

---

## *Chapter 8: Soft Feather and Luo Xin Street Area*

---

"I'm relieved that you're alright. I shall contact Soft Feather shortly to tell her not to worry and save her the trouble of running over to H-City," Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied afterwards.

Song Shuhang felt that Northern River's Loose Cultivator was basically online 24/7 and was curious why did he still seem to be brimming with energy. Unless his timezone was coincidentally the same as his, therefore he just happened to see Northern River's Loose Cultivator every time he came online?

Wait, this seems wrong... whenever Song Shuhang was online, he was there. When Song Shuhang went offline, he was still there. He knew that because he always saw Northern River's Loose Cultivator within the previous chat records when he came online.

The other party seemed like a saint internet warrior that didn't sleep.

Song Shuhang couldn't help but be worried as there were many people who met a sudden death due to staying overnight too often. Would Northern River's Loose Cultivator suddenly die someday if he continued like this?

'This should also be recorded... I shall properly advise him before leaving the group chat.'

After that, Song Shuhang continued scrolling down the chat logs.

Finishing his message, Su Clan's Seven greeted them before going offline.

Subsequently, it was around 5 AM when Medicine Master came online and sent an image with a ? behind.

That was an image of a stalk of some plant which Song Shuhang had never seen before.

This plant grew in a curved manner, similar to a coiling dragon. There was a row of thorns at the tip of the plant and its stolon was purplish black. This was a peculiar plant with high appreciation value.

"Medicine Master has a need for Poisonous Dragon Plant again? Didn't you cultivate some not long ago?" Once again, Northern River's Loose Cultivator was the first to reply.

"Experiment, all dead." Medicine Master sent a ? in reply. "Furthermore, that batch of Poisonous Dragon Plant wasn't of good quality."

"Alright, I shall contact you if I manage to get any. The others should also inform you if they see it." Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied.

"Alive." Medicine Master added another phrase.

Poisonous Dragon Plant... just by listening to the name, it doesn't seem like a nice plant, could it be used for concocting pills? Will this poison people? Song Shuhang was slightly worried while feeling that the group was quite adept at inviting death.

Wait a moment, there seems to be something wrong.

Song Shuhang's hand stiffened with his fingers dragging upwards to Su Clan's Seven replies and re-read it again.

'...there were several... well, there were dozens of silly ordinary people who got knocked out by Little Sixteen, but none of them died.'

This sentence made Song Shuhang feel strange, for he had recalled the group of delinquents that was wiped out.

Was this still a coincidence? If all these were coincidences, then wasn't the amount of those coincidental incidents these days way too much!?

Maybe I should change my point of view and think about it from another perspective. Perhaps these are not coincidences, but just me thinking too much.

This is human nature. Whenever someone is suspicious of some matters, they would forcefully link unrelated incidents together. For example, when you suspect someone had stolen your money, you would place several events on that person's head and the more you see him, the more he looks like the suspect.

He felt that his current mindset was similar to 'suspecting someone to be a thief'.

He should stop thinking, else he would be led astray just like the chat group's members. Song Shuhang lazily stretched while preparing to head out for a jog.

A year's plan starts with spring. Furthermore, he felt that his physique was declining as he still had yet to recover from the small cough left behind by the cold ten days back. He would still occasionally cough once or twice. It was difficult to bear!

Therefore, since he suddenly had the interest, he decided to run 1.5 km every morning to train his physique.

His target was to persevere a month of morning runs!



Currently, at Jiangnan District Airport.

A long-haired lady with fair skin, considerable height, and long legs walked out of the airport, dragging a huge luggage behind her. She was currently in a white-colored T-shirt with denim jeans, and her slender legs were wearing sports shoes; she appeared youthful and beautiful.

However this, long-haired lady distressingly looked at the huge airport and softly muttered, "I hate huge places like this where it is easy to be lost."

Subsequently, she fiddled with her just dished out phone.



Sweating after a morning run, Song Shuhang felt the refreshing feeling he had long lacked.

He bought steamed buns and soy milk for his breakfast when he walked past the cafeteria, waiting for his breathing to recover and stabilize before heading back to dorm.

There was still an entire Sunday left... what should he do next?

'Should I head over to the store for some free reading?' Song Shuhang secretly thought while munching on his bun.

Afterwards, he habitually switched on his computer and logged onto the school network—because he minded the incident where a group of delinquents was struck unconscious, he continued to pay attention to it.

However, there were no follow-up reports regarding the group of delinquents on the school network—the pitiful delinquents were still lying unconscious in the hospital, without a sign of waking up.

Therefore, he was unable to know who or what had beaten them up into such a state.

According to the students who went to visit, despite being unconscious, the delinquents occasionally released some groans filled with suffering. As there was a whole group of them, they were allocated to a large ward, and the scene of seventy to eighty people consecutively moaning was extremely beautiful yet tragic.

'If they were just knocked unconscious, why were they still not waking up after a day? Could it be that they have been beaten into vegetables?' Song Shuhang thought.

His imagination was running wild as he opened the group chat.

During the period when he went for a morning walk and lunch, a few new messages appeared within the chat.

Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather (Mobile): Senior Northern River, I have arrived at Jiangnan District airport. Does Senior Seven require help?

As expected, Northern River's Loose Cultivator was online and he swiftly replied. "Soft Feather, you're online. Seven has found Sixteen early in the morning and left H-City. Rest assured, you can head directly towards J-City to deal with your matters.

"It's good that everything is fine." Soft Feather replied and added another reply, "Has Senior Seven left H-City?"

"Yes, they left during wee hours." Northern River's Loose Cultivator then asked, "Soft Feather, do you perhaps have something to consult Seven about?"

Soft Feather sighed. "Actually, I was hoping to meet with Senior Seven. If someone was able to accompany me to J-City, that would be even better. I am unfamiliar with H-City, Jiangnan District, and J-City, so I'm afraid that I may not be able to find my destination.

"Where are you going? There's a navigation function within mobile phones nowadays that is very convenient. I have to say, the technologies modern people invented are quite useful." Northern River's Loose Cultivator enthusiastically recommended. There were many who were unfamiliar with the current technological gadgets and Northern River's Loose Cultivator could be considered as a 'modern era guru'.

Excuse me, are you sure there's no problem with your background? Wasn't this a place where chuunibyous of classical Xianxia world gathered? Aren't you supposed to recommend some ancient maps or other similar things? Perhaps even magical treasures that can pinpoint locations? If it were to be even more high-class, opening a teleportation portal would be acceptable. Everything except phone navigation was somewhat acceptable.

"I've tried it, but the place I'm headed to is unavailable in the navigation application," Soft Feather gloomily replied.

In actual fact, her current age was only twenty-five years old and obviously, she knew how to use the navigation. There was no difference between her and current era's youngsters in some aspects, it was just that she had more knowledge than them regarding the 'true genuine world'.

"Furthermore, my sense of direction is bad and I might not be able to find my destination even with navigation." Soft Feather added.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator consoled. "It doesn't matter. When you can fly after advancing to Fifth Stage Realm, you can stand high up in the skies and see afar! You will not have to worry about your bad sense of direction causing to you get lost. Whereas for now, you can call for a cab. As long as you know the location, the driver would usually be able to send you to your destination. However, do take note not to call for an unlicensed cab."

"Thank you, Senior, I shall try." Soft Feather replied gratefully. Without someone reminding her, she would have forgotten about convenient means of transportation such as taxis...

Northern River's Loose Cultivator added. "Where is the place you are heading to, Soft Feather? If you are unable to find it, I can help you and ask around if there is any fellow daoist in the vicinity, perhaps they could help.

"It's a place within J-City called Luo Xin street area. There should be an ancient temple named Ghost Lamp Temple there and that's the place I'm heading to!" Soft Feather quickly replied.

"Alright, I got it. I will ask around on your behalf and when there's news, I'll contact you." Northern River's Loose Cultivator replied.

"I can't thank you enough, Senior!" Soft Feather sent a ?. "I will check out the cab."

Jiangnan District Airport.

The lady with long hair and slender legs dragged her huge luggage and headed towards the place where one could flag a taxi. Her beautiful silhouette made males walking past unconsciously follow her with their eyes.