

Wu Zhenjun was actually using the Summons Spell.

It looked like he really was going to get serious...

Some of the teachers who were familiar with Wu Zhenjun couldn't help thinking of Irascible Dharmaraja's most powerful spell back then, which required coordination with a special summoned spirit beast.

Hence, the instant they saw the summoning array, many of the teachers were moved.

They couldn't help recalling Irascible Dharmaraja's summoned spirit beast back then.

It was obvious that Wu Zhenjun was going to summon the same spirit beast!

A black ink-like spring bubbled out of the summoning array on the ground, and several seconds later, it crackled with purple lightning.

"Purple lightning?"

Standing in the air, Wang Ming stared at the electricity that was lashing out.

Wu Zhenjun was probably about to use his ultimate move.

Wang Ming already had this premonition.

"What kind of spirit beast is this?" There were still some students who weren't clear about the situation.

"This purple lightning is Ziwei Lightning. Of the Five Yin Lightning 1 in legend, it has the most Yin and is also the most vicious; it's immensely destructive. To be able to tame this type of spirit beast, its master has to have enough Yang energy; not just anyone can handle this type of spirit beast."

While Old Antique was expounding on this, he kept everyone guessing by not explaining what on earth this spirit beast actually was. Now, the atmosphere had turned ridiculously mysterious. "Wu Zhenjun must have gone through a lot to tame this spirit beast. The reason why he has summoned it now is to complete Irascible Dharmaraja's ultimate move from back then with the help of the power from the purple lightning. This is a level six sound wave spell created by Irascible Dharmaraja, and the conditions for learning this spell are very harsh."

By the time he said all this, the black spring gushing out of the summoning array had already covered every corner of the arena; it was flooded with purple lightning and there was nowhere to step.

This had been deliberate on Wu Zhenjun's part, since he knew that Wang Ming was relying on the armor's strength to stay afloat, which consumed spirit power; sustained combat in midair would double this consumption.

Wu Zhenjun's strategy was very clear.

"Wang Ling One, activate full magnetic shield."

Wang Ming immediately gave the command for the magnetic shield to protect him so that he wouldn't be affected by the purple lightning on the ground.

He conceded that if he had been wearing the first version of the armor, which had been simple and crude, there was no way he would be able to continually consume spirit power like this.

At that moment, the ground started to tremble.

Ripples started to form on the black pool...

The summoned spirit beast hiding inside finally started to show itself.

It was a massive and glossy black tail, and at first glance, it looked like a fish.

Someone cried out in surprise, "Holy shit?! A swamp eel?!"

Wu Zhenjun was incensed. "... It's an electric eel! Electric eel!!!"

Chapter 784: The Three-Headed Electric Eel, Scared Or Not?

When the ultimate Yin spirit beast as the emblem of the Five Yin Lightning revealed its form, the students let out cries of surprise. Given how close they were to the scene, it simply felt like they were watching a blockbuster with special effects at close range and surround sound, which was a mind-blowing experience.

At school, even a duel between two Golden Core teachers was unusual enough, so this competition of power between two Itinerant Immortals was indeed an experience that was hard to come by for most high school kids.

Wang Ling already knew that after this contest, a lot of the students would definitely write this down in their summer camp diaries.

This was rare source material that had been offered up on a platter – most importantly, they could pad their diaries with words.

Writing about the fight between cultivators was the easiest way to make up words!

As long as your vocabulary was good enough, you could spend several hundred words describing a skill used!

And thousands of words on describing the clash between the two!

Wang Ling was familiar with this method.

Since Father Wang was a perfect representation of it...

It was said that all website novelists did was churn out words, and how good they were depended on whether or not it made their readers happy.

Hm, this was straying from the subject...

Back to the fight.

This purple spirit Yin eel which Wu Zhenjun had summoned was the one which Irascible Dharmaraja had tamed back then. After Wu Zhenjun had inherited his legacy, this thousand-year-old eel naturally fell into his hands.

But he was usually reluctant to summon it.

As the emblem of ultimate Yin, the eel's tremendous Yin energy was a heavy burden on Wu Zhenjun's body. Even if he had a peak Yang body, it would still take him a month at the very least to recover.

And most crucially, during this month, he! Had! To! Be! Abstinent!

Otherwise, the consequences of his Yang energy leaking out wouldn't just be a burden on his body; it would create extremely problematic side effects for Wu Zhenjun later on.

And the most serious side effect of them all was permanent impotence...

So when Wu Zhenjun produced this purple spirit Yin eel, Wang Ming had already used the global database to analyze Wu Zhenjun's next move.

This was an ultimate move created by Irascible Dharmaraja, and the only level six sound wave destructive spell which needed to be performed in cooperation with the purple spirit Yin eel —"Buddha Lightning Combo."

Hence, this was going to be a tough test for Wang Ming and his Wang Ling One invention.

...

The biggest advantage which sound wave spells had over other types of spells was its short casting time.

If one had to know, some complicated, destructive spells might only need to be recited with a hand seal, but took a very long time to cast.

Thus, when the purple spirit Yin eel revealed its large, glossy tail under everyone's gazes, Wang Ming knew that the true contest had already begun. At that moment, the entire black pool under his feet was the eel's domain.

Using the mecha armor to perform a detailed analysis, Wang Ming discovered that this purple spirit Yin eel was more than forty zhang in length. It crackled with purple electricity, and looked like a rain dragon in a sea of mud. Most importantly, Wang Ming realized... that this eel actually had three heads! Any female live streamer would have no choice but to concede defeat against this three-headed electric eel 1 !

"Teacher Wang, do watch yourself," Wu Zhenjun warned in a low voice.

The three-headed electric eel had already swum over to him, before it unexpectedly soared into the air and coiled its thick and glossy body in front of Wu Zhenjun.

A turbulent wind roared and the black pool below roiled. Even the air started to warp as in a split second, fierce purple lightning ruthlessly lashed out within the entire space inside the barrier.

It had only been several dozen seconds since the purple spirit Yin eel was summoned, but in a flash, the entire environment inside the barrier had changed dramatically to resemble the end of the world.

The space was radically compressed until it was almost entirely occupied by Wu Zhenjun – the magnetic shield with a three-zhang radius which encompassed Wang Ming looked like the last pure land at the end of the world.

Many people were inwardly apprehensive when they saw this. If Wang Ming hadn't opened up the magnetic shield at that moment, what would have happened?

Unhurried and patient, Wu Zhenjun slowly walked toward the coiled body of the purple spirit Yin eel in the air, then took a deep breath before his mouth moved closer.

Now, even those who hadn't known at all how this spell worked at first could see that this was a special "electric horn"!

"There's even this kind of operation?"

A lot of the teachers were stunned.

Although they had long heard of the “Buddha Lightning Combo” ultimate move created by Irascible Dharmaraja, they were still stupefied when they saw it with their own eyes. To actually use the coiled body of an electric eel as a horn – what kind of incredible operation was this?!

The head of state, who was secretly observing the fight from a distance, similarly froze at this scene, and almost instinctively recognized the danger in this technique.

“Your Excellency Head of State...” Old Qi was anxious. While he wasn’t at the scene, he knew how dangerous this technique was.

In the end, Wang Ling One was a suit of armor which Wang Ming had built himself outside; without any official computational data simulations, they had no idea how strong it was.

President Qi was concerned that Wang Ming would be utterly crushed with this move by Wu Zhenjun.

Huaxiu Alliance’s logistics department had only just sent back the coffin that had been custom-made for Wang Ming...

“There’s no rush, I’m here.”

Finally, the head of state shook his head and didn’t step in to intervene.

That was because he didn’t feel any panic from Wang Ming at all.

This enhanced electric horn had indeed caught Wang Ming off guard.

From the data analysis in the global database, Irascible Dharmaraja had summoned the purple spirit Yin eel back then to perform the Buddha Lightning Combo using its purple lightning, but this wasn’t what Wu Zhenjun was doing.

Wu Zhenjun had obviously modified this move, but he hadn’t used it in public for a very long time.

Wang Ling One thus had no way of analyzing it.

“Teacher Wang, you’ve already lost,” Wu Zhenjun said through the electric eel horn.

This wasn’t the official Buddha Lightning Combo – Wu Zhenjun was only speaking normally, but it already turned into an extremely powerful sound wave.

As if it was coming from outer space, Wu Zhenjun’s voice echoed unceasingly through the many layers of the space barrier, and a lot of the students and teachers covered their ears at the piercing sound.

Thanks to the barrier, they weren’t directly affected by this force – 99.9% of it was contained within the barrier. Despite that, many of the students and teachers present still couldn’t bear the ear-piercing sound wave, which felt a lot like a cat scratching its nails down a blackboard.

It was a good thing that it was the head of state who had put this barrier up himself, otherwise any barrier built by the teachers working together would probably already have been blown apart.

“Maybe not.”

Contrary to everyone’s expectations, Wang Ming gave a light, straightforward response.

And then, he raised his hand to the sky.

Chapter 785: Wang Ling One’s Killing Move

Was it the Spirit Energy Cannon?

Wu Zhenjun narrowed his eyes at the sky.

It indeed felt like the Spirit Energy Cannon, since he could sense energy rapidly accumulating in the cannon muzzle on Wang Ming's right arm.

"Teacher Wang wants to use the Spirit Energy Cannon to counter my killing move? Dream on." Wu Zhenjun shook his head.

The next moment, his aura turned heavy.

Rumble!

The black fountain on the ground suddenly started to roil; it was a sign of danger.

"Wu Zhenjun is moving!" the students shouted one after another.

Inside this apocalyptic-looking contest space within the barrier, the purple spirit Yin eel's ultimate Yin electricity swept across the whole scene like a lightning dragon. A sky-shattering crash shook the entire barrier as a thunderstorm raged inside; without this barrier restriction, Beast King's Remains might suffer a calamity if this thunderstorm spread.

Students in an era of peace had never seen such a scene. Although they knew very well that they were separated from the battlefield by the barrier and that this power wouldn't touch them, many of them still trembled at this momentum, their faces pale.

Lotus Sun and Feather Lin subconsciously hugged each other. "So scary!"

Super Chen and Dopey Guo were also terrified. "How frightening..."

Sweeping his gaze over his surroundings, Wang Ling realized that everyone nearby all looked alarmed, and he hurriedly performed a small spell to instantly make his face pale.

Honestly speaking, while this was indeed a frightening spectacle, it was nothing compared with that showdown back then between Immortal Zhenyuan and Wind Spirit.

When the two Venerated Immortals fought, they had almost flattened a planet.

So in contrast, Wang Ling didn't think this kind of fight was much of anything.

But in a sea of drunk people, he didn't want to look like the only one who was sober.

It was still safer to follow the crowd; it wouldn't be good if he aroused suspicion.

Thus, Wang Ling performed the "Turn White Spell," which turned his face deathly pale.

Furthermore, he did his best to secrete a few beads of sweat...

In the end, when Super Chen came back to his senses and looked at Wang Ling, he was frightened by the latter's complexion. "Oh my god! Are you ok?"

Those next to them who had been watching the battle were all distracted by this cry and turned to look in Wang Ling's direction.

Many people saw that a No. 60 High student was actually so frightened that his face had drained of all color and his forehead was covered in cold sweat.

Little Peanut was also frightened by Wang Ling's face, and then recalled the incident with President Bai. "Is he still traumatized by his near-death experience from being sucked into the space by President Bai?"

After all, it had only been less than a week since it happened.

The wreath which the class had chipped in to buy for Wang Ling had yet to wither...

How could it be so easy to overcome such mental trauma?

Dopey Guo patted Wang Ling's shoulder cheerfully and laughed in a low voice. "As a mascot, how can you be so timid?"

Wang Ling: "..."

“It’s ok! Let this brother hug you and see if it makes you feel a little better.” After saying that, Dopey Guo spread his arms wide to hug Wang Ling.

But as Dopey Guo plastered himself to Wang Ling, he felt a shiver go down his spine and his forehead felt cold all of a sudden.

His complexion then started to turn deathly pale as he trembled slightly.

Both Super Chen and Little Peanut were alarmed. “What the hell?! It’s contagious?”

Dopey Guo: “I’m fine. Just that for some reason, it feels like a cold wind is blowing, and it’s stifling, like a snake is wrapped around me.”

After Dopey Guo said this, Wang Ling looked into the distance out of the corner of his eye.

Fang Xing immediately avoided his gaze.

Wang Ling: “...”

...

On the other side, a huge fight was about to happen at any moment.

After Wu Zhenjun gathered his qi in his dantian, a tremendous sound wave crackling with fierce purple electricity blasted forth from the huge horn formed by the coiled purple spirit Yin eel, like a world-destroying electromagnetic cannon.

Rumble!

A terrifying force tore through the air. The electric ripples that sparked the air, along with the mixed sounds of the waves, wind and electricity of the black fountain on the ground, reverberated continuously within the barrier, as if the sound of a Great Dao was contained deep within.

Wang Ling’s eyebrows knitted slightly at this scene.

Irascible Dharmaraja was indeed a rare cultivation genius. When he had created the Buddha Lightning Combo back then, it actually involved a lot of know-how.

Unfortunately, the rumor was that after Irascible Dharmaraja took in Wu Zhenjun as his disciple, he suddenly disappeared one day, and even his disciple couldn't find his whereabouts.

A large part of the reason why Wu Zhenjun had been out in the field all these years was in fact to look for his shifu Irascible Dharmaraja.

The rumor in the outside world was that Irascible Dharmaraja knew that his life was coming to an end, and after finding a disciple to inherit his legacy, he went looking for a quiet and peaceful place to die in.

No one knew whether this was true or not.

In a word, if Wang Ling were to comment on this Buddha Lightning Combo...

Of all level six spells, this spell probably came the closest to Heavenly Dao. While it was much less powerful than Heavenly Dao, it was still very intimidating.

This technique was powerful to the extreme.

Next was to see how Wang Ming responded.

Obviously, Wang Ming had already come up with a countermeasure. Almost the instant Wu Zhenjun had discharged this killing move, Wang Ming's ten-layer Spirit Energy Cannon was already firing at the sky.

This Spirit Energy Cannon wasn't aimed at Wu Zhenjun, nor was it meant to counter his technique – it was to break open the space wall!

This move instantly drew the attention of many of the teachers, since they didn't know what Wang Ming was going to do. However, relying solely on a suit of armor to break open the space wall was already pretty astonishing.

“What is Teacher Wang trying to do, breaking open the space wall?”

“He’s not planning to run, is he...”

A lot of the people watching had no idea what Wang Ling’s move meant.

“Wu Zhenjun, it’s too naïve of you if you think the Spirit Energy Cannon is the only thing I have.”

After breaking open the space wall, Wang Ming smiled at Wu Zhenjun with sheer confidence.

Wu Zhenjun didn’t know what Wang Ming was going to do, but when he saw the latter’s expression, he was already on guard.

The next moment, Wang Ming fixed his gaze on Wu Zhenjun. “Heavenly E-Satellite! Lock onto target! E-Bomb Raining Down From Above! Fire!”

After he said this, a speck of light actually appeared in the cracked space wall, which rapidly started to increase in size.

At that moment, it wasn’t just Wu Zhenjun, but the surrounding students and teachers plus President Qi and the rest of the Ten Generals at the command center in Huaxiu Alliance HQ all had indescribably alarmed expressions on their faces.

Heavenly E-Satellite?

When on earth...

Wu Zhenjun finally realized what the killing move Wang Ming had mentioned was.

His complexion changed dramatically.

Bang!

A devastating column of silver energy shot through the space wall. Like an energy wave, it pierced the air in Wu Zhenjun's direction and directly smashed into the Buddha Lightning Combo sound wave, the searing heat distorting the space around it.

Web-like space fractures even appeared in the wake of that silver light beam, which brought ruin and chaos.

In a mere split second, the dazzling light from this column of silver energy covered the whole of the inside of the barrier, and no one could clearly make out what on earth was happening...

Chapter 786: Science And Cultivation

Once the dazzling light slowly faded, the outcome of this duel was finally revealed.

No one expected Wang Ming's mecha armor to actually be able to directly mobilize the Heavenly E-Satellite's pulse cannon. Because of the barrier, the pulse cannon couldn't reach them directly, so Wang Ming had deliberately broken the space wall to allow the light wave from the pulse cannon to burst through the space crack.

This pulse cannon directly scared the purple spirit Yin eel back into the summoning array, instantly destroying Wu Zhenjun's sound wave attack and causing the apocalyptic hell inside the barrier to return to complete tranquility.

When the smoke from the battle dispersed, everyone saw that Wang Ming, stripped of his armor, and a shirtless Wu Zhenjun, had collapsed on the ground.

Wu Zhenjun wasn't injured, and had only been hit unconscious by the pulse cannon. The Daoist robe he was wearing had taken a huge portion of the blast damage and already could no longer be used, as the top half had been completely shredded and destroyed by the pulse wave.

"It's too bad, Wu Zhenjun's robe is torn! Teacher Wang's armor was also dissolved by that blast just now."

“Then who won this contest? A cultivator? Or science and technology?”

“It’s a tie; don’t you see, Teacher Wang fell...”

Instantly, discussion broke out among the students.

“Go and help!”

As the barrier vanished, a medical team already waiting on the side rushed over to the two men to examine their injuries.

Both men looked like they were wounded.

Actually, that wasn’t true...

When Wang Ling saw Wang Ming being carried away, the corners of the latter’s mouth were curled slightly.

This sly guy was pretending to be unconscious...

...

Twenty minutes later, a basically unscathed Wang Ming returned to the private lounge in the Rainbow Glass Box.

Zhai Yin was already waiting for him inside.

Seeing Wang Ming come in through the automatic doors, she was immediately so angry that she stomped her foot. “Are you nuts? Mobilizing the Heavenly E-Satellite for your personal use? Without the head of state’s approval, you’ll be jailed!”

Wang Ming smiled shamelessly. “Great. If I go to jail, I strongly suggest that I be sent to Songhai First Prison. I heard that the Mahjong Squad is still missing one person?”

Zhai Yin: "..."

Forget it. Looking at his thick-skinned face, Zhai Yin knew that Wang Ming probably had some backup plan.

This MO wasn't surprising, and was very much in keeping with the strongest brain's remarkable style...

"By the by, when I collapsed just now, were you nervous?" Wang Ming was asking about what happened after the duel was over.

Subsequently, Zhai Yin's expression was unruffled. "No."

"How can that be? When I disappeared, I heard that you cried for several days?"

Zhai Yin's face instantly darkened. "You... Who spread that rumor?!"

Wang Ming's face moved closer until he and Zhai Yin were a hair's breadth apart. "Was it... really a rumor?"

Zhai Yin turned her face away. "I would also be sad if the army dog in our combat brigade died!"

"Oh, I see."

Wang Ming shrugged. "So you weren't worried when I collapsed earlier?"

"No!"

Zhai Yin's answer seemed pretty resolute.

Wang Ming sighed in disappointment. Sure enough... a tsundere was really difficult to deal with.

Especially this kind of diehard tsundere who wouldn't speak the truth at all!

“Fine, then I'm leaving.” Wang Ming waved at Zhai Yin and turned around.

“Where are you going...” Zhai Yin was anxious.

“To eat! And to pay Teacher Wu a visit along the way. I'm not a cultivator... All that fierce work just now left me starving!”

Zhai Yin took two or three steps and pulled Wang Ming back. “You're not allowed to go!”

“???”

Wang Ming was startled. “What do you want...”

Zhai Yin lifted Wang Ming's chin. “What do you think?”

Then, she slowly closed her eyes and brought her lips closer.

Wang Ming was alarmed. “CPR now... isn't it too late for that...”

Zhai Yin: “...”

...

In the command center at Huaxiu Alliance, the Ten Founding Generals who had watched the battle were shocked.

General Yi stared at President Qi in disbelief. “Heavenly E-Satellite... Did you authorize it?”

The Heavenly E-Satellite's pulse cannon was a state weapon, and absolutely could not be used without the head of state's approval.

President Qi naturally knew what was at stake here, but he believed that Wang Ming wouldn't be that foolish.

“Hurry up and investigate!” President Qi shouted at the technical staff.

In just a few seconds, the results came out.

A technician stared at the screen, frowning deeply. “Reporting, President Qi. The results are out, and this pulse wave which appears to be from the Heavenly E-Satellite... wasn't fired by it. The Heavenly E-Satellite is still on standby.”

“Not fired by the Heavenly E-Satellite? Then why did that guy shout Heavenly E-Satellite?” General Yi asked.

“Reporting, General Yi, we did check. After the Heavenly E-Satellite is used, it automatically enters power-charging mode, and it takes roughly half an hour to power up for a second blast. In a normal situation, the Heavenly E-Satellite will automatically enter sleep mode and shut down. But we just checked, and the satellite is in standby mode... This proves that the blast just now wasn't from the Heavenly E-Satellite.”

“Oh, so if it wasn't the Heavenly E-Satellite that fired it, then was it a ghost?” General Yi stared at the technician.

The technician felt very wronged and smiled through his tears. “Maybe... it really was a ghost.” Because the Heavenly E-Satellite really wasn't responding the way it usually did after it was fired! More than twenty people on the technical team had checked inside out, but found nothing wrong at all.

The female Medicine Saint Luo Qiuhuai of the Ten Generals shook her head. “I agree with Old Qi. While Wang Ming is normally a little naughty and playful, he isn't someone who would break the rules. Perhaps this pulse wave wasn't fired by the Heavenly E-Satellite at all.”

Luo Qiuhuai's words directly drew President Qi's attention.

He thought of a possibility. “Check again and see if there have been any new satellites in Earth's orbit in the last few days.”

Hearing this, the fingers of the technicians jumped rapidly over the keyboard controls.

In less than two minutes, they found something.

“Found it, President Qi...”

“Status?”

“We checked, and in the last three days, apart from a defensive satellite launched by Mixiu nation, another private satellite was launched from unknown coordinates...”

As expected...

Right after the technician said this, President Qi already knew what had happened.

“Have you checked it?” General Yi asked.

The technician: “... We mobilized ten satellites to go over and take photos, and discovered that this private satellite is almost identical to the Heavenly E-Satellite in appearance and design. Furthermore, there are obvious traces of it launching a pulse wave; it’s now in sleep mode. In other words, in the period that Professor Wang Ming went missing, not only did he put together a suit of armor, he also specially built a satellite and launched it into space for this suit of armor...”

The Ten Generals: “...”

Chapter 787: Huaxiu Alliance’s Regulations for Self-Defense in a Crisis

As an ordinary person, Wang Ming had proven that even if you were a muggle without a gift for cultivation, you could use your own wisdom and knowledge to change your destiny!

Of course, the truth was that people like Wang Ming were still in the minority, and it might not be possible for someone like him to show up for another several millennia. But ordinary people were indeed capable of changing their destiny. The point wasn't whether they could, but whether they wanted to.

“By the by, the mecha armor which Wang Ming this kid invented wasn't destroyed, was it?” While General Yi's words seemed dubious, his tone was very certain.

At that time, many people had been blinded by the radiance from the pulse wave produced by the Heavenly E-Satellite. When the light faded, the majority saw that Wang Ming and Wu Zhenjun had already fallen to the ground.

But this couldn't fool a True Immortal's eyes.

General Yi and the other Ten Generals had seen it very clearly.

The instant the pulse wave's power and light dissipated, Wang Ming had recalled the Wang Ling One armor and put it away inside his storage space; unlike what everyone else thought, this suit of armor hadn't been destroyed by the pulse wave.

“Mm, it indeed wasn't.” President Qi nodded.

“As a government researcher, Wang Ming this kid developed this suit of armor without prior notice. According to Huaxiu Alliance's regulations, it should be confiscated, and it seems that Wang Ming will need to be punished,” General Yi said.

“Blademaster is as strict and honest as ever.”

Medicine Saint Luo Qiuhuai smiled on the side and said in a mollifying tone, “But considering how sudden this incident was, Wang Ming developed this suit of armor during a life-threatening crisis. Although he didn't give prior notice, according to ‘Huaxiu Alliance's Regulations for Self-Defense in a Crisis,’ he can be exempted from the corresponding punishment, and even the armor may not be confiscated – it is his personal belonging and Huaxiu Alliance has no right to interfere.”

General Yi's eyebrows formed a knot again.

Actually, he understood this reasoning.

“Little Ming won this battle. But at the very last moment, he chose to play dead. All of you should know why...” President Qi said lightly.

How could the Ten Generals not know the implication of Wang Ming’s behavior?

Despite the huge gap in realm and strength, this high-tech suit of armor had bridged that distant until they were almost on equal footing.

If Wang Ming ultimately achieved a clear and decisive victory in this fight in front of everyone, it would undoubtedly have a huge psychological impact on the teachers and students watching, and might even lead to some mental issues.

A cultivator’s mental state was also a very important deciding factor in their cultivation, which would directly determine whether they could walk even further down the path of cultivation.

If this suit of armor conversely caused the teachers and students present to stop moving forward in the future and to try relying on the power of science and technology to quickly improve their strength, that would truly be too unrealistic.

Wu Zhenjun had also collapsed.

At the very least, Wang Ming had deliberately turned this match into a draw and demonstrated that neither cultivation nor science were inferior to each other, but were mutually complementary.

“Little Ming once said to me that science is dead, but cultivation is alive... the possibilities for the latter are endless,” President Qi said.

This statement which Wang Ming had once said was one of the important reasons why he had brought this situation to a draw.

Although Old Qi himself didn’t know why a muggle who couldn’t cultivate would assert this great principle like he was pouring out chicken soup for the soul, it could be said that this statement was something Wang Ming had experienced for himself since young.

The suit of armor which Wang Ming had developed this time was certainly very unusual.

It could fight a level nine Itinerant Immortal to a draw.

But if Wang Ming encountered someone just a little stronger, his equipment would be torn apart in minutes.

Given the current level of science and technology, it was actually at a bottleneck.

And Wang Ming had already considered the issue of breaking through this bottleneck when he was upgrading “Wang Ling One” for the third time.

He felt that the Domain of the Gods definitely had the answers he was searching for.

But that was a story for later...

“What do the rest of you think?” General Yi turned to look at the other Ten Generals.

“What Qiuhuai and Old Qi said isn’t unreasonable. Wang Ming can be excused from being punished, and can also keep the armor. I think he should even be given a commendation.” Looking at the others, Marshal Jiang finally cleared his throat and spoke on their behalf.

“A commendation?”

“Yes.”

Marshal Jiang said categorically, “For Wang Ming, this was originally a situation in which death was imminent, but he turned it on its head through his own efforts. And most importantly, in the middle of such a crisis, he actually managed to composedly design this type of futuristic suit of armor in the face of death. I believe this is worthy of commendation, and we should then have an internal review where Wang Ming can share how he made this armor.”

General Yi was taken aback. “Are you the devil?”

Marshal Jiang: "..."

The Ten Generals darted looks at Marshal Jiang, and instantly understood.

This was just another form of confiscation...

Marshal Jiang gave a shrug. "Of course, it's just a suggestion. Commendation or not, review or not, these can be discussed separately. The point is that Wang Ming doesn't have to be punished, nor hand over his armor. Mm... That's all I wanted to say."

"The Dead Sea of Space has long been called the tomb of magic treasures, and all the major nations' use of it has always been very limited. Many of them, including our country, regard the Dead Sea of Space merely as a dumping ground. But this is proof that some of these magic treasure scraps, whether thrown in or sucked in by accident, are actually still useful. If the Dead Sea of Space can be properly exploited and these abundant scraps retrieved for use, by turning trash into treasure... this is a secret goldmine."

President Qi gave his opinion. "So my suggestion is that we can have the review, not for Little Ming to share how he made the armor, but for him to talk about the Dead Sea of Space. At the same time, he can explain how that Dark Network member Ghost Head Blade died. What do you say, Old Yi?"

"Mm, since Battle Saint and Medicine Saint have spoken, this old man naturally has no other objections." General Yi nodded in agreement.

Ghost Head Blade was now a corpse in the Dead Sea of Space. If this news got out, it was bound to be a huge blow to the Dark Network.

"Finally, as for the commendation that Battle Saint mentioned, I don't think it's necessary. Wang Ming this brat is still a good-for-nothing, we can't praise him too much. And honestly speaking, I'm still going to punish him... ultimately, it was still because he was too rash that this type of crisis came about this time! This reckless youngster!" Speaking up to this point, President Qi smacked the table, his red face making him seem angry.

The technical staff one after another bent their heads to their work and didn't dare make a sound.

Only the Ten Generals were clear as a mirror in their hearts...

While Old Qi's expression seemed unruffled like the surface of an old well, his heart was in fact bursting with happiness.

Since time immemorial, there was no teacher who wouldn't be delighted when their disciple surpassed them!

But President Qi had to restrain himself; no matter how red his face got, he couldn't show it...

Chapter 788: Aggrieved Heavenly Dao

The other Ten Generals were still here, and there were still so many technical staff present. As a commander... how could the aloof Wisdom Saint laugh?

"Now that everyone has agreed, then this is what we've decided for the time being. We'll discuss everything after Little Ming comes back." President Qi did his best to contain his emotions and cleared his throat.

"By the way, did the head of state find any clues on the mysterious expert?" General Yi asked again at that moment.

He was very focused on the expert lurking among the teachers.

"For the moment, it seems not. This senior is so good at hiding that even the head of state is unable to detect him."

President Qi shook his head. "But it doesn't matter. After everyone returns from Beast King's Remains, we'll be conducting a physical exam especially aimed at all the lead teachers."

"A physical exam?" General Yi raised his eyebrows.

His mind was subconsciously telling him that this physical exam was anything but simple.

President Qi nodded. “We’ve always carried out a physical exam in the past, mainly for quarantine purposes when we examine teachers who were injured to see if they accidentally brought back any unusual viruses from the remains. But this year’s physical exam is for everyone; not just the teachers, but also the students who attended the summer camp. That is also the head of state’s opinion.”

Everybody already understood when President Qi said this.

This physical exam for all the teachers was most likely a plan specially aimed at that mysterious expert...

High-precision scientific equipment was used in a physical exam, and common concealment techniques had no way of escaping detection. Besides, a blood test was absolutely unavoidable during quarantine. If a teacher avoided taking the physical exam when the time came, he could basically be included on the list of suspects.

In a word, it would definitely be a very difficult situation for the mysterious expert to get out of.

The Ten Generals all nodded their heads.

This move by the head of state was truly brilliant!

...

Then, it was August 5th on Saturday in the fifteenth week of the semester.

Wang Ling got home in the early hours of the morning as Odd Zhuo drove him to the front of the Wang family’s small villa.

Actually, Wang Ming originally planned to send Wang Ling home himself, but in the end, he still couldn’t persuade Zhai Yin to let him do so, and she dragged him back to the research institute to

make a report... She had been incredibly tense when she heard the news that the institute was going to punish Wang Ming, and was still unaware of the decision to exempt him from punishment.

So after they came back from the remains, Zhai Yin forcefully dragged Wang Ming off to admit his mistake as soon as possible and demonstrate the right attitude in order to fight for leniency later.

Dog Two hadn't been at home the last two days, and had run off again to play games with Wei Zhi.

Wei Zhi could be considered a pet trainer of some repute in Songhai city. He now spent the whole day with Loopy Toad: walking together, taking public transport together, and going out together. Because of this, Loopy Toad no longer needed to surreptitiously take public transport. Even when it spoke on the bus, no one thought it was strange.

Because Wei Zhi was a famous pet trainer...

What was so weird about him owning a talking dog?

The only thing Loopy Toad still needed to worry about was the Society of Saints...

In the last few days when Wang Ling hadn't been home, President Fu of the Society of Saints and his secretary Han Jin had dropped in for a visit. They wanted to hire Loopy Toad at a high salary to be the class monitor of the spirit beast class at the Society of Saints... Unfortunately, however, Loopy Toad had just happened to be at Wei Zhi's place at the time, and Father Wang and Mother Wang couldn't directly make the decision for it.

Thus, President Fu and his assistant changed course and went to the family apartment building that Wei Zhi was in.

However, they couldn't get in at all...

For Loopy Toad, its current life on Earth was very comfortable, especially after it had adapted to this body. Its days were very relaxed and pleasant. In a place like a spirit beast class, all the spirit beasts would have owners behind them who most likely didn't have ordinary identities. If Loopy Toad decided to enter this class, it might instead cause problems for Wang Ling.

Mm...

The above was what Wang Ling had seen in Loopy Toad's diary.

Dog Two's diary was always open and wasn't tucked away in some secret place; it was just left under Wang Ling's bed...

It had to be said that Dog Two was getting better and better at writing. The characters it wrote with a pen in its paw were very bold and vigorous. Furthermore, each character was a very uniform square. They looked neat and tidy from a distance, and were incredibly orderly! They looked like print, and were simply a delight for OCD people!

...

Wang Ling didn't rest that night, and instead was busy thinking about what had happened during the summer camp.

He had indeed gained a lot from the summer camp, but it was a lot of hassle as well...

Dealing with the aftermath was a huge problem.

First of all, Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng, these two young masters from Remnant High, definitely wouldn't give up looking for him. These two were pretty influential in Songhai city, and were like ticking time bombs. He had to find a way to handle them later.

Of course, compared with Li Mingyao and Zhou Youzheng, the head of state was the big problem.

While Wang Ling hadn't directly attracted the head of state's attention this time, everyone had received the notification on the way back from the summer camp that they had to undergo a quarantine physical exam next Monday.

This quarantine was for all the teachers and students who had participated in the summer camp.

It was obvious that the head of state must have discovered something, and his suspicions about the "mysterious expert" was already no longer purely limited to the teachers...

Since Wang Ling had to be on guard against this, he had to put measures in place beforehand, otherwise he would be caught unprepared when the time came, which would be self-defeatist.

Of course, apart from all this hassle...

Speaking of what he had gained from the summer camp this time, it had to be the “Domain of the Gods.”

The Domain of the Gods was indeed real, because from a young age, Wang Ling had been having countless vague dreams of a divine immortal island, but he didn’t know nor did he have any memory of what that place was...

Was that place the Domain of the Gods?

Or, was it a place related to the Domain of the Gods?

What information Wang Ming and Odd Zhuo had learned from Devil King about the Domain of the Gods was still rather limited.

Any discussion had to wait until Little Silver saw whatever was inside the small black box which Devil King had given him.

Wang Ling pondered, chin in hand.

Then, he rapped on the floor...

After the last time he had set up the Heavenly Dao array in his room, Wang Ling had especially told Mother Wang not to erase it for convenience’ sake.

So Wang Ling just needed to rap on the floor.

Moments later, the three-inch man that was the embodiment of Heavenly Dao appeared in the middle of the array...

“What do you want this time?”

The three-inch man was scared when he saw Wang Ling.

Then he looked at the floor, and when he realized that this was still the same array which Wang Ling had used to summon him the last time, he was instantly speechless.

He was Heavenly Dao!!

Not Tudi Gong 1 !!!!

Chapter 789: You Always Want Something From Me, But Never Say Thank You

The golden three-inch man that was the embodiment of Heavenly Dao really wanted to cry, but he always felt utterly powerless when he was facing Wang Ling.

He had been summoned here over and over again this month, not because Wang Ling wanted to trade resources or anything, but because he wanted to ask about secrets.

But these secrets were all mysteries only known to heaven...

Most importantly, trading for these mysteries was bad enough, but who would trade for them using crispy noodle snacks?

Blame everything on his father, who had originally used crispy noodle snacks in a transaction with the boy in front of him, thus leading to this reality...

Devil...

“Go ahead, what do you want?” The golden three-inch man sighed, already completely giving in to this reality.

Wang Ling was rummaging through his drawer. He actually didn't have many crispy noodle snacks left, and was very reluctant to give them away.

And so, he was looking for expired crispy noodle snacks.

The flagship store had a recall service for expired crispy noodle snacks. Since Wang Ling was a gold card VIP customer, the flagship store could come by to retrieve the expired snacks, but Wang Ling had thought later that he should keep some of them for the Heavenly Dao.

Thus, before the summer camp began, Wang Ling had used the door-to-door VIP service and had gotten Loopy Toad to help do a swap. Furthermore, what he wanted in exchange was expired crispy noodle snacks...

An intact original flavor crispy noodle snack packet could be exchanged for three expired crispy noodle snack packets!

The golden three-inch man was blank at this scene, and he immediately stretched out a shaky hand. "— Young hero, wait a minute!"

Wang Ling turned around. "???"

The golden three-inch man: "You actually don't need to use crispy noodle snacks for a transaction... We're just a loan service, so you can ask your questions first and then swap handwritten copies for them later."

So good?

Wang Ling's eyes sparkled when he heard this.

The Heavenly Dao this time was really quite conscientious!

Wang Ling sighed with feeling in his heart.

But the problem was that he had already prepared the expired crispy noodle snacks; it would be a shame if he didn't use them!

“Just nice, three questions.”

Wang Ling spoke lightly, and then presented three packets of expired crispy noodle snacks.

The golden three-inch man was shocked. “Ex- expired?”

Wang Ling raised his eyebrows and stared at the Heavenly Dao as he said in a firm telepathic voice: When we make a deal, it depends on what I have, not what you want...

The golden three-inch man simply wanted to cry. “...”

“Let's begin.” Wang Ling stared at the golden three-inch man.

The golden man wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. He rubbed his hands together, and a golden scroll emerged. “This is the Book of Heavenly Mysteries, a golden scroll which is an exclusive record of all the mysteries of heaven. You can put your question inside the Book of Heavenly Mysteries, and it will show you the answer.”

The Book of Heavenly Mysteries was a supreme magic artifact which was a record of all the secrets of Great Dao. It was a naturally occurring, divine level magic treasure that surpassed all of heaven and earth, and was of course a level above world-defying magic artifacts.

An ordinary person had to pay the price in order to behold the secrets of Heavenly Dao.

Answers to all the secrets stored in the Heavenly Dao's Repository of Heavenly Mysteries could be obtained from this book.

Of course, these secrets had to be related to “Heavenly Dao.”

A lot of questions wouldn't be valid, such as: what does so-and-so like to eat, what sort of scandal fodder there was on them...

If these people themselves weren't closely connected to Heavenly Dao, then their questions were all in vain.

According to the laws of Heavenly Dao, the price for beholding the Repository of Heavenly Mysteries was as follows:

One: To behold the heavenly mysteries, a person has to trade something of equal value, and if necessary, it might be at the cost of one's life.

Two: Following on from Rule One, after an answer is obtained at the cost of one's life, the person will disintegrate into fine powder and disappear in forty-eight hours.

Three: If the person who beholds the heavenly mysteries is extremely evil, they will never be reincarnated after death.

Four: After obtaining their answer, the person who beheld the heavenly mysteries must guard this top secret. If they leak it, they will be struck by lightning as punishment by Heavenly Dao, never to be reincarnated.

Five: To behold the heavenly mysteries, a person must have cultivated more than a hundred Heavenly Dao, or possess more than three Outer Dao.

Six: To behold the heavenly mysteries, a person can use an equivalent amount of their lifespan to make up the value of their offering.

Seven: The Heavenly Dao reserves the right to interpret the price.

Eight: People on the Heavenly Dao white list are not bound by the above rules...

And it just so happened that Wang Ling was on the Heavenly Dao white list.

So the golden three-inch man couldn't do anything to him.

If other people wanted to behold the heavenly mysteries, they would pay with their lives at the very worst.

When Wang Ling wanted to behold the heavenly mysteries, he just needed to hand over handwritten work which he didn't want, or even expired crispy noodle snacks.

— You could do whatever you wanted if you had privilege!

The golden three-inch man felt very helpless, but could only accept this...

What was the saying?

When the wheel of Heavenly Dao turns, who will Wang Ling get a hold of...

They were finally seeing the bitter fruit of what they had planted back then.

And so, when Wang Ling wrote down the questions he wanted to ask inside the Book of Heavenly Mysteries and looked up again, he saw two streams of tears actually running down the golden three-inch man's indistinct face...

The man was actually crying?

Wang Ling was a little confused as to why.

He was such an affable person!

The golden three-inch man wiped at his tears and put away the three packets of expired crispy noodle snacks in front of him... Wang Ling was privileged enough that he could usually use his handwritten work to swap for resources, yet he used these three expired snack packets, which really weren't as good!!

“Your questions have been received by the Repository of Heavenly Mysteries... Hm, it'll take roughly three to four minutes for the answers to show up in the Book of Heavenly Mysteries.” The golden three-inch man rolled up the scroll and placed it in front of Wang Ling.

Three or four minutes was precisely enough time for a song.

All of a sudden, the golden three-inch man was seized by a whim to play Wang Ling a song.

“Why don’t you listen to this song...”

The golden man simply clapped his hands, and a melodious singing voice in 3D surround sound instantly filled the room.

The song’s beautiful prelude rang out.

Wang Ling: “This is...?”

The golden man: “This is sung by a Heavenly Dao female singer. Each of us Heavenly Dao has a different role. When a lot of cultivators pass away, they see their lives flash before their eyes, and will hear melodious music, which is quietly performed by the Heavenly Dao female singer in the background. So not just anyone can hear her voice — it can change in myriad ways, and is an accumulation of all the most remarkable voices throughout the cosmos. Every voice can imitate an instrument, so she can sing with an accompaniment.”

Wang Ling: “Mm...”

At that moment, this Heavenly Dao female singer with the countless voices had finished singing the prelude.

The song officially started:

Chapter 790: The Mysteries of Heaven Cannot Be Divulged

Regrettably, Wang Ling himself actually didn’t know that he was on the Heavenly Dao’s white list of clients.

The Heavenly Dao white list wasn't made public. Once you were added to the list, it was a secret that only the Heavenly Dao knew.

But whether or not Wang Ling knew that he was a white list client actually wasn't important... When all was said and done, even if he wasn't a white list client, they couldn't defeat him...

Each of the Three Thousand Heavenly Dao was from a large family clan, and they were divided into numerous little golden people that differentiated between generations by size.

(Boxno vel. co m) To defeat Wang Ling, if the three thousand Heavenly Dao family clans joined hands... then they might have a faint chance of winning.

A few minutes later, Wang Ling followed the little golden man's instructions and opened the Book of Heavenly Mysteries.

Previously, Wang Ling had written down three questions in the book:

One: Is President Bai, Bai Zhe, dead or not?

Two: Is the angler an inhabitant of the Domain of the Gods?

Three: Where on earth is the Domain of the Gods?

The Book of Heavenly Mysteries answered the above three questions in turn.

Just as Wang Ling expected.

President Bai didn't die back then.

During the summer camp, Wang Ling had had a bad feeling. He knew that Night Ghost Spirit Emperor had absorbed President Bai's soul, and the slap he gave Night Ghost Spirit Emperor when he invaded President Qi's mind at the time had been a little hard.

After that, Wang Ling wondered if President Bai would take that opportunity to make a comeback.

And sure enough, it was as he expected.

This cockroach was still alive...

So now the situation was a little complicated.

Because President Bai would definitely continue to try and get his revenge. Also, the Heavenly Dao had already confirmed that the angler from before was someone from the Domain of the Gods...

As for the location of the Domain of the Gods –

The Book of Heavenly Mysteries didn't give a direct answer.

According to the book, Wang Ling had to find the angler and verify the latter's identity first before the answer to the third question could be revealed...

Wang Ling frowned when he saw this, since the third question was obviously the most important one.

This was the little golden man's first time seeing a frustrated expression on this little master's face, and he said a little testily, "It's like this because you asked too many questions. As for the answer to the third question, the original asking price was very high; this is already a pretty good answer. After all, the mysteries of heaven cannot be divulged 1!"

Wang Ling: "..."

...

Elsewhere, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Little Silver were enjoying a dinner of broccoli salad.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't been idle while Little Silver was gone. He had been looking into the identities of both the mysterious angler as well as the informant who continued to leave clues on the forum. After the incident with President Bai, the informant had continually

shared new information anonymously on the cultivation forum... Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's instinct told him that there was definitely some sort of connection between the angler and the informant.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal picked up a piece of broccoli with his fork and put it in his mouth. "Looks like a lot happened at Beast King's Remains this time?"

His mouth stuffed full, Little Silver's words were muffled. "Unfortunately, we were still played. His Majesty Beast King wasn't dead, but had been scammed for over a thousand years..."

"When will you be able to open that box which Beast King gave you?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very curious about the little black box.

"It's going to take a while to open the box. His Majesty Beast King gave me a set of martial art techniques, and I have to master them first before I can open the box; I need to practice and cultivate them to at least level five first before I'll be able to open the box."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sweated. "Level five... You haven't started practicing, have you?"

Little Silver nodded. "No, I haven't; I need to start from scratch. I did consolidate the art's heart sutra on the way back."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Then... How long will you need to study for?"

Little Silver sucked his finger, a look of deep contemplation on his face. "Cultivating to level one will take two or three days. Based on the martial art's increasing level of difficulty, cultivating to level five will take at least a week, so at the most half a month to a month?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Even if it took a month to cultivate to level five, that was already the speed of light...

As expected, the holy beast race were monsters of the highest kind. Each holy beast could be said to be a cultivation genius blessed by their ancestors... But still the most crucial thing was their long

lifespans, and apart from the relative difficulty of cultivating realms, they learned everything else quickly.

Sure enough, if you compared yourself with “Silver,” it would only make you angry...

This learning speed was actually very astonishing, but in Little Silver’s eyes, this was a basic operation that couldn’t be any more ordinary.

It was like a curve wrecker getting 98 on an exam and exclaiming over why two marks had been deducted while you sighed over how they managed to score 98 marks...

This was the gap...

A human’s cultivation rate couldn’t compare with a holy beast’s at all.

At this thought, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took a deep breath.

He felt that he still had to be like Buddha in his cultivation and have patience.

Old Senior Wang at the Wang family’s small villa had already shown him a shortcut on the path to enlightenment — broccoli!

Though, he had already been eating broccoli for almost two months, and had yet to comprehend the meaning inside it...

However, since this was a hint from Old Senior Wang, there had to be some basis for it.

Perhaps he hadn’t eaten enough of it yet?

Perhaps he wasn’t enlightened enough yet...

“What have you been playing lately? Are there any new games?” Little Silver nonchalantly poked at his dinner, completely unaware of the internal storm Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was experiencing after learning of Little Silver’s speed in learning techniques.

“Games? I haven’t been playing much lately. Brother Silver... games are a waste of time. Originally, to help you to quickly adapt to the human world, I didn’t tell you about the evils of playing games. Do you know how many people play until they lose all their money through small purchases?”

“That bad?” Little Silver rubbed his head.

It was clear that he had no idea at all.

“Of course it’s that bad!” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s expression was very solemn. “You should know, to obtain the legendary gold card, some people will frequently pay a very hefty price: usually, people who look for the meaning of life in a game are often hollow in reality. Brother Silver, you should find something to do that has more meaning.”

“Aren’t I writing a novel?”

Little Silver spread his hands. “Although I don’t write as well as Senior Wang, I actually feel it’s not too bad. And in any case, games don’t actually cost much, plus I rarely spend money...”

“Then last month, you...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recalled Little Silver’s e-bill last month.

The online purchases section took up over sixty pages...

“Grenade-Throwing, think of it this way: the money I spend on games... can it be as much as I spend on takeout?”

“Er... it doesn’t seem so...”

“Then that’s fine. As long as I’m not spending more money on takeout than on games, then that’s proof that I’m not a good-for-nothing Silver.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was taken aback. "...” What kind of devilish reasoning was that?

To be fair, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought that this wasn't all Little Silver's fault.

It was he who had spoiled Little Silver rotten.

It wasn't right to be addicted to games. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that he had to guide Little Silver back onto the right path as soon as possible.

"I've started prepping for a new project recently. Brother Silver, do you have time to take part? Just nice, you can also gather some source material for your novel," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cleared his throat and asked.

"What project? Tell me about it?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at Little Silver in deadly earnest. "I'm preparing to establish a sect."