
Chapter 7: Aced Bad Boys

Immortal Master Copper Trigram: "Sh*t! What do you mean, Northern River? Don't push me too far! Do you dare to duel with me on the next full moon night on the top of the Forbidden City?"

"Ok, do you think I'm afraid of you, a false fortune teller? But I don't have time at the next full moon night. Let's make it in three months?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator readily agreed. "Right, how can I find you by then? After all, you have too many identities. If you change your face, I won't be able to recognize you even if you stand in front of me."

Immortal Master Copper Trigram was not only good at trigram technique, but also very skilled in disguising himself. The members of the group guessed that he must have been chased a lot for bad divination and had to change his identity to escape. Over time, he mastered the skill of disguising himself very well.

"Ok, let's make it three months from now on! You should just go to the top of the Forbidden City, and I'll find you there! After all, I will recognize you with your hateful face even if you turn to ashes! " Immortal Master Copper Trigram said furiously.

"That's a deal then!" Northern River's Loose Cultivator was very calm, as if he would definitely win against Immortal Master Copper Trigram.

Seeing this, True Monarch Yellow Mountain suddenly sent a ? and said, "It seems, Northern River, that you're going to break through your realm. You need a fight to help you break through in one go? You've been a Fifth Stage

Spiritual Emperor Realm for a long time, and it's time for you to break through. At the full moon night in three months, if I have the time, I'll go to the top of the Forbidden City to host the duel for you. By the way, I'll prepare some small gifts for the two of you by then.

"How thoughtful you are, True Monarch!" Northern River's Loose Cultivator lost his composure at once. After all, True Monarch Yellow Mountain was a senior cultivator. What he would have prepared was certainly not as simple as "small gifts".

Anything slipping through the fingers of these seniors was a treasure that they junior cultivators could only get on an adventure!

"With these words of True Monarch, I'm not going to make Northern River wait long. I planned to make Northern River wait long in the cold night at the top of the Forbidden City." Immortal Master Copper Trigram said leisurely.

"... " Northern River's Loose Cultivator.

'Bastard!'

This guy was truly a fortune teller who was good at playing with people's minds. What a dirty heart!

Northern River's Loose Cultivator secretly decided that he would beat Immortal Master Copper Trigram so hard that even True Monarch Yellow Mountain wouldn't recognize him!

As their conversation ended, the chat group quieted down.



After reading the chat logs of the group, Song Shuhang was a little worried, 'Won't Immortal Master Copper Trigram and Northern River's Loose Cultivator in the group really go to the top of the Forbidden City for a duel in three months? According to their personalities, they might really do such a stupid thing. What if the museum keepers catch them?

Let me make a note of this, and remind them before I quit the group that it's against the law to damage national cultural heritage.'

Turning off the chat, Song Shuhang opened the webpage of Jiangnan College Town to check today's news.

The headline of Campus Network was about none else but the inexplicable thunders from this afternoon; the place where they hit was H-City, just as Song Shuhang guessed.

Because of the bolt from the blue, there was a blackout in H-City and the neighboring Jiangnan City, causing a series of accidents. Fortunately, no casualties were reported.

There was still some trivial news about Jiangnan College Town, such as the update to the college's List of Most Beautiful Men; some A+ student in the school managed to establish his hegemony and won a place in a national competition; the auction price of a quilt that had been used by a female student who already graduated; and so on.

Shuhang was not interested in these things and just roughly browsed through them so that he would have some common topics when chatting with his classmates.

Then, he searched on Campus Network for information on driving course registration. The registration fee for driving course on ordinary MT automobiles was 2,500 Yuan. The price for students was so good. In Jiangnan, once you graduated from school, the registration fee would be at least 10,000 Yuan.

Shuhang took down the contact number and prepared to sign up to learn driving after he learned some driving theories these days. Though driving school had driving theory classes, it was quicker to sign up after learning some theories himself.

“Ding-dong ~”

He was intrigued by a new update of campus news.

Just ten or twenty minutes ago, some bad boys lingering in an alley near the college town were knocked down by some unknown master, SecKilled and Aced.

In fact, these bad boys were mostly students and a small number of dropouts. Most of them were just rebellious young men who sported exaggerated hairstyles, pierced some parts of the body, and hid away from their teachers to have a smoke in an alley.

Some of them had a penchant for forcibly “borrowing” money from weak schoolboys. For them, beating up someone was an interest, and being beaten was also common. As they hadn’t formed a gang, they were not even gangsters.

That the bad guys were beaten was not news, but it was really a shocking news that nearly a hundred of them were beaten up in just a few minutes.

From the photos taken by the students present with their cell phones, one could see how miserable these guys looked. Each face was red and swollen. It looked like they were going to perform Peking Opera, having so many different colors on their faces. As the saying goes—even their mothers wouldn't recognize them!

Everybody talked about it on the campus.

Some people gloated, "Who did it? So relentless. Was it a guy from Free Combat Club or Taekwondo Club? Or was the Boxing Club training newbies and beating up the bad guys in group?"

Some with insider information said, "They were all knocked out and being sent to hospital. None had woken up, so nobody knows who did it."

Some followed their usual style, and tried to reason, "According to the shopkeepers in the shops near the alley, there wasn't a big fight between the bad boys and another group. And even if there was a fight, how come there wasn't any survivor? It's impossible that all of them got knocked out at the same time. So there were probably masters. Just one or several of them beat down them all."

"Master? Who can beat eighty people alone? Haha." Someone laughed. "There were at least eighty or even a hundred bad boys. Who could knock them down in just a few minutes? Are you saying a martial hero travelled there through time and space from TV dramas?"

"Maybe it was a soldier from elite special forces in the army? It is said these soldiers can easily knock down an ordinary man, and defeat dozens in minutes."

"The poster above me, are you kidding? Even if they can achieve that, they have their own tasks. Letting them deal with the bad boys? It's like hitting a mosquito with an artillery barrage!"

"No more talk. We will know who did it when the bad boys wake up."
Someone replied.

Song Shuang refreshed the webpage, and turned off the message window after browsing these replies.

Anyway, the bad boys had nothing to do with him.

Although Song Shuhang was only 1.75 meters tall, he was quite strong. He didn't look like a person whom one could 'borrow' money from, so he and the bad boys were almost living in two different worlds... if everything went well, he wouldn't be connected to these guys in his lifetime.

He stretched himself, turned off the page with the Campus Network, and leaned back in his chair with his mind emptied.

That strange thundercloud in the afternoon haunted him. Though emptied, his mind was struck by the thunderbolt occasionally. He just couldn't calm down.



The next day.

June 2, Sunday, sunny.

Song Shuang got up early. He'd planned to stay up the whole night yesterday, but what happened yesterday upset him. Somehow, he didn't want to stay up, so eventually, he went to bed early.

His roommates would come back this evening.

After getting up and cleaning himself, Shuhang clicked on the chat software in the lower right corner of the screen as usual, only to find his cousin Zhao Yaya still didn't reply. It seemed he had to wait for one or two days more.

'I'll give her a call if she doesn't reply in two days.' Song Shuhang thought.

Then, he opened Nine Provinces Number One Group—take a quick look and you will have a good mood for the whole day.

It's just that he would be assimilated if he was too deeply involved.

The first message in the group was from Su Clan's Seven. "Sorry for making you guys worried. There was a little surprise in Little Sixteen's Thunder Tribulation, but I had dealt with it. Little Sixteen lost his temper for a while after the accident, but I had found him and taken him back. He didn't cause a big trouble. Just, in some place near H-City, there were several... well, there were dozens of silly ordinary people who got knocked out by Little Sixteen, but none of them died. I'm going to take Little Sixteen back to Su Clan now, so I won't be online in the next few days. Anyway... please don't worry about us."

The message was sent at three o'clock in the morning.