

# Transmigrated into a Grandpa, Embracing the Laid-Back Life

## Chapter 296: Your Duty is to Repair Arrays

[ 1,269 words ]

The underfloor heating in the Formation Hub steward's room was blazing fiercely, a stark contrast to the damp cold that seeped into one's bones from outside.

It was warm and cozy here, with even a faint aroma of "Snow Peak Emerald Mist" tea floating in the air. This spiritual tea was produced from the Cloud Mist Peak within the inner sect of the Cloud Hidden Sect, costing three spirit stones per liang. It had the effects of clearing the mind and brightening the eyes, a rare luxury for cultivators stationed in the murderous aura-permeated Northern Border.

Su Ming stood in the center of the room, head bowed, eyes lowered, his hands respectfully holding the jade slip recording the abnormal earth vein data and that fingernail-sized fragment of insect carapace shimmering with dark golden patterns.

His posture was impeccable, his back straight, yet appropriately conveying deference to a superior.

Behind the large rosewood desk directly in front of him sat a middle-aged cultivator wearing a brocade robe edged with gold thread.

This person was precisely the Formation Hub steward of Iron Wall Pass, an early Golden Core stage cultivator, Wu Miao.

Wu Miao did not immediately look at Su Ming. Instead, he picked up the teacup beside him, gently skimming off the foam with an elegance that made it seem this was not a bloody battlefield, but some pocket dimension for cultivating one's nature.

He took a sip of tea, letting out a satisfied sigh, then unhurriedly lifted his eyelids, his gaze sweeping over the objects in Su Ming's hands.

"You're saying you discovered large-scale demon insect activity underground in Sector C?"

Wu Miao's voice was very soft, carrying a lazy, indifferent air cultivated from long-term high status.

"Reporting to Steward Wu, it is not activity, but migration and gnawing," Su Ming's voice was steady, striving to make his tone sound objective and calm. "This disciple, through the modified Earth Hearing talisman array, monitored extremely dense vibration sources at a depth of three thousand zhang underground. Moreover, these vibration sources are not chaotic; they have converged into a flow and are currently moving along the earth vein's path toward the area beneath the main foundation of the Heavenly Pivot Position."

Su Ming took half a step forward, slightly raising the insect carapace fragment in his hand.

"This is a sample this disciple collected at the edge of an underground river. This insect's shell is extremely hard, bears dark golden spiritual patterns, and possesses a strong devouring property toward earth-attribute spiritual energy. This disciple speculates this is not an ordinary Earth-Devouring Mole, but..."

"Rock Marrow Demon Earthworm."

Wu Miao interrupted Su Ming, directly stating a name.

Su Ming was slightly taken aback. "The steward's discernment is clear."

"Clear discernment?" Wu Miao chuckled lightly, setting down his teacup, his knuckles tapping lightly on the desk. "This type of insect was recorded by the Earth Patrol Division three hundred years ago in the 'Northern Border Geological Exploration Records.' They enjoy eating rock layers containing accompanying spirit ores and indeed live deep underground."

Wu Miao reached out with a grasping motion, and the jade slip in Su Ming's hand flew into his grasp.

He extended his divine sense into it, scanned for merely two breaths, then tossed the jade slip back onto the desk with a look of boredom, producing a crisp sound.

"Young man, this seat understands the desire to achieve merit. But some matters should not be judged merely by surface appearances."

Wu Miao leaned back, reclining against the chairback padded with thick animal hide, his demeanor aloof. "The Earth Patrol Division's archives state clearly: although Rock Marrow Demon Earthworms reproduce quickly, their nature is lazy, and their gnawing speed is extremely slow. According to calculations from that time, for them to gnaw through the basalt layer beneath Iron Wall Pass and approach the core of the foundation would take at least four to five hundred years."

Su Ming's brow furrowed slightly. The sense of unease in his heart did not dissipate with the other's explanation; instead, it grew stronger.

"But Steward, the data this disciple monitored..."

"Data?" Wu Miao waved his hand somewhat impatiently. "That self-made earth artifact you're using, how large is its margin of error? Don't you have a sense of that? The Earth Patrol Division uses the 'Earth Listening Bell,' a fourth-grade magical implement. Could it possibly be inferior to your cobbled-together little contraptions?"

Su Ming felt his throat go dry. He wanted to say his "Spiritual Resonance Resonance" rune was based on microscopic-level vibration feedback, its precision far surpassing that clunky magical implement that merely listened for noise.

He wanted to say that "living river" underground was accelerating, that frantic rhythm was nothing something lazy insects could produce.

But the words reached his lips only to be blocked by Wu Miao's eyes, which were gradually turning cold.

"Moreover, even if it were truly as you say, what then?"

Wu Miao picked up his teacup again, his tone turning somewhat cold. "The higher-ups within the pass have long had countermeasures. You've seen it too; in recent years, the pressure on the Northern Border defense line has increased dramatically. Although Iron Wall Pass is strategically important, it is, after all, an old construct from ten thousand years ago. Patching and repairing is ultimately not a long-term solution."

"The Sect Alliance has already selected a site at Blackstone Mountain to construct the 'Zhenyuan New Fortress.' The terrain there is higher, and its foundation is a single massive piece of obsidian, as solid as a rock."

"It is estimated that within a hundred years, the main force of Iron Wall Pass will gradually relocate." Wu Miao blew on the steam rising from his tea. "So, no matter how fast those underground insects eat, they won't catch up to our moving speed."

Su Ming was stunned.

A relocation plan a hundred years from now?

This was indeed a grand and reasonable strategic deployment. From the higher-ups' perspective, this was called preparing for rainy days, called sacrificing the pawn to save the king.

But...

"Steward, what about within this hundred years?" Su Ming couldn't help but take another step forward, his voice rising slightly. "What if that insect swarm mutates, and their gnawing speed isn't as slow as calculated? What if their target isn't the rock layer, but the earth vein nodes? Once the foundation of the Heavenly Pivot Position is damaged, the mountain-protecting grand array..."

"Impudent!"

A low shout, accompanied by the pressure of a Golden Core stage cultivator, instantly filled the entire room.

Su Ming felt as if a heavy hammer had struck his chest. His qi and blood churned violently. His knees went weak, nearly causing him to kneel. But he gritted his teeth and held on, his spine ramrod straight, his feet firmly planted on the ground.

Wu Miao set down his teacup. That lazy expression on his face vanished, replaced by a cold, condescending severity.

"Su Ming, this seat, considering you have some talent, has wasted extra words on you."

"You are merely a lowly Qi Refining stage assistant cultivator. With a few broken formation plates in hand, you dare question the Earth Patrol Division's century-long exploration? You dare recklessly discuss grand strategic plans?"

Wu Miao stood up and walked in front of Su Ming. He did not deliberately release spiritual energy, but the aura cultivated from long-term high status was more suffocating than spiritual pressure.

"Remember your position."

Wu Miao extended a finger, tapping the badge on Su Ming's chest representing the "Formation Maintenance Battalion."

"Your duty lies in repairing formations, not surveying the earth."

"This is the military, not your Repair Hall. Obey orders, perform your duties—these eight words, please remember them well."

Wu Miao turned around, no longer looking at Su Ming, sat back down behind the desk, and picked up the cup of spiritual tea that had grown slightly cool.

"Dismissed."

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