

# The Daily Life of the Immortal King

## Chapter 46: Sad Odd Zhuo

Wang Ling absolutely didn't want to be Lei Feng. He Bufeng had caused this incident himself, so he only had himself to blame. Wang Ling could have ignored it and chosen to walk away.

However, Father and Mother Wang had taught him from young that he had to have a bottom line in anything he did... leave a line in all things, in case of meeting again <sup>1</sup>. Even if He Bufeng was a delinquent, he was still in no way like that heinous bunch of Shadow Stream dog-headed humans <sup>2</sup> ...

Hence, Wang Ling left his school jacket, a decision he made even after considering overall the relationship between the two schools. Everyone knew that the relationship between No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School wasn't very good.

But then, when would the cycle of revenge end?

Wang Ling didn't know whether a single school jacket could change anything, but he thought it was worth a try.

After all, even Director Xie, the most difficult person to deal with in No. 59 High School, had been ensnared by Old Antique. Anything was possible...

...

In No. 59 High School, someone's ass and balls were turning blue from the wind.

Elsewhere, in the office of the General Administration of 100 Schools, Odd Zhuo was feeling very sad today.

Odd Zhuo, who had become Deputy Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools at a young age, was the envy of outsiders, but no one knew the considerable pressure which he was under.

On one side, this pressure came from his superior.

The General Administration of 100 Schools was in charge of all the cultivation schools, even kindergartens, in Songhai city. All the major district education offices were subject to its directives. And above the General Administration of 100 Schools sat the Alliance

of Ten Thousand Schools, which was under the direct jurisdiction of Secretary Sun Dakang, a member of the central government.

The position of Deputy Director wasn't big or small. However, in Odd Zhuo's opinion, sitting in this position was just like prostituting himself... the benefits all went to the Director while he was the one who answered the phone calls in the office. Pressure from his superior directly led to work pressure, which made him feel that his life was miserable.

On the other side, the pressure also came from Odd Zhuo himself.

He was well aware of the reason why he had been able to become Deputy Director. Additionally, what terrified him the most was how, at the annual meeting every year, a few of his drunk superiors would insist on dragging him over to perform the "Sky-Parting Sword Skill" that he had used to kill the sky-swallowing toad back then...

In short, sitting in this position of Deputy Director was very exhausting for him.

There was no shortage of parents who came to see him about their children entering school. The issue of their children's education was an important matter, so it was impossible for him not to help. Of course, there were also plenty of parents who discretely tried to give Odd Zhuo red packets, but he never accepted them.

He thought that although he wasn't quite at the level of a true, morally upstanding model worker, at least he was upright and honest... which was why he wanted to report his own superior for corruption and would face whatever consequences to come out of it. However, he didn't have a shred of evidence.

Furthermore, since the Anti-Corruption Bureau of Huaxiu nation's central government had issued the Eight Provisions and Six Bans, various leaders had begun to restrain themselves, no longer indulging in luxury and debauchery. Party banquets no longer even served dishes; leaders would take out abalone-flavored fasting pills from their pockets, pop them into their mouths, then start drinking tea and chatting...

Thus, it was more difficult now for Odd Zhuo to find proof.

...

No. 60 High School's defeat of the international, first-class assassin organization Shadow Stream had become a widely-discussed topic in society. With regard to the spirit sword exchange meet between No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School this time, the head office of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools had personally called Odd Zhuo to express fervent concern regarding the event.

Actually, the main issue was Lotus Sun's safety. After Shadow Stream's assassination attempt, rumor was that the big boss of Huaguo Water Curtain Group had directly called

the central government... Odd Zhuo didn't know what they had specifically talked about. However, after that, the head office of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools had personally called Odd Zhuo to ask about all of Lotus Sun's movements at school.

Just that morning, he had personally answered a phone call from his senior.

Over the phone, he could guess what his senior wanted to talk about. It was very likely about the security issue.

This time, so many first-class Shadow Stream killers had died — there was no way they would give up so easily.

In the spirit sword exchange meet between the two schools, leaders of various status would be present. The more people there were, the higher the chance of something happening. Problems were bound to arise if there weren't any security measures in place. In fact, Odd Zhuo had had people carry out surveillance in the last two days, for fear of something going wrong. If this task wasn't dispatched satisfactorily, the first unlucky person in the line of fire would be him, as the Deputy Director who had ordered for this very important task to be carried out.

A receptionist and a scapegoat... it sounded pretty sad, but these truly were the problems which Odd Zhuo currently faced.

It wasn't just about work, but more about the current situation.

After he had gotten off the call with the head of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools in the morning, an unusual guest visited Odd Zhuo's office that afternoon.

The person was very tall, dressed stylishly in a black windbreaker and carrying a motorcycle helmet. He didn't look like anyone important at first, but the moment he pushed open the office door, Odd Zhuo was struck completely dumb as he almost started cursing in his heart. "Sec... Secretary Dakang?"

Sun Dakang, the Director of Huaxiu nation's Education Department and Secretary of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools... this old leader of unfathomable realm was a monumentally influential personage in Jinghua city.

Odd Zhuo hadn't had any direct contact with this legendary old leader before and had only seen him from afar at previous annual regular meetings.

Honestly speaking, he had only been able to recognize Sun Dakang's identity at first glance because he was so deeply impressed by the man.

Rumor had it that Secretary Sun Dakang was a very low-key person, and when Odd Zhuo saw him today, he could see it was true... god, a black windbreaker and a helmet — anyone who didn't know might take him for the food delivery man!

Sun Dakang put down his motorcycle helmet and didn't wait to be invited before he sat down in a guest chair with a faint sigh. "After so many years, this place... it really hasn't changed at all." His voice was magnetic and had that particular accent which older leaders used, giving his manner of speech a unique lingering charm.

Usually there were plenty of parents who visited the office, and the tea leaves which Odd Zhuo had on hand were running low. When he opened the tea canister and couldn't find anything good to offer, he immediately felt a little embarrassed.

Sun Dakang smiled at Odd Zhuo. "It's alright, Deputy Director Zhuo, green tea is fine. I turned up uninvited today, I hope Deputy Director Zhuo won't blame me for it."

Odd Zhuo hurried to offer Sun Dakang a cup of herbal tea. "How can Secretary Dakang say that... if there is a problem, a phone call would have sufficed."

"This telephone is the people's hotline, I don't have the right to use it." Sun Dakang laughed and said, "...So, I came to visit you myself today."

"If it's about Student Lotus Sun's safety, I have already made the arrangements. If Secretary Dakang is worried..."

"That's not the reason why I'm here today."

Sun Dazhong waved his hand. "With regard to Student Lotus Sun's safety, we are of course very confident in Deputy Director Zhuo's arrangements. Upper management is aware of Deputy Director Zhuo's contributions to the General Administration of 100 Schools in Songhai city in the last few years. If Deputy Director Zhuo hadn't personally made plans to protect No. 60 High School and defeated Shadow Stream a few days ago, I'm afraid that might have been the biggest terrorist attack we would have ever experienced in the history of education in our Huaxiu nation. If we didn't have Deputy Director Zhuo, who could predict what could have happened then!"

"..."

Odd Zhuo: "Then why has Secretary Dakang come to see me today?"

"No. 60 High School's spirit sword exchange meet will be held in two days. This time, I will be observing it on behalf of my superiors."

"..."

"It suddenly occurred to me yesterday that I hadn't informed anyone yet. It's not too late for me to come and report to Deputy Director Zhuo, is it? Of course, it's fine for only Deputy Director Zhuo to know of this matter and to give me another identity under the General Administration of 100 Schools when I take part in this event. If my real identity alarms too many people or causes a fuss, it'd be boring."

Sun Dakang spoke frankly and evenly, his expression mild. "In short... a low-key profile!"

"...Old leader, what are you talking about?"

Odd Zhuo wiped at his cold sweat and could already make the connection. Bloody hell, if this got out...

The school authorities of No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School would go crazy... and not just the school, local and even city-level leaders would be shocked...

Sun Dakang this name was really too famous.

Even without saying anything else, just hearing this name would make anyone shudder. This Secretary of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools was one of the ten renowned personages who had founded Huaxiu nation! He was a hero who had once fought bravely on the ancient cultivation battlefield, an old general who had made distinguished contributions to the creation of the Scientific Cultivation era!

Odd Zhuo couldn't help feeling doubtful when he thought about this... such an esteemed person actually wanted to attend a spirit sword exchange meet between two ordinary high schools?

He felt it was really too inconceivable!

"Apart from this, there was one other thing."

Sun Dakang took a sip of tea. "I wonder whether Deputy Director Zhuo still remembers the demon rampage that happened six years ago?"

"..."

At the mention of that incident six years ago, Odd Zhuo felt a faint sense of foreboding.

Chapter 47: As Soon as There Is an Opportunity Before You...

Every time Odd Zhuo heard mention of the demon rampage from six years ago, he couldn't help shuddering. At the annual meeting every year, a few of his drunk superiors would keep insisting that he perform the Sky-Parting Sword. The shadow cast by the psychological burden in his heart was already higher than the sky and deeper than the sea...

Therefore, when Secretary Sun Dakang brought up this old incident, Odd Zhuo could almost guess what his next words were going to be.

Sure enough, this old leader with quite the character glanced at him, his mouth tilted upward slightly in a smile. "I heard that Deputy Director Zhuo's Sky-Parting Sword is a unique ability. Why not perform it on the day of the spirit sword exchange meet?"

"..."

For a long while, Odd Zhuo was silent, saying nothing.

At the regular meetings in the past, when the drunk old leaders had asked him to perform, it had been very easy for him to find a good reason to decline. After all, they were just a group of befuddled drunkards. However, for the man sitting in front of him now to make such a request, he really couldn't find any reason to refuse...

On one hand, he didn't dare to.

On the other hand, he truly wasn't capable of doing it... all these years, he had spent so much time privately studying this Sky-Parting Sword, but until now, he had nothing to show for it...

"Hm, is there a problem?"

Seeing that Odd Zhuo had said nothing for quite a while, Sun Dakang smiled faintly. "If it's really inconvenient, just pretend I didn't say anything, I also only said it on the spur of the moment. I just thought that as a previous senior of No. 60 High School and now the role model most young people look up to, if you can show your ability and talent at this type of public event, it would definitely be a tremendous encouragement!"

"...Old leader, don't misunderstand, that wasn't what I meant. I..."

"Ah, if that's not it, then that's good." Sun Dakang swiftly responded, directly cutting off Odd Zhuo before he could finish his sentence.

Odd Zhuo had been going to ask if he could perform something else — even smashing rocks on his chest would be preferable to the Sky-Parting Sword!

However, Sun Dakang's firm and resolute attitude made him completely give up on this idea.

...This time, he really, really couldn't escape!

Odd Zhuo sighed secretly in his heart and sincerely felt that this was a real headache.

He was now in a very difficult situation and had no way to back out. If he did well enough and pleased Secretary Sun Dakang, maybe he would be promoted — he could then say farewell forever to prostituting himself as Deputy Director, a position he had already held for so many years, and head toward a new life; however, if he didn't do

well, he knew very clearly in his heart that he really would be saying goodbye to this position...

“It really isn’t easy to hold this position at such a young age.”

“...”

As he spoke, Sun Dakang suddenly stood up and solemnly patted Odd Zhuo on the shoulder, scaring Odd Zhuo so much he almost fell off the chair.

“I know you may have your concerns. You must think yourself too young, you don’t want to show off in front of experts and you want to keep a low profile since tall trees attract the wind<sup>1</sup>, am I right?”

“...”

“Let me tell you a story from the ancient cultivation battlefield,” said Sun Dakang.

Odd Zhuo perked up and raised his head.

“That year, it was the last battle before the founding of our nation, the Battle of Shimen...”

Currently, what the vast majority of young people had heard about the ancient cultivation battlefield was all just legend. This history, which had been sealed away for many years, wasn’t something that could be found in junior or high school teaching materials. It was only at university level that students gained some preliminary understanding of it. Odd Zhuo hadn’t specialized in history when he was in university, but he still had some basic knowledge of “The Battle of Shimen<sup>2</sup>.”

That battle... was really too famous.

As Secretary Dakang recounted the story, there were crystalline tears in his eyes, as if he was recalling many things. “When the battle happened that year, we were besieged by seven demon gods with towering might that had come through the Gate Between Worlds. Together with the current Minister of the Ministry of National Defense, Shi Yuliang, we were able to fight back and held fast outside the Stone Doors of Dagu Mountain.”

Odd Zhuo listened quietly with wide eyes. Not everyone had this type of opportunity to listen to a firsthand account of history.

“They were demon gods... they had monstrous, godly might and nomological powers, bleeding the world of color and frightening the people. Even the sun was forced to sink under their pressure. From hundreds of li away, you could see that exceptional, magnificent blaze above the Stone Doors...”

“The chief of the demon gods was strong. His whole being glowed with every move he made, and all of heaven and earth reverberated with just one wave of his hand. Minister Shi Yuliang fought with all his strength, but in the end was no match for the enemy. However, this was already the final battle, the Battle of Shimen. We had been charged by our seniors to hold and defend the gateway; even at the cost of defeat, we refused to yield even a single inch!”

Deeply absorbed in listening, Odd Zhuo’s mood was swept up with the old Secretary’s retelling. He could already imagine the terrifying scene on the ancient cultivation battlefield, with the fires of war soaring, and godly might pressing down on them.

And now, the old Secretary standing before him and telling him this story, who looked like a middle-aged man but was already an immortal living fossil... he was a man who had walked step by step out of that era and witnessed the advent of a new scientific one...

This conversation revealed a profound sense of age which made Odd Zhuo feel as if it had happened lifetimes ago.

“In the end, our strength was spent and we fell in front of the Stone Doors. Minister Shi was the only one left standing. He set his godly blood on fire, and at the cost of sacrificing the *zhizungu*<sup>3</sup> inside his own body, he summoned the divine Gaoxiao Qin<sup>4</sup> and played a divine song which gave us strength! It also empowered him to his fullest potential... in the end, he beheaded all the seven demon gods! He held the Stone Doors! And laid the foundation for the establishment of Huaxiu nation...”

“But Minister Shi in the end did survive...” said Odd Zhuo.

The old Secretary smiled. “That’s right! He survived. At that time, even his tombstone had been erected and his entire body had already been buried. Only god knows why this guy’s pet bird Xiao Hong threw a blade of god grass on his burial mound, renewing and nourishing his life force. In the end, he climbed out of his own grave. Don’t you think it’s hilarious...”

Odd Zhuo: “...”

In this world, there really were very few people who could call that old Minister “this guy.”

“After hearing this story, what have you learned?” Sun Dakang asked, looking at Odd Zhuo.

The old Secretary hadn’t told this story in vain. The story’s conclusion was very important. Odd Zhuo had mixed emotions in his heart after hearing it. “Old Secretary used this story to tell me that I should exercise willpower and perseverance in whatever



I do, and to never give up until the last moment. I should learn from Minister Shi Yuliang, and respect his tenacious life force. Right?”

“...You think too much.”

Secretary Sun rolled his eyes. “What I want to tell you is to hurry up and show off whatever talent you have. Don’t hide it — don’t be like Minister Shi and hide your ultimate move, only waiting until the last moment to use it. In the end, he almost died! You’re not Ultraman! As soon as an opportunity for you to show off presents itself, if you can do it, just do it! Don’t regret it after you’ve lost your chance!”

Odd Zhuo: “...”

## Chapter 48: Miss Dong

After the collapse of the Peiyuan district branch of the Pengci Gang, Madam Dong had led a group of old men and women to establish the General Administration of Harmony.

Since then, the pengci scandals in Peiyuan district, as well as various other types of disorderly conduct, seemed to instantly disappear.

No one wanted to be accosted on a street corner by a bunch of old men and old women while on the way to work, and forced to recite the core values of cultivation as well as the eight honors and eight disgraces in the red book... because of this, no one parked illegally on the streets anymore, or ran a red light.

In just these last few days, the General Administration of Harmony had escorted over one thousand local habitual thieves to the local General Administration of Cultivation in Peiyuan district, leading to the detention center’s food supplies being severely depleted. The entire police force at the General Administration of Cultivation had had to work overtime to process the offenders... it was as if the stately local cultivation police station had dumbly become a subsidiary department under the General Administration of Harmony’s Madam Dong.

The most frustrating thing was that the police couldn’t say anything.

Because they had to admit, since the emergence of the General Administration of Harmony, conditions in Peiyuan district had improved tremendously. Furthermore, these old men and women were shrewd enough to not leave behind any trace of their activities; on the surface, they didn’t seem to be violating any laws or rules... even if they did drag a person into some corner to beat up at leisure, they would make sure to choose a blind spot.

In a word, Madam Dong was now thoroughly famous.

When she walked around Peiyuan district, even the traffic police who saw her couldn't help shuddering and would respectfully address her as "Miss Dong"...

...

...

However, Miss Dong wasn't very satisfied with the General Administration of Harmony's current situation.

This morning, she strolled along at an unhurried pace with her hands behind her back, like an old leader with veteran behind-the-scenes experience, and finally arrived at the secret headquarters of the General Administration of Harmony.

This headquarters had originally been an ordinary, abandoned factory building for rent or transfer. The rent was very cheap, and Madam Dong and several of the senior leaders of the General Administration of Harmony had each taken a bit of money out of their retirement funds and pooled the amount together to buy this building.

In a brief two days, the unused junk in the factory building had been cleared away and the space inside divided into several areas.

First, the harmonious report area, where the people of Peiyuan district could report any incidents of uncivilized behavior in society. As long as the core values of cultivation were involved, the General Administration of Harmony would do whatever it could to help.

Second, the harmonious entertainment area, which was a zone specially sectioned off for the old men and women of the General Administration to enjoy dancing in; so that they wouldn't bother the nearby community, Madam Dong had personally purchased a soundproofing system, as well as set up two regular songs. The theme song was "Superstar in Troubled Times" and the second song was "Elysium"—while mainly aggressive songs, they also carried hints of joy...

Third, the harmonious conference room. As the name implied, Madam Dong presided over senior leadership meetings here; it was also used for emergency assignments.

In addition to these three areas, there were two other smaller areas, namely the harmonious fitness room and Madam Dong's personal office.

As usual, the first thing that Madam Dong did after entering her office was to immediately fetch a pail of water from the bathroom. With a clean white cloth, she began to carefully wipe the revered stone on her table.

To an outsider, the stone was nothing special, but for all the people of the General Administration of Harmony, the stone held great significance... because the Twenty-

Four True Words were engraved on it. This was the exact same stone that Wang Ling had left behind for Madam Dong.

As she was wiping the stone, an old man with a red strip of cloth around his arm knocked on the door of the office. “Miss Dong, are you busy?” This old man with the surname Zhang was Madam Dong’s right hand. The red armband was a symbol of executive leadership in the General Administration of Harmony.

Madam Dong didn’t say anything, wholeheartedly focused on wiping the stone.

Five minutes later, she wrung the white cloth dry and tossed it into the pail, then arranged the stone on the table before lighting three sticks of incense to place before it.

While she was doing this, Master Zhang didn’t say anything else, standing perfectly straight at the door as he silently waited for her to finish. Finally, Madam Dong slowly turned around to look at him and say coolly, “Come in, let’s talk...”

“Have there been any new developments?” Madam Dong asked as she stared unwaveringly at the stone on the table.

“No, at present we haven’t received any messages from the director... has the director discarded us?” replied Master Zhang.

“Impossible! Back then... the director left this stone for us to give us confidence and hope for public order. We have been adhering to the core values of cultivation, sticking to the principle of ‘from the masses, to the masses,’ and serving the people with all our hearts and souls...”

At this point, Madam Dong suddenly became excited, her eyes revealing an enlightened expression. “I know! It must be because our works of harmony haven’t been enough to move the director.”

“I agree.” Master Zhang nodded in approval.

Madam Dong frowned. “However, given our current funding situation, we don’t have enough to spread our forces out into the other districts. Even now we already don’t have enough manpower in Peiyuan district.”

Master Zhang also sighed. “The newcomers only know how to play cards and mahjong all day long! This is already a serious violation of our General Administration of Harmony’s ironclad principles.”

“The newcomers don’t know the rules, it’ll be fine once we teach them. We just have to be a little more patient. Has the financial report come out? I’ll calculate how much we still need.”

Master Zhang was silent for a moment. "The report will be here shortly. With regard to our funds, I don't think Miss Dong needs to worry about it for the time being. This morning, the enthusiastic masses left a bankcard in our mailbox. The money on it... it's already enough for our initial operation."

"Huh?" Madam Dong had a strange expression on her face. "Could this card be from the director? Did you check where it came from?"

"It's probably not from the director... currently we're still investigating its origins. In addition to this bankcard, there was also a letter indicating that the reason this card had been given to us was to provide our General Administration of Harmony with sufficient funds..." Master Zhang recalled carefully, then his eyes widened as he remembered something. "Oh, that's right! Auntie Li in the technology department found a light watermark on the envelope, it seemed to be a string of numbers... maybe it's a clue that the other party left us."

Madam Dong rolled her eyes and cupped her chin as she thought for a moment. "The other party is likely testing us. If we don't have the ability to solve even this small puzzle, our General Administration of Harmony would be too worthless. We must find out who sent this letter as soon as possible!"

"Yes, Miss Dong!" Master Zhang nodded.

"Ah, that's right, what were the numbers?" asked Madam Dong.

Master Zhang replied, "They seemed to be... 8823?"

Chapter 49: Mother Juan from the World of Black Cuisine

On this day, there was something unusual in the air at No. 59 High School...

The wind blows on school grounds except where there are no storm clouds...

Senior He Bufeng, who had scored just 8823 marks after three years of school, had actually come to class!

Seeing this, the students were silent and the teachers shed tears...

No one knew what had happened to this delinquent in the last twenty-four hours.

Tang Jingze felt that this was really too unusual and suspicious — this was far more shocking than Director Xie Huaichun falling in love.

He didn't know exactly what had happened to He Bufeng, but based on his actions, Tang Jingze could roughly guess that he had completely failed in his confrontation with the pretty boy with the crew cut from No. 60 High School. Otherwise, given his attitude toward studying, there was no way he would give up and lower himself to start going to class.

Through this incident with He Bufeng, Tang Jingze had now finally seen through to the heart of the matter.

No. 59 High School was fated to be oppressed by this group of people from No. 60 High School — they were truly a poisonous bunch!

Since their arrival at No. 59 High School, not only had school facilities been wrecked... even Director Xie Huaichun and the number one delinquent He Bufeng had one by one fallen into their hands... these two individuals, who in Tang Jingze's heart were godlike figures that were just like the Highland Guard Tower and Incisor Guard Tower<sup>1</sup>, had no longer existed after the arrival of the No. 60 High School team.

He had completely accepted the fact that this was a group of people he couldn't afford to provoke.

He was just a president of a student union; he wasn't about to needlessly risk his life to offend these people.

...

Tomorrow would be the last day of the student exchange meet between No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School and the curtain would finally go up on that all-important spirit sword exchange meet.

Mindful of the fact that the spirit sword exchange meet was about to begin, the bunch from No. 60 High School were all feeling somewhat antsy.

It was impossible to not be nervous. After all, both schools' honor was at stake. Their levels were virtually the same, so the difference would be in their ability to focus mentally... but it was hard to say, since this had a lot to do with mindset.

Usually when they trained, it was in a relatively closed environment. Tomorrow, however, they would be showcasing their ability to fly their spirit swords under thousands of gazes, as representatives of their school... even the smallest mistake might destroy their entire mindset.

Of course, the spirit sword exchange meet wasn't the most terrifying thing.

The most frightening thing was the grim news which Old Antique had announced in the afternoon — Mother Juan was coming...

This news was far, far more terrifying than the spirit sword exchange meet.

Actually, Mother Juan was also an elder at No. 60 High School, having worked diligently in the school canteen for hundreds of years; even all the first generation teachers at No. 60 High School had eaten her communal cooking before.

She had a character which left a deep impression on people — her hand never faltered when she ladled out food, especially when she ladled out meat; she was never stingy as she dished up heaps of meat, earnestly wanting the students to eat more.

Therefore, until now, a lot of people still remembered her communal cooking from those days. Plenty of No. 60 High School alumni who returned to visit their alma mater would all ask to once again taste her cooking... at that time, every dish she cooked had been a classic.

However, that was back then.

Roughly a few years ago, Mother Juan had suddenly asked Headmaster Chen if she could train two apprentices to replace her to do the communal cooking; she had decided to step back to research new cuisine. At first, Headmaster Chen had thought this was a good thing — absolutely no one, however, had expected her to go down a road of no return with black cuisine.

She was a violent person, and such violence wasn't just reflected in her researching a new menu, but also in other aspects... back then, when Shadow Stream had attacked No. 60 High School, she had killed one of the assassins with a large soup ladle...

By the time Odd Zhuo graduated, the students had already said their final farewells to the era of Mother Juan's communal cooking...

Her two apprentices were fairly ordinary in terms of cooking standards and didn't have even a tenth of her skills when she had been at her peak. As No. 60 High School's well-known foodie, Old Antique had made this comment after personally tasting the difference.

The food cooked by these two apprentices might not be much... but what the whole of No. 60 High School feared the most was Mother Juan's love bento every Friday at noon...

Her biggest pleasure was packing the black cuisine which she had invented into her love bento, then happily distributing them to every teacher and student at noon every Friday.

For the teachers and students, this was unbearable suffering.

While No. 60 High School had already had five headmasters, Mother Juan had been at the school since the beginning and had been in charge of No. 60 High School's canteen for hundreds of years, so she could be considered a true senior figure. Even Headmaster Chen and Director Shi were very respectful when they saw her and absolutely no one would dare complain about her.

Of course, Headmaster Chen also received his own lunchbox of black cuisine from her.

At that time, Headmaster Chen could only brace himself, and beneath her smiling gaze, finish eating his stir-fried chili mooncake...

After all, a lot of time and thought had gone into the preparation of this lunchbox. The food might be very dark... but her intentions were very bright.

The path of food exploration was a difficult one to begin with.

Hence, even though all the teachers and students at No. 60 High School were miserable in their hearts, they chose to suffer in silence. They could only hope that Mother Juan would research brand new cuisine sooner rather than later and the dark food would no longer be dark...

...

The spirit sword exchange meet happened to fall on a Friday. On Thursday, Mother Juan prepared the menu for her love bento in advance as always. However, when she checked the numbers, she realized that there were actually six people less than usual that Friday.

She patted herself on the head as she immediately remembered the student exchange meet at No. 59 High School. Without a moment's hesitation, she hurriedly made six special bentos and flew off on her Louis Vuitton flying sword to deliver them.

And so, this was the scene now...

In the utterly silent school dormitory, Wang Ling, Lotus Sun, Super Chen, Feather Lin, Hero Guo and Old Antique all sat in a row. In front of each of them was a love bento that had been meticulously prepared by Mother Juan.

The pink bento box was an undisguised display of her young maiden heart.

This middle-aged woman in front of them wearing a light yellow apron over a snow-white chef's uniform, with curly hair tied up in a small ball under her chef's hat, was Mother Juan.

At the moment, she had her hands on her hips as she said in an overbearing manner, "Everyone, hurry up and eat while the food's still hot! I specially made these six bentos

to deliver them beforehand! They're full of all sorts of nutrients to build up your body's health, so that everyone will be able to better face the spirit sword exchange meet tomorrow!"

"..."

Wang Ling took a deep breath.

His sense of smell was much more sensitive than that of ordinary people — even with the "black seal" on this love bento, he could already detect a smell that was far, far weirder than that of the fruit and vegetable juice which Tang Jingze had given them.

...If they ate this, it could be game over for all of them tomorrow!

"Everyone, dig in... let's not betray Mother Juan's good intentions..." In the end, Old Antique was Old Antique; he didn't break down even in such a situation, and instead behaved quite calmly.

Bracing himself, Old Antique was the first to open the lunchbox, and everyone was shocked — today's meal unexpectedly seemed very normal?

"Is this stir-fried potato strips?" Old Antique asked as he picked up a crystal clear potato strip with his chopsticks.

Mother Juan shook her head and said, "No, this is heavenly silkworm potato strips <sup>2</sup>."

Lotus Sun pointed to the tomato slices next to the potato strips. "Then what is this dish?"

"Oh, this dish~"

With a smile, Mother Juan said, "This dish is called bloody hell tomatoes <sup>3</sup>!"

Everyone: "..."

*Have I really... gotten old?*

Teacher Ding had refused to accept that he was getting old and felt that he still had the same young mindset as children nowadays. However, whenever he met Headmaster Chen at the school, the latter would respectfully call him Old Ding... this truly suffocated his heart.

Most of the time, music composition was a matter of theme and creativity.



Back then, for the *Ballad of the Bastard Immortal*, Teacher Ding had fused R&B and showtune elements with a traditional melody and increased the tempo in the early stages of the song, and the drama chorus gave people a sense of exhilaration.

Of all the songs that he had composed over the years, the most well-known was this song, *Ballad of the Bastard Immortal*.

In addition, there were a few others that Wang Ling liked very much. For example, *Immortal Asura*, *The Great Famine of Old* and so on...

This was a talented person whom Wang Ling greatly admired.

As a composer, Teacher Ding tried his best to convey his ideas using the musical literacy that he had learned over the years so that he could pass them on to the current ranks of musicians... even in the Scientific Cultivation era, music remained very important and indispensable in shaping the heart and soul.

Teacher Ding felt that any existing musical genre would never be abandoned and would always have a loyal audience. However, to be a musician, one had to pour a lot of blood and sweat into their work. The path of music was not a jigsaw that could be put together, nor like a parrot could it rely on mimicry.

This was his music philosophy, which he always liked to espouse in class. At the same time, he utterly detested the phenomenon of plagiarism in the music industry. As someone who composed original music, he felt that he couldn't get old just yet and still had many duties to discharge...

...

The last class on Friday was Teacher Ding's music lesson. When he walked slowly into the classroom, it was completely quiet and no one spoke. The students in the Grade One elite stream respected this old artiste quite a bit.

Today, he was different than usual and seemed especially happy.

"Has Teacher Ding found new inspiration?" Lotus Sun asked with a smile.

"That's right..."

Teacher Ding didn't deny it. "Soon, I will release a new song. I hope everyone will enjoy it."

When he said this, the whole class immediately exploded with noise.

"Wow! Teacher Ding is going to release a new song! What genre is it? Where did Teacher Ding's inspiration come from?"

It had already been a very long time since Teacher Ding had released a new song. The older one got, the more cautious they became; and he was no different. In his music lexicon, there was no such thing as shoddy compositions — he would be unfailingly and wholeheartedly devoted to any song that he created.

This most likely had to do with the moral integrity of the old generation of artistes.

Hearing the students' questions, Teacher Ding smiled. "It's a campus pop song, the inspiration for it... it's from all of you. You were the ones who inspired me!"

"Teacher Ding, don't be so secretive. Can you sing it for us?"

"If you want to hear it, of course that's not a problem. But I also have two small requests..."

Teacher Ding smiled faintly. "I don't know if all of you have been seriously practicing the guitar homework I gave you these last few days. I hope someone can volunteer to come forward and cover the guitar part. In addition, I hope a female student can join me in singing this song, since this is a male and female duet."

Before he finished speaking, Master of Dopey slapped his thigh. "My god! Teacher Ding wants to exploit the Phoenix Legend <sup>1</sup> trend..."

Wang Ling, Lotus Sun, Super Chen and Feather Lin: "..."

"Student Guo... please mind your behavior!"

After a long silence in the classroom, Lotus Sun came forward first. "Teacher Ding, I'll sing. But the guitar... I'm not very good at it."

"Good! Thank you very much for your cooperation, Student Lotus Sun! Then for the guitar part... I'll just get any of the male students to come up. If it's a male and female pair, it won't feel tiring!"

Teacher Ding glanced at the roll book and selected a name from the list. "Wang Ling... who is Student Wang Ling? Please come up!"

Wang Ling: "..."

He hadn't expected Teacher Ding to single him out.

He was used to staying low-key; he didn't like to put himself forward and liked showing off his abilities before people even less.

However, now that Teacher Ding had called his name, he felt that there wasn't really any reason for him to avoid it.

This was a teacher whom he respected very much, so he felt that he should give him face.

For the time being, he didn't have to worry about being unable to control his power, since he now bore a new Dao talisman seal invented by Wang Ming on his arm. The first three months after the new Dao talisman was put on was when it was at its strongest.

From his pocket, Wang Ling took out the practice guitar which the school issued to students and slowly walked up to the dais.

"Then, I'll impart the song's structure to you." Teacher Ding smiled gently. His hands emanated a spirit light which slowly seeped into Wang Ling and Lotus Sun's minds to convey what they needed to know, from the lyrics, the melody and the musical arrangement to the voice and instrument techniques involved...

After about five minutes, it was done.

"Do you understand everything?" Teacher Ding asked.

Both Wang Ling and Lotus Sun nodded.

"Then, let Student Wang Ling, Student Lotus Sun and I sing this song *The Helplessness of the Immortal King* for everyone..."

After Teacher Ding finished speaking, Wang Ling strummed a key... the lively and fresh sound of the guitar was then accompanied by Teacher Ding's magnetic voice, like a poem carried on the wind that contained a special kind of charm which touched the audience listening.

...

*Last night I cultivated until midnight again*

*Worrying about a trifle*

*The helplessness of the Immortal King~ who can see it clearly*

*Give me a catty<sup>2</sup> of levitation Dao talismans*

*Who will listen to tales of the past*

*Actually, my real wish~ is for world peace*

...

*Campus life is like duckweed*

*Drifting, drifting, meeting and parting*

*Chase the dream far ahead*

*Remember the little elves caught in childhood*

*Remember the awkward scenes of those years*

...

*Hold hands~ look up*

*I have seen the splendor of every year*

...

*Don't look back~ use the rhythm*

*Sing the song Ballad of the Bastard Immortal*

*Stride proudly ahead~ keep your head up*

*As long as I have you~*

*I won't be led astray...*

...

Everyone was drawn into the song; they marveled at the sense of nostalgia contained in the lyrics, like vintage wine hidden away in the cellar, resplendent with charm.

In the deeply melodious and cheerful vocals, they heard a beautiful overture to youth...

The wheels of youth never stopped spinning...

A simple old guitar gently strummed out their salad days...

It sketched out old, dusty memories that might or might not have already disappeared...

The elites of Grade One Class Three couldn't help sighing with mixed emotions.

This song was the theme song of everyone's youth.

## Chapter 51: Pretending to Be a Cultivator

Whether it was the heavenly silkworm potato strips or the bloody hell tomatoes...

These names, as always, conveyed the violent nature of Mother Juan's domineering temperament.

However, today's dishes seemed fairly normal, so everyone breathed sighs of relief in their hearts.

When Old Antique picked up a tomato slice with his chopsticks, Mother Juan immediately took out the seasoning bag she carried to pour three spoons of sugar on it, and then she beamed at Old Antique. "Three spoons of sugar with the bloody hell tomato makes it even better!"

Everyone: "..."

After eating Mother Juan's love bentos, everyone escorted her to the school gate and waved goodbye to her in the breeze.

Though the taste of the love bentos was still so strange, they were still very touched by her good intentions.

After checking numbers and discovering that six people had not been accounted for, this old auntie had immediately remembered the group of No. 60 High School students that was attending the exchange meet for two schools, and so had arrived travel-stained to deliver the love bentos that could only be eaten on Fridays.

It was worth mentioning that Mother Juan would count precisely how many bentos she needed to make, no more and no less. No one else in No. 60 High School could do that except for her. This old auntie, who had been head cook at No. 60 High School for hundreds of years, truly had every student and every teacher in her heart.

"Goodbye, students! For tomorrow's spirit sword exchange meet, if I have the opportunity, I'll come again! Kiss~"

Mother Juan waved to everyone, blew them a kiss which made them shudder, then stepped onto her Louis Vuitton flying sword and vanished into the distance.

On the eve of the spirit sword exchange meet, a lot more things out of the ordinary seemed to be cropping up.

Just as Mother Juan left, both of Wang Ling's eyelids began to twitch.

...Disaster level, two stars.

He could roughly guess what was about to happen. The Dao talisman seal on his arm was about to expire. Looking at the time frame, it wasn't difficult to figure out... it was very obvious, that guy was coming.

That hateful guy whom Mother Wang had contacted previously.

From a young age, Wang Ming had always been a huge headache for Wang Ling. Although Wang Ming's identity had been classified as a state secret and he was always lavished with praise for his brain, which was deemed an existence more terrifying than any divine weapon, Wang Ling's impression of his cousin still centered around those ninety-nine stupid challenges... bluntly speaking, this guy was a dumbass.

Furthermore, this idiocy was also reflected in various other ways.

Of all the stupid things that he did, the one he most enjoyed doing and never grew tired of was to disguise himself as a cultivator...

...

It was four-thirty in the afternoon on Thursday.

School had let out on time at No. 59 High School. Students walked out of the teaching building and exited the school gate in twos or threes.

At this point in time, a man was standing at the school gate. He was dressed in rough linen and had neatly trimmed, thick black hair. The man carried a long sword weighing one hundred jin <sup>1</sup> on his back, like a seasoned practitioner who had wandered the world over. Unfortunately, this attire and temperament didn't really match, so people with a higher spiritual realm would immediately know... this was a muggle with no spirit energy whatsoever.

Every cultivator possessed an essence in their being which came from nature; it formed in a person's *dantian* region and flowed through the body's meridians. This essence could gradually change a person's inner temperament and then move outward to make a person's countenance dazzle with radiance and their steps become light as wind. The body of a true cultivator could even emit a faint fragrance.

Standing at the gate of No. 59 High School, Wang Ming secretly sighed in his heart; he was young and had potential, was handsome and talented... but being talented was not a replacement for practice. He had realized at a very young age that he couldn't cultivate because of his physique. It was for this reason that he had devoted all his energy to scientific research.

Looking eagerly at the Foundation Establishment high school students that passed him by, his eyes couldn't help revealing a little envy... if it wasn't because of his physique, with his own natural talent at cultivation, someone as insignificant as Wang Ling would be no match for him at all!

Such were Wang Ming's self-pitying thoughts in his heart.

"Are you looking for someone, sir?" No. 59 High School's old guard approached him a little warily.

With the spirit sword exchange meet happening tomorrow, No. 59 High School's on-campus personnel had increased their vigilance against suspicious people. Even guardians or family members entering the school had to inform a teacher in advance, and only after the teacher gave the school guard office approval would they be allowed to enter. But this man had been standing and sighing at the school gate for twenty minutes, which the old school guard thought was a little strange.

Wang Ming looked at the old uncle and shook himself to clear his head. "Hello, fellow cultivator, I'm here to look for someone..."

Being called a fellow cultivator made the old uncle feel somewhat decrepit. He carefully looked Wang Ming up and down again. "You are... a guardian?"

He was also a cultivator. His realm wasn't too high, but he was still capable of detecting the essence of a cultivator.

Only great men who possessed exceptional realms would call each other fellow cultivators. The old uncle stared at Wang Ming's face for a long time, but no matter how much he looked, he felt this person wasn't anything special... conversely, the more he looked, the more suspicious he became.

"Yes yes yes, I'm a guardian. I'm looking for someone."

According to seniority in the family, Wang Ming figured he was, after all, an older brother. He was six whole years older than Wang Ling; there was nothing wrong with saying he was a guardian, so he nodded.

"Whose guardian are you? Which class is the student in?"

"I'm looking for No. 60 High School's Wang Ling... he's participating in the exchange meet on behalf of his school."

The old uncle instantly understood that it was that group of people.

However, he still had doubts about Wang Ming's identity as a guardian. Shouldn't the guardian of a Foundation Establishment student have reached the Golden Core stage at the very least?

Most of the teachers in the school were at the Golden Core stage, so the old uncle often encountered such people and hence could identify such an aura.

...It was very obvious that this man had no spirit energy whatsoever!

Considering the recent incident with the notorious Shadow Stream at No. 60 High School, he couldn't help but wonder... over the past two days, the higher-ups had issued clear orders to take precautions for fear that Shadow Stream would take advantage of the spirit sword exchange meet to retaliate.

Now, people who wished to enter No. 59 High School were strictly examined, and expert overseers as well as patrol personnel had been arranged one after another as security inside the school. To be honest, the old uncle didn't think Shadow Stream would have the guts to brazenly infiltrate the school.

However, this young man pretending to be a cultivator had succeeded in attracting his attention...

The old guard had retired from the cultivation police's criminal investigation department a few years ago. Based on his years of experience, he now had reason to be suspicious; it was possible that the young man before him was a spy that had been dispatched to try and infiltrate the school...