

Daily Life 811

Chapter 811: The Sect's Founding Ceremony

As Void Refinement experts, they would certainly be fine after jumping off the cliff. At worst, they might just land in slightly uglier-looking postures... After all, humans weren't cats, and didn't subscribe to the theory of Schrodinger's cat, who always landed feet first. Hence, the invisibility talismans they were wearing this time played a big role: as long as no one saw them, it wouldn't be too shameful even if they looked unsightly when they landed!

But the problem was that a group of reporters had suddenly gathered at the bottom of the cliff, frightening Sect Leader Sun and the others so much that their complexions turned pale right away.

Perhaps the scariest thing for experts like them with their realms were reporters!

Furthermore, in order to grab attention, a small portion of reporters would often twist the facts in their articles.

Now, seeing them jump off a cliff in someone else's newly founded sect, what kind of fanciful things would they write in their articles?

— Shock! The heads of five major sects bungee jumping off a cliff together at the founding ceremony of a new sect!

— Sect Leader of Radish King Sect leads four major sect leaders in performing the Leap of Faith 1to celebrate the opening of the Office of Strategic Deception!

The moment he saw these reporters, Sect Leader Sun had already come up with plenty of wild headlines...

Their jump off the cliff very quickly caught the attention of this group of reporters, who were on their way to the northern square.

“Look! Someone's jumped off the cliff!”

“Lighting! Cameraman! Where’s the equipment?! This is news! It’ll grab the headlines!”

“Who’re the jumpers?”

“The one at the very front looks like Sun Hanzhe, the sect leader of Radish King Sect?”

“Click””click””click”...

In just a split second, the cameras were already flashing wildly at the bottom of the cliff.

“Sect... Sect Leader Sun... what’s going on?” The sect leaders behind Sect Leader Sun looked stupefied. They were clearly using invisibility talismans! But for some reason, the talismans had stopped working at that moment!

And right in front of a group of reporters as well...

And the most important thing was that this damn group of reporters could run especially fast!

Holding their recording equipment aloft, they directly activated their body techniques and scampered over; two of the cameramen were even using “Zero Ripples and Minute Steps 2 “!

It was only at that moment that Sect Leader Sun realized they might have been set up.

But if this had been deliberately arranged by the Office of Strategic Deception, they had no evidence for it.

Because this group of reporters had been on their way to the northern square to begin with, and had just so happened to choose this route.

Professor Yang had specially said before that honored guests were different, so the route they had taken wasn’t the same. What they had used was the VIP green passage, while this group of reporters might be taking some passage that was especially for the news media.

So ultimately, all this could be said to be a coincidence...

They could only admit defeat!

Sect Leader Sun clenched his teeth and did all he could to circulate his spirit energy, planning to control the slipstreams in the air to stay aloft.

But unfortunately, he realized that his spirit energy was flowing out of his fingertips bit by bit, and couldn't gather at all.

The rest were also in the same predicament.

“The sect's barrier...”

Sect Leader Sun immediately thought that this might be an effect of the sect's barrier.

And the invisibility talisman losing its effectiveness was also probably because of the sect's barrier.

But Sect Leader Sun clearly didn't expect the sect's barrier to actually be this strong – even Void Refinement experts like them were prevented from using their spirit energy...

Thus, Sect Leader Sun, who was still falling, could only sigh in the end. “Don't panic, everyone... I'll deal with the reporters!”

“Then what should we do now?” The other sect heads wanted to cry.

“Now all of you can think about how to make your landing look better...”

“...”

...

At the same time, Sect Leader Lu, who was fidgeting restlessly in the teahouse, seemed to sense that something was wrong.

Sect Leader Sun was too slow coming back... Even if the protective barrier was now active and they couldn't circulate their spirit energy as usual, they were still Void Refinement experts – they shouldn't be this slow even if they ran. Logically speaking, they should have been back long ago.

But there wasn't the least bit activity now.

“Sect Leader Lu, your expression doesn't look very good?” Professor Yang deliberately asked with a smile.

“Er... I was just wondering why Old Sun and the others haven't come back yet.” Sect Leader Lu smiled awkwardly and blurted out a lie. “They told me earlier that they were going to pee.”

“Pee in a group? But going to the toilet hand-in-hand, isn't that a little girl's habit?”

“Hm... it's a special hobby of theirs! I did tell them acting gay all the time won't do!”

“But the teahouse has a washroom.”

“They like... to be close to nature!”

“...”

At that moment, Professor Yang looked at his phone; it seemed that he had received some news.

“Sect Leader Lu, Sect Leader Sun and the others may be a little late... I just got word that a group of reporters are interviewing them.”

“Reporters...”

“Yes, these are the front-line media reporters which our sect head specially invited for this sect founding ceremony: Cultivation People's Evening News, Cultivation People's Morning News, Huaxiu Cultivation Daily News – they're all here!”

Hearing this, Sect Leader Lu was so frightened that he broke into a cold sweat. If these reporters caught them in the act, could this situation be saved?

“Professor Yang... would it be possible to give us some face, and have these reporters leave them alone? Our Alliance will remember this in the future...” Sect Leader Lu already realized how serious this situation was, because Sect Leader Sun and the others represented Sky Light Alliance, and what the Alliance valued the most naturally was its reputation.

All these years, the reason why the Alliance had been able to stand without collapsing was thanks to the harmonious air fostered by this reputation. If they made a mess today, there would be bad blood between Alliance members, and it was hard to say what it would be like in the future.

But what frightened Sect Leader Lu even more was how coincidental it was.

If this was something the Office of Strategic Deception had deliberately planned all along... the other party’s sense of strategy was too astute! What looked simply like a casual move had thrown them into disorder and hit them where it hurt!

Professor Yang pinched his mustache and chuckled. “This happened in our sect, and since Sect Leader Lu and Sky Light Alliance are honored guests of our sect who are in our special care, we will naturally sort this out properly. But I also hope that Sect Leader Lu will remember what you just said...”

“Of course...” Sect Leader Lu bowed.

As the two men were talking, a gargantuan black shadow in the sky blocked out the sun and covered the entire northern square and the teahouse.

The sect leaders inside the teahouse were alarmed, and came out for a look. They then saw a huge immortal warship with the insignia of the Office of Strategic Deception on it, moored in the sky.

A moment later, hundreds of Soul Formation cultivators fell in beams of golden light from the sky like godly soldiers, waving congratulatory red streamers in sync. A moment later, they moved to form a straight line, and then an “S,” as the sound of harps floated down...

Chapter 812: The Diligent and Thrifty Office Of Strategic Deception

Hundreds of Soul Formation cultivators... what kind of momentum was this?!

The sect leaders were all dumbfounded.

If one had to know, it was already quite extravagant to invite several Soul Formation cultivators to be the guard of honor at a regular sect's founding ceremony. Not only was hiring Soul Formation cultivators costly, the most important thing was that they were extremely difficult to hire. And yet, the Office of Strategic Deception had actually gathered such a large number of Soul Formation cultivators to be their honor guard... For one moment, the group of sect leaders on the ground who saw this felt their insides hurt.

Sure enough, this was the gap between renminbi players and ordinary players...

On the other side, in the machine room under the stage on the Office of Strategic Deception's northern square.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Chief of the Office of Strategic Deception, was secretly watching everything on a screen. There was a machine room under the stage in each square. When the time came later, he would use the lift in the center of the machine room to appear directly in the middle of the stage.

At that moment, the celebration of the Office of Strategic Deception's founding began.

Watching hundreds of Soul Formation cultivators slowly descend from the immortal warship as they waved red streamers, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was overwhelmed with emotion.

Little Silver and Loopy Toad were both with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Dog Two: "So many Soul Formation cultivators must have cost quite a bit... woof?"

Little Silver: "And to gather so many Soul Formation cultivators to do nothing more than wave ribbons for that money is truly amazing!"

Dog Two spread its dog paws. "Maybe Grandpa Yuan fed them too much 1 ! Woof!"

Little Silver nodded, crouched down and gave Dog Two a high-five.

Although this Silver and this dog were usually foes, they were unexpectedly on the same wavelength when it came to this matter.

“Brother Dog... why are you suddenly adding a suffix to your words now?” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sweated.

Dog Two: “Since learning the ‘Basic Dog Skills,’ I can’t help but want to piss whenever I see a pole, woof!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Little Silver: “...”

“I spoke about this to Shen Wuyue, Sage Master of the demon race. Later, he thought up a way for me to deal with it. He said that if I wanted to deal with this aftereffect, I can’t fight it psychologically – instead, I have to be more like a dog. Since I wasn’t a dog to begin with, my soul might have unconsciously experienced some conflict when I learned this technique... woof.”

“So this is what you came up with?”

“That’s right, woof!”

“...”

Coming back to the main topic, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the screen in front of him and said, “Actually, I didn’t spend much at all for this group of Soul Formation cultivators. Our sect has only just been founded, how can I spend money so recklessly? Sects will generally invite two or three Soul Formation cultivators to act as a guard of honor at their founding ceremonies. These several hundred people actually cost about the same as two or three Soul Formation cultivators.”

Little Silver and Loopy Toad were shocked. “How can it be so cheap???”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal touched his head and grinned. “Brother Ling drew me a large stack of Soul Formation talismans before. These talismans can upgrade auras to the Soul Formation stage in the short-term, but in truth aren’t very helpful for increasing strength. This lot in the sky now are actually all at the Foundation Establishment stage.”

Little Silver and Dog Two: "...” Even this could work?!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “Brother Ling also said before that he would draw Void Refinement talismans. But I looked at the VIP list later and realized that a lot of the guests were Void Refinement cultivators, so it didn’t seem very polite to organize a Void Refinement honor guard, even if it’s fake! It would be too embarrassing and shameful for them!”

Loopy Toad broke out in a sweat.

That group of sect leaders looking at this momentum outside right now might already be feeling ashamed...

At that moment, a signal light in the machine room lit up, and a familiar voice came through the speaker next to it. “Senior Immortal, everything is ready. The host has already arrived backstage.”

It was Cailian Zhenren’s voice.

Today, she was in charge of venue proceedings.

“Alright, then have the host enter as planned.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded.

Cailian Zhenren: “Roger!”

A few seconds later, a middle-aged host wearing black-rimmed glasses and a smile on his very familiar-looking face approached from backstage. He had very long sideburns, which gave this uncle the appearance of a middle-aged elite. Back straight, he strolled unhurriedly onto the stage.

At that moment, dozens of buses were driving in from different directions to the northern square, and more and more people began to gather.

Sect leaders, deputy sect leaders and relevant representatives from Earth-, Black-, Yellow- and Dust-level sects, as well as regional leaders, media reporters and others, were now all in place.

But this wasn’t the highlight...

When he went onstage, this middle-aged host gave the immortal warship in the sky a look.

As the host, he already knew what was going to happen throughout the entire founding ceremony, and naturally he knew what kind of bigwigs were on the immortal warship.

Pa!

A spotlight was projected down from the immortal warship to light up the middle-aged host's figure, and a deep and stately voice was broadcasted all of a sudden.

Everyone present instantly quieted down until there was only the sound of the host's voice. "Guests, leaders, executives, sect leaders, deputy sect leaders, representatives, and friends from the media, good morning! The celebration ceremony for the founding of the General Office of Strategic Deception, or the Office of Strategic Deception, is about to begin."

When they had a clear look at the face of the middle-aged host under the spotlight, a lot of people couldn't help being startled

Because this host's identity wasn't simple...

This was the royal host who hosted Huaxiu's annual state ceremony – Wang Han!

"My god, Teacher Wang is also here..."

"It's actually Teacher Wang. Is this for real..."

"It's really Teacher Wang! Look at his sideburns and black-rimmed glasses, that's him in the flesh!"

"WTF?! It's really him! How did the Office of Strategic Deception manage to invite him?"

The moment Wang Han appeared in the spotlight before everyone, even the media reporters were stupefied. For a moment, the square was silent, and they were so surprised they even forgot to press their camera shutters.

This was a host whose experiences were pretty legendary. Not only was he a master professional host, his strength wasn't ordinary, as he was a genuine Void Refinement cultivator.

Many people still dimly remembered how Wang Han had become famous back then.

He had once done an ad for lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles, but when they were reshooting some scenes, the crew was attacked by gangsters. In that moment, Teacher Wang Han stepped forward, and used the pickled cabbage inside the noodles he had been eating to hang and kill the gangsters, and thus made a name for himself through this fight.

After that, the ad slogan spread far and wide and became a classic...

— Some copy my face, some copy my noodles, but you can't copy how I uphold world peace with pickled cabbage 2 !

Chapter 813: Official Announcement Style

For one moment, the air froze at Wang Han's appearance. No one expected this royal host, who often hosted state ceremonies, to show up at the celebration ceremony for the founding of a sect. At the same time, Lu Youming was even more terrified – he sensed that there was a huge amount of power behind this Office of Strategic Deception, so huge that just thinking about it made him feel like he had been electrocuted.

It could only be said that Teacher Wang Han was in the end Teacher Wang Han.

In front of so many sect big shots and the media, he was able to demonstrate his calm and professional hosting ability.

He wasn't even holding a script, but instead already knew all the proceedings for the founding ceremony by heart.

Holding the microphone and standing erect, Wang Han said loudly, "This founding celebration ceremony is specially sponsored by Small Raccoon Crispy Noodle Snacks."

At that moment, a holographic 3D QR code was projected into the sky — it was actually a pixelated image of a small raccoon!

“All guests present can scan this QR code and follow the steps to participate in the Office of Strategic Deception’s founding celebration ceremony raffle.” Wang Han continued, “The Office of Strategic Deception has prepared generous prizes for the celebration of the sect’s founding: ten ninth-class holy artifacts, ten sixth-class holy artifacts, and three third-class holy artifacts. There is also a special mystery prize! This special prize is an exquisite luxury good you can never imagine...”

No sooner had he finished speaking when whispers instantly broke out all over the field.

“Holy artifacts... can these just be given away so casually?”

“The Office of Strategic Deception really is rich!”

“Three third-class holy artifacts... A typical sect would choose to leave these to their own disciples.”

“Hey, is no one curious about what the ultimate mystery prize is?”

...

A lot of people took out their phones and started to scan the QR code.

They then discovered that this QR code was in fact the Office of Strategic Deception’s official account.

After tapping “Follow,” an automated reply message popped up instantly.

System: From the General Office of Strategic Deception: Thank you for following the General Office of Strategic Deception’s official account. At the same time, we sincerely invite all guests to participate in a raffle in conjunction with the sect’s founding. As long as you officially announce your support for the Office of Strategic Deception in your WeChat Moments, take a screenshot, and reply to our official account, you will be eligible to participate in the raffle. Note: If you do not know the official announcement style, please look it up online.

“Official announcement style 1 ?”

“What’s that?”

Plenty of people had blank looks on their faces.

“Does Sect Leader Lu know what the official announcement style is?” a Sky Light Alliance sect leader asked Lu Youming.

“I think I do...”

Working his phone, Lu Youming quickly took a photo.

It was a picture of the vast crowd in the northern square, and he posted it in his WeChat Moments.

Lu Youming: “Congratulations to the Office of Strategic Deception on its establishment! Official announcement! ♥”

A lot of people gathered round for look, and suddenly understood. “So this is the official announcement style? As expected of Sect Leader Lu...”

And so, for a time after that, many sect bigwigs present started to put together messages...

Head of Cutting Sky Gang Xu Buque: “Extra! The Office of Strategic Deception is established today! The only Sky-level third-class sect! Official announcement! ♥”

Adorable Lord of The Adorable Avengers Big Radish Head: “Congratulations to the Office of Strategic Deception on its founding! Official announcement! ♥”

Sect Leader of Electric Eel Sect Wu Xiuyin: “The Office of Strategic Deception is founded today. The northern square is a sea of people. I saw a lot of bigwigs. It’s so hot SKR ! Official announcement! ♥”

Sect Leader of Moral Cultivation Sect Fan Bayi: “I’ve long heard that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Chief of the newly established Office of Strategic Deception, is very popular. The Office of Strategic Deception’s founding is today, and many sect leaders have gathered. Congratulations! I hope that my Moral Cultivation Sect and the Office of Strategic Deception will have a chance to cooperate in the film and television industry! Paying taxes will start with me2 ! Official announcement! ♥”

President of So Delicious Association Wang Jingze: “To be honest, when I first received the invitation, I, Wang Jingze, declined to come. I would rather starve to death or jump from here than participate in the Office of Strategic Deception’s founding ceremony! If not for the raffle... So delicious! Official announcement! ♥”

...

This momentum created by the forwarded messages of support for the raffle wasn’t small – in just a few minutes, it exploded online and instantly became a hot topic.

The hot topic “The founding of the General Office of Strategic Deception” straightaway went to the top of the “Breaking News” list of headlines.

The app’s search interface even froze when a lot of people tried to use it.

The messages in the official announcement style posted by so many sect leaders and well-known media from all over the country caused a huge stir on WeChat, Weibo, Tieba and many other platforms.

Furthermore, below the hot topic “The founding of the General Office of Strategic Deception,” the keyword “Great Death-Courting Senior” also appeared on the list.

In the machine room, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal observed the activity online.

In a flash, this momentum generated by the raffle had pushed the Office of Strategic Deception into becoming today’s topic. Even before the media in the northern square had time to gather the facts and report the news, the sect’s founding already dominated all the headlines of the major news media websites.

“Sister Cailian is really awesome,” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal marveled.

Little Silver was very curious. “What is this special prize?”

“Food,” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied.

Loopy Toad reacted almost instantly. “It can’t be Little Master Ling’s crispy noodle snack, can it... woof?”

“Ha ha ha, Brother Dog’s reaction is so quick. I did suggest to Brother Ling before that we cook one enchanted crispy noodle snack packet and turn it into a delicacy as the special prize, but Brother Ling wasn’t in favor of the idea!”

“...”

“So the special prize was changed in the end. It isn’t a crispy noodle snack, but it’s also an exquisite luxury dish, as well as a delicacy. It’s just that this dish is too expensive to make, and can even compare with a first-class holy artifact. After eating it, your lifespan can directly increase by up to two hundred years.”

“Up to two hundred years...” Little Silver’s mouth dropped open in surprise. “What is it?”

“Charcoal grilled purple cloud wings with braised Heavenly Dao broccoli,” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said.

Little Silver and Loopy Toad: “...”

At that moment, the voice of the host Wang Han rang out again in the northern square. “Before the sect’s founding ceremony officially begins, the Office of Strategic Deception has prepared a sideshow. Any of the sect leaders present may come forward as you please to challenge our sect’s leader of the recreation hall... If you win, you will immediately receive a first-class holy artifact!”

In the machine room, Little Silver and Loopy Toad were shocked when they heard this.

“Master’s here?”

“Little Master’s here?”

One Silver and one dog said almost in unison.

“Brother Ling has to prepare for his final exams, so naturally he can’t come to the ceremony. But this is a major event for the sect, after all, so he gave us face by sending half a clone over.”

“Half... half a clone?”

“A clone that only has half the spirit power of a regular whole clone. Brother Ling said that all the sect leaders present are pretty weak. If he uses a whole clone, he’s afraid he’ll directly beat them to death.”

“...”

“After all, this is a sect founding ceremony. It wouldn’t be good to spill blood. We should start well, and get along a little.”

“...”

Chapter 814: Wang Ling’s Alternate Account

Leader of the recreation hall...

Prior to the Office of Strategic Deception’s opening ceremony, all the major sects had already investigated its registration details. Everyone naturally knew about this recreation hall, since it was one of the seven core departments that the Office of Strategic Deception had specifically made public. Furthermore, this department’s main role was to sell snacks inside the sect... To put it bluntly, it was more or less like a school’s snack counter.

A lot of people weren’t clear on why the Office of Strategic Deception would set up this department.

The only thing they could be sure of was that the identity of this department leader definitely wasn’t simple!

Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch...

This was a Daoist name that no one present had heard of before.

In fact, Cailian Zhenren had deliberately proposed this sideshow contest.

All the prominent sect leaders in the cultivation circle were gathered here today for the celebration of the sect's founding; this was a great opportunity to create an image of "Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch." For one thing, it would build prestige for the Office of Strategic Deception as a new sect in front of everyone. On top of that, it would effectively wash away the outside attention that Wang Ling had drawn when he used the Daoist name "Ling Zhenren."

So this time, Wang Ling sent half a clone, but it had been molded into a particular appearance, even including its height, and it looked nothing like Wang Ling's actual appearance.

"Whenever I asked Brother Ling to help out before, he always used the image of Ling Zhenren. Thinking back on it, however, this really was too indiscreet. Brother Ling is someone who likes to keep a low profile, so this activity this time is also for the sake of misleading the public. To put it bluntly, this is to help Brother Ling set up an alternate account!"

Loopy Toad: "..."

This explanation was quite simple and crude!

Little Silver: "While a lot of people have never seen Master before, this is also Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's first appearance. Wouldn't someone figure out that they're in fact the same person?"

"Don't worry about that."

Inside the machine room, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal waved his hand and said, "I made this Daoist name 'Ling Zhenren' an honorary visiting official of the sect. He'll appear later with the other VIPs on the immortal warship."

Little Silver: "Is that also a clone?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal shook his head. “No, that’s the human replica magic treasure which Brother Wang Ming made. He also made some changes to its appearance, but that’s a secret for the time being. The replica Ling Zhenren on the immortal warship is now wearing a full suit of armor, just like an armored warrior!”

Little Silver and Loopy Toad: “...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal pressed the call button. “Attention, everyone, Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch is about to go on stage!”

After receiving the message, Wang Han stepped to one side. The sound of gears turning rang out on the stage as it slowly split apart down the center.

Then, a battle arena slowly rose up.

This was a standard fifty by fifty meters battle arena. The entire arena had been specially designed so that it was extremely resistant to attacks, and furthermore could retain memories of its shape; even if it was damaged beyond recognition, it could restore itself.

When this arena appeared in front of the audience, the legendary Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch ascended together with it, standing in the very middle of the entire arena.

“Is this Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch?”

The people present gazed at the young man in the center of the arena. He was very thin, and his skin couldn’t be considered fair, but was the healthy color of wheat... Most importantly, his face seemed a little familiar to some people.

Especially Loopy Toad – when it saw this young man’s appearance, it was stunned for an instant.

It was sure that when Little Master Ling had been molding this face, he had to have used someone’s image as reference, and this person was someone it was very familiar with! Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled and said, “This image of Brother Ling’s clone is modeled on Senior Wang’s appearance when he was young.”

Loopy Toad was instantly struck by realization — it turned out this was Father Wang's younger self!

No wonder Loopy Toad felt like it had seen this face before — there were photos on the bookshelf in Father Wang's study of him as a young man.

Loopy Toad remembered that Father Wang was from the countryside. Before coming to the city, he had lived in a village with Old Man Wang. In those days, Father Wang had been known in all the nearby villages as a handsome young man. He had been born with good looks, and had been popular with women since childhood.

And most importantly, Father Wang had a pair of very beautiful phoenix eyes. Since he had taken to wearing glasses after he started writing, this characteristic wasn't so obvious... But this was the reason why Father Wang once suspected that Wang Ling wasn't his flesh and blood.

Because Mother Wang had very beautiful double eyelids and big eyes! And Father Wang had phoenix eyes...

But how did the two of them end up having a son with dead fish eyes?

Later, Father Wang convinced himself...

His son Wang Ling...

Must have mutated in the womb...

Loopy Toad never imagined that Little Master Ling would actually have this half-clone take on the image of a young Father Wang.

The game had just become interesting.

"Who will come up first?" Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch opened his mouth.

His voice was unexpectedly gentle, and he came across as a humble nobleman.

Loopy Toad: “What the... this voice! Sounds too nice! Hearing it can make a person pregnant! Woof!”

Even the voice was very similar to Father Wang’s!

But this was Father Wang’s voice as a young man...

Stripped of the vicissitudes of time, this voice sounded unusually gentle and pleasant!

But Loopy Toad quickly realized that this didn’t seem to be the main point!

“Why does this clone have this kind of voice? Woof!” Loopy Toad was surprised.

“This half-clone was specially made by Brother Ling and won’t vanish. Thus, both its appearance and its voice were changed. Most importantly, this half-clone can think for itself.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, “Of course, if Brother Ling wants to recall it, he can do so at any time.”

After hearing this, Loopy Toad and Little Silver were both dumbfounded.

A clone that could think for itself and wouldn’t vanish...

Nuwa herself couldn’t create a human being as easily as this!

It was clear that this was something that only Wang Ling could do...

It was already amazing enough to be able to mold the clone’s face at will, but to preserve it so that it didn’t disperse and to give it spiritual intelligence was just like creating new life!

Not long after this Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch clone representing Wang Ling laid down his challenge in the arena, a figure leapt onto the stage right away.

This was Sakamoto Shisaburo, sect leader of Leaping Sect. This was a foreigner from Sun Island. However, he loved Huaxiu's culture very much, and so had settled in Huaxiu and established Leaping Sect, starting a business in teaching body movements.

At that moment, Wang Han announced the rules. "Sect leaders, the rule for this match is that as long as you can touch Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's body, you win the match."

"Touch his body? That simple?"

"The Office of Strategic Deception is a little too conceited... The sect leaders present aren't pushovers!"

Someone laughed and spoke.

"It's not that we're looking down on the sect leaders, but that we don't have much time. There is still a lot to do after this."

Wang Han smiled and added, "Another thing, this isn't a one-on-one match. Sect leaders, as long as you're willing to take up the challenge, you can even work together. Of course, the final prize can only be given to the person who touches Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch first. During the challenge, if you leave the arena, you lose."

Hearing this, many of the sect leaders present were indignant, and one by one they spontaneously jumped into the arena.

"I, Steamed Broth Sect, accept this challenge!"

"I, Sweet Bean Curd Sect, accept this challenge!! "

"I, Three Days And Two Sects, accept this challenge!"

Chapter 815: Flashy

Inside the machine room, Little Silver and Loopy Toad frowned deeply as they looked at these sect leaders who had volunteered and jumped into the arena.

This wasn't right! Why didn't any of them seem the least bit proper?

Except for Leaping Sect, whose name sounded a little serious, the rest of the sects sounded like they were from funny novels! They could tolerate Steamed Broth Sect and Sweet Bean Curd Sect... It wasn't strange nowadays for foodies to build their own sects and uphold their preferences. In addition to Sweet Bean Curd Sect, there were also Salty Bean Curd Sect and Spicy Sweet Bean Curd Sect. These three factions had been locked in an ongoing battle for ages; now, sects had even been set up to recruit people and engage in mutual disdain.

Hm, then the question now was...

What the hell was this Three Days And Two Sects?

Was some irresponsible author besmirching some person again 1 ?

Little Silver: "This Three Days And Two Sects..."

"Brother Silver is referring to this sect? Well, the name indeed sounds very odd, but it's a genuine major Earth-level second-class sect."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal explained, "But I'm a little surprised that the sect leader stepped out to fight. Because the sect is more used to fighting with words."

"Fighting with words?"

"In fact, this sect was originally called Three Days Sect. It earns money by recording down all kinds of secret stories of the cultivation world, and compiling them into novels for online publication. Most of the disciples they recruit are talented writers. After signing the sect contract, they become paid novelists and completely hole up in the sect. The name refers to the godly speed at which they write books. Their record is three days; a sect disciple wrote a novel in three days and even won a literary prize for it."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. “However, their biggest enemy right now in fact is Senior Wang. In the last monthly battle for votes, this Three Days Sect was messing around behind the scenes, but unfortunately were still beaten back by Senior Wang in the end.”

“Then the current name...”

“As for the current name, we have to start with Zhu Ge, the Cultivation Chinese Network guru author who several years ago was so enraged by Senior Wang that he left. At that time, Wang Situ angering Zhu Ge into leaving caused a huge stir. After leaving the Network, Zhuge found a new home with Three Days Sect. At the time, the sect leader of Three Days Sect did all he could to invite Zhu Ge to join them, offering him equal shares and the position of deputy sect leader.”

“And then?”

“The sect leader of Three Days Sect meant well, but after Zhu Ge joined the sect, he started to constantly demand that the sect go out and collect reference material for writing. This didn’t align with the sect’s original aim of sticking to the keyboard and pounding out words as the front line. Not long after Zhu Ge joined the sect, the conflict between sect leader and deputy sect leader increased.”

“...”

“But even though they quarreled, they never considered splitting the sect, because Three Days Sect would definitely drop from Earth to Black or even Yellow level. Thus, after Zhu Ge joined the sect, it was subdivided into the Materials Collection faction managed by Zhu Ge and the Shut-Ins faction managed by the original sect leader. Finally, they simply changed the sect name to Three Days And Two Sects.”

Little Silver and Loopy Toad: “...”

...

By then, more and more people had gathered in the arena. A dozen or so sect leaders had stepped onto the stage.

However, most of these sect leaders were from Earth- and Black-level sects. Some of the Sky-level sect leaders, like Lu Youming, were still biding their time.

To be honest, Lu Youming didn't dare make a move at all.

Even if the prize was a very attractive first-class holy artifact...

Instinct was telling Lu Youming that this Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's strength wasn't simple at all...

At the moment, because there was already quite a number of people on stage, a few other sect leaders who had initially intended to go up decided to withdraw for now, and if there was another chance later, to step up then.

On one hand, the arena was only so big; it wouldn't be easy controlling your attacks with so many other people on stage.

On the other hand, if these dozen or so people all lost to one person, how embarrassing would that be?!

"Everyone, I propose that we all join hands to exert pressure and lock him inside a strong array, and then attack him! Whoever touches him first takes the prize. How about it?" suggested Sakamoto Shisaburo, sect leader of Leaping Sect.

"Agreed!"

"I'm fine with that."

"Mm, that's fair! But when we attack him later, we must all stand on the same starting line."

After some consideration, these dozen or so sect leaders all nodded.

Hearing this, Lu Youming also nodded privately. That was pretty smart.

In a situation where they weren't sure exactly how strong the other party was, it was indeed a good idea to join hands to first suppress, and then collectively fight the other party.

Whether they would succeed or not, however, remained to be seen.

Since there weren't any restrictions on the number of people in this contest, this meant that Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch, who was representing the Office of Strategic Deception, was indeed prepared for a one versus many fight...

“Ready! — Do it!”

Sect leader of Leaping Sect, Sakamoto Shisaburo, gave the command in the next moment.

Twelve Earth-level sect leaders each cast their own sealing spells in the arena. For a moment, all kinds of talisman runes twined together and surged into the sky in a dazzling and colorful array of light. These Earth-level sect leaders were all at the Soul Formation stage, and were extremely fast at forming hand seals.

Cast in coordination, the twelve sealing spells combined together, and in a split second, an immensely powerful pressure fell on the arena, shaking everyone and freezing their blood.

Twelve sealing spells...

The Sky-level sect leaders of the Alliance who were watching secretly sighed at the pressure of these twelve sealing spells.

As Void Refinement cultivators, they would naturally be able to throw off this pressure, but it still wouldn't be easy.

Boom!

There was a loud bang!

Twelve talisman seal runes twined together and charged toward Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch in a colorful display of light. In that moment, these spells, being of the same type, resonated with each other, unexpectedly generating an even greater power than anticipated. As the spells surged through the sky, they instantly coalesced into a gigantic rune dragon.

Below the arena, a shocked person said, “Grade 67 seal...”

A lot of people looked at the numbers on the bracelets they were wearing — it was indeed a Grade 67 seal.

The sports bracelets which cultivators wore nowadays had the added function of being able to predict fighting strength, and could quickly analyze the damage effect of an attack, grading all types of spells between 1 and 100.

A Grade 67 seal was already at the standard of a level six magic seal, with power close to level seven!

This was far beyond the strength of a magic seal which a Soul Formation cultivator could cast...

However, when the rune dragon rushed toward him in the arena, Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch didn't look flustered at all.

Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch: “Ha ha ha! As expected, everyone is truly very strong! These twelve sealing spells resonating with each other to pull out this group effect is really amazing!”

At that moment, his bright black eyes absorbed the colors of the approaching light.

Everyone was focused on his movements, and thought that he was going to perform some spell in response.

However, they only saw him cross his arms in front of his chest in an “X.” “Rebound!”

Everyone: “???”

Chapter 816: The Ten Generals' Wild Imaginations

This gigantic seal dragon charged at Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's crossed arms in an awesome and thunderous display of light. In the end, before it got close, this magic dragon actually swung around, and with a beautiful flick of its tail, directly lunged at the twelve sect leaders with fangs bared.

This split-second turn in events froze the hearts of the sect leaders in the arena.

“Rebound spell?”

What kind of ability was this...

They had never seen this type of spell before.

Indeed, there were in fact quite a few rebound spells out there, but most could only send back a portion of the damage; they had never seen one do a full rebound like this.

The moment they saw the seal rune dragon reverse direction and dash toward them, the twelve sect leaders despaired.

They already had no chance of winning this match...

Because of the resonance between the twelve sealing spells, the seal rune dragon was far more powerful than they had expected. Now that it had rebounded with full force, none of them could stop it.

They could only do whatever they could to put up a resistance and see if they could withstand it.

Teaming up had initially been the most reliable method, but they had miscalculated, and the other side had unexpectedly sent back a rebound; instead, it now felt like they had shot themselves in the foot.

The moment the rune dragon rebounded, the twelve sect leaders stood in a row and cast all sorts of cancellation spells.

“Release!”

“Remove seal!”

“Sunflower Acupuncture Removal Technique 1 !”

...

Buzz!

After one last struggle, the rune dragon finally came crashing down, and the dozen or so sect leaders were all locked in place, unable to move.

The outcome of this match was already decided...

All the twelve people were immobilized. Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch didn't even need to use magic, and could win just by sweeping them all out of the arena!

“They've lost.”

“What a pity, these sect leaders were just one step away from the grand prize!”

A lot of the reporters below the stage were taking photos, the flashes going off non-stop.

“Don't take! Don't take my photo!”

In the arena, Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch had already removed the seals on the sect leaders, and one by one they left the stage while covering their faces.

To lose in a twelve to one fight was truly humiliating.

In the immortal warship floating in the air, the Ten Generals were also watching the sideshow below at the same time.

As True Immortal experts and from their godly perspective above, they could sense how powerful this seal rune dragon was.

The rune dragon was extremely fast, and had a powerful restraining ability. Furthermore, it had the effect of sealing the spirit.

In a regular situation, the moment the rune dragon rushed at him, Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch shouldn't have been able to withstand it or cast any spells at all.

“What do you think, everyone?”

General Yi floated cross-legged in the air. He was dressed in a white training outfit which fluttered despite the lack of wind. There was a reserved look in his eyes and a penetrating air about him. General Yi had analyzed the seal rune dragon the moment it dashed forward. An ordinary technique would be of no use at all in the face of this move; he would only be able to break it down by using “Boundless Sword Dao” to tear it open.

But herein lay the problem.

Unraveling the rune dragon would still take time, even for a True Immortal.

But this Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch was actually able to send it bouncing back at full force, which was truly astonishing.

“Although we can't be certain, one thing for sure is that this Dao Monarch does indeed have the power of Heavenly Dao.” Marshal Jiang frowned. “As expected, the core members of the Office of Strategic Deception aren't simple people... Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had actually kept this bomb hidden until now.”

In fact, before coming to the Office of Strategic Deception, they had all been paying attention to Ling Zhenren. In the end, no one had expected this Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch to suddenly appear at this moment.

And Ling Zhenren, whom they had once wanted to investigate the most, was standing right beside them at that moment. Furthermore... this Ling Zhenren didn't seem as powerful as he was rumored to be.

Was their intelligence wrong?

Chin in hand, General Yi gazed at Ling Zhenren, who was sitting upright on a sofa. He was wearing a layer of very thick magical armor, and there was no way to clearly see his face inside it.

The Ten Generals weren't in any hurry to use the True Immortal Eye to test him, as that would be very impolite. In any case, when they left the immortal warship later, this legendary Ling Zhenren would take off his armor, so there was no rush

It was just that their previous speculation that Ling Zhenren was Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch... now didn't seem to be true.

In that moment, the Ten Generals communicated telepathically with each other.

"The head of state regards this Office of Strategic Deception highly. On one hand, it's because of Wang Situ. On the other hand, he's in fact extending an olive branch to the senior behind the Office of Strategic Deception. The reason we're here is thus in response to the Office of Strategic Deception's invitation, as well as to move this senior with our sincerity... This senior will be a very important factor in determining whether our Huaxiu nation will successfully survive the Heavenly Dao National Calamity this time," Medicine Saint Luo Huaiqiu said.

"I still feel that all this seems like a cover-up..." Marshal Jiang narrowed his eyes at that moment.

"Why does Battle Saint say that?"

"We've been investigating and tracking down the senior behind the Office of Strategic Deception all this time, as well as the patron behind Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal... But whether it's Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch or Ling Zhenren, I have the strong feeling that all this is actually a cover-up." Marshal Jiang suddenly said, "Don't you feel that this Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal is very suspicious?"

"Battle Saint means..."

“My meaning is very clear.” Marshal Jiang nodded. “He, is the senior behind everything.”

“... But he’s only at the Soul Formation stage.”

“That’s also a cover!”

Marshal Jiang persisted with his view. “Ling Zhenren and Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch are probably just a test. It definitely won’t work if we act too rashly...”

“Listening to Battle Saint’s analysis, I think it really is possible.” Explosion Saint also said, “Think about it, how is this Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal able to survive despite courting death so often? How can a Soul Formation cultivator make so many enemies and yet emerge unscathed? Furthermore, there’s Odd Zhuo.”

“Odd Zhuo?”

“Think carefully: Odd Zhuo’s career has been flourishing in recent months. He’s a Golden Core cultivator, but was able to arrest all kinds of major figures one after another — clearly, there’s a driving force behind this. And this time, Odd Zhuo unexpectedly received Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s invitation to set up a supervisory and investigation team in the Office of Strategic Deception. Doesn’t this seem strange?”

“Mm... Explosion Saint’s analysis is also very reasonable!” The Ten Generals nodded.

“If that’s the case, then everything makes sense!” General Yi sighed. “It looks like this Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal is very likely the senior behind the scenes!”

“That’s right! That’s definitely the case!”

...

“...”

Wang Ling could easily read the Ten Generals' thoughts on the immortal warship through this "Ling Zhenren" clone.

Wang Ling had utterly never expected the Ten Generals to actually come up with a scenario as bizarre as this...

Chapter 817: The Sect Leader Of Sand Sculpture Sect

No one ever made up outlandish stories on their own.

When the imaginations of a group of people ran wild together, the holes in their brains would often get bigger and bigger until it eventually turned into a void...

The Ten Generals had proven this with a practical demonstration.

A few minutes later, the Ten Generals, who were still on standby in the immortal warship and represented by General Yi, had the following conversation with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, who was in the machine room.

"Your Excellency Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, may I ask, when will we be going on stage?" General Yi asked meekly.

For a moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was slow to react, as he felt that this sentence somehow seemed a little odd, but he still replied, "General Yi and the other generals, please wait a little longer. You'll go on stage after the end of the exhibition match. We're still warming up, and we must make sure the atmosphere is right before you show up!"

"Your Excellency Senior Immortal, you're too polite. We're just following orders..." General Yi laughed. "Actually, more than half of us Ten Generals are already retired. Currently, the major matters in Huaxiu Alliance are mostly handled by Explosion Saint General Bai and Wisdom Saint President Qi. The rest of us just do what we can in our old age."

“Ha ha ha, General Yi, you’re too modest!” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said.

General Yi: “Your Excellency Senior Immortal, don’t call me General Yi... Just call me Old Yi! We’re already familiar with each other, don’t stand on ceremony!”

“Old Yi... is that appropriate?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was blank. He felt that there was something a little strange about General Yi. “Isn’t this a little impolite?”

“Nothing wrong with it. Or you can directly call me Little Yiyi or Little Little Yi from now on!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sucked in a cold breath of air. “... Then, I’ll call you Brother Yi... okay?”

“Brother Yi? Mm, that’s good, too!”

General Yi had thought it over. Since he was trying to cotton up to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, the form of address should naturally change first. The latter calling him general was too much like an outsider! Now that they called each other brother, it did sound like they were a lot closer!

“From now on, Your Excellency Senior Immortal, don’t treat us as outsiders. You call us Ten Generals brothers, it’s fine. As for Medicine Saint Luo Qiuhuai, you can call her Sis Luo.”

“Sis... Luo?”

Wait a minute!

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal heard this, he finally realized what wasn’t right.

Just now, it seemed that General Yi had called him Your Excellency Senior Immortal...

Wrong!

What was going on?!

Why were the Ten Generals suddenly addressing him so respectfully?!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clutched his head, feeling like his brain had been hit with a “duang” and was hurting badly.

“General Yi... oh, no, Brother Yi, is there something you want to say to me?” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

General Yi laughed. “No, no, I just think that we’ll be closer this way. After all, our Huaxiu Alliance and the Office of Strategic Deception have a very special relationship now, like parents whose daughter is about to get married.”

“Brother Yi, this analogy...” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal found himself actually lost for words.

“My analogy is very fitting! I haven’t finished! What I mean is that our Huaxiu Alliance is the couple, and the Office of Strategic Deception is the daughter about to be married, and we, the Ten Generals, are her dowry maids!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Little Silver: “...”

Loopy Toad: “...”

At the same time, the arena challenge on stage had turned red hot.

After the twelve Earth-level sect leaders’ defeat, three Sky-level sect leaders had already come up to fight one by one.

It could only be said that they were in the end Sky-level sect leaders who each had their own pride and were unwilling to associate with others...

But the truth was that after the sweeping defeat of the twelve Earth-level sect leaders, whom many of the reporters below the stage continued to take photos of and write about, a lot of the Sky-level sect leaders, who had initially intended to form groups to take up the challenge, abandoned the idea of teaming up.

If they went up and then wound up leaving the stage in the same way as the twelve Earth-level sect leaders, it would definitely be humiliating once the news got out!

So, it was better for them to fight one-on-one. Even if they lost, they could say that they weren't themselves today.

But even as the three Sky-level sect leaders stepped into the arena for the challenge, none of them gave satisfying performances.

This Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch was really too strong...

In five short minutes, the three challengers were sent off the stage.

The audience present only heard three wretched cries.

“Ah ya!”

“Ow!”

“Hurts, hurts, hurts!”

All the reporters: “...”

The last cry of pain was from the sect leader of Sand Sculpture Sect, which was a Sky-level sixth-class sect.

Sand Sculpture Sect had been doing well the last two years, relying on its secret sand and stone construction technique to make a name for itself. Not only could this technique be used to construct

buildings, it could be used in battle. A lot of civil engineering university graduates joined Sand Sculpture Sect, and many who came out of the sect became outstanding architects.

As the sect leader who was in control, Sect Leader Ni (full name: Ni Ailuo) of Sand Sculpture Sect naturally had strength that one couldn't look down on.

On stage, Sect Leader Ni had straightaway unleashed his killer move — Sand Sculpture Funeral 1 !!

The rubble inside the arena instantly crumbled into fine powder, which ultimately coalesced into two dragons that appeared abruptly out of the ground to twine around Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's ankles, trapping him firmly in place.

What a terrifying move!

The thick, earth-colored dragons made of sand climbed up around his ankles, as if fusing the lower half of Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's body with the arena, so that he was unable to move at all. And the scariest thing was what followed after this spell was successfully cast!

Almost everyone could sense a tremendous amount of spirit power molecules coalescing continuously within the sand. The earth dragons created by the "Sand Sculpture Funeral" actually absorbed spirit qi from deep in the earth's veins and broke it down into fine spirit power molecules.

"Sect Master Ni doesn't have to expend much spirit energy at all with this move. This spirit power is extracted entirely from the earth's veins. Once it reaches a certain amount, Sect Master Ni just needs to give a slight nudge, and Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's legs might as well be crippled..." Lu Youming analyzed below the stage.

But he didn't say anything too definitive.

Because he didn't see any sign of panic on Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's face.

The next moment, Sect Master Ni clasped his hands behind his back and stared at Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch. "Dao Monarch, you now have two choices: 1. If you surrender of your own accord, I'll send you out of the arena with dignity. 2. Your legs will be broken. But don't worry, I'll control my strength, and make sure to snap them rather than blow them apart, so you can reattach them later."

“Sect Master Ni seems very confident.”

Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch chuckled, and in the next moment, his expression suddenly turned serious.

Fixing his gaze on the earth dragons wrapped around his lower body, he boomed, “You, don’t touch me.”

Several microseconds later, the earth dragons directly retreated back into the ground...

Chapter 818: One-Person Palm Sect

The sect leader of Sand Sculpture Sect was instantly struck dumb by this move.

This was...

Lu Youming widened his eyes, a petrified look on his face. Although he wasn’t certain whether that move just now was exactly the one that he was thinking of, he believed that he hadn’t seen wrong.

Sect Leader Sun, who had just escaped the reporters’ clutches, also wore a look of deep astonishment. “This is...”

Sect Leader Lu’s eyes darkened and telepathically said two words, “Word Magic...”

Word Magic??

Sect Leader Sun felt like his head was buzzing, as if it had been struck by a thunderbolt, and he was rooted to the spot in a daze.

Wasn't this the legendary Dao Magic of God that you would naturally comprehend once you reached the highest realm?

Sect Leader Sun sucked in a cold breath of air. Was this Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch... a Venerated Immortal??

Well...

Although they were noble sect leaders of Sky-level sects, there was, in the end, a limit to both Sect Leader Lu's and Sect Leader Sun's worldviews; they had never encountered the Domain of the Gods, so naturally they regarded the Venerated Immortal level as the highest realm.

But Sect Leader Sun couldn't be blamed, since most cultivators were also unaware of this fact; this was the so-called being unable to see the wood for the trees.

"Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch is too strong..." Someone sighed.

With this sort of ability, he was actually only a team leader in the sect – then what was the Office of Strategic Deception's overall fighting strength like? It was truly hard to picture...

"I surrender..." Sect Leader Ni of Sand Sculpture Sect naturally wasn't a fool. That could be considered his killer move just now, but the other side had neutralized it so easily.

His strength wasn't on the same level as Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's at all.

So he might as well simply surrender and step down himself, which conversely would make him look even more dignified.

From the machine room, Grenade-Throwing Senior spoke to Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch using remote telepathy. "Dao Monarch, you can rein in your strength now, it's almost time! No matter who goes on next, you can throw the match."

"Mm, alright." Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch nodded.

The immortal warship had already been hovering overhead for quite some time... when all was said and done, it was the Ten Generals who were on it.

They represented Huaxiu nation's largest official administrative organization of cultivators, and dragging things out for too long indeed wouldn't be good.

"Sect leaders, are there any other challengers?" It was clear that Wang Han had also received a message from the machine room, and had decided to speed up the proceedings of the exhibition match.

However, none of the Sky-level sect leaders below the stage dared to step up. Instantly, the scene fell into a slightly awkward silence.

"Did I use too much strength..." Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch pursed his lips, his good-looking phoenix eyes scanning the crowd.

After a few minutes, someone in the crowd finally raised his hand. "May... I challenge you, please?"

All eyes turned toward this voice. It was a young man who didn't look very old, but he was wearing a very tattered and unfashionable Daoist robe whose only purpose was to keep him warm.

The truth was that this was already the most presentable outfit the young man owned...

"Of course." Wang Han nodded. "May I ask which sect this brother is from?"

All the sect leaders gathered on the northern square had guest numbers, and this young man was no exception. There was a badge on his chest, and a pendant, which was a gift from the Office of Strategic Deception, hung around his neck.

The young man smiled in embarrassment. "I am Su Xing, sect leader of Palm Sect."

"Sect leader of Palm Sect? Are you sect head? Or sect leader 1

?"

“No... my sect is called Palm Sect,” replied Su Xing.

“...”

For a moment, everyone was blank.

Palm Sect...

What kind of sect was this? Why had they never heard of it before?

Many of the sect bigwigs present privately shook their heads.

But in the arena, Wang Han had already identified this sect leader by his guest number.

It was confirmed... that he was a sect leader of a Dust-level sect.

“Has President Lu ever heard of this sect?” Sect Leader Sun of the Alliance asked.

“I seem to have... I heard it was one of the most pitiful sects last year...”

Lu Youming nodded slightly. “When the sect was first established, it was a Black-level sect. But poor sect management later led to a drop in disciples year after year. It dropped from Black level to Yellow level. The sect changed location several times as it had to sell the land to pay off its debts, and it then bought a new place to settle down in. I thought this sect would close down; I never thought that it would actually still be around, or that it would actually become a Dust-level sect...”

Dust-level sects were the lowest ranked, and their disciples mostly did manual labor.

For example, a lot of sect construction, building relocation, weeding, and other similar type of work in top-level sects were outsourced to Dust-level sects as a cheap labor force.

Moreover, the criteria for the establishment of a Dust-level sect were also the lowest: as long as the sect leader had reached the Foundation Establishment stage and could recruit ten people, he could establish a sect.

In addition, he only needed to pay the Huaxiu Alliance membership fee every ten years.

But given Su Xing's dire straits, he already couldn't even meet the first criterion for the number of sect members required, let alone see if he could pay the Huaxiu Alliance membership fee, given the sect's current management situation...

And Su Xing's next sentence completely confirmed Lu Youming's conjecture.

Su Xing: "Ha ha, I'm the only one left in our Palm Sect now... If I don't solve the problem of sect numbers before I pay the fee, Palm Sect will disappear."

Everyone: "..."

"May I ask, what does your sect do?"

"We're the Palm Sect, so of course, we clap," said Su Xing. "Applauding is also hard work – you can't have people not clapping when leaders make speeches on major occasions, so our Palm Sect specializes in this."

After Su Xing said this, realization dawned on everyone. "... So you're a water army paid to clap."

"Think of it however you like."

Unconcerned, Su Xing shook his head and scratched his itchy crew cut – it had already been a while since he last bathed.

"How come you're the only one left in Palm Sect..." Someone was curious.

"A celebrity previously requested that we go applaud for him, and wanted the five of us to create the effect of a magnificent army. The other four clapped so hard that they died. After that, I was the only one left..."

Everyone: "..."

At that moment, Su Xing gazed at the arena. “So, can I go up? I’m counting on selling this first-class holy artifact to pay off my debts and make a comeback.”

“Of course...”

Wang Han cleared his throat. “Sir, you can make the first move...”

“Oh!”

No sooner had Wang Han said the words when Su Xing’s figure instantly disappeared! He was so fast that no one present saw him clearly.

No one had expected a Dust-level sect leader to actually be this strong!

When Su Xing reappeared, he was already in front of Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch.

With a sound like the clap of thunder, his palm whistled through the air, headed straight for Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch’s face...

The power of Heavenly Dao?

Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch wore an unruffled expression, but the moment the palm came at him, he had already turned serious inside.

Chapter 819: The Ten Generals Make Their Entrance

Although this Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch clone had its own consciousness, its memories were synchronized with Wang Ling’s.

Thus, when the clone's palm hit Su Xing's, sect leader of the Dust-level Palm Sect, this memory was also transmitted to Wang Ling.

It was an evenly-matched collision of palms. The moment they met, a powerful wind was kicked up, as if from a huge mountain collapsing, and the pressure surged out in all directions from the arena like an ocean tide. Many people couldn't help toppling backward under this formidable wave.

No one thought that a mere sect leader of a Dust-level sect would be strong enough to fight Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch head-on... and furthermore force him to respond to his strike...

No one thought that the first-class holy artifact grand prize would ultimately be won by this Dust-level sect leader.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had said earlier to throw the match, but the truth was that Su Xing had won fair and square. Even though his palm strike hadn't hurt the Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch clone in the slightest, the latter still hadn't had any choice but to respond to it.

A palm strike which contained the power of Heavenly Dao was absolutely lethal and explosive. Wang Ling was sure that if his clone hadn't met it head-on just now, and this attack had landed elsewhere, the entire arena would have instantly crumbled under this terrible destructive force, which would then have spread across the northern square... The worst-case scenario would be Heavenly Dao radiation, which was a force that even a cultivator's body had no resistance to.

With current cultivation science and technology in Huaxiu, the cure for and prevention of cancer had already been found. However, the cancer caused by Heavenly Dao radiation belonged to a very special class, and was known as spirit cancer.

That was, even the spirit energy the cultivator used contained cancer cells...

Currently, this was the only major scientific problem that remained unsolved.

Of course, spirit cancer wasn't discovered by the people of Heavenly Dao, but by some cultivators who had failed a tribulation.

Cultivators who failed to pass through a tribulation were highly likely to be punished by Heavenly Dao, and the survival rate after this punishment was twenty percent. Of those who were lucky to survive, there were many cases of them developing spirit cancer after the punishment.

According to official statistics, the probability of developing spirit cancer after surviving Heavenly Dao punishment was 0.5%.

0.5% didn't look like a lot, but this was a global statistic...

Thus, Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch had no choice but to meet this palm strike head-on to neutralize the power of Heavenly Dao in it and prevent the spread of Heavenly Dao radiation.

But after that, Wang Ling was sure of one thing — this Sect Leader Su Xing of Palm Sect probably didn't know he could use the power of Heavenly Dao.

A person who truly mastered Heavenly Dao could control the force of its radiation. Wang Ling was one example, and so was that Wang Zhen who had come looking for trouble recently.

Wang Ling couldn't control his output of primordial qi, but he had full control over Heavenly Dao. He had always been very confident in his grasp of Heavenly Dao — this thing was a lot simpler than midterm and final exams!

“You win,” Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch said lightly, as he straightened his clothes and brushed off a few specks of dirt.

At the same time, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also received a text message from Wang Ling inside the machine room.

Little Silver stared at the screen. “This person somehow feels like Master, though much, much weaker! He's a little strange!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. “Yes, he's a little strange. Brother Ling has already texted me, and he thinks that this Brother Su has unconsciously comprehended Heavenly Dao.”

“Woof? Unconsciously comprehended it?” There were question marks all over Loopy Toad's face.

“That’s right. This is Brother Ling’s preliminary guess, but it isn’t confirmed yet.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, “If we can learn the main reason for the involuntary comprehension of Heavenly Dao, this will be a major breakthrough!”

“Makes sense!” Little Silver and Loopy Toad both nodded.

“Teacher Wang, please tell this Brother Su Xing to come and accept his prize at the sect’s main hall after the celebration is over,” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal turned on the transmitter and said to Teacher Wang Han.

In this way, arrangements were quietly made for Su Xing...

As the saying went, you couldn’t judge a book by its cover — even if he was the sect leader of a Dust-level sect, you couldn’t look down on him.

The majority of the people present were fine with the outcome of this match; even the few Sky-level sect leaders who had gone up earlier might not necessarily have been able to produce the same power and lethal force of that palm strike.

That was because a lot of people could tell that while Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch had seemed to respond to this palm strike with his own, he was in fact neutralizing it with a natural sort of power. The moment it collided with Su Xing’s explosive palm strike, the latter was like a knife piercing a sponge, as a lot of its power was absorbed.

Otherwise, the sight in the northern square wouldn’t be as simple as just people toppling backward.

If Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch hadn’t acted to neutralize the palm strike, Lu Youming thought that even he would have been sent flying...

“According to the rules, the prize for this stage performance has been won by Mr Su Xing, sect leader of Dust-level Palm Sect. Mr Su Xing, you may leave the stage and get some rest. Please go to the sect’s main hall later to accept your prize.” After Teacher Wang spoke, he was the first to clap, and for a moment after that, the northern square was filled with thunderous applause.

Numerous cameras flashed in Su Xing’s face, and he felt excited for the first time in a long while.

He would absolutely be able to pay off the sect's debts in one swoop with this first-class holy artifact, and there might even be some money left after.

And after the reporters released this news, Palm Sect's reputation would definitely increase.

Those who were here today in the northern square were prestigious media reporters in the cultivation circle!

How much Palm Sect would gain as a result of these news reports was truly hard to measure.

"Palm Sect is going to become popular. Go look for this Sect Leader Su and get along with him." Lu Youming could also see the situation clearly.

"Us, get along with him?" Sect Leader Sun Hanzhe said.

"Palm Sect is a Dust-level sect, but after this momentum, it won't be difficult at all for it to advance to Earth or even Sky level in a short period of time. Besides, this sect leader isn't someone without power... You too should have felt how destructive that palm strike was," Lu Youming said.

"Alright! I'll listen to you!" Sect Leader Sun said.

Public opinion, reviews, popularity, and the final impetus, direct benefits...

Now was a great time to rope Palm Sect in.

The highlight of the celebration that everyone had been waiting for finally arrived.

There was finally new movement on the immortal warship, which had been hovering in the sky for a long time.

A golden pillar of light shone straight down from the belly of the immortal warship.

A lot of people broke out in discussion below as they tried to guess who on earth the person in the immortal warship was.

“Could it be... the sect leader of Immortal Palm Tree Sect?” someone speculated.

As the only Sky-level first-class sect, Immortal Palm Tree Sect wasn't taking part in this celebration. Some people surmised that its sect leader might have been invited as a mystery guest.

What kind of spectacle was the Office of Strategic Deception going to show them this time? While Immortal Palm Tree Sect was usually aloof, it wouldn't go so far as to not give the former face...

During this hubbub of discussion below the stage, a figure descended in the golden light from the immortal warship to appear in front of them.

It was an old man in a training outfit, with spiky gray hair and a grizzled beard.

Some of the sect leaders in the northern square had already started to rub their eyes.

Blade...

Blademaster??

They didn't dare believe their eyes!

Chapter 820: Don't Be Full Of Yourself!

Blademaster Yi Jianchuan... one of the founding fathers and also known as the Overlord, General Yi! He was one of the few people in the nation to be granted the highest title of “King General”! Together with the other nine King Generals, they were collectively known as the Ten Generals!

And of all the Ten Generals, the title “Blademaster” was the one that resounded the most because of a film about the Ten Generals from a hundred years ago titled “Martial Overlord, Dictator of Heaven's Blue Dome,” which was shot from the perspective of General Yi as the main protagonist.

The film brought to the fore General Yi's various consummate techniques which made him famous as Blademaster, including the Palm Sword he used when he fought the Old Devil.

Even now, that was something that was still hard to forget...

But while he was the most well-known of the Ten Generals among the people, General Yi was usually very low-key. Logically speaking, there was no way he would attend the celebration of a sect's founding.

However, when this old man dressed in a white training outfit appeared in front of the people, the mouths of all the sect leaders below the stage dropped in surprise, and they were speechless.

"General Yi... How..." Lu Youming, together with Sect Leader Sun and the other Alliance members, was dumbfounded.

The whole time when they had been guessing earlier who the person on the immortal warship was, they never expected one of the Ten Generals to actually show up... and it was the most famous one, Blademaster!

Lu Youming's legs were a little soft, and he was so frightened he almost fainted on the spot.

Professor Yang Bingchuan happened to be standing next to Lu Youming. "Sect Leader Lu, you don't look too good?"

"I... have hypoglycemia..." Lu Youming didn't know what to say.

Meanwhile, he gave Sect Leader Sun next to him a frantic look – the only thing he wanted to know now, was whether there was time to go and retrieve the array crystals which they had placed on the mountain...

This was one of Huaxiu's Ten Generals!

Even at the cost of his life, he couldn't afford to provoke this person!

“Sect Leader Lu, it’s actually still not too late to redeem yourself.” Yang Bingchuan patted Lu Youming’s shoulder.

He knew that this Sect Leader Lu was a conservative and not inherently bad person; it was very typical of sects to compete with each other.

“Sect Leader Lu, you’ve occupied a very high position all these years, but you should always take care to reflect on yourself; don’t let your desires consume you just because of the small bit of power you hold. This goes against the original heart of things!” Professor Yang didn’t directly say these words out loud, but spoke telepathically when he put his hand on Sect Leader Lu’s shoulder.

Professor Yang: “When people become too full of themselves, they sometimes don’t even know who they are anymore... has Sect Leader Lu ever watched a League of Legends game?”

Sect Leader Lu said telepathically, “Sometimes...”

Professor Yang: “Back then, that little fatty who was considered the top shooter had his future cut short on the world stage... He thought he could do wonders with his own strength even as he led an entire team. But he didn’t understand that League of Legends has never been a one-man game... What did he rely on to get to the top? Was it his own strength and skill? Maybe that was one of the reasons, but clearly that wasn’t all of it.”

Lu Youming was feeling very remorseful at that moment.

If they ultimately failed in this matter and it was exposed, leading to him being investigated for it, this wasn’t something that could be explained with one or two vague sentences!

Alas!

He should have known!

A newly-founded sect with such tremendous momentum, that not only occupied an area of unprecedented size, but also had a bunch of big shot experts in various fields... Who else could be the backer behind it? In the whole of Huaxiu nation, wasn’t it only Huaxiu Alliance?

“Professor Yang... Please advise me!” Lu Youming knew that Yang Bingchuan was perhaps his last hope.

Professor Yang smiled a little. “Sect Leader Lu, you’ve been acting absent-minded all this time; it’s probably because you dropped something, isn’t it?” Saying this, Professor Yang handed him a silk pouch.

When Lu Youming took the pouch and looked inside, he was immediately so frightened that his hair stood on end... Inside the silk pouch were none other than the transmission crystals which that Long clan descendant senior had given them!

“Professor Yang, when did you...”

“We knew even before you stepped foot into our Office of Strategic Deception.”

Lu Youming was stunned yet again.

The Office of Strategic Deception’s intelligence network was too strong...

“This silk pouch is what you lost. I already had people earlier on take them down one by one and bring them back.” Professor Yang chuckled. “But I can’t give them to you for nothing.”

“I will never forget that Professor Yang saved my life, for as long as I live. If you have any requests, please name them!” Lu Youming saluted him with clasped fists.

“If you want to thank someone, it should be His Excellency Senior Immortal. All this was on the chief’s instructions.” Professor Yang waved his hand. “But we do have a request, not of Sect Leader Lu, but of the Alliance.”

“If you wish to take in the Alliance, I will do my best to persuade...”

“Sect Leader Lu, you misunderstand. Our Office of Strategic Deception isn’t that shameless to use leverage to force someone to yield. We’re not taking in the Alliance, let alone forcing it to disband.”

Professor Yang shook his head and said, “I just need Sect Leader Lu to promise me one thing.”

“Professor Yang, go ahead...”

“In the future, the Alliance will no longer maliciously prevent other sects from advancing; it must give sects below fifth class a chance. Even if they do not wish to join the Alliance, you cannot deliberately suppress or control the rankings of other sects.” Professor Yang said, “Peaceful development is the motive of the Office of Strategic Deception. I hope that the Alliance, as a large fund organization of Sky-level sects at fifth class and above, will also shoulder this responsibility. It’s only when we thrive together that we can achieve great things, isn’t it?”

Hearing this, Lu Youming sighed with feeling.

In the end, this was the bearing of a great sect...

“I will remember...”

“Of course, our Office of Strategic Deception also knows that the Alliance has always been in this business of profiting from protection fees. If you can’t do this in the future, some of your sect heads will definitely be unhappy.”

“Yes...”

“Thus, after the end of the ceremony this time, Sect Leader Lu can hold another meeting. You can clearly convey to all the sect leaders that the Alliance will continue to exist, but its nature as an organization has changed to one which assists the lower sects. As long as the sect leaders of the Alliance agree to this condition, our Office of Strategic Deception will sign an agreement as a guarantee that all your sects will advance one level up in five years. Furthermore, we will invest in each sect’s industry based on their respective lawful business situation each year. The main thing the sect heads have to do is very simple: support our Office of Strategic Deception in future reviews. That shouldn’t be hard, should it?” Professor Yang said.

“No, not at all...”

Sect Leader Lu hurriedly waved his hands.

He knew this was a great opportunity!

He was deeply remorseful over his hostile behavior toward the Office of Strategic Deception in the beginning. If he had known it was this approachable, he wouldn't have done that damn thing!

With Professor Yang's assurance, Sect Leader Lu's complexion looked much better.

He marveled, "The Office of Strategic Deception... is really amazing! In comparison, our Alliance is simply a little brother. You were even able to invite Blademaster to attend..."

Professor Yang laughed. "Sect Leader Lu, don't think so little of yourself. After all, not all the special guests have made an appearance yet."

"There's more??" Sect Leader Lu was shocked.

"There are still nine other people as amazing as General Yi on the immortal warship right now."

"..."