

Daily Life 791

Chapter 791: Five Masters!

A sect wasn't built in a day.

This was now an age of civilized cultivation, where everything was ruled by a system of laws. It wasn't like ancient times, when all one needed to do to set up a sect was find a suitable stretch of land with good fengshui and recruit people. You didn't even need to buy land back then; if there were several people who had an eye on the same piece of land to build a sect, whoever won in a fight would own it.

Establishing a sect in today's society had to take a lot of factors into consideration.

As early as several hundred years ago, roughly the same time the cultivation forum had just been set up, the intent to start a sect had already sprouted in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart. But he had had less resources then, and lacked supplies and money. He also didn't have the management skills, strength or connections, or pretty much anything at all.

But now things were different.

The cultivation forum had grown beyond what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had imagined when he first set it up. Relying on the forum, he expanded his relationship network and built connections. At the same time, he made use of the various cultivation news posted in the forum to explore the country all over and uphold justice, thoroughly cementing his reputation as "Great Death-Courting Senior" in the cultivation circle.

For most people, the Soul Formation stage was a realm that they could only hope to reach.

Of course, this realm was far from good enough for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal himself; at least, it was peanuts compared with the heavyweight next to him...

Even in the group chat set up in the wake of the cultivation forum, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal conceded that his realm was only slightly above average; naturally, he wasn't even on the same level as Wang Ling. Even the newbies Little Silver, Brother Fang Xing as well as Daoist Guang who had just joined the group were far stronger than him.

The most terrifying thing was that he had the vague feeling that Dog Two's strength was going to surpass his soon...

An ambitious man would always compare himself with those who were more remarkable.

With the appearance of this gap, he had to work harder and strive to catch up to these remarkable people, so that he himself would become more outstanding and finally become the ultimate ***.

Grenade-Throwing was this sort of person.

Little Silver hardly ever saw such a serious expression on Grenade-Throwing's face. He was in deadly earnest, and was unlike the usually sunny and carefree Grenade-Throwing.

Little Silver could clearly remember seeing this expression only once before.

That was...

When Grenade-Throwing had been planting broccoli in the backyard.

Sensing how serious Grenade-Throwing was as he talked about establishing a sect, Little Silver was dazed for a while before he opened his mouth to ask, "Have you chosen a place?"

"I already have several lots of land in mind; they're on the outskirts of Songhai city. I heard from a friend that a new district called Chenling New District is going to be set up there."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, "Historically speaking, it's a barren and cursed place, which is why it's been underdeveloped for hundreds of years. Many real estate developers suffered all kinds of weird supernatural phenomenon there, like localized earthquakes, their construction vehicles running up against invisible walls, and even evil spirits howling at night."

"Didn't any fengshui experts go take a look?" Little Silver asked curiously.

"In the past, fengshui experts went every day to assess the fengshui of the place. In the end, they divined that it was cursed, so very few people live there," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Hearing this, Little Silver couldn't be any more surprised. "Then why did you choose that stretch of land?"

"Because it's said that more than ten years ago... the fengshui suddenly improved overnight,"

"..."

"But I think this probably had something to do with Brother Ling and his family."

"Master?"

"That's right." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "I heard that they moved there more than ten years ago. Oh, that's right, I forget to tell you, those land lots I chose are very close to Brother Ling's house on East Huang Road."

Little Silver finally understood now.

No wonder it had suddenly transformed from a cursed place into one with auspicious fengshui.

Naturally, it was all because Master had suppressed the omens!

Master was already such a formidable person! But there were still so many seniors in the villa! Big Master 1, Old Master, Old Master's Wife, Grand Old Master... that was fully five masters! No matter how many demons and ghosts there were in that place, so what?

With five masters together, this was a Rocket 2 !

Little Silver initially wasn't overly interested, but after hearing that the sect was going to be established near the Wang family's small villa, he was instantly keen. If the sect was really set up there, it would be a lot more convenient to drop in and visit Master!

"Then, Grenade-Throwing, do you more or less have a concept in mind?" Little Silver asked again.

“I already started putting it together several years ago. I want to start with our chat group as core management. Our sect should be free of the restraints of traditional sect doctrines and rules, and develop its own characteristics. Of course, they shouldn’t violate the core values nor the will of the nation. We must never break the law.”

Little Silver was moved by the sparkle in Grenade-Throwing’s eyes and his earnest expression as the latter spoke. “Brother Silver, let me ask you a question. When your holy beast race was divided into different groups, wasn’t each one like a small sect?”

“A little bit.” Little Silver nodded.

But those weren’t sects in a real sense. A sect needed to be managed, while the tribes of the holy beast race weren’t as rigidly supervised.

“Since ancient times, why did people establish sects? To find a group of like-minded Daoist comrades and vigorously promote the secret arts unique to the sect, which would be the key to attracting large numbers of sect disciples.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal got up as he spoke passionately. “In ancient times, it was the strong who in fact established these sects for themselves. There weren’t any regulatory systems in place, and the strong wanted to leave their mark on this world by promoting their unique martial arts in order to spread their names far and wide. As for disciples who joined a sect, often it was because they were looking for shelter and peace during the chaos of the Warring Period.”

Little Silver seemed to understand a little better. “So Grenade-Throwing, what you’re saying...”

“The times have changed! Brother Silver, do you think people will come like before, if we rely on just martial arts to recruit outsiders? There are now a lot of spirit skills stores online that offer martial arts through various types of copyright collaboration. You can buy any spell you want online, and a digital version will be sent to you, so why would anyone need to go out of their way to join a sect now?”

“Makes sense.” Little Silver nodded in agreement with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s view.

But Little Silver still looked a little hesitant, because after talking for so long, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still hadn’t explained his reason for setting up a sect.

“Then what’s the point of setting up this sect? Don’t tell me you just want to create a broccoli farm...”

“Little Silver, you’re so smart!”

“...”

“Ah! Of course, that’s just one part of the blueprint for the sect! The highlight is yet to come!”

“...”

Chapter 792: A Magnificent Sect Blueprint

Establishing a sect sounded like a very inspiring thing to do.

Little Silver didn’t know what it felt like to be a sect leader, but he could roughly guess that it was probably similar to being a clan elder in a holy beast clan, and was similar to the patriarch in a big family.

As Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had said, modern cultivation society no longer needed sects like in ancient times. People looked for sects back then just to learn a technique which they could depend on during the Warring Period. In the various tussles and contests between sects, the majority of them collapsed. As for the disciples who depended on them, some died defending the honor of their sects, while others wandered about outside before finally switching to a different sect.

In the modern system, while competition between sects still existed, they would never devolve into an all-out fight. With a regulatory government department now in place, light forces nowadays tended to vie with each other through business.

Unlike before, disciples now threw themselves at sects not just for backing, but more so to make money and a name for themselves.

Little Silver had previously learned about the establishment of modern human sects.

Put simply, modern sects tended to operate like management companies. Those disciples contracted to these sects were actually like trainees in entertainment companies, and there was no denying that this was becoming the trend in the sect circle now, even if the ranks of inner sect, outer sect, and core disciples still remained.

This was never mentioned on the surface among the sects, but most of them shared a mutual, tacit understanding.

A famous star disciple could subsequently reap considerable profits for their sect, and would greatly boost the sect's popularity, website traffic, their annual new recruit numbers, and so on – it was far more dependable than a star's good looks.

In today's cultivation society, while people still looked at appearance, good-looking people were already a dime a dozen. Thanks to magic and modern cultivation technology, a person born with a face like a raw egg could change so that it was flawlessly white instead.

Competence was now more important.

"Have you spoken to Master about this?" Little Silver asked as he nibbled his finger.

This was a habit of his whenever he was pondering something, sometimes to the point of drawing blood.

But given a holy beast's formidable ability to heal, the split skin would recover in practically seconds.

"I was just about to talk it over with Brother Ling about establishing the sect. I even thought previously about having him become an honorary sect leader or deputy sect leader. However, looking at his personality, he definitely wouldn't want it."

"Mm... Master has always been low-key." Head down, Little Silver thought for a while before he opened his mouth to suggest, "He definitely won't become a sect leader, but he might agree to being a visiting official?"

"Brother Silver, that's a good idea! I'll go talk to Brother Ling later; if he declines, it's fine. As for the deputy sect leader position, I actually have another person in mind." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's expression was a little excited as he asked, "What do you think about Brother Zhuo?"

“Little Master?”

Little Silver was blank. “Given his position in the group, Little Master is indeed qualified to be deputy sect leader. But he’s only at the Golden Core stage, so it might not help in trying to enroll new students. Also, Little Master is a government official, so he probably can’t take up a position in an external sect, can he?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal waved his hand. “That doesn’t matter. I’ve already sent the proposal for our sect to a friend of mine. If it’s set up, our sect will be a light force that will work closely with the government.”

“Work with them?”

“Yes.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, “I probably haven’t told Brother Silver the original reason for establishing this sect, have I? I said earlier that modern sects are already different to those in the past. Most sects now are going the way of management companies – they nurture outer sect disciples like trainees, inner sect disciples as newbie performers, and core disciples as idols. But sooner or later, this model will hit a dead end, and it’ll definitely have to be readjusted in the future.”

“Then what about us...”

“Our sect will be a large, relaxed family which will make the disciples feel at home. When our disciples join the sect, there won’t be a classification system based on cultivation progress or overall conditions. All sect disciples will be treated equally and enjoy basic benefits. Those who want to advance just need to complete sect missions to earn prestige points, so even Foundation Establishment disciples will have the opportunity to become an inner or outer sect branch head.

“Also, our sect will have an ‘Achieving Dreams’ program, completely different from other sects! For disciples who are weaker in their cultivation but have made massive contributions to the sect, we’ll nurture them independently and help them realize their dreams – we’ll make the impossible possible! It’s precisely because of this program that when the time comes, a government supervisory and investigation office will be specially set up. Brother Zhuo can then serve as deputy sect leader as well as leader of this supervisory group. It won’t be a problem at all. Furthermore, Brother Zhuo has been active in the public eye in the last few months; if he joins us, this can help expand our sect’s popularity in a short timeframe,” said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Little Silver nodded his head, thinking that this was indeed true.

Although Little Master wasn't strong, it was obvious that he was truly touched by the heavens – he had been involved in almost every major event in the past few months.

Odd Zhuo was the main person responsible for the establishment of Songhai First Prison's Mahjong Squad.

Little Silver heard that in response to the infiltration of a foreign force this time, the Mahjong Squad had done a great service in enabling General Bai exhibit his strength.

These people should have been given the death penalty, but given their contributions, they could probably get commuted sentences... to several thousand years in prison.

But the problem was whether they would be able to live for that long...

So during their incarceration, the Mahjong Squad had to work day and night to complete all kinds of assigned tasks in exchange for redemption points.

"This 'Achieving Dreams' program sounds great..." Little Silver was completely fired up by Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's passion.

Although he didn't know how this program would work, it did sound like a project that would benefit the people, and the government would certainly be interested in it.

"It's going to be amazing." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed.

Actually, this "Achieving Dreams" program had another name: Project Odd Zhuo, also known as Project Scapegoat.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had specially designed the program to attract Wang Ling.

After the sect was founded, a "scapegoat" team would be set up.

And Odd Zhuo would be its leader!

“So what about the name of the sect?” asked Little Silver.

“Already registered it.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal chuckled as he passed Little Silver the information.

Hm... he had registered the name of the sect five years ago.

Since then, he had slowly been working out his plan to establish his own sect.

Then, Little Silver glanced at the name of the sect.

And almost had a fright.

...

Gen-

General Office of Strategic Deception?

Chapter 793: The General Office of Strategic Deception's Goon Squad

For some reason, Little Silver felt that this name didn't seem very reliable!

“This name doesn't sound very conventional?” Little Silver asked diffidently.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal just shrugged and spread his hands. “A regular name won't attract new students. Also, let me ask you, Brother Silver, who among the people around us is conventional?”

Little Silver was instantly blank at this question.

He was truly stumped.

Because it was indeed like Grenade-Throwing said: there wasn't a single conventional person among them.

"I thought a lot about the plan for the sect, but the name was fixed a long time ago. Cailian Zhenren also knew about it then, and praised it for being an avant garde name." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal grinned and gave a thumbs-up. "After Brother Luo performs maintenance on Wuji, I've already gotten him to get Wuji to bring Cailian Zhenren, Brother Dog Two and Dharmaraja here for a meeting. Brother To was also going to come, but I heard that there's been new developments with that girl from the kun's belly, and he's now doubling his efforts in that regard."

Speaking of the girl from the kun's belly, Odd Zhuo had shared details of her case with Devil King back in Beast King's Remains back then, and Devil King had instantly felt that she was inextricably connected with the Domain of the Gods.

Hence, Little Silver was immediately startled when he heard this. "She's going to wake up?"

This was a big deal!

"When Brother Ling was at the summer camp, her toes finally moved!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, "Brother Toya is now trying something new, and is sticking acupuncture needles into the soles of her feet."

Little Silver: "Damn..."

...

It was still August 5th on the fifteenth Saturday of the semester.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's sect project was in full swing.

Today, a lot of big shots were gathered in his Wenxian Garden villa. Those in the chat group who could come had come: Odd Zhuo, Lightning Dharmaraja, Cailian Zhenren, Fatty Luo, Fang Xing and Dog Two.

They would be the core members of the future “General Office of Strategic Deception” sect, and would be responsible for a department each.

Under each department leader, many branches could also be created, like a 1st division, 2nd division, and so on.

If future disciple recruits made great contributions to the sect, they could become division leaders. While their authority wouldn’t be on the level of the chief department leader, they would enjoy the same treatment.

“Our sect is one big loving family – this is our sect’s core tenet. If you don’t have any problem with that, I’m going to explain the role that each core member present here will play after the sect is founded.”

Saying this, he delivered into everyone’s hands, as well as Dog Two’s paws, a project blueprint handbook for the sect which he had prepared beforehand.

“My initial thought was for Brother Ling to be the deputy chief or honorary chief, but given Brother Ling’s personality, it’s unlikely he will agree to my willful request. So if nothing unexpected happens, Brother Zhuo will assume the roles of deputy chief of the General Office of Strategic Deception, leader of the supervisory and investigation team, as well as leader of the scapegoat team.

“Brother Dharmaraja will be the leader of the logistics team, which will be mainly responsible for the maintenance and general layout of our sect.

“Cailian Zhenren and Brother Toya, who isn’t here, will be in charge of the medicine team. Cailian Zhenren will be deputy leader and Immortal Toya the leader.

“Brother Luo, needless to say, will be the leader of the magic treasures team.

“Brother Dog, leader of the spirit beast team.

“Brother Fang Xing, leader of the goon squad.”

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was done assigning the main positions, Dharmaraja was immediately blank. “Wait! What the hell is the goon squad?”

He dimly recalled what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had just said.

Wasn’t this future sect supposed to be a big, harmonious and loving family?

Why was there such a strange department like the goon squad?!

“This goon squad is essential. Although nowadays there isn’t any heated conflict between sects, it’s necessary for us to set up some kind of security team in case someone drops by to stir up trouble. So this goon squad is actually a security organization.”

Everyone was blank at what he said.

Fatty Luo waved his palm-leaf fan and offered a very constructive suggestion. “So the goon squad needs to be equipped with a full set of magic treasures, doesn’t it? It’ll at least look a little more official if we have a Daoist robe uniform as a dress code. But we’ll need funding.”

“Don’t worry about funding, our sect has ample start-up capital,” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said. “As for the Daoist robe Brother Luo mentioned, that’s a definite must. Our sect isn’t a conventional one, but we still need to be united and have a standard management system in place. But the robe design can be simple and doesn’t have to be too complicated. We’re just a goon squad, we’re not going to war.”

Narrowing his phoenix eyes, Fang Xing stroked his chin. “If someone drops by to make trouble, how far can we go?”

“Brother Fang Xing hasn’t looked at the handbook yet, right? There’s a detailed outline for the goon squad in it; I remember that it’s on page 68.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled faintly.

When everyone flipped to page 68, they all revealed stunned expressions on their faces.

Holy shit, was this the legendary goon squad?

It was truly awesome...

And so harmonious!

The goon squad...

Really were just slapping hands?!

Screw the goon squad!

“Everyone see it?”

Gazing at everyone’s expressions, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s smile didn’t waver. “As a big harmonious and loving family, the General Office of Strategic Deception will never act outrageously. This is the so-called ‘avoid hitting someone else’s face,’ so our goon squad is only allowed to hit the other party’s hands.”

Everyone: “...”

A moment later, Dharmaraja took a deep breath. “But will this type of protection really be effective?”

“Why not? Slapping the hands is the easiest and also most civilized form of physical protest. What it needs to be is quick, accurate, and crisp. On this point, I’m going to have Brother Ling share his experience with the goon squad later.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled. “After all, those three men in Songhai Prison were all sent there by Brother Ling’s slaps.”

Everyone: “...”

At that moment, Odd Zhuo suddenly jumped to his feet. “Senior Immortal, excuse me.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “Brother Zhuo, please speak.”

Odd Zhuo shook his phone. “It’s like this: there’s been a response to the investment plan Senior Immortal submitted to the municipal Green Sect Enterprise Investment Committee.”

The Green Sect Enterprise Investment Committee was an angel investment foundation set up by Huaxiu nation’s Finance Ministry more than ten years ago to support newly set-up light forces.

It was also aimed at encouraging more sects to follow procedure and apply for legal business permits.

“That’s great, Brother Zhuo! How much is this boss willing to invest?” asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Although they had a huge amount of start-up capital, they naturally wouldn’t decline if someone wanted to invest with them, which would benefit the future development of the sect.

Odd Zhuo: “That boss said that if the sect picks a good location, he’ll consider injecting a billion first.”

“Just a billion?”

“A billion... immortal gold.”

“WTF...”

Chapter 794: Tusheng Technology

Green Sect Enterprise Investment Committee was in essence a foundation. Although it hadn’t been long since it was set up, it had already helped many new small and medium enterprises by acting as a bridge to connect them with newly established light force sects and recommending investment opportunities as well as analyzing the market, thereby creating a win-win result in the short term.

It should be noted that these angel investors were all small and medium enterprises, as the large financial groups wouldn't use an intermediary.

Enterprises nowadays all paid particular attention to compound interest and wanted to see huge windfalls in the short term. As long as the background capital chain was strong enough, this would greatly alleviate uncertainties about the future.

Thus, it was extremely favorable for some small and medium enterprises to invest in new sects. They would invest in one or two sects with more potential at the development stage and take control of a certain number of shares. If this sect expanded in the future, the returns would be extremely considerable.

Grenade-Throwing Senior had learned a little about the investment committee previously. If the sect could attract the attention of these bosses, pulling in one or two billion as investment capital would actually be very easy. Some affluent enterprises could even invest several billion in a sect's initial start-up... but this money was all in HNY!

This was the first time Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Odd Zhuo had heard of an enterprise directly investing with immortal gold.

After conversion to HNY, this investment was worth a full four billion.

Did this boss have a mine at home?

"A billion immortal gold, this person absolutely owns a mine." Cailian Zhenren and the others were also stunned by this number.

"I think we should be more cautious about this."

Dog Two folded its arms and wagged its tail.

"What Brother Dog says makes sense." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded.

Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had anticipated that the sect's framework would definitely attract genuinely interested investors, a billion immortal gold was really too exaggerated and felt a little like deliberate bait.

“Is there any related information on this company?” Grenade-Throwing Senior asked Odd Zhuo.

After returning from the remains, he had asked Odd Zhuo to help take charge of matters to do with the enterprise investment committee. Given Odd Zhuo’s position in the General Administration of 100 Schools, it was easy for him to make inquiries with his colleague in the other department, otherwise this process would have taken longer.

“All the companies are thoroughly audited before Green Sect Enterprise Investment Committee settle on them. The full name of this enterprise is Tusheng Technology, which has branches in and outside the country. Its main business is to foster interest in children cultivation.”

“Children cultivation?”

This was a pretty novel concept to many of them, since none of them had kids.

But the fact of the matter was that children cultivation wasn’t a new concept.

“Children cultivation has been an up-and-coming industry in the last few decades. It has branched out into various areas and is aimed at fostering children’s interest in cultivation when they’re very young and unearthing their cultivation potential. Tusheng Technology has made significant contributions in the field of psychological coaching and in helping preschool children build their foundations,” Odd Zhuo said.

There naturally wasn’t much that needed to be said regarding psychological coaching: through a one-or-one or whole class psychological coaching course, the aim was to subtly guide children who weren’t overly interested in cultivation toward becoming more keen. Scientific data showed that even if a child wasn’t very gifted in cultivation, a strong passion for cultivation at an early age would benefit them hugely later in life.

As for helping preschool children build their foundations, this was Tusheng Technology’s other signature industry. It was mainly to help preschool children build a solid foundation before they reached the Foundation Establishment stage, and to prevent the occurrence of unstable foundations. An unstable realm foundation would cause a person to be stuck at a bottleneck for a long time when breaking through from level nine Qi Condensation stage to the Foundation Establishment stage; their realms could even regress after they advanced to the Foundation Establishment stage.

Tusheng Technology targeted this field in particular, and had developed various products and related courses to help lay a firm foundation, which won widespread approval from parents.

Odd Zhuo said, “Tusheng Technology made use of its achievements in these two fields to set up branches at home and abroad. They were financed through multiple rounds of angel investments by other firms, and finally managed to become a listed company in Huaxiu nation. This is a genuine state enterprise. It’s only that it’s a fairly young company, so it isn’t yet as well-known as Huaguo Water Curtain Group. However, looking at the growth of its annual profits, it will definitely become a Fortune 500 corporation two years from now at the very latest, on par with Huaguo Water Curtain Group.”

“So it looks like this Tusheng Technology is pretty reliable?” Listening to Odd Zhuo’s description of Tusheng Technology, each and every one of them had glazed expressions.

“It’s a certified company, so there shouldn’t be any problems. However, the amount they want to invest is indeed a bit unusual.” Odd Zhuo lowered his head as he mused.

This company had all the qualifications, and furthermore had obtained outstanding achievements in the field, yet Odd Zhuo had a bad feeling for some reason.

With an angel investment of a billion immortal gold, Tusheng Technology would hold roughly seventy to eighty percent of the shares of the General Office of Strategic Deception.

While Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s start-up capital wasn’t small, it was far from a billion immortal gold.

With a billion immortal gold, he could set up seven or eight sects...

“Anyway, I think we need to be cautious; what do all of you think?” asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

“I couldn’t agree more.”

Cailian Zhenren nodded. “An investment is admittedly a good thing, but sometimes it carries risk. We and the other party are still pretty much strangers at this point. Even if they are interested in our sect, putting in such a huge amount at one go really doesn’t seem right.”

“To be a little cautious is a good thing.” Dharmaraja also nodded.

“Alright! Brother Zhuo, we’ll have to trouble you to contact your colleague to arrange a time with this investor to take a look at some of the sites we’ve selected for the sect,” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said after thinking for a while before turning to look at Odd Zhuo.

No matter what, it wouldn’t be proper to directly reject the other party now that they had shown up in all “sincerity” with this investment.

Tusheng Technology could be considered a large company, that for some reason was suddenly inspired to invest in a new sect, which was very fishy. Whatever the case was, however, they should still meet the relevant person-in-charge before anything else.

At the very least, they had to learn the other party’s intention.

“When?” asked Odd Zhuo.

“Let’s make it tomorrow morning,” said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

The reason why he had set it for tomorrow was because he wanted to call Wang Ling over to check the situation out together.

Chapter 795: Sect Site Location

It was August 6th on the fifteenth Sunday of the semester.

This was a special day: it was the start of a countdown to the second week. That was to say, the high school summer break would start after the final exams ended next week.

In fact, a lot of regular high schools were already on holiday, but cultivation high schools had a different schedule, and usually had their break from August 15th to October 15th. Like regular high schools, however, It was a two-month break.

Wang Ling was a lot more relaxed when it came to the final exams this time, and wasn't as stressed as he had been with the midterm exams. He had been secretly studying the whole time during the summer camp, and had already come up with an extremely thorough revision scope, spotted exam questions, and memorized all the literary poems... In any case, exams for Wang Ling were all about manipulating his scores, which couldn't be any easier for him.

As long as he revised well, he could easily adjust his grade for the position he wanted.

As for the exact score itself, that had to wait until he entered the exam room. After all, not everyone adored studying the way he did.

Like Super Chen and Dopey Guo, for example, as well as the people reading this novel, most chose to cram in the last two days before the final exams.

A saying put it well: "he who has bread in hand has no fear in his heart." The difficulty in manipulating exam scores lay in the fact that there were definitely a number of ways in which a problem could be solved.

It just so happened that Grade One had a summer camp at this time. Since it had taken up time that could have been spent revising, Wang Ling was guessing that a lot of student grades would drop, so it shouldn't matter if he did a little more poorly in the exams this time...

When Wang Ling left the house, he saw Grandfather Wang watering the plants in the garden.

Wang Ling didn't know if he was mistaken, but he somehow felt that the old man's physique seemed a lot more robust. Grandfather Wang was wearing an apron, a pair of loose exercise pants, and nothing else...

Thus, Wang Ling saw Grandfather Wang's large and solid pecs.

He knew that the old man had been making preparations all this time for the showdown with the sect leader of Kitchen Knife Sect, Jiang Haifu. But in the week that Wang Ling hadn't been home, what on earth had the old man gone through?

"Ling Ling, you're going out? Just to let you know first, I've invited Jiang Hiafu here on August 16th for the fight," the old man said as he lifted his head to look at Wang Ling and smile.

“Mm.” Wang Ling nodded.

Actually, he had already known since yesterday.

That was the first day of the summer break, and he would be at home.

Yesterday, Father Wang had told him that he had to be at home as part of the judging panel, while Jiang Haifu would bring his son Jiang Bai with him.

Wang Ling still had a vague impression of Jiang Bai, who was a student in the ordinary class.

At the sports meet back then, Jiang Bai had demonstrated his exquisite body outline-tracing archery technique... Wang Ling remembered secretly helping Jiang Bai overcome his trauma.

Unfortunately, while Wang Ling might remember Jiang Bai, there were a lot of people who probably had already forgotten who he was.

Blame the author for his slow updates!

...

Wang Ling was going out today on Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's invitation, to help meet with a sect investor.

The first thing Odd Zhuo did after receiving the news that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wanted to set up a new sect was tell Wang Ling. He also hinted that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal planned to invite Wang Ling to be an honorary sect leader.

But Wang Ling shook his head as soon as he heard this. Forget honorary leader, even a division leader or whatnot was too eye-catching and out of the question for him.

But Wang Ling's eyes lit up at what Odd Zhuo said next.

Because Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal planned to open a recreation hall.

And this so-called recreation hall would be a convenience store inside the sect, which would sell... Wang Ling's favorite... he he he.

He had no reason to turn it down.

And so, Wang Ling could only agree to this proposal.

No matter what, he should go take a look.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had arranged to meet in a place that wasn't unfamiliar to Wang Ling: it was a branch of Midnight Dining Hall, run by Boss Tan's younger brother. After they rescued him from Immortal Mansion back then, he testified as a witness against Cheng Yu, and then ran Midnight Dining Hall with his older brother. Very quickly after that, he opened this branch.

This branch was pretty close to the Wang family's small villa.

Thus, when Father Wang wanted to eat lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles, he didn't have to go very far for it anymore. Even if he didn't feel like going out, ordering takeout didn't take long, given the distance – fifteen minutes at most!

When Wang Ling reached this Midnight Dining Hall branch and pushed open the door, he found Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal already sitting inside after being welcomed by Boss Tan's younger brother, Tan Qian.

Tan Qian had been incited by Immortal Mansion at the time to stir up trouble at the Wang family's small villa. Wang Ling hadn't been home, so Jingke had smacked Tan Qian around for a bit. It was only when Boss Tan later delivered a takeout order of beef noodles that he recognized this failure of a brother.

Back then, Tan Qian had cultivated the Panwu Immortal Martial Arts, which led to a dramatic change in his physique and made him larger. But the shortcomings of this martial arts technique was also very clear: while it could upgrade a person's realm in the short term, it drew forcefully from their lifespan. If Wang Ling hadn't intervened back then, Tan Qian would have long turned into an abnormal titan several dozen meters tall.

“Brother Ling, over here!” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal waved as he greeted Wang Ling from a distance.

Tan Qian also had a smile on his face as he gazed at Wang Ling with deep reverence. “Sir Benefactor honors me with your presence, and brings light to my humble shop.”

Calling Wang Ling his benefactor wasn’t wrong at all.

“Sir Benefactor, please sit.” Boss Tan gestured in invitation. “Since Sir Benefactor and Senior Immortal are here to discuss business, I’ve already closed the shop beforehand, and will only reopen after you’re done with your discussion. No one will bother you during this time, and all the refreshments in my shop are free of charge for Senior Immortal and Sir Benefactor.”

“Mm.”

Wang Ling responded lightly as he pulled out the chair next to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and sat down.

Soon after that, Tan Qian presented with a flourish a dessert that Wang Ling would definitely like — a sweet and spicy crispy noodle snack flavored slushie!

Wang Ling’s eyes lit up when he saw this slushie piled up as high as a small mountain in the middle of the tray.

From what he could see, this brother had promise...

To err was human; it wasn’t too late for a young man who had taken a wrong turn to step back from the edge of the precipice!

Just as Wang Ling scooped up a spoonful of the slushie, a figure suddenly appeared at the shop entrance.

Wang Ling half-turned his face, his expression extremely solemn all of a sudden.

Because this aura felt very familiar.

More importantly...

This aura was tinged with the same flavor as Wang Ling's...

Chapter 796: Heavenly Dao Governing Committee

When Wang Zhen appeared in the front of Midnight Dining Hall, he couldn't help breaking into a sly smile. He was certain that the thief he had been painstakingly searching for all these years was at this moment in this small restaurant called "Midnight Dining Hall."

Finally, this salted fish had taken his bait...

Although he had to pay a small price before that.

But it was just a small enterprise in the world below; buying shares in secret was a piece of cake for Wang Zhen.

His ostensible investment in the new sect which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was planning to set up had all been for the sake of drawing Wang Ling out.

Fortunately, everything was going according to plan.

...

Wang Ling's gaze was fixed on the figure in front of the shop. Separated by a pane of frosted glass, two people with similar auras probed each other.

The reason why Wang Ling had responded to the invitation this time had a lot to do with the person outside the door.

Not long ago, Wang Ling had yet another prophetic dream, in which he was fighting someone whose aura resembled his, and this person was that very “angler” whom he had been investigating for a long time.

Finally, was it time for the truth to be revealed?? (B oxnovel.c om)

Gazing at the frosted glass of the shop’s door, Wang Ling silently activated his King’s Eye so that it directly penetrated the glass screen and rested upon Wang Zhen’s face outside the shop.

Wang Zhen’s face instantly froze before his expression turned frightened.

He couldn’t believe that a thief could actually be so powerful. He had originally estimated that this thief had stolen at least fifteen hundred Heavenly Dao from him. Furthermore, it wasn’t easy to digest these Heavenly Dao, but this thief had already digested seventy or eighty percent of them at least, and was practically on the same level as Wang Zhen!

Damn it...

A little thief could actually digest the Heavenly Dao that was originally his to this extent.

Wang Zhen had already been holding in his grievances for many years.

Because of the difference in the number of Heavenly Dao, he had always been bullied by the eldest young master of the Gu family on Ninefold Star, and he had been suppressing his resentment for far too long. Now that he had finally found an outlet for venting, he naturally wouldn’t let go of this opportunity easily.

“Heavenly Dao field!”

The next moment, Wang Zhen opened his eyes. Countless nomological laws in his eyes actually created a spirit landscape which pulled Wang Ling in.

Instead of a direct fight, the two of them chose to cross swords inside a spirit world.

Thus, while Wang Ling didn't appear to have moved, Wang Zhen had already dragged his soul into the spirit field.

But Wang Zhen was nothing, and ordinarily, Wang Ling wouldn't have let him succeed so easily. However, Tan Qian and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were still here, and if Wang Ling made a direct move, the two of them would become cannon fodder.

So a spirit showdown was a great method: it was both civilized and harmonious.

Inside this perfect, pure white spirit field, Wang Ling finally stood face to face with the angler in the same world.

Although this was their first meeting, Wang Ling was already certain that he and this man were inextricably connected.

Because this man also had the same characteristic and no less remarkable dead fish eyes.

"Who are you?"

Wang Ling stared at Wang Zhen and spoke lightly.

Unfortunately, there was no way Wang Zhen was willing to give Wang Ling a chance to ask questions.

After stewing in his resentment for so many years, he was already utterly enraged.

"Give me back what you stole from me!" Wang Zhen bellowed. He charged forward as he madly swung his fists at Wang Ling.

With a straight face, Wang Ling flickered around continuously to evade Wang Zhen.

Since he had already asked the Heavenly Dao before, and confirmed that the angler was from the Domain of the Gods, this string of evasive maneuvers were the most serious ones he had ever used.

When all was said and done, this person was from the Domain of the Gods, and the number of Heavenly Dao he had on him was terrifying.

There were at least fifteen hundred Heavenly Dao on this man...

(B oxnovel.c om)? ? Just by dodging him, Wang Ling had already perceived Wang Zhen's real strength, and it had to be said that this person was by far the trickiest opponent he had ever encountered — a slap in the face might not be enough to completely sap the other man of his battle strength.

But unlike how he had handled President Bai back then, Wang Ling wasn't going to settle this fight as quickly by taking off half of the talisman seal — he still had too many questions to ask the “angler” in front of him.

If he accidentally killed him, everything would have been in vain...

For now, the first question Wang Ling wanted to ask was —

They had only just met, but why was this person coming at him directly with his fists...

Had they met before?

And he even claimed that Wang Ling had stolen something from him...

Thus, Wang Ling's verdict was: the inhabitants of the Domain of the Gods might not be very smart!

Wang Zhen, on the other hand, still hadn't given up punching, and while he launched a bunch of fierce Ora?Ora?1?punches at Wang Ling, he didn't land a single one...

But Wang Zhen had never been a man who would give up easily!

He had waited too long for this day!

“Great Separation Spell!”

Without holding anything back, Wang Zhen directly cast his Heavenly Dao spell. Heavenly Dao spells didn't require hand seals, and were nomological laws that could be employed immediately.

After the Great Separation Spell was cast, Wang Ling saw countless Wang Zhens suddenly appear in this spirit space; these weren't illusions, but real clones.

Of course, Wang Ling himself was very familiar with this technique.

But who could have imagined that just as Wang Zhen was about to launch his next round of attacks...

At that very moment, the Heavenly Dao were holding a trial...

...

In an alternate dimension, where the little golden people of the Heavenly Dao lived.

The moment Wang Zhen cast the "Great Separation Spell," the Heavenly Dao Committee had convened for an emergency meeting.

Around the circular governing table sat six golden men who were dozens of zhang tall.

They were the main members of the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee: Strength Heavenly Dao, Time Heavenly Dao, Space Heavenly Dao, Soul Heavenly Dao, Life And Death Heavenly Dao, and Spirit Heavenly Dao...

Strength Heavenly Dao: "We've just received news that someone has attacked the VIP client on the white list."

The other Heavenly Dao were petrified. "There's someone who actually dares attack a white list client? Does this person want to die?"

Strength Heavenly Dao: "But based on the report from the little golden man intelligence officer, the situation is a little more complicated this time. According to the rules of Dao Founder, those who

possess Heavenly Dao are not allowed to use them against those on the white list. Of course, this doesn't include comparing notes in a regular fight. We make judgments based on the relationship between the two parties as well as the killing intent behind the use of the Heavenly Dao... However, the man who attacked the white list client has very strong killing intent."

Time Heavenly Dao: "Who is this man?"

Strength Heavenly Dao: "A descendant of Dao Ancestor Wang..."

Hearing this, the six Heavenly Dao fell silent.

A while later, the golden man who represented Life And Death Heavenly Dao said, "Since it was Dao Founder who set the rules, even Dao Ancestor Wang's descendant can't break them. I propose that he be exempted from death, but his Heavenly Dao be confiscated for a period of time as a form of disciplinary action so that he can't use them as per usual."

After he spoke, the other Heavenly Dao looked at one another.

Finally, Strength Heavenly Dao sighed. "That's the only thing we can do..."

Chapter 797: Zhen · Heavenly Dao Warrant

It was the shortest meeting of the Heavenly Dao Governing Committee in history.

Because since ancient times, there hadn't been anyone who dared attack clients on the Heavenly Dao white list...

The Heavenly Dao white list had initially been conceived and specially set up in response to a call by Dao Founder Dao Ancestor Wang. The number of people protected by the Heavenly Dao white list was extremely limited and could be counted on a person's fingers, Wang Ling being just one of them. But even so, his position on the white list was very special.

Wang Ling was a Heavenly Dao white list VIP client...

Strength Heavenly Dao had already mentioned this point earlier.

Since he was a VIP client, then he naturally had VIP privileges.

“Since everyone is more or less in agreement, the decision is to take disciplinary action. Then, what would be a fitting number of days the punishment should last for?” Strength Heavenly Dao asked.

The punishment should naturally fit the crime, while also taking into consideration the fact that Wang Zhen was Dao Ancestor Wang’s descendant. If they confiscated the power of his Heavenly Dao, his strength would naturally be greatly reduced in the short term. If he ran into some sort of trouble during this time, however, that would be bad.

When Strength Heavenly Dao said this, the other Heavenly Dao fell into deep thought.

Spirit Heavenly Dao said, “How about eighty-one days?”

Space Heavenly Dao shook his head. “Isn’t that a little too long?”

Spirit Heavenly Dao: “Attacking a white list VIP client is a death penalty – this is already showing him the greatest consideration.”

Space Heavenly Dao: “But if we’re too heavy-handed, we won’t be able to justify it to Dao Ancestor Wang... If something really does happen to Wang Zhen, how are we supposed to explain it to His Eminence Dao Ancestor when we pay our respects annually at his Valor Palace? Hello, Your Eminence Dao Ancestor, we worked together to confiscate the Heavenly Dao from Wang Zhen, your descendant, and accidentally got him killed? Your Eminence Dao Ancestor, please forgive us?”

“Well...”

“Then how about forty-nine days?”

“No... forty-nine days is also a little long...”

Finally, Time Heavenly Dao sighed. “Then, seven days. Confiscate all his power of Heavenly Dao for seven days. Hopefully, he will reflect properly on himself during this time. Additionally, we have to send someone to explain the situation to Wang Zhen... If he attacks that Lord again, it won’t be as simple as just seven days.”

The Heavenly Dao all nodded. “Good, then that’s what we’ll do.”

...

On the other side, in Wang Zhen’s spirit field, tens of thousands of clones summoned through the “Great Separation Spell” packed the entire spirit space, surrounding Wang Ling thickly. These clones were all corporeal, and every punch would hit flesh. It wasn’t going to be that easy to dodge them anymore.

Wang Ling frowned slightly as he pondered how he should respond in this situation.

But in the split second that Wang Zhen attacked him with a roar, golden light unexpectedly penetrated the spirit field and directly hit Wang Zhen.

With a bellow of pain, Wang Zhen was sent flying like a scarecrow. This golden light was very strange. It didn’t seem to have broken through the space wall, but had actually directly crossed space to be independently produced in Wang Zhen’s spirit space... furthermore, this golden light contained the aura of Heavenly Dao to the full.

While the golden light only appeared for a split second, Wang Ling firmly believed that he hadn’t sensed wrong...

This was the power of Heavenly Dao.

When the golden light appeared and blew Wang Zhen away, he immediately knew something was wrong when he was hit. “Shit!”

The next moment, his spirit space split open!

Wang Zhen came back to his senses outside Midnight Dining Hall, his face full of astonishment. Through the glass door, he felt Wang Ling's aura inside, and his hands actually began to tremble involuntarily.

Wang Zhen was now feeling strange.

He actually felt the power inside his body slowly flow away like silt.

Wang Zhen was alarmed. "How is this possible..."

The next moment, he indeed felt it.

His power of Heavenly Dao...

Disappeared!

Furthermore, it was a very thorough disappearance... not even dregs were left!

No way...

Why was it like this?

Wang Zhen clutched his head, unable to believe what was happening.

Why couldn't he use his skills?

Don't tell him the Heavenly Dao skills were on cooldown?

No...

He recalled that Heavenly Dao spells could be cast instantly. When did they need to cool down?!

This despicable thief actually set him up!!

Inside the shop, because the Heavenly Dao golden light had torn apart Wang Zhen's spirit space, Wang Ling was forced to withdraw from it. He actually hadn't wanted to leave, and was initially going to take this great opportunity to ask Wang Zhen several questions. However, he never expected the Heavenly Dao to actually stop Wang Zhen... Just like that, the perfect opportunity to ask questions was ruined!

Wang Ling looked at the door a little glumly.

Tan Qian looked at the figure swaying outside the door and asked in a very low voice, "Why hasn't this boss come in yet? He's been at the door all this time."

"Shh!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gestured for him to hush. "Can't you see? The boss is also a Dao expert. He looks like he's standing still at the door, but I bet he's sounding things out. Also, Brother Ling just happens to be here, so he's communing spiritually with this boss."

When it came to fights between experts, the crudest type was to start brawling as soon as you met, while the norm in a mid-level exchange was to rely on a battle of words to force the other side to make a move first. In a top-class encounter, nothing could surpass the current situation: there didn't seem to be any activity on either side, when in reality, they had already infiltrated each other's mind for "a friendly round of swapping notes."

Tan Qian suddenly saw the light. "So it's like that. As expected of Ling Zhenren!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Ling didn't know about the Heavenly Dao white list, let alone the fact that the Heavenly Dao had ruled to confiscate Wang Zhen's Heavenly Dao, which was why they had been forced to leave the spirit space. All he saw was Wang Zhen freaking out outside the door after leaving the spirit space, as if his wife had been snatched...

Wang Ling assumed that this person had probably run into some kind of tricky problem all of a sudden.

Maybe he should go take a look?

Wang Ling got up and slowly walked over.

But Wang Zhen was so frightened by Wang Ling's movements that all his hair stood up.

He didn't know why he suddenly couldn't use the power of Heavenly Dao...

But he knew that it definitely had something to do with Wang Ling!

This man's strength was far more fearful than he had imagined!

To actually be able to restrict the power of Heavenly Dao...

If he was nothing more than a thief, how could this sort of thing happen?

As his thoughts raced, a storm stirred in Wang Zhen's heart despite himself.

Although he didn't want to accept the reality, Wang Zhen indeed had no choice but to reevaluate Wang Ling... He wondered if he had gotten the wrong person...

Perhaps, the senior inside wasn't the thief, and the thief... was someone else...

Just as Wang Zhen opened his mouth to speak with Wang Ling, dark clouds suddenly gathered in the sky and thunder rumbled.

When Wang Zhen turned to look behind him, his expression changed dramatically.

"Stay away from him..."

It was as if he heard the voice of Great Dao from deep within, a sound that only he could hear.

The next moment, this sound of Great Dao turned into heavenly lightning that seemed to pierce his head.

This scene...

Wang Zhen couldn't be any more familiar with it.

Heavenly Dao lightning, plus his inability to use Heavenly Dao spells...

In that moment, Wang Zhen was finally sure that Heavenly Dao had passed judgment on him.

He didn't know the exact reason for it, but what Wang Zhen could be certain of was that Heavenly Dao had likely put out a Heavenly Dao warrant on him...

Chapter 798: Wanted: Wang Zhen

This was a completely unforeseen turn of events for Wang Zhen, and far outside of his expectations. He never thought that there would actually come a day when he would be listed as a wanted person by the Heavenly Dao.

Heavenly punishment precisely struck the top of his head in warning. It didn't want to kill him, so apart from blowing his hair up into an afro, it didn't affect him anywhere else.

But what Wang Zhen could be sure of was that if he continued to approach Wang Ling after the Heavenly Dao had listed him as a wanted person, the lightning of heavenly punishment would continue to rain down on him, and each strike would be more powerful than the last.

Thus, after realizing this fact, Wang Zhen's first reaction was to retreat.

He already had no other choice.

Now that he was prohibited from using the power of Heavenly Dao, his overall battle strength was severely reduced. If he were to fight Bai Zhe now, it might end in a tie, or he might even be at a disadvantage... if he continued to get hurt in this state, it would really kill him!

When Wang Zhen saw Wang Ling's aura approach him, he yelled almost hysterically at the little shop, "You, you... don't come over!!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Zhen was horrified when he realized that he actually couldn't withstand Wang Ling's aura.

With the loss of his power of Heavenly Dao, the sense of oppression from the other party was almost several – no, tens of times heavier!

But Wang Ling, who had no idea what on earth happened to Wang Zhen, only wanted to go check on his condition.

Who knew that just as he approached Wang Zhen, the latter started screaming in fear like he had seen a ghost.

When Wang Ling opened the door, Wang Zhen had both his hands clasped to his cheeks, and he even looked like he had turned into that world-famous painting "The Scream."

Screaming, Wang Zhen could only push off the ground as he started to backpedal frantically, but that push didn't create much of a distance. Then, Wang Ling saw Wang Zhen fall down on his face with a cry in the distance... He was so frightened by the oppression of Wang Ling's aura that his body had actually turned soft, so he could only fly halfway up into the air before he lost his strength and fell directly back down...

Boss Tan's younger brother Tan Qian and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were both petrified at this scene. "What happened?"

Tan Qian looked into the distance. "What the heck, why is this boss acting like he's seen a ghost?"

Chin in hand, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal seemed to have some idea about what had happened. "Sure enough, bringing Brother Ling here was the right decision. He who never wrongs

others does not fear that the ghosts will come knocking. Brother Ling and this boss have never met, but for the man to actually be this scared, he was definitely up to no good. Looks like there really is something wrong with this Tusheng Technology!”

Wang Ling was speechless. “...”

Huh? He really didn’t know anything!!

God only knew why this man attacked him at first glance.

And kept going on about him being a thief.

It was obvious in his aggressive manner earlier that he had been ready to attack Wang Ling with Heavenly Dao.

But in the end, this person had fled the battlefield in the blink of an eye; not only had he directly lost his mind, he even looked at Wang Ling like he was seeing a ghost.

And so Wang Ling stopped moving. Standing in place as he observed for a moment, he saw the man push away the gravel and soil with all his strength as he struggled very hard to pull himself out of the ground, like a drowned salted fish. His face was white as a sheet, and his expression was extremely malevolent.

Anyone would think he was possessed.

“Brother Ling, this man doesn’t look well. Is he ill? Should we go and check on him?” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

He had overlooked this possible situation earlier. If there wasn’t anything wrong with this boss, it was possible that he had an illness to begin with, and it had unfortunately flared up just as negotiations were about to happen... That was one possibility.

“...”

Wang Ling pursed his lips.

He had too many questions to ask Wang Zhen.

But as soon as he took a step in Wang Zhen's direction, Wang Zhen immediately started to scream in fear like before. "De- devil!! Stay back! I – I surrender!" It was clear that his voice was wobbling in his throat as he yelled in alarm.

Undeterred, Wang Ling took another step forward.

Then, he saw Wang Zhen's eyes directly roll up in his head as his entire being stopped moving.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal slowly walked over to check Wang Zhen's condition.

He was still breathing...

But he had already passed out from the fear...

...

At the same time, the six Great Heavenly Dao were also watching this scene in their alternate dimension.

Wang Zhen had already passed out, so the lightning of godly punishment had naturally stopped since Wang Zhen was now already no longer a threat to Wang Ling. Also, it was very obvious that Wang Zhen had been properly punished. Even if his power of Heavenly Dao would be restored to him in seven days, he would think it over carefully before attacking Wang Ling again.

Strength Heavenly Dao sighed. "If he knew it would come to this, he shouldn't have done anything in the first place."

Life And Death Heavenly Dao said placatingly, "He can't be blamed for all of this. After all, apart from the ancestors of Dao Founder, no one else knows about the rule for white list clients."

"That's right."

Space Heavenly Dao nodded. “Hence, I don’t think this is a bad thing. It’s good for Wang Zhen to learn about this earlier on. After all, that person’s identity is very special... It would be better for Wang Zhen to recognize friend from foe now and let go of his former enmity and resentment. In the end, everything he has achieved so far is due to his ancestors. Unfortunately, while the Wang family has been emulating His Eminence Dao Ancestor all these years, none of them have ever been able to surpass him. The era of His Eminence Dao Ancestor has finally passed...”

“Not necessarily.”

Spirit Heavenly Dao had a different view. “When all is said and done, Ling’s existence is a variable. He is the person who can change the situation of the entire Wang family... Otherwise, His Eminence Dao Ancestor wouldn’t have paid such a steep price for this back then...”

Soul Heavenly Dao: “They’ve been fighting each other all this time in the world below. Why didn’t His Eminence Dao Ancestor make this matter clear from the start, or at least leave behind some information? The misunderstanding has now grown bigger and bigger. If it cannot be redeemed in the end, then what...”

Time Heavenly Dao: “The mysteries of heaven cannot be revealed – there are some things that can only be grasped intuitively and not conveyed in words. If His Eminence Dao Ancestor were to make everything clear, then it would be meaningless to test the descendants of the Wang family... It’s easy to obtain Dao, but it’s difficult to comprehend. No one can take the Three Thousand Great Dao with them except for Dao itself...”

After Time Heavenly Dao said this, all the Heavenly Dao were lost in deep thought.

They thought of Dao Ancestor Wang’s hopeful face when he had laid out this chessboard back then. He had always firmly believed that the descendants of the Wang family would be able to fight fate and calamity.

As Time Heavenly Dao had said, obtaining Dao was easy, but comprehending Dao was difficult...

There were times when letting go of an obsession wasn’t necessarily a bad thing.

Unfortunately, who knew when Wang Zhen, as the eldest son of the Wang family, would be able to understand this reasoning.

You, Master, are in the end the master...

Chapter 799: A New Investor

After Wang Zhen passed out, Wang Ling cast the Great Teleportation Spell to instantly transport Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Zhen to Chrysanthemum Island where Immortal Toya was.

In the process of trying to solve the problem of the coma which the kun belly girl was in, Immortal Toya had made new breakthroughs in his research of hard-to-treat cases. He developed many new drugs, and while they didn't work for the girl, they were surprisingly effective on other vegetative patients.

Supposedly, quite a number of patients who had been in comas for over a hundred years miraculously woke up recently...

Now, express couriers came to Immortal Toya's island almost every day to deliver silk banners from all over the place.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Wang Ling and Wang Zhen landed directly in the alchemy room, where Immortal Toya refined pills. The kun belly girl was dressed in a snow-white hospital gown which Cailian Zhenren had changed her into at Immortal Toya's request.

The gown was made of a special material that could automatically clean her skin so that she didn't need to bathe even when she was unconscious. Additionally, the gown material was very thin, so acupuncture needles could still be used on her even with her clothes on.

"Brother To, where are Jin Shi and Yin Shi?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked the question as soon as they landed.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had texted to say they were coming, so Immortal Toya wasn't startled at all. He responded with a smile, "Jin Shi and Yin Shi are outside receiving deliveries. It's probably more silk banners today."

“...”

“Where’s the patient? Let me take a look.”

Saying that, Immortal Toya washed his hands and looked at Wang Zhen.

He wriggled his fingers at a distance, and Wang Zhen’s eyelids were pulled up by a small gravitational force. After checking Wang Zhen’s pupils, Immortal Toya felt his pulse and examined Wang Zhen’s internal condition.

“Brother To, how is he?”

“It should be a coma brought on by sudden shock, but it’s nothing compared with the kun belly girl’s symptoms. This gentleman is so strong that even if I don’t prescribe him anything, he’ll be able to recover himself... Actually, there are times when this is usually caused by psychological factors. How long it will take him to wake up depends entirely on the extent of this man’s psychological trauma.”

“...”

“Of course, we can still use medicine. I’ll prepare some later and give this gentleman an IV. It might not be long before he wakes up,” Immortal Toya said.

“That’s good.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded.

“In any case, Senior Immortal, what was it that scared this man to this extent?”

“He’s an investment client. We initially arranged to meet today, and I wanted Brother Ling to check him out for me, but I didn’t think he would probe Brother Ling spiritually as soon as he arrived. When it was over, Brother Ling had frightened him to this extent...” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed a little glumly.

Wang Ling: "..."

"Frightened by Ling Zhenren to this point?" Immortal Toya frowned deeply. "Ling Zhenren is such an affable person, how can he scare anyone to this extent... I think it's better for Senior Immortal to be careful. This gentleman is most likely up to no good. Maybe he didn't come to invest at all, and this so-called investment is just an excuse..."

"Thank you for the reminder, Brother To, I will be very careful from now on." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, "Actually, while we were waiting at Midnight Dining Hall, Brother Daoist Guang did give me a referral for a reliable investor; I heard it was a recommendation from his number one fan. Brother Guang pulled some strings and built a wonderful bridge for us."

Wang Ling: "..."

Number one fan...

This number one fan was without doubt Father Wang.

Father Wang had been obsessed with Daoist Guang's live stream recently. Since Daoist Guang's online game, Father Wang had watched the live stream almost every day, and he was far in front on the fan list in terms of contributions, his ID still that "Has Three Days And Two Sleeps Been Updated."

In other words, Father Wang helped recommend an investor?

Who on earth could it be?

"What kind of investor?" Immortal Toya asked.

"We still don't know exactly who it is, and we'll only find out when we meet later. The other party's representative has already arranged to meet us tonight. If Brother Ling and I leave now, we'll make it just in time," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said.

"In that case, let me congratulate Senior Immortal on your success in advance." Immortal Toya smiled. "But before the two of you leave, I hope that you'll be able to help cast a restraining spell on this gentleman. He's very powerful – if he's alarmed when he wakes up and does something to

wreck my Chrysanthemum Island, it's not worth it... I'll let Senior Immortal and Zhenren know immediately once this gentleman wakes up."

"Mm."

Wang Ling nodded – restraining Wang Zhen should be a given.

Given Wang Zhen's strength... Wang Ling reckoned that even a thousand Immortal Toyas would still fall far short of one- or two-tenths of Wang Zhen's battle strength.

This was a very strong opponent.

Thus, Wang Ling raised his hand and didn't hold back as he cast suppression spells on Wang Zhen, directly casting the "Great Imprisonment Spell," "Great Prohibition of Magic Spell," "Great Spirit-Sealing Spell," "Great Suppression Spell," "Great Gravity Spell"... It was a total of more than thirty Heavenly Dao to suppress Wang Zhen in every way. If Wang Ling didn't remove these spells, Wang Zhen would in fact be no different from a vegetative patient.

...

That evening, after the failed negotiation that afternoon, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling returned to Midnight Dining Hall.

This second investor, whom Daoist Guang and his number one fan had both recommended as a reliable one, had arranged to meet at seven o'clock.

It was now less than five minutes to seven.

Since this was someone introduced by Father Wang, Wang Ling wasn't sure if this person had seen him before, so he made simple changes to his appearance with the Great Transfiguration Spell.

Wang Ling always did things cautiously, so Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal understood and didn't ask questions when he saw what Wang Ling had done.

A few minutes later, a figure appeared at the door to the shop. After pushing the door open, the man bowed deeply to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling inside. “Hello, I am the person in charge of this investment negotiation. You can call me Mai Yuqiang or Ah Mai.”

“Brother Ah Mai, please sit.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hurriedly got up.

Seeing this, Tan Qian promptly turned around to go prepare some food.

“There’s no need to be so polite, I’m only following orders.” This gentleman called Ah Mai smiled. “Senior Immortal can rest assured regarding this investment. Our superiors have decided to give the construction of Senior Immortal’s sect their full support.”

“You don’t need to look at the site location?” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stunned. Was this already a done deal?

“The higher-ups are very comfortable with leaving the running of sect operations to Senior Immortal. We’ll just be responsible for sending the money – oh, no, responsible for the investment...”

“...”

“May I ask, who are Brother Ah Mai’s superiors?”

“The Huaxiu Alliance of Cultivators, also known as: Huaxiu Alliance.”

“...”

“The head of state will take the lead in this investment plan, and the Ten Generals will each invest a portion. The total investment amount is two billion immortal gold.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling: “...”

Chapter 800: Sending Out Hero Invitations

“Two billion... so much...” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s mouth was so wide open that he could probably fit an entire egg inside.

Two billion immortal gold! This investment was too ridiculous!

This already wasn’t just about owning a mine at home anymore...

Ah Mai, the person-in-charge, cleared his throat. “As expected, Senior Immortal is a person who has seen much of the world. A typical small boss would have absolutely fainted on the spot after hearing this amount. This proves that you are indeed worthy of receiving this angel investment.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

No, it was just that he had been so astonished that for a moment, he had forgotten to pass out!

As they were chatting, Ah Mai glanced at Wang Ling, who had changed his appearance. “May I ask, Senior Immortal, this is...?”

“This is Ling Zhenren, our sect’s future visiting official as well as one of our main executives,” said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

“So this is Ling Zhenren? Excuse me for not recognizing you...”

Wang Ling was shocked. “...”

His Daoist name “Ling Zhenren” had always been a cover, like an alternate account. He didn’t realize that his Daoist name was actually now known outside the chat group.

It looked like it was time to change his Daoist name...

For a moment, various thoughts ran through Wang Ling’s mind as he pondered a new Daoist name.

I, King?

I've Castrated?Myself?1??

Or how about just Crispy Noodle Snacks?

After learning that the person sitting next to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was Ling Zhenren, there was instantly deep veneration on Ah Mai's face. "I really never thought that Ling Zhenren would be here with Senior Immortal this time. To be honest, I'm a little excited now! This is better than buying ten family buckets and enjoying finger-licking original recipe chicken skin!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Ling usually keeps a low profile. How does Brother Ah Mai know about Brother Ling?"

"Ling Zhenren is naturally low-key, but Senior Immortal should know that a lot of people follow your cultivation forum... For you to run the forum to this extent really isn't easy. Actually, there are a lot of posts online analyzing who Senior Immortal's patron is, and in the end, they found Ling Zhenren... Now, this Daoist name Ling Zhenren is quite famous not only in Senior Immortal's forum but also on other platforms. In fact, I'm personally very curious to know how Senior Immortal is able to run the website to such a remarkable extent?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help blushing at this praise. "No, no... This is thanks to Brother Ling and to the nation! The most important is to read more books and news, eat less snacks, sleep more, and pay your network fees and taxes on time!"

"Senior Immortal is so right!" Ah Mai nodded like a chicken pecking rice. Recently, the tax bureau exposed the matter of a showbiz actress's yin-yang contract, and she was fined eight billion immortal?gold?2?! It caused quite an uproar!

Thus, after listening to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's words, Ah Mai was very moved. "Senior Immortal is indeed a sensible person! Huaxiu Alliance wasn't mistaken! Actually, Huaxiu Alliance had initially planned to invest in the set-up of the cultivation forum. This time, after hearing that Senior Immortal wants to establish a sect, the head of state approved it personally, so success will naturally follow in this endeavor."

“I see... But Brother Ah Mai, two billion immortal gold is a little much!”

“Hahaha! Senior Immortal, please don’t refuse. Our two billion immortal gold investment won’t be paid out in a lump sum, but will be divided into five installments. After the first portion of the investment funds is given to you, it’ll be up to how well Senior Immortal runs the sect. If the sect runs at a loss, subsequent investments may be put on hold... This is something we need to make clear to Senior Immortal first.”

“Of course! Since Brother Ah Mai has said so, I’m very relieved!” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded.

It was indeed reasonable to give out the investment in installments. It was true that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very confident in his ability to run the sect, but he also didn’t want to defraud the other party. Two billion immortal gold was admittedly a massive investment, but in the end, the sect was only in the initial development stage – they didn’t need so much money yet, and they would have to go through several rounds of adjustment before they could settle on a budget.

When the time came and he bungled up such a large amount, they would have no way of circulating it to expand their business, which would truly be a waste of the investment.

But if the investment was divided into five installments of four hundred million immortal gold each, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was quite confident in his ability to put each installment to reasonable use.

“To tell you the truth, Senior Immortal, Huaxiu Alliance actually settled on 1.2 billion immortal gold as the investment amount in the beginning.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “Then how did it go up to two billion?”

Ah Mai: “Wasn’t there an eight hundred million fine recently...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling: “...”

“Has Senior Immortal decided exactly when you will announce the establishment of the sect?” Ah Mai asked.

“Of course! Next Tuesday is an auspicious day!” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, “I already have people working on an overall plan of the sect. Construction of many of the facilities has already been completed using the ‘Model Technique.’ When the time comes, we just need to place the model on the site and cast the spell, and the sect will be built instantly! And that will be the day that we declare the founding of our General Office of Strategic Deception!”

“Mmm! This is a big event! When I go back, I’ll certainly let Huaxiu Alliance know to make the arrangements – once Senior Immortal has fixed the exact time on Tuesday, you can let me know, and I’ll send out hero invitations to every major light force in the name of the General Office of Strategic Deception! Let them witness the birth of this new sect together!”

“I can send out hero invitations?” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was completely unaware of this.

“Of course you can!” An Mai said firmly. “Logically speaking, sending hero invitations to light forces requires Huaxiu Alliance’s approval first, and the approval process takes one to two months. However, the sect established by Senior Immortal and Huaxiu Alliance are now allies, so the process is automatically simplified.”

“If that is the case, then I must thank Brother Ah Mai even more.”

“It’s nothing!” Ah Mai waved his hand. “In addition, I need to stress one point: Senior Immortal cannot directly state that the investment is from Huaxiu Alliance... instead, it’s a combined investment from private firms. I’ll compile a list of the related investment firms and send a copy to Senior Immortal.”

“What are these private firms?”

“These private firms were established by the sons or daughters of the Ten Generals through their own sweat and tears, and they are also light forces. Please understand, Senior Immortal, it’s a very sensitive time right now...”

“Alright.”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Brother Ah Mai exchanged smiles; both of them understood each other instantly.

“Ah, that’s right, Senior Immortal, do you need any special guests for the day of the sect’s establishment? If you do, don’t hesitate to let me know. On your behalf, we can ask all the bigwigs of the light forces to show up – even sect heads won’t be a problem.”

“We do need esteemed guests, but wouldn’t that be a little too high-profile? I don’t need many people, just ten...”

“Just ten? We have millions and millions of light forces, just ten is really too low-key. As expected of Senior Immortal... Which ten does Senior Immortal want? Let us hear it.”

“Are... are the Ten Generals free?”

“...”