

The Daily Life of the Immortal King

Chapter 26: The Daily Life of a Mantis Shrimp

The origin of the small wooden sword was very peculiar. Father Wang had spent 998 yuan on it at the bird and flower market. Wang Ling remembered he had only been three years old when he had seen it for the first time.

He had grown up with the wooden sword since he was a kid, and had special feelings for it.

Now, he was sixteen years old. That little wooden sword had accompanied him for thirteen whole years.

This was just a market stall product which Father Wang had bought, but the most mystical thing about it was that the peach wood which the sword was made of seemed to contain traces of some mysterious substance that even Wang Ling couldn't see through, and which had the important effect of limiting his strength; so, compared with those branded spirit swords made with valuable materials, this small wooden sword was the least likely to be damaged by him.

Also, when the Gate Between Worlds had come to earth six years ago, this little wooden sword had actually miraculously spawned a sword spirit.

Its name, Jingke.

...

That night, Wang Ling rummaged through his room and finally found his smartwatch.

Since before, Wang Ling hadn't been able to enjoy using such smart electronic products, and he didn't feel anything for them. This was because if he couldn't control his emotions even a little, the wristwatch could be damaged by his magnetic field.

Of course, another very important reason was that this watch had been personally made for him by Wang Ming.

Compared with other smart products, Wang Ling wouldn't be able to easily destroy anything created by Wang Ming. Though it looked as if Wang Ming had given him the wristwatch out of the goodness of his heart, Wang Ling could see right through his charade with just one glance.

This man had been trying in vain to beat him since he was a child. Hence, something similar to surveillance software had been hidden in this wristwatch, which could send data on Wang Ling's daily activities back to Wang Ming.

This absolutely wasn't a groundless assumption — Wang Ling had read it in Wang Ming's mind the day he turned fifteen.

He stared at the wristwatch for a long time, then finally put it on with a black face. "..."

If it wasn't because he was considering his outside activities for the next few days, he would never have rashly removed the seal on the watch...

Wang Ling knew the basics of using the wristwatch; it operated in a similar way to the popular smartwatches from before, but incorporated more virtual space technology.

The internal software had already been installed. Wang Ling looked at the row of software applications projected into the void, and finally fixed his eyes on the green "WeChat" icon.

Quickly, he entered the interface.

This wasn't the first time that Wang Ling had used WeChat. If it wasn't because he was naturally incompatible with electronic products, he could actually be considered a long-time WeChat user.

Using a memory retrieval function to search for his old registered account, he logged in, then joined the WeChat group according to the QR code given on the list.

A system notification quickly popped up...

(User 'Ling' has joined WeChat group 'The Daily Life of a Mantis Shrimp'!

(This user is not a friend of group members, please be mindful of the safety of your property and false information!)

Wang Ling gave the group's members list a look, and found that the people attending the exchange meet tomorrow had basically all joined and he was the last one.

Lotus Sun: "!!!"

Feather Lin: "Ling? Is this Classmate Wang Ling's WeChat?"

Super Chen: "A name which demonstrates that the greatest truths are the simplest, this really is Classmate Wang Ling's style. Classmate Wang Ling? Aren't you going to say something?"

Wang Ling looked at the messages popping up quickly, then as a matter of habit, replied with an ellipsis. "..."

Master of Dopey used a funny face emoji. "The ellipsis confirms without a doubt that it is Classmate Wang Ling."

Then, Wang Ling sent another ellipsis. "...". Soon after that, the WeChat group fell into a short, awkward silence.

After two weeks of getting to know each other, most of the class had already accepted Wang Ling's reticent nature; only Master of Dopey had always felt it was very awkward, because this cold iceberg monster was his freaking deskmate!

The two of them thus regularly came into contact, but since the start of school, they hadn't even exchanged more than ten sentences. Now they could become awkward even while chatting online — this was a stab in the heart, pal!

Fortunately, Old Antique immediately became their angel and broke the ice. "Students, please gather at the school gate at eight o'clock tomorrow morning!"

Almost at the same time, several people sent the OK emoji.

Lotus Sun: "Has everyone prepared their spirit swords?"

Old Antique sent a facepalm emoji. "Student Lotus Sun has raised the issue; this time, our school's spirit sword exchange meet will be the highlight performance. When the time comes, the leaders from each school will be there, and even municipal leaders will come to observe. I hope everyone has prepared a proper spirit sword."

It had been less than two weeks since the start of school, and they hadn't had more than three spirit sword lessons, but spirit sword education actually started at a young age.

With a proper spirit sword, once it formed a contract with its owner, it would take at least five years for the two of them to adapt to each other in order to reach a level of proper usage. To have a spirit sword spawn a sword spirit was even more difficult, and required enduring patience and scrupulous care.

Of course, the sword spirits of those branded first-class spirit swords and immortal swords in the market were all artificially bred. Their power couldn't be denied, but the relationship which they shared with their masters was far more inferior than the rapport between a naturally occurring sword spirit and its master.

Super Chen quickly posted an image.

It showed the spirit sword which he was currently using. The bright red scabbard boldly highlighted the zealous nature of its hot-blooded user. The word “SUPER” that had been finely carved into the sword hilt was already starting to become worn.

Super Chen: “It’s called Super Strength. It was a birthday present from my parents when I turned ten years old. We’ve already formed a contract, and we’ve been adapting to each other for six years...”

Old Antique sent a thumbs-up. “Super Strength? That really suits Student Super Chen’s character! From the gloss on the scabbard, I can see that Student Super Chen, you are very mindful about caring for your sword!”

“Teacher, you flatter me...” Super Chen sent a sighing emoji. “It’s just a pity that Super Strength hasn’t spawned a sword spirit yet.”

“A sword spirit doesn’t spawn in a day. If Student Super Chen is patient, I believe that day won’t be far off!”

After encouraging Super Chen, Old Antique began to espouse common popular knowledge. “Everyone needs to be patient in order to spawn a sword spirit. Don’t give up easily unless you absolutely have to. Once the spirit sword spawns a sword spirit, the body of the sword will have a soul, and a sword with a soul can level up like a regular cultivator! Of course, this is limited to sword spirits which spawn naturally; artificially-made sword spirits are already fixed and cannot level up.”

“Ah? Is that true? Teacher, please tell us more!” Several students in the group showed great interest.

Old Antique sent a long and meaningful voice message in which he patiently explained, “The spirit sword lessons which you’re taking now cover basic care of a spirit sword, and the advanced lessons are about flight on a sword and cultivating a sword spirit. When you get into university, you’ll gradually understand all this. Your task now is to do your best to nurture a good relationship with your spirit sword, and have it spawn a sword spirit before you graduate.”

Then Old Antique sent a second voice message. “Student Super Chen has already posted an image of his spirit sword, how about everyone else take photos of your spirit swords and share them?”

Chapter 27: Cunning Headmaster Chen

During the spirit sword exchange meet, students from each school would demonstrate the depth of their rapport with their spirit swords through various competitions.

This would reflect not only the students' personal accomplishments, but also each school's philosophy and spirit. Whether it was an internal or external event, the spirit sword exchange meet was essential, and had already become a school tradition.

Because of the Shadow Stream assassination attempt, an exception had been made for No. 60 High School this year to be nominated as a candidate to become a key city senior high school. Hence, while the student union exchange might ostensibly be a competition between students from two main high schools in Peiyuan district, it was actually more a contest for the benefit of municipal leaders.

And the spirit sword exchange meet was obviously the crux of the contest.

Therefore, the training instructors whom No. 59 High School had selected this year were highly experienced in teaching about spirit swords and how to use them. The fact that Old Antique's name was listed as the training instructor leading the No. 60 High School delegation for the exchange meet caught all the school leaders of No. 59 High School completely off guard.

What the hell was No. 60 High School thinking, sending a bookworm who taught history?

No. 59 High School's headmaster thought that No. 60 High School might have already given up.

Wang Ling and Lotus Sun were probably the only ones who in their hearts were clear on what it meant, since they knew exactly how strong Old Antique actually was.

After all, this was a man who had killed a first-class Shadow Stream killer at the peak late Golden Core stage with just a piece of chalk...

It could be said that Old Antique was hiding a lot of things. He was a man with plenty of stories to tell, who had experienced far more than any teacher in both schools.

Although Wang Ling still didn't know Old Antique's reason for coming to No. 60 High School to teach, he was very clear on one thing.

The school leaders had sent Old Antique this time to personally lead them... so the outcome of the spirit sword exchange meet had virtually been decided.

Looking at the general situation, Wang Ling felt that Headmaster Chen of No. 60 High School was really a wily old fox...

It was close to ten o'clock at night now, but his WeChat group was still very lively. After Super Chen, the rest of the group also showed off their spirit swords one by one.

Hero Guo's spirit sword was Ghost Tooth.

According to Master of Dopey, it was his grandfather's generation that had personally created this spirit sword for him. It had been forged using the tooth of a Night Magic Tiger, a level three spirit beast. The body of the forged sword was white as jade. The edges of the sword were covered in black veins that were just faintly visible, like ghostly, interlocking teeth. Hence the sword's name, Ghost Tooth.

Master of Dopey made a little video, and it was obvious that he cherished his spirit sword quite a bit, probably only second to the parrot Dopey on his shoulder.

After sharing the video, Hero Guo sent a message: "My father gave this sword to me when I was eight years old, and we formed a contract. It has already been with me for eight years... the same... no sword spirit has appeared yet."

Super Chen sent three "bad" emojis. "...Damn! Still nothing after eight years?"

"Eight years? Eight years is nothing..."

Feather Lin sent a heartbroken emoji and also showed off her treasured sword.

Surprisingly, Feather Lin used twin swords!

Super Chen: "Twin swords?"

Feather Lin: "They are parent and child swords! I named them Wangmeng and Wangji! They've been with me for nine years! A whole nine years! No sword spirit has come out yet!"

"..." Nine years?!! Super Chen felt a bit of despair.

When Old Antique saw this, he continued to expound on the popular science of spirit swords. "Parent and child swords will spawn twin sword spirits, and their development is longer than for an ordinary spirit sword. However, nine years is indeed a little late. Is Student Feather Lin not being diligent enough?"

Not diligent? How was that possible!

Feather Lin sent a crazed emoji to the group. "Teacher Wang, you wrong me! I get Wangmeng and Wangji to commune with each other everyday, and after so many years of careful observation, I even managed to separate their *gong* and *shou* attributes... how can I not have been attentive enough?!"

Master of Dopey finally couldn't take it any longer, and couldn't help replying, "Big sister... are you sure these two swords are male? Parent and child swords, however you look at it, aren't they male and female? They can't possibly be gay, right?"

Old Antique sent a string of cold sweat emojis. “If you misunderstand the spirit sword itself, it indeed is possible to delay the spawning of the sword spirit.”

“...” After reading Old Antique’s reply, Feather Lin typed an ellipsis, then couldn’t help asking, “What about Classmate Lotus Sun’s spirit sword?”

Super Chen: “I really want to see Classmate Lotus Sun’s sword, it must definitely be super awesome!”

It went without saying that a lot of thought and money would definitely have gone into the spirit sword belonging to the Young Miss of Huaguo Water Curtain Group.

Compared with other rich second generation kids who liked to show off, Lotus Sun’s daily life was much more low-key. She wasn’t in the habit of flaunting herself, since she had always felt that this was very poor behavior and wasn’t beneficial in shaping her image as the Nation’s Maiden.

So under these circumstances, she absolutely wouldn’t take the initiative to share her picture unless someone else asked her to.

After a moment, everyone in the group saw the photo that Lotus Sun sent.

Lotus Sun: “My sword, Mysterious Sea.”

It was a spirit sword deep blue in color, with a flawless, translucent body that pulsed with a blue glow. Everyone could feel its aura, like a boundless ocean, even just through the picture.

Master of Dopey couldn’t help praising it. “Mysterious Sea? What a cool name! How long has it been with Classmate Lotus Sun?”

Lotus Sun thought for a while, and then replied, “I formed a contract with this sword from the moment I was born, so a whole sixteen years.”

“...” Super Chen.

“...” Feather Lin.

“...” Master of Dopey.

Sixteen years... sure enough, comparing yourself with others would only make you angry!

Even Old Antique gave rare high praise. “The blue glow of the sword is the energy of the sword spirit, so it looks like Student Lotus Sun already has a sword spirit. Family background is one thing, but Student Lotus Sun’s spirit sword has a bright color and

luster and a distinctive quality. The translucent body has a bright halo around it, and has been maintained properly. You must have put a lot of effort into cultivating a rapport with your spirit sword. That is just like Student Lotus Sun!”

Lotus Sun sent an emoji of hands clasped together in a salute. “Teacher Wang, you flatter me!”

As they shared about their spirit swords, at this moment, someone finally realized that Wang Ling didn’t seem to have shared his.

“???” Super Chen sent three question marks. “Classmate Wang Ling? What about your spirit sword? Aren’t you going to show it to us?”

Wang Ling: “...”

He had initially wanted to muddle through everything by keeping silent, but then he saw everyone sharing their spirit swords. If he hid again, he would come across as a little unsociable and strange, which often resulted in actually drawing greater attention to himself.

He did not want that to happen.

After some deep consideration, he finally shared a photo.

Then.

A badass wooden sword less than a meter in length popped up aggressively in front of them...

Chapter 28: Wang Ling’s Small Wooden Sword

At this moment, Wang Ling’s skill at passive and awkward silences re-emerged, and the WeChat group was once again lost in bewildered silence.

Even Old Antique wasn’t able to say a word, the photo was just that lethal.

As Wang Ling’s deskmate, Master of Dopey Hero Guo had always felt that his ability to create awkward silences was no less deadly than weapons of mass destruction, it was really just too scary.

Everyone had clearly been shocked by this wooden sword, and were starting to doubt life.

...

Old Antique in the end was Old Antique, a man who had experienced the storms of life. After five endless minutes, he shook himself out of his slack-jawed state, fixed his eyes on the flexi-keyboard in the virtual void, and anxiously typed several words: "Student Wang Ling... you, are you being serious?"

"Mm." Wang Ling's reply was brief as ever and didn't waste words.

"..." Even Old Antique had utterly nothing to say after that.

As for the others, they were all having different thoughts.

Super Chen: I never imagined that Classmate Wang Ling's family situation would be so tough... no wonder he's usually so low-key, and Classmate Lotus Sun is so concerned about him. It turns out I was thinking too much. Classmate Wang Ling really needs more care and concern!

Master of Dopey: I never imagined that under Classmate Wang Ling's cold and aloof appearance would be such a tenacious heart... to arrive at this point after so many years really can't have been easy for him! I should show him more care and concern from now on!

Feather Lin: It's time to find Classmate Wang Ling a boyfriend to love him!

Lotus Sun had cupped her chin in her hands and was considering whether to organize a love donation in the name of Huaguo Water Curtain Group — to raise money to buy Classmate Wang Ling, who lived in the outskirts, a pink magic sword brimming with love!

Wang Ling: *You guys, enough!*

...

Spirit swords made out of peach wood may have been very popular a decade ago, but were now completely obsolete. As stronger materials for making more powerful swords started to emerge on the market, peach wood spirit swords became as cheap as cabbage. At present, only a small number of manufacturers still produced a fixed amount of peach wood swords each year, which they sold wholesale to education institutions, kindergartens, preschools and primary schools for use in introductory spirit sword education.

Looking at Wang Ling's small wooden sword, Old Antique thought that Student Wang Ling must have had an unhappy childhood!

Parents would normally be especially serious when it came to their children's first spirit sword. This could be seen with Super Chen, Lotus Sun and the others.

In contrast, this peach wood spirit sword was really too cheap.

However miserable we are, we should never let our children be miserable; however poor we are, we should never be poor in the education of our children.

In an era when even a malicious ghost could evolve, who would still use a peach wood spirit sword? Even if you hung it right by the bed, it wouldn't do anything to exorcise evil!

Looking at the photo projected into the void, Old Antique sighed in his heart; it looked like it was time for him to speak to Teacher Pan, and pay Student Wang Ling an important home visit!

Wang Ling: "..."

...

It was eight o'clock in the morning on Tuesday of the third week of school.

Everyone gathered on time at the school entrance to take a bus to No. 59 High School for the four-day student union exchange.

They traveled light, as everything that needed to bring had already been stored in the pockets of their school uniforms.

Wang Ling got on the bus and found a seat in the last row.

Master of Dopey and Super Chen got on the bus and anxiously looked at him sitting in the last row. They eyed each other for a bit, and then like door gods, they sat one on each side of Wang Ling.

Wang Ling: "..."

After he had shared his small wooden sword in the WeChat group yesterday, Super Chen and the rest had all felt that they needed to show Classmate Wang Ling care and concern, beginning with the little things.

This wholeheartedly terrified him.

His low-key high school life wasn't going according to plan, and instead had deviated wildly from his expectations. After all, the people on the bus with him now had at one time been on the list of people around whom he needed to be vigilant.

God knew what kind of ill fate this was...

Wang Ling must have offended this year's *taisui*¹.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Lotus Sun and Feather Lin sitting nearby and holding hands. He didn't need to read Feather Lin's mind to know that this veteran fujoshi was most likely shipping ² the three of them boys together.

The bus was spacious enough for fifty people, but in the end all five of them occupied the back row, leaving Old Antique to sit at the front with the bus driver. Fortunately, he didn't mind; as long as he could ensure the safety of his students, it didn't matter if he was a little lonely. Also, there was a whole warehouse of snacks in his pocket for him to slowly enjoy.

...

This was the first time that Wang Ling had been closely surrounded by a tight-knit circle of people, and he kept silent as he quietly listened to the discussion around him.

Because he was incompatible with electronic products, almost everything he knew about the latest news was gleaned through reading minds. In this way, he ensured that he wasn't too disconnected with what was currently happening in society.

Master of Dopey and Super Chen were having an extremely absorbing chat.

Master of Dopey pushed up his glasses. "Have you heard, an ancient tomb was recently found on a construction site. According to experts, it's probably a fake tomb set up by one of the two Ancient Almighty's."

The Ancient Almighty's...

As soon as he heard this, Wang Ling knew they had to be talking about Han Li and Wang Lin, the two "old demons" of the cultivation world.

Before the founding of Huaxiu nation, these two were the luminaries; there were records of them in ancient texts dating back to before even the Great Battle Qi era, and they were considered the forefathers of cultivation. But now they were forever silent, having gone down in history along with their magnificent deeds of old. They were a popular topic in Old Antique's history lessons; additionally, Han Li's Cultivation Theorem and Wang Lin's assessment scale were compulsory test components in advanced mathematics, which students both loved and hated.

There had always been rumors that Old Demon Han and Old Demon Wang hadn't actually died, since to this day, all the ancient tombs that had been found in Huaxiu nation that were supposed to belong to them had all been fake. What was more, it was likely that it was these two living fossils who had left these tombs behind as a diversionary tactic of some sort.

But there wasn't the slightest basis for this sort of talk, since according to historical records, both Almighty's had indeed failed the last step toward attaining immortality and had been struck down on the Heavenly Way.

Super Chen nodded. "This matter did create quite the ruckus." It was a big deal, so naturally he had heard of it.

"Of course it did! Because there are a lot of doubts about it."

Master of Dopey said mysteriously, "According to expert appraisal, it was Old Demon Wang's tomb that they found. But what's strange is that fragments of Old Demon Han's Sky Bottle was found in the tomb. You know the origin of the Sky Bottle, right? According to historical records, Old Demon Han used this treasure to make panaceas mature quickly in a short time."

"Then why would it appear in Old Demon Wang's fake tomb?" Lotus Sun couldn't help asking curiously when she heard what they were talking about.

"That's why it's strange."

Master of Dopey spread his hands. "Now, Old Demon Han's fans, the Han Family Army, are saying that the fake tomb is actually Old Demon Han's. But Old Demon Wang's fans, the Wang Family Army, disagree, and think that Old Demon Wang may have forged the fragments while he was still alive to deliberately mislead everyone."

"But if this is just a fake tomb, what is there to argue about?" Feather Lin completely didn't get it.

"You really don't understand..."

At this point, Master of Dopey shrugged. "This is like the war between salty and sweet bean curd; people have been quarreling about it for thousands of years, but there's still no consensus, right? It's the same with the Han Family Army and the Wang Family Army now. They clearly know there isn't going to be a conclusive result, but they're still making a lot of noise in order to draw attention to it on Weibo; even if it's only a passing mention of their idols, they don't want to lose out."

Everyone: "..."

Chapter 29: In the Flush of the Spring Wind the Horse Runs Fast...

Society was vicious; even Wang Ling himself felt that there were two groups that he absolutely couldn't mess with. They were the Han Family Army and the Wang Family Army.

These two fan groups of the Ancient Almighty Cultivators were more terrifying than fans of A-list celebrities in Huaxiu nation.

Each fan club had tens of millions of fans and every single one of them was a cultivator. Furthermore, the presidents of both fan clubs were rumored to be first-class expert cultivators.

Huaxiu nation had been trying to crack down on these two powerful fan clubs over the years, and had informed local education offices to strictly prohibit students and teachers from secretly joining them. To the military, they were both unpredictable factions that might or might not become a threat to national security someday.

But that had nothing to do with Wang Ling.

This could be summed up in a great saying...

Do what you want to do, I won't bother with you.

As long as it was something that didn't affect his low-key life, he could turn a blind eye to it. Otherwise, if he moved even just a finger, he could make these tens of millions of people disappear...

...

It had already been one hour since the bus had departed, but Master of Dopey had no intention of stopping; he had no lack of topics to discuss, from the latest news headlines to slowly chatting about national affairs. He lamented the hard lives led by the lower classes in society and educated the people present on patriotic affairs at the same time.

Nanhan nation's insistence on deploying an "Immortal Sword Defense System" along the border had aroused strong protest from Huaxiu nation.

The common people didn't discuss politics. Wang Ling himself was accustomed to being idle, but he still at least knew something about this major issue.

Huaxiu nation had imposed various economic sanctions on Nanhan nation, resulting in the closure of many Nanhan family supermarket chains in Huaxiu and the removal of Nanhan food imports from market shelves. These included the spicy chicken-flavored ¹ crispy noodle snack which Wang Ling preferred and which was produced in Nanhan.

But crispy noodle snacks were a petty problem in the face of a national issue.

It was just one less flavor, Wang Ling could completely accept that. Locally made crispy noodle snacks might be a little lacking in novel flavors, but ultimately nothing could beat the classics...

The bus was moving swiftly, but it was the morning peak hour and the roads were pretty congested.

Two hours later, Old Antique, who was sitting at the front chewing on *latiao*, finally said, "Students, we are here. Everyone be ready to get off!"

"Teacher, what time is it?"

"It's four minutes past ten in the morning. We'll register at No. 59 High School first, then take part in the first exchange meeting at two o'clock in the afternoon to confirm the schedule for the next few days," Old Antique replied.

...

After they got off the bus, the old bus driver slammed directly on the gas and sped away. Today, potato chips at the central supermarket were half-price; who knew whether he would be able to make it back in time to grab the last of it.

They had gotten off on the other side of the road across from No. 59 High School.

"We're here at last."

Their slightly envious gazes swept over No. 59 High School's newly-renovated school grounds.

At present, No. 59 High School was still just a candidate to become a key city high school, but the school environment and buildings, as well as teaching facilities, already fully met the standards for key city high schools.

As far as the eye could see, there was greenery everywhere. Trees as lush as remote mountain forests grew in No. 59 High School's courtyard and lined the trail from the school gate to an eight-story teaching building which itself was surrounded by trees.

Recalling the few frail old palms at No. 60 High School's entrance and the school's old buildings, this group of people instantly felt a little sad.

"Damn! Is this really No. 59 High School?" Feather Lin was astonished. "I remember passing by here the year before last, and it had been even worse off than No. 60 High School! Did they strike gold?"

"They probably did, the year before last." Super Chen frowned and said, "That year, No. 59 High School produced six Golden Core students, which was the highest number recorded in the last two hundred years... so as early as the year before last, it received an angel investment from a private hospital. In the same year, they also successfully applied to the Education Department to be nominated as a candidate to become a key city high school."

Old Antique nodded slightly. Super Chen had already said whatever he had been about to say. The boy knew a little more compared with the other students, but that wasn't surprising. He had participated in many school sports competitions since he was a kid; he often visited other schools, so naturally he would know more compared with regular students.

Feather Lin: "An angel investment from a hospital? Why a hospital?"

"Furthermore, it's an all-male hospital. Have you heard of Nine Suns Men's Hospital? It was opened by the creator of the *Nine Suns Scriptures*!"

For this type of gossip, in the end, it was Master of Dopey who needed to step in. "This is the so-called 'In the flush of the spring wind the horse runs fast'², top scorers in the college exams are circumcised."

Everyone: "... " A hospital targeted at college graduates, with advertising that was truly unlike any other³.

"I heard that guys with a graduation certificate from No. 59 High School can enjoy the circumcision service at this hospital free of charge. I wonder if I can borrow a certificate from here. When the time comes, maybe I should ask two other people to go with me?" Hero Guo asked, cupping his chin.

"..." Wang Ling felt that this was asking for too much!

Both Lotus Sun and Feather Lin's faces were completely red. It was inevitable that they would feel a little sensitive and embarrassed after listening to such embarrassing topics.

"If Student Guo can borrow a graduation certificate, please take me with you!" Old Antique suddenly sighed. "It's coming up to six hundred years, and sadly I've never found the opportunity to let loose."

"..."

On the side, Wang Ling once again refrained from saying anything.

He knew what Old Antique's hand speed was like.

Speaking rationally, he felt that there was no reason at all for Old Antique to visit the hospital — he could completely do it himself, with his own hand as a knife.

...

Though they were very envious of No. 59 High School's environment, no one was truly jealous. Once the funds from Huaguo Water Curtain Group came in, No. 60 High School's new environment would definitely be superior to this.

Old Antique led the team to the school gate, where they were immediately stopped by the school guard, who was distracted by their bright blue uniforms. "Who're you looking for?"

After Old Antique showed the school guard his papers, the man bowed deeply. "So it's No. 60 High School. Our school leader already let us know that you were coming; please proceed to room 1001 on the first floor in the teaching building for registration."

"Alright, thank you." Old Antique took back his papers with a smile, eyes crinkling again in their trademark style.

In this way, this group of people walked through the gate without any problems.

To be honest, when it came to school inter-relationships, No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School had never been on very good terms. Old Antique hence found the school guard's respectful and friendly attitude somewhat unexpected.

Of course, the observant Old Antique had also realized another issue, and that was the time of their arrival.

He was willing to bet that No. 59 High School had made no school announcements whatsoever about it.

Otherwise, given Student Lotus Sun's influence, this tree-lined trail would have already been packed with people.

...

Usually, there would be a device in the school guard's office that would block out any probing spiritual senses, but these kind of gadgets were completely ineffective on Wang Ling. They hadn't even left the school gate very far behind before Wang Ling's spiritual senses had already directly penetrated the whole school. The school guard who had been smiling before already no longer had a smile on his face; instead, his expression was solemn as he made a call. "That's right, Director Xie, the people from No. 60 High School have arrived. Three male and two female students, and... a parrot? The teacher leading the team is a fatty. He looks like a fool and doesn't seem to be a threat."

"Mm, I've already received information that he's a history teacher. Likely he doesn't have very much practical strength." A relatively cold voice sounded on the line.

After saying this, Director Xie hung up the phone and patched through to the Student Union Office. She said gravely, "Little Tang, they have arrived. Make sure you follow the plan and take good care of them."

Chapter 30: When Two Women Do Battle, Someone Is Going to Die

Anyone who went online to dig out the black pasts of No. 60 High School's Director Shi and No. 59 High School's Director Xie would know that these two were old enemies. They were both graduates of Cultivation Normal University, a first-tier cultivation college ranked second only to Ace University and which was attached to the national "211 Universities Project."

After graduating from Cultivation Normal University, these two had worked together for a time at No. 60 High School. Later, Teacher Shi had been elected director of education, while Teacher Xie had been pushed aside by the school and had had to transfer to No. 59 High School.

In the last few years, No. 59 High School had grown very rapidly and Director Xie had continued to rise in her new position. It was impossible that she wouldn't take revenge for being ousted back then.

Hence, the grudge between No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School all these years was actually largely due to the conflict between these two directors of education. Friendship between women could be quickly established with a Chanel flying sword, but once war happened and two swords collided, someone was going to die...

The relationship between the student unions of the two schools was also actually quite disharmonious, just like the one between their directors of education. It was only to be expected that any public or private rivalry between the students would follow the example of their school leaders.

Wang Ling had always felt though that of the three ordinary high schools in Peiyuan district, No. 60 High School's ethos and discipline were pretty good.

Before they reached the main entrance to the teaching building, Wang Ling had already seen from afar a boy about his age, dressed in an old-fashioned, dark brown uniform, slowly stroll out from the building, followed by four other youths.

Among the five boys, the one leading the way with a calm and composed expression was Tang Jingze, President of the Student Union at No. 59 High School and also someone who moved around in various school circles. In particular, it could be said that he knew everything about the three schools in Peiyuan district like the back of his hand. The short, pretty boy standing next to him was Fang Huaqing, Vice President of the Student Union at No. 59 High School. The three individuals behind them were No. 59 High School's three Liang brothers: Liang Wei, Liang Zheng and Liang Fei.

Before attending this exchange meet, Old Antique had already researched these people and told his students about them in advance. Although they were meeting for the first time, everyone in the No. 60 High School team already knew everything about them.

Tang Jingze bowed slightly to Old Antique. “You must be Teacher Wang? Teacher Wang and fellow students, welcome to No. 59 High School. I will be your host for the next four days. We ask that you forgive us if our hospitality proves unsatisfactory.”

This warm greeting instantly set the No. 60 High School team on edge...

Everyone knew what the relationship between the two schools was like. There was no such thing as a free lunch — something was definitely fishy!

Additionally, before this exchange meet between the student unions of the two schools, No. 58 High School had also come to No. 59 High School for the same purpose. According to first-hand information which Old Antique had obtained, all the students from No. 58 High School had been completely wiped out in every single exchange meet challenge...

Tang Jingze’s eyes swept over everyone somewhat impudently. He had already done his research and knew everything about everyone on the No. 60 High School team.

Big Miss Lotus Sun of Huaguo Water Curtain Group... probably the only person on the entire team of six who was truly up to the task of participating in the exchange meet.

After that, the fat Wang Zukang leading the team, who taught the theory of history course...

Student prodigy Feather Lin...

Sports committee member Super Chen...

Political science representative Hero Guo...

And...

Bloody hell, wait! This last person... what was his damn name?

“...”

Tang Jingze broke out in a cold sweat... his mind had actually gone blank, and no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn’t remember who on earth this last youth with the crew cut was.

This feeling of not being in control of himself made him uneasy.

Had he miscalculated?

No... he had definitely made the necessary preparations before coming here.

However, he couldn't remember a single thing about this youth with a crew cut in front of him.

What the hell was going on?

The truth was that a lot of it had to do with Wang Ling's Great Shielding Spell, which was like a character's passive skill in a game. Since learning this spell at the age of five, he had never deactivated it.

The way the spell specifically worked was that as long as it was activated, any information on him obtained in whatever way before formal face-to-face contact was established would instantly be completely forgotten.

As someone who had already been a school senior for two years and who had been moving around in various school circles since primary school, Tang Jingze could only assume that he had made a mistake, or was suffering a temporary lapse in memory.

Quickly, he clapped his hands with a face wreathed in smiles, and instantly someone brought forth tea that had already been prepared for them. "Now that you are here at our No. 59 High School, you are our guests. When in Rome, do as the Romans do. I wonder if any of the fellow students from No. 60 High School would agree to be a representative and drink this cup of tea as a sign of friendship?"

Old Antique took one look at the color of the tea and his eyelid twitched.

Floating indistinctly in the brownish-green tea was some kind of chemical mix which gave off an unpleasant scent. If Old Antique had to find an accurate way of describing this feeling, it would be like underwear that hadn't been washed for three hundred days, mixed together with salted fish dried under a scorching sun for forty-nine days, plus a sprinkle of canned herring juice on top.

No. 60 High School's illicit dealer in snacks was an experienced veteran and a huge, unwavering foodie. Seeing how even Old Antique looked defeated when faced with this tea, the rest of them immediately knew in their hearts...

— This tea was poisonous.

Furthermore, it was definitely a trap.

Seeing this, Tang Jingze smiled slightly. "This tea is made from a blend of vegetable and fruit juice with a two hundredfold concentration, and has the miraculous effect of strengthening muscles and bones. We wouldn't give it to just anybody. Of course, the

smell is a little strange, but for the sake of our school's tradition and as testament to our friendship, don't you think, fellow students from No. 60 High School, that you should be a brave example for your school?"

So it was a vegetable and fruit juice...

Realization instantly dawned on the No. 60 High School team. This was the real f**king poison on the school grounds!

Actually, this thing had a bit of a connection with Huaguo Water Curtain Group, which produced the powder for the vegetable and fruit juice blend.

However, the concentration of the juice which Huaguo Water Curtain Group sold on the market had been precisely calculated. Although Lotus Sun wouldn't deny that the taste wasn't great, at least it wasn't to the extent that it was too disgusting to swallow down.

The most crucial thing was that it really had the effect of strengthening one's muscles and bones, as Tang Jingze had mentioned.

The condition, however, was that you had to drink every last drop without throwing up.

Lotus Sun had never imagined that this group of people would actually put on airs as soon as they met.

They were clearly completely looking down on her, the Young Miss!

Generally speaking, a tenfold juice concentration was already very hard to swallow down...

A twentyfold concentration could already be hell.

A two hundredfold concentration was completely asking someone to die!

At the back, Fang Huaqing, Liang Wei and the other two people couldn't help snickering silently. Back then, those idiots from No. 58 High School had been anxious to keep up appearances; they had drunk the tea one by one, but had vomited messily and disgracefully at the entrance to the teaching building.

Even if it's tough, you lot from No. 60 High School, what are you going to do about it?

As the mood in the air thickened almost to the point of solidifying, Tang Jingze saw that boy with the crew cut, whose name he didn't know, step forward from where he had been standing silently at the back of the group.

Then.

He picked up the cup of tea.

And drank it in one gulp...