

The Daily Life of the Immortal King

Chapter 36: Pengci Gang, Peiyuan District Branch

After receiving the assignment from Liang Wei, the old lady from the Pengci Gang had been lying in wait behind a tree for a long while. The instant the people from No. 60 High School drew near, she straightaway locked her eyes on Wang Ling in the crowd.

She was just an ordinary old lady without any cultivation. Because of her aging and slack skin, her thick eyelids were completely creased and drooped to cover most of her eyes.

However, this little obstruction to her vision wouldn't stop her from committing pengci.

Wang Ling was the pengci target indicated by the client, and the experienced old Madam Dong had practised her expertise perfectly for years.

Madam Dong was one of the four elders of the Peiyuan district branch of the Pengci Gang. She didn't have any cultivation, but she was able to become a chief elder of the gang after so many years, recognized by handsome old men and pretty old ladies alike, so she definitely had outstanding abilities of some sort.

First of all, Madam Dong had incredible eyesight.

She was over seventy years old, but she still had eyes like a hawk. It was an ability which those ordinary, long-sighted old men and women revered! In a crowd of people, she could quickly lock onto the pengci target indicated by a client and perfectly execute her objective.

Secondly, when she was young, Madam Dong had actually been a top student... of course, she herself didn't think it was anything worth bragging about. But it was precisely because of this that she could consolidate her position as an elder.

The moment Wang Ling came into sight, Madam Dong immediately calculated the speed and distance between them.

She estimated that there was twenty meters between them. Currently, Wang Ling was walking at a speed of six meters per second... so, she just needed to jump out from behind the tree at a speed of four meters per second at the same time...

...

As a result, after two seconds...

Everybody saw an old woman hobble toward Wang Ling, throw away the walking stick in her hand with a clatter and grab onto the leg of his pants, her body twitching and her face full of pain.

Wang Ling hadn't expected to really encounter a pengci fraudster. He remembered when he had gone through the Gate Between Worlds to rescue Old Li — the demons that had touched him had all been reduced to ashes. A lot of his power was being constrained by the quickly deteriorating talisman seal on his arm, plus the old woman didn't have much strength. Otherwise, if this had happened a couple of days later, when the talisman seal expired for real...

In his heart, Wang Ling was thinking that this old lady would probably be instantly reduced to fine powder...

Of course, Wang Ling had no intention of helping her up, since he had never been able to control the strength in his hands. Besides, this old lady had no cultivation at all; it would be bad if he wasn't careful, and tore her arms off.

"Old grandmother, are you okay?" Lotus Sun crouched down and asked in a soft voice.

Although everyone from No. 60 High School were well aware that this old lady had deliberately committed pengci... the rule in a civilized society had always been that the weak are always right.

In this Spirit Energy Information era, cultivators now typically had access to a quality education — who would dare commit pengci at a cultivator's feet?

The old lady could consider herself lucky that she hadn't been chopped up by a sword!

She acted very realistically; for a long time, she twitched madly on the ground without uttering a single word, as if she was having an epileptic fit.

It was only until Lotus Sun and Feather Lin had repeatedly asked more than ten times if she was alright that the old lady turned around trembling and pointed weakly at Wang Ling, gasping for breath. "You! You..."

"???" Hero Guo and Super Chen were dumbfounded, wearing black expressions like question marks on their faces.

Nowadays, the Pengci Gang's acting skills were certainly pretty good. But it appeared that they weren't very dedicated to their work! The pengci elderly used to spare no effort to throw themselves under the wheels of a car. But forget a car, there wasn't even a two-wheeled bicycle here. She actually had the gall to accuse Wang Ling to his face of knocking her down in broad moonlight?

Hero Guo curled his lip. “This old grandmother, please be reasonable. Since we’re not using any means of transport, how can you say that my classmate knocked you down?”

If the person committing pengci had been an ordinary old man or woman, they might have withered in the face of Hero Guo’s derisive inquiry.

But as an elder of the Peiyuan district branch of the Pengci Gang, Madam Dong was worthy of her name. It was her exceptional pengci style that distinguished her from the rest. Seeing her composed expression, the group from No. 60 High School understood...

...Clearly, this old lady was already a seasoned veteran.

Confronted with Hero Guo’s noteworthy question, Madam Dong just sat stock still on the ground before slowly pointing feebly at Wang Ling. “It was him... he assaulted me with spiritual pressure!”

“...”

Spiritual pressure assault...

Realization instantly dawned on everyone — f**k! This was the new pengci ruse!

Hero Guo rested his forehead heavily in his hand. Sure enough, the older the ginger, the spicier it was! Who would have thought that there would be someone who would come up with this pengci strategy?

“How about we just call the police?” Feather Lin was thoroughly at a loss.

“Call the police?” Madam Dong hummed. “Do you know how many people our Pengci Gang has? As long as this student compensates me, I’ll let it go.”

“How much do you want then?” Lotus Sun sighed. Anything that could be solved with money wasn’t a problem for her.

The old lady stretched out a palm. “I don’t want much, just five million...”

Five million...

Although it wasn’t a huge sum to Lotus Sun, it wasn’t something she could come up with straightaway.

She could already tell... this wasn’t just a simple case of pengci — this old lady was deliberately making trouble for them!

“Why don’t you just go and rob someone?!” Super Chen couldn’t take it anymore.

Only after he said it did he realize...

That was what she was doing right now! Robbing them blind, to boot!

Before they could recover from their shock, she pointed at Wang Ling again. "Also, I'll only accept compensation from this student and no one else. We pengci members are also professionals!"

"..." Feather Lin felt that her three views ¹ had been refreshed.

Nowadays, even the Pengci Gang was beginning to stress professionalism... this nation was in danger of collapsing!

"Let's just call the police, and get her locked up." Hero Guo sighed, helpless.

"Ho ho... you still want to send me to prison? You have guts."

The old lady smiled at them mockingly. "Why don't you give me a reason first?"

Hero Guo rolled his eyes. "You popped out of nowhere and randomly grabbed my classmate's leg. As the saying goes, men and women shouldn't touch intimately. You may be old and shrivelled, but you can tentatively still be considered a woman, yes? Then, aren't you a child molester? In cultivation court, this would be a felony!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"..."

The corner of Madam Dong's mouth twitched sharply.

A child molester? Is your child 1.8 meters tall? A giant baby?!

Obviously, Madam Dong didn't buy it. "Even if you send me to the police station, I'll be out in two days. But then all of you will need to watch out, since our Pengci Gang is all over the nation... if this student compensates me, I'll let it go. Otherwise, our gang's chief elder will personally make sure this debt is settled."

"You dare to threaten us?"

Lotus Sun glared fiercely at Madam Dong; this was truly the first time that she had encountered such an unreasonable pengci fraudster. "Do you know who..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Wang Ling slowly strode forward, blocking Lotus Sun from the old lady with his body.

Because at that moment, he had already gotten a clear and complete look at Madam Dong's memory.

Since this was a plot by Liang Wei and the others which was aimed specifically at him, Wang Ling naturally didn't want to get other people mixed up in it.

After all, he had already thought of a hundred ways to deal with this old ruffian lady...

Chapter 37: Twenty-Four True Words

The scoundrels in society always liked to disguise themselves as the weak in order to rouse sympathy for their own benefit.

It was very obvious that Madam Dong was one of them.

There were plenty of ways to deal with her.

Given Wang Ling's current cultivation realm, he could send the old woman into the atmosphere with one foot in the blink of an eye!

Past outer space!

And then into the galaxy!

To live side by side with the sun for the rest of her life!

Or, more simply, he could just directly open his Heavenly Eye and summon the inner flame of a star to scatter bone ash on the spot.

But Wang Ling didn't want to make trouble.

Apart from the several Shadow Stream killers who had treated human life as dirt, Wang Ling had never personally killed anyone. From a young age, he had been taught by his parents that a student should behave as a student, focused on his studies, and nothing more; most important of all, he should adhere to the core values of cultivation.

This was the Spirit Energy Information era — in an age of scientific cultivation, killing couldn't solve everything!

...

...

In the end, Madam Dong flicked her sleeves; she didn't take a wisp of cloud away with her ¹, but a suitcase, and her heart was full of satisfaction as she left.

"Who knew young people nowadays would be so extravagant!" she exclaimed loudly in her heart, wild with joy. A whole five million yuan! She had been a pengci racketeer on this street for over ten years, and had never reaped a more fruitful harvest.

Wang Ling watched her leave with an indifferent expression. The pengci group might seem hard to deal with, but in the end, had been no match for his Great Illusion Spell.

Madam Dong thought she was carrying a suitcase full of cash, when it contained nothing more than a heavy, broken chunk of stone.

Keep a low profile, deal with it carefully...

Since this was a problem that could be solved using magical powers.

Wang Ling's rule had always been to avoid a fight whenever he could.

Otherwise, if he really raised a hand against her, the city would collapse at the very least, and at the very worst the earth would be destroyed... he didn't want that to happen.

This time, he had utilized two magical spells.

The first was the "Great Illusion Spell" which he cast on Madam Dong.

The second one was used on the chunk of stone which she was holding.

This spell was called the "Great True-Word Spell," which had an extremely powerful brainwashing ability.

Once Madam Dong took the stone back to the Pengci Gang, the core cultivation values which Wang Ling had carved into the stone would start to take effect immediately.

Prosperity, democracy, civility, harmony, freedom, equality, justice, rule of law, patriotism, dedication, integrity, friendship... when the time came, the whole pengci group would be completely purified by the Twenty-Four TrueWords ²!

Watching Madam Dong disappear at the end of the road, Wang Ling couldn't help sighing in his heart: *For the sake of all living things, it really isn't f**king easy for me!*

...

"Ehh? Why did this old lady walk away carrying a chunk of stone?"

The rest of the bunch were all somewhat confused by this scene.

“Maybe because of the ban on dancing in public squares, plus her children being unfilial and her being unhappy in her old age... she must have suffered some mental trauma.” Feather Lin analyzed the situation seriously.

“If the elderly were mentally healthy and contented, who would deliberately commit pengci in search of thrills?” Lotus Sun also shook her head.

After a spirited discussion, they came to a conclusion — ultimately, it was the system’s fault, it was the world’s fault!

...

It was eight o’clock in the morning on Wednesday of the third week of school.

Liang Wei returned to the Student Union Office with a swollen face, after being beaten up by the old men and women from the Pengci Gang.

The lumps on his head looked like a few Want Want Crunchy Rice Balls ³ piled up together.

Even when Tang Jingze saw him, he was struck dumb for quite a while. “Classmate, who are you looking for?”

Liang Wei: “...”

Fang Huaqing pushed up his glasses. Despite Liang Wei’s current wretched appearance, with a bunch of Want Want Crunchy Rice Balls on his head, Fang Huaqing could still recognize Liang Wei from his distinctive big lips. “What happened to you?”

Liang Wei covered his face. He wanted to cry, but had no tears left, and instead wailed with indignation, “I was beaten up.”

“What the hell happened?” asked Tang Jingze.

Liang Wei took out a local morning paper and slapped it on top of the table. Amidst the newspaper’s small print, Tang Jingze saw a large, eye-grabbing headline for today’s top story in local news — the Peiyuan district branch of the Pengci Gang had revolted last night, with old men and women turning in their ill-gotten gains one after another and surrendering themselves to the local police while extolling the core values of cultivation...

“...” Tang Jingze’s lips twitched.

No one knew what kind of madness had seized this bunch of old men and women... under the leadership of Madam Dong, there had been a large-scale defection overnight.

Turning in their booty and giving themselves up under the leadership of Madam Dong, the entire Peiyuan district branch of the Pengci Gang was now proclaiming that they were breaking away from the main Pengci Gang and changing their name to the General Administration of Harmony...

Thinking back on what had happened last night, Liang Wei's eyes couldn't help turning red with grievance, despite the fact that he was a grown man.

As the employer, he had arranged to meet with Madam Dong this morning when he had hired her yesterday, to personally assess the results of the assignment.

However, he had completely never imagined that on his way to the meeting venue, he would be cornered by a group of muscular old men led by Madam Dong.

At this time, Madam Dong's temperament was already completely different from last night. With a red band that had the word "harmony" on it wrapped around her arm, she had glared sternly at Liang Wei as she recited the Twenty-Four True Words.

Liang Wei already couldn't recall what she had said at the time.

After she had finished reciting the Twenty-Four True Words, she had taken out a little red book ⁴ and started to read aloud from it. "In view of the fact that Student Liang Wei hired pengci racketeers with the malicious intent of disrupting social order, the following is the trial verdict!" Then, with a wave of her hand, Madam Dong directly and mercilessly laid down the charge —"The crime of cultivation disharmony!"

Immediately after that, a few muscular old men encircled him...

Although Madam Dong was an ordinary person, that didn't mean that there weren't any cultivators in the Pengci Gang.

If it had just been Madam Dong, Liang Wei could have dealt with her. Unfortunately... the eight old men in front of him were all at the Foundation Establishment stage!

After that... there was nothing after that.

Liang Wei didn't even have time to yell "yamete" ⁵ before the eight old men took turns ruthlessly beating him up, after which he returned to school badly battered.

Tang Jingze: "..."

Fang Huaqing: "..."

Now Tang Jingze and Fang Huaqing really felt it was a bit creepy.

From the moment the group from No. 60 High School had arrived yesterday, it had been crisis after crisis.

Now, even the stubborn old people in the Pengci Gang were f**king setting things right after just one night!

— What the f**k kind of game were they playing at?!

Tang Jingze's current feelings were very complicated.

Their plans to humiliate their opponents had been countered every step of the way; even their plan for revenge had disintegrated under some mysterious power... it was clearly their No. 59 High School's home turf, but in the end, the people of No. 60 High School hadn't just entered confidently, they had also planted a red flag in their territory!

There was no way they would tolerate that!

Tang Jingze glared out the window, and sighed darkly. "Since it has come to this, it looks like the only thing we can do is invite that senior to make an appearance..."

"...Him?"

Speaking of "that senior," Fang Huaqing and Liang Wei instantly understood.

Given the current situation, they could only ask that senior to help; this was probably now the only way for No. 59 High School to win for once.

...

Every school would have a couple of delinquents; No. 60 High School did, and No. 59 High School of course wasn't an exception.

There were two days left before the end of the exchange meet, and Tang Jingze's plans to humiliate the students from No. 60 High School not only hadn't been successful, it had had the opposite effect; they had been hoisted by their own petard.

Whatever the case, there were still two days to go, and he still felt it was necessary for them to regain face.

In the morning, No. 59 High School's Student Union, led by Tang Jingze, found the notorious Senior Buliang, He Bufeng.

The wind blows on school grounds except where there are no storm clouds... this was the meaning of this Senior He's name 6 .

Well...

On the whole, this name really suited this delinquent's style ⁷. After all, just from his name, one could tell that this senior was someone who liked to create headlines, and was extremely restless in nature.

Tang Jingze actually didn't know very much about this Senior He's history; he only knew that Senior He Bufeng had a codename, the number "8823."

These numbers weren't his student number, nor did it refer to any specific item in particular. Instead, it referred to the total overall marks which this Senior He had scored across all his subjects since entering school three years ago — 8823, a record low in the history of No. 59 High School, which had not been broken until now.

Exams for each subject had now been consolidated to make up a total of a thousand marks. Since the beginning of school, with the weekly exams, monthly exams and so on, to not be able to even break ten thousand marks across all class subjects in total really sounded like an exaggeration.

This year happened to be the third year that this Senior He Bufeng was repeating Senior Grade Three of high school...

In short, this was a sticky issue that gave even Director Xie a headache. If it wasn't because Tang Jingze was at his wits' end this time, there was no way he would ask this "grand master" to help the student union.

In the morning, Tang Jingze used the student union's student records to find this Senior Buliang's phone number, and arranged to meet him.

The male toilets on the second floor of the teaching building was Senior Buliang's territory, and students who knew the rules usually wouldn't enter here. Otherwise, it was very likely this delinquent would force them to wash their faces in the toilet bowl.

As President of the Student Union, Tang Jingze naturally had received plenty of complaints, but like most of the teachers, he had chosen to turn a blind eye to them.

This was mainly because of this delinquent's background: He Bufeng's grandfather was currently that circumcision director of No. 59 High School's school board.

It was because of this connection that No. 59 High School hadn't expelled this delinquent.

"Are you the ones who want to meet with Senior He?" As soon as Tang Jingze and the others stepped onto the second floor, they were immediately stopped by a youth wearing a graffiti vest.

Tang Jingze swept a look over this person's fashion style: he was roughly one hundred and seventy centimeters tall, and wasn't wearing his uniform jacket properly — instead, it was tied around his waist. The most eye-catching thing about him was his hair, sticking straight up ten centimeters, and perfectly making up the height difference with Tang Jingze. Such a hairstyle, even among all the “shamate,”⁸ was a rare and terrifying existence.

“...” Tang Jingze, Fang Huaqing, and Liang Wei all gasped in unison — this style was really an eyesore!

“Is senior... free now?” Tang Jingze said softly. He normally thought of himself as bad, and had bullied a lot of people before. But in the face of this delinquent senior, he completely did not dare act arrogant.

The “shamate” youth snorted, and pointed at the male toilets nearby, smiling. “Senior has been waiting inside for you for quite a while, go on in.”

At this arrogant attitude, Tang Jingze and the others couldn't help the corners of their mouths pulling down. They gave the tightly sealed-off male toilets a deep look, feeling like they were about to enter a new world through Pandora's portal⁹.

Chapter 38: Old Antique's Charisma and Substance

In the student exchange meet between the two schools, interaction between the students was certainly a part of it, but discussion among teachers was also important.

Before eight o'clock in the morning, Old Antique, as the teacher leading the team from No. 60 High School, was dragged to a meeting.

Looking around the meeting venue, there wasn't a single teacher that he knew. From the murmurs in the air, he could vaguely hear the other teachers talking about him. They were saying he was just some bookworm who taught the theory of history course, who had no skill apart from teaching and so on...

In fact, whether he was a teacher now or a student back then, those students who specialized in flying swords or Dao talismans always looked down on the students who learned theory of history.

Even though Old Antique was now a teacher, the teachers who taught the flying swords and Dao talismans courses similarly looked down on the teachers who taught history, and always felt that these people were very dull, and didn't have real talent or learning.

Privately, he had always viewed these discriminatory stances as “stereotypes.”

He couldn't help recalling his time as a student.

He was no stranger to gossip or slander, so even if he was hearing it again now, his expression was very calm. He just sighed at how time had flown by, and he would never be able to return to his salad days.

The topic of discussion at the morning meeting for the teachers of both schools was naturally the hotly debated dissolution of one branch of the Pengci Gang reported in the morning newspaper.

This was a very big issue because the Peiyuan district branch of the Pengci Gang, which had always caused the local cultivation police so many problems, had now collapsed in one night. One person told ten, ten told a hundred, and soon all the students and teachers knew about it.

"Teachers, settle down! We're going to officially start the meeting now."

The teacher chairing the meeting was No. 59 High School's Director Xie. "Looking at your heated discussion, I'm sure everyone has heard. This incident happened very suddenly. Although currently there are still a few pengci groups in Peiyuan district that are taking advantage of the situation to cause mischief, we now no longer have to worry about students going out and encountering pengci. The focus of this meeting, which is also the first thing the General Administration of 100 Schools passed down to us as soon as this incident happened, is mainly to listen to your opinions on Madam Dong's reorganization of the dissolved Pengci Gang in our district into the 'General Administration of Harmony.'"

Director Xie's words stirred up heated discussion again, as the teachers whispered to one another with unusual fervor.

Director Xie then noticed Old Antique, and saw this theory of history teacher from another school looking especially serene as he quietly listened to the other teachers' opinions, nodding his head and smiling gently... for some reason, this made Director Xie's face burn hotly.

Some approved of the General Administration of Harmony, and felt that it would be a beneficial existence; one male teacher nodded. "The Pengci Gang indeed committed a lot of crimes in the past, disrupting society and civil harmony, as well as causing teachers and students in the surrounding areas to suffer disastrous financial losses. But now that it has been reorganized into the General Administration of Harmony, and specializes in dealing with the Pengci Gang and supervising the delinquents in society, I think this is good!"

A female teacher snorted as she objected. "How is it good! It's just another way to harass people. When I was on the way to work this morning, an old lady told me off for

running a yellow light, and stopped me to lecture me for a long time, until my spirit sword ran out of electricity, almost making me late for work!”

A female teacher next to her was immediately startled. “Teacher Lin’s spirit sword... runs on electricity?”

“That’s right! Lately I’ve been up until late every night doing my marking, so I really don’t have any energy. My new Chanel electric-powered spirit sword is good, it saves me a lot of spirit energy, so I can go to work in high spirits every day!”

The female teacher proudly stroked her hair, then held out one palm. “The most important thing is to charge it for five minutes, it’ll power the sword for two hours! I strongly recommend it to everyone!”

“Really? That’s too awesome! Where did you buy it from?”

“You can buy it at Tianmiao and Jingxi ¹ !”

“Is it very expensive?”

“With Tianmiao you can buy on credit, with Jingxi you can use IOUs! All these things are very useful!”

“...” Director Xie’s face instantly turned black.

This bunch of people... they were actually so careless and unruly in the presence of outsiders at a meeting! What kind of image was this?!

Director Xie Huaichun secretly glanced at Old Antique, who seemed like someone already accustomed to the gales and billows of life. She couldn’t help the corners of her mouth curling up.

Fortunately, this teacher from another school hadn’t said anything. Otherwise, it really would be an embarrassment!

Trying hard to control her anger, Director Xie reminded them in a low voice. “...Please pay attention, teachers. Don’t stray from the point... this is a direct order from the General Administration of 100 Schools, I hope everyone will take it seriously.”

The director still had authority — at Director Xie’s words, a few of the boisterous female teachers suddenly quieted down. At the same time, they gave Old Antique a grateful look.

It was only when teachers from other schools were present that Director Xie would speak so evenly. If it had been a normal meeting, she would have already unleashed her prehistoric powers ² early on, radiating intimidating pressure all around.

Before Wang Ling had set foot in No. 59 High School, the thing that had been most vulnerable to damage in the school was the table in the Teachers' Meeting Room. Every time Director Xie got so pissed off that she couldn't control her immense pressure in a meeting, a table leg would definitely be broken.

This long rectangular table in front of Old Antique now had arrived just two days ago.

Seeing that things had calmed down, Director Xie secretly sighed.

She felt a sense of dread whenever she thought of the chaotic student exchange meeting which Tang Jingze had presided over yesterday.

Fortunately, however, not everyone could have a magnetic field like Lotus Sun's.

Additionally, Old Antique couldn't imitate that National School Beauty level of electromagnetic attraction.

However, Wang Ling had always felt that for a fatty, Old Antique had his own personal charisma.

Before Old Antique came to No. 59 High School, Director Xie had thoroughly investigated this fatty — he had been teaching in No. 60 High School for over a decade, and was the teacher with the best reviews every year. Apart from his abiding gentleness, anytime and anywhere, in front of and behind people... she just couldn't understand why the students were so drawn to him.

In fact, the main reason was his deft ability to switch between his two personas.

Usually, he would start out in "gossip mode" in front of the students, and liked to maintain an approachable, kindly and teasing persona. However, that didn't mean that he was inherently an aloof person... for example, at this teachers' regular meeting, he had started out in his second persona, "artsy mode."

What was an artsy youth?

He would say something inexplicable, do something indescribable, be indifferent to people and speak reason very briefly... at first, it would seem like nothing, but after mulling it over, one would instantly feel it made a hell of a lot of sense!

To be honest, Wang Ling actually liked Old Antique's second persona more, because he could always learn plenty of quotable words from it.

However, this sharply different side usually didn't come out very often.

Hence, the moment Old Antique had gotten up early to leave the school dormitory, Wang Ling had been secretly observing him using his Heavenly Eye...

...

It was very obvious that after Director Xie had rectified the teachers' behavior, the focus of the whole meeting shifted to this teacher from another school, Old Antique.

The meeting venue was quiet, and no one dared to speak.

The early morning breeze blew gently through the window, sweeping over Old Antique's watermelon head and brushing the neat fringe on his forehead...

Director Xie stared blankly for a bit; unexpectedly, she felt that this fatty was somehow still very handsome in a certain sense...

Old Antique gazed fixedly at the polished tabletop, which happened to reflect Director Xie's image.

At this scene, Director Xie couldn't remain composed: *why is he staring at my reflection? Don't tell me... he's interested in me? Likes me? Otherwise, why is he staring at me?*

"..."

Old Antique was looking blankly at the table; Wang Ling didn't even have the strength to be mocking. This was clearly out of respect! Who would stare non-stop at someone else's face at a meeting? How rude would that be?!

Faced with this Director Xie Huaichun, Wang Ling's mood now was very complicated, because this evidently was another old girl in love making up her own scenarios...

...Wait!

Why did he think... another?

Old Antique had always been the type of person whose appearance could withstand scrutiny, and he was the type who looked more handsome with every additional glance. This was what Wang Ling meant by his charisma and substance.

Who understood substance? The substance of artsy youths... how could common people understand? His substance also wasn't something Lotus Sun could imitate — their strategies were different. The target of Lotus Sun's strategy was passersby, the target of Old Antique's strategy... was aunties.

Then.

Five minutes passed...

...

Director Xie still hadn't asked any questions, and only felt her face grow even hotter when she looked at Old Antique. She was just like her name³, truly like a maiden in search of love.

Old Antique had already been gazing at the tabletop for quite a long time, which made her blush with complete shyness... this was the first time that she had been stared at by a man for so long.

And just like this, everyone followed Director Xie and looked at Old Antique quietly. Some of the sharp-eyed female teachers wondered why Director Xie's face seemed a little red...

...

Ten minutes passed...

There was still no sound; one could have heard a pin drop in the whole meeting room.

...

Then once again.

Twenty minutes passed...

...

Wang Ling: "..."

Old Antique's hair was still fluttering wildly in the breeze. With soft, tender eyes, he looked at Director Xie. "Director Xie, is there something you want to ask me?"

She was immediately startled by his slightly magnetic tone. Only then did she realize... she actually hadn't asked Old Antique any questions yet!

Director Xie immediately couldn't help her face turning red as she showed the bashful expression of an old girl. "Ah~ Teacher Wang, I'm really sorry..."

All the teachers were stunned...

What had they just seen?

What had they just heard?

What the heck was with this breathless "ah" sound?

This middle-aged spinster with a long career, who was experienced in dealing calmly with all types of situations, had actually apologized?! And even blushed?!

Furthermore, her infatuated and enchanted expression was for a fatty who taught history... what the bloody hell?! Was this love at first sight? This f**king plot development was a little incomprehensible!

Wang Ling was already stupefied. "..."

He could only say, Old Antique really was Old Antique... this wasn't BlooddropCave⁴, but just like this, Old Antique had unexpectedly cracked the toughest nut at No. 59 High School...

Old Antique calmly nodded, still maintaining the cool air of an artsy youth.

Now, he felt that the time was completely ripe.

The current scene was slightly awkward, and it was time for the artsy youth to come to the rescue...

Turning his head slightly, Old Antique slanted a gaze out the window.

In that cool, penetrating breeze, the words he said then shook everyone's hearts.

"Today's wind is truly dazzling..."

In the meeting room, the teachers got goosebumps all over.

Apart from Old Antique and Director Xie, who were enchanted by the artsy atmosphere, the other teachers acutely felt the already cold temperature in the meeting room drop even further...

Chapter 39: Dangerous Radio Gymnastics

Old Antique's identity had always been a mystery. After the day he revealed his true strength in front of Lotus Sun, she had in fact gotten people to secretly investigate his background. What was strange was that they couldn't find anything...

If Lotus Sun with her family background couldn't find anything, it would be even harder for anyone else who wanted to know his true identity.

Of course, if Wang Ling wanted to investigate Old Antique, there were many ways for him to do it; among the Three Thousand Great Spells, the Great Recollection Spell

comprised a lot of abilities, such as “memory replacement,” “memory erasure” and “memory retrieval.”

He had retrieved Old Antique’s memories previously, and had found one that had been sealed away. Forcibly retrieving it, however, would cause Old Antique irreversible mental damage.

Therefore, even if Wang Ling was very curious, in the end, he let it go.

Of course, there were other avenues of investigation, such as Headmaster Chen as well as Director Shi. As leaders of No. 60 High School, it was likely they would know everything about Old Antique’s history. But since Old Antique had chosen to hide his identity, Wang Ling felt that there was no need to dig it out.

For him, apart from Old Antique’s mysterious identity, the man was a foodie who loved gossip and was sometimes silly, sometimes artsy. This was the image of an immortal teacher that he had painstakingly cultivated after teaching for so many years.

Wang Ling had to salute Old Antique for how well he had concealed himself.

...

After the brief teachers’ meeting in the morning, Wang Ling had a deeper understanding of Old Antique. It turned out “artsy mode” Old Antique possessed the passive ability to win over older ladies... Wang Ling felt he should write a book and title it *The Artsy Youth and the Literary Maiden*¹.

As long as Old Antique wrote down all the golden words that had been hiding under his artsy persona all these years, Wang Ling felt that he could completely conquer all the middle-aged spinsters and feminists in the world.

When it came to love, as long as a tortoise and mung bean made eyes at each other², that was good enough.

But the love between an artsy youth and a literary maiden... Wang Ling had to say, he didn’t understand it at all.

Women who made up their own scenarios were indeed terrifying! Whether it was a young maiden or an auntie...

That was what Wang Ling thought.

He wasn’t concerned with whether or not springtime had already arrived for Director Xie and Old Antique; more worryingly, the spring radio gymnastics was about to start.

...

In early spring, Songhai city was still a little cold, since it was very close to the Frozen Sea. After getting winter earlier than other cities, they entered spring later during this time every year. Some experts believed that the cold air from the Frozen Sea had an unstable effect on the foundations of cultivators at the Foundation Establishment stage.

After taking the students' foundations into consideration, high schools had suspended the radio gymnastics not long after the start of the semester. And of course, Wang Ling had found a way to evade this problem for the time being.

But regretfully, Songhai city had suddenly warmed up today...

After two class periods and the teachers' meeting which Old Antique had attended, the school's radio broadcast came on at half past nine. The students lined up and marched to the sports field, following the lead of the shortest student at the front of the line.

As a team from another school, the five students from No. 60 High School stood in their own separate line in last place on the sports field.

As usual, Wang Ling chose to be at the back of the line.

Radio gymnastics had already evolved over thousands of years since the establishment of Huaxiu nation, and its names were also either incredibly fantastic or down-to-earth.

From the first radio exercise "Brand New Sun" to "Descendants of the Sun"...

From "The Eagle Taking Off" to "The Kunpeng³ Spreading Its Wings"...

From "Vitality of Youth" to "The Passion for Foundation Establishment"...

From "Dancing Youth" to "Martial Universe"...

Radio gymnastics could be said to have been named after the mass public square trend, but it had gradually and completely evolved into a xuanhuan cultivation trend. Not only did it sing the praises of the flowers of the motherland, it also extolled the great vitality of the younger generation of cultivators.

Some people thought that the names for the radio gymnastics stood for the development and progress of the era.

For instance, the popular two hundred and fiftieth set of radio gymnastics —"Perfect World"!

Just from the name, one could see the boundless hope which Huaxiu nation had for the creation of a marvelous future!

Earlier, Wang Ling had actually damaged No. 59 High School's loudspeakers on purpose, but it had never occurred to him that No. 59 High School would actually have a damn live band!

Several teachers from No. 59 High School's music department were carrying instruments as they banged on gongs and drums, creating a magnificent scene in front of them.

"..." This really was man proposes, God disposes.

Looking at this scene, Wang Ling sucked in a cold breath.

As the magical rhythm rang out, the first round of music for the two hundred and fiftieth set of radio gymnastics came to an end...

Accompanied by the rhythm of the live band's music, the physical education teacher standing on the podium amplified his voice with the Lion's Roar Spell, and shouted out the beat as he moved.

"Everyone follow my rhythm, the warm-up for the two hundred and fiftieth set of radio gymnastics 'Perfect World,' mark the time ~ go! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight... two two three four, again..."

While the names for radio gymnastics had changed many times, the overall routine hadn't changed much. The warm-up was followed by stretches and chest expansions... Wang Ling could just about do these physical exercises. While they did require large motions, he basically didn't have to expand very much energy.

It was the kicks and jumps that really made him uneasy.

What was worse, the power of the Dao talisman seal was substantially weaker... whether it was a kick or a jump, if Wang Ling didn't take care to control his strength, there would be irreversible consequences...

Regional earthquakes, tectonic shifts, landslides and floods of debris... all of these could happen.

To avoid these disasters, he had always softened his movements while doing the radio gymnastics, which made him look weak and limp, as he utterly didn't dare to use too much energy... in the words of the physical education teacher, he was spineless and a sissy.

Because of that, the teachers from No. 60 High School's sports department had more than once held him up as a bad example not to be followed. At the regular meeting for the physical education teachers, they had even taken pains to single Wang Ling out for ruthless criticism...

Of course, it wasn't that Wang Ling couldn't understand the teachers' feelings, especially the teachers from the sports department; they naturally wanted to see students walking around spiritedly, heads up and chests out, full of vigor and vitality on the sports field. However, if he got serious, and something out of the ordinary happened, who was going to be able to bear that responsibility?

Braving the teachers' contemptuous looks around him, he completed the entire set of radio gymnastics under pressure.

Very good... all was quiet, nothing unexpected happened, and even better, there weren't any casualties.

Wang Ling was sure that he was the only person nowadays who would get the jitters doing radio gymnastics.

As a child, he had still been very weak, and had been able to still control his strength. But as he gradually got older, the development of his realm and attributes had fluctuated wildly. He really felt that his life was just getting more and more difficult, to the point that he was on edge even when doing radio gymnastics.

Since it had come to this, he felt that he really had to change the current situation...

For example, on the night of the next full moon, he could use the "Great Moon-Reading Spell" to brainwash the entire nation, and overhaul the radio gymnastics system by replacing it with something acceptable to him!

Shadowboxing could be a good choice!

Or... PPAP ⁴ was, just barely, an acceptable alternative...

Chapter 40: Dopey the Cool and Aloof Parrot

After morning radio gymnastics was over, Old Antique arranged to meet Wang Ling in a small corner for a chat during the afternoon break.

It wasn't anything out of the ordinary, just about his performance in the radio gymnastics as usual.

Wang Ling did understand the situation very clearly. After all, they had come here this time as representatives of their school, and since they were at another school, they had to be even more aware of their image and temperament. The vast majority of teachers believed that no matter how smooth one was with a spirit sword or how proficient in drawing a Dao talisman, only the ordinary radio gymnastics could best embody a student's spirit.

This was the reason why until now, even in the Scientific Cultivation era, cultivation schools still hadn't banned radio gymnastics.

Fortunately, Old Antique was a gentle man. Being approachable had always been one of his special traits, plus he had attended the teachers' regular meeting in the morning... he seemed to have found his springtime, so he was in a particularly good mood. He just told Wang Ling that he should pay attention to his image as a student representing No. 60 High School, then patted his butt and walked away, a spring in his step.

Lightly, Old Antique left... as lightly as he had come...

Seeing Old Antique's buoyant mood, Wang Ling instantly composed this poem in his heart.

A dopey, artsy youth who had fallen into the river of love...

Sure enough, people in love were all touched in the head!

This was the first time that Wang Ling felt that there was something wrong with this bouncy Old Antique.

...

After the private chat with Old Antique, Wang Ling casually thought of something.

If it had been Teacher Pan with her raging temper instead of Old Antique who had dragged him into that corner, Wang Ling felt that given her character, she wouldn't have been able to stop herself from smacking him around... thinking of this, he couldn't help shuddering.

The last person who had forcefully hit him had been Eldest Young Master Xu Ying of the Three Young Masters of Burying Love, and his grave was covered with grass taller than three meters now... either way, whether it was a responsibility to Teacher Pan, or even more so to the people around him, Wang Ling was more certain than ever that it was necessary to brainwash the entire nation on the night of the next full moon!

...

In the afternoon, Old Antique sent a WeChat message for everyone to gather in No. 59 High School's gymnasium.

There were only two days left to the crucial spirit sword exchange meet. As the teacher leading the team, he felt it was necessary for them to train accordingly.

No. 59 High School's gymnasium was very large. In most Foundation Establishment high schools now, the interior of such a large place would contain another space. From

the outside it didn't look very big, but the area inside had been expanded using the Space Expansion Skill.

In fact, space expansion was very common. Take for example the storage pockets of the school uniform and Old Antique's snack drawer, which surpassed a supermarket's inventory... this simple skill of enlarging a space area was now already very commonly practiced and was completely a part of everyday life.

And the biggest benefit was that it had significantly lowered property prices.

It made it impossible for the deeply-hated real estate speculators to stir up trouble...

"Strange, why hasn't Teacher Wang showed up?" Feather Lin asked, puzzled. They were in a sectioned-off training area in No. 59 High School's gymnasium and had been waiting for some time.

Everyone's impression of Old Antique had always been of a punctual man.

"Let's wait a little longer." Lotus Sun also frowned softly and felt that it was very strange. Generally, as long as it was Old Antique who arranged the time, he would either arrive before or on the dot, and would never be so easily late.

"He wouldn't have run into trouble, right?" Feather Lin said again.

"..." Lotus Sun was silent.

She had personally witnessed Old Antique's true prowess. Moreover, his identity was a mystery, and even Huaguo Water Curtain Group hadn't been able to find anything on his background. Given the type of man he was, it could already be considered not bad if he didn't stir up trouble with other people.

"..." Wang Ling was also silent.

He carefully considered Feather Lin's words and felt that what this fujoshi said was actually reasonable, because Old Antique had indeed run into trouble... if being lucky in love could be called trouble.

While everyone was discussing Old Antique, in the end, speak of the devil, and he shall appear...

From outside the gym, a stout figure stood silhouetted in the dazzling sunlight, casting a long shadow on the ground.

Although they couldn't see the person's face clearly, from the shadow on the ground, everyone knew who it was.

In the next moment, this shadow suddenly sprang up like a ghost, giving everyone a fright.

Then, they watched in silent astonishment as a large fatty came bounding up to them... Super Chen, Hero Guo, Lotus Sun and Feather Lin were dumbfounded.

“...”

Now it wasn't just Wang Ling; other people could also tell... there was something wrong with Old Antique today!

...

Old Antique's small, fat face was flushed and radiant like a blooming peach blossom. Sunlight seemed to pour out of his mouth as he laughed, it was too damn blinding!

“Did he win the lottery? Or level up to the legendary five kills 1 ?” The corners of Super Chen's mouth twitched, an uncomprehending expression on his face. He himself felt that he was a fairly ignorant type of person, but if he could tell with one look that there was something off with Old Antique... then it wasn't a simple problem, but a really big one!

Of course, Wang Ling was probably the only person in No. 60 High School who knew why Old Antique was so happy. Very regretfully, Wang Ling didn't like to gossip, so his mouth was sealed.

This situation really made Master of Dopey want to choke...

As No. 60 High School's famous gossip line, the grand master who knew everything, this was the first time Hero Guo felt that his reputation was in danger.

“Seems like you don't really know everything,” Super Chen deliberately teased.

“Is that a challenge?” Hero Guo raised his eyebrow.

There was actually something he didn't know?

Impossible!

He held his arm out horizontally and Dopey the parrot hopped off his shoulder, turning its head to groom its white feathers. A normal parrot would speak from time to time as it imitated the words it heard, but Dopey was an intelligent parrot. In Master of Dopey Hero Guo's own words, it would only speak when he allowed it to; apart from that, it didn't even dare fart.

It was because everyone firmly believed in these words that Hero Guo had obtained the title “Master of Dopey.” In everyone’s eyes, this was probably the most remarkable pet Master of Dopey had ever trained since he became involved in the soul pet business.

“If even you don’t know what’s going on with Old Antique, do you expect Dopey to tell you?” Super Chen couldn’t help laughing.

“Dopey, show this bumpkin your ability! Don’t let our Soul Servant Shop lose face!” Hero Guo pointed at Dopey, so worked up that he was spitting saliva. The Soul Servant Shop he had mentioned was actually the name of his family’s ancestral store for soul pets.

In fact, at the beginning of the semester, Wang Ling had found that Dopey the parrot wasn’t so simple. He had privately given it another nickname, “Ice Sculpture.” Because it didn’t like to talk, it hadn’t said much all this time as it maintained an attitude all day long that wasn’t happy or sad, disillusioned with human society.

Wang Ling’s Mind-Reading Ability, which was usually an open channel, had never received a single thing from Dopey’s mind, which was enough to show how cool and aloof this parrot was.

That was, until now. When Hero Guo’s saliva sprayed onto the pure white feathers that Dopey was proud of... Dopey finally couldn’t take it anymore!

It rolled its eyes disgustedly at Hero Guo, then Wang Ling heard it curse vehemently in its heart: *this f**king retard! Don’t you know this boss likes to be clean!*

Hearing Dopey’s thoughts for the first time, Wang Ling was startled in his heart; he had never expected that Dopey, who preferred to not speak, would in this situation actually burst out because of its neat freak tendencies... it seemed not only was it a cool and aloof parrot, it was also a parrot with a bad temper.

Furthermore, from the unabashed and genuinely haughty attitude in Dopey’s heart, Wang Ling felt that perhaps all this time, Master of Dopey Hero Guo, who was this parrot’s owner and gave people the impression that he was a parrot expert...

...Didn’t seem to know as much about his own parrot as he thought he did...