

## Be Honest! 476

Chapter 476 The Great Ranking Competitions!

Today was bustling wherever one turned.

The academy was boiling with excitement, as many gathered to watch and participate in the ranking competitions.

For someone like Ghu Sota who had an extremely high rank already, he wouldn't be competing yet.

He was ranked among the top 30 most powerful Inner Sect disciples.

At present, almost everyone has become an inner disciple.

Their cultivation speed increased thanks to the boundless pure heavenly qi surrounding the space.

Sometimes, it even shocked Ghu Sota how strong he had become.

He felt at his current strength, he could stop a moderate-sized plane in mid-air like Superman.

Never in his life did he feel that such a thing was possible until he saw Dorian's true identity.

As one of the top inner sect disciples among thousands, how could he be allowed to fight now?

No way.

The thousands and thousands would have to fight among themselves for the next 4 days. And the last 10 standing would have a chance to compete for any of the top 100 seats.

If they should win again, let's say the 100th person or 99th person, those people will immediately be swapped out.

After their competition, then... the competition among the top 100 will begin.

This was the competition many were most looking forward to watching.

From the 11th position to the 100th position, these people could challenge themselves for a chance to climb up their ranks.

A person from the 50th person could challenge a person in the 41st position if they felt they could do it.

If you loosen you'll still maintain your position.

This was just a chance for everyone to advance to one or several positions if feeling confident.

And finally, once the ranking from 11th place to 100th place is determined, the battle room would then be opened for these people to compete with the top 10.

Hey... maybe number 11 feels they can challenge the person in the 10th rank.

You never know.

Once again after their chance for competing with the top 10 was over, it will then be the moment for the top 10 to compete with themselves.

Number 2 can choose to fight against number 1 or number 5 can choose to fight against number 3.

Either way, everyone could only challenge those above them

Why would you want to challenge anyone with a lesser ranking?

If you unexpectedly lose, won't you get demoted in rank instead?

Such a thing would be very shameful to experience, even for them.

This was the summary of how Ranking competitions were done.

Everyone was fighting to be at least within the top 100 because that was where the perks truly awed the masses, especially if one was in the top 10 or top 30.

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Today was the opening day for the competitions.

Ghu Sota was among the top 30 but had to show his face only for today.

Within the next few days, he could choose to be absent until the battle between the top 100 began.

Well, he also had to be present because certain people in his family would kill him if he didn't show up.

Yes, he was talking about his grandmother, his father and his grandfather.

His father, Ghu Dwo, was among the top ten, alongside Wei Gia, Jung Hou and a few others.

Donghai Gia was surprisingly in 11th place, and a few people from their Ghu clan also showed great promise too.

Reaching a distance away from the scene, Ghu Sota and one of his buddies Yangdor, immediately adjusted themselves, raising their heads high to not disgrace their titles.

"Look! Look! It's senior Ghu Sota! He's ranked 21 on the list!"

"Amazing! I heard his ultimate skill, Hurricane Chaos, is so strong it not only destroyed an entire stage but also KO'd his opponent with one strike in the last ranking competition."

"Damn! So bad?"

Several disciples looked at Gu Sota in awe.

Do you think they were talking about the destruction of any ordinary stage or battle platform here?

The first thing to know is that all battle stages were divided in rank too, depending on how strong they were.

These stages were meant to withstand heavy attacks.

If they were as flimsy as ordinary cement or floorings in the outside world, the attacks launched by the disciples would not only easily destroy these platform stages, but also create deep craters underneath the floors.

And as they say, no house can stand on an unsteady foundation.

These platforms were greatly fortified to withstand the pressure and the heat, with disciples only leaving a few cracks and stomps on the many platform battle stages.

So for Ghu Sota to destroy one in all directions from a single attack made many feel their scalps tingle.

F\*\*\*! Even from afar when watching in the audience Space, many felt the pressure from his Hurricane Chaos.

Sure enough, as the heir to the Ghu clan, this guy wasn't a kid to be trifled with

Many wouldn't help looking at him with awe and reverence, feeling extremely honored to have their eyes graced with his presence.

For some who were at the 4000th to 4200th positions on the ranking list, do you know how much their eyes were twinkling when seeing Ghu Sota in the 21st position?

Damn!

It was like seeing a God God himself descend.

No matter how silly, foolish or idiotic Ghu Sota might seem to those within his strength group, those below had filters in their eyes, blind to his silly nature.

"Sota, you are here!"

A few more friends within his strength group called, inviting Sota and Yangdor over.

Yandor was in the 17th position.

He and Sota had become very good friends.

They were like berries that came in twos because where you see one, another wasn't far off, unless on missions or rare occasions.

Ghu Dwo who saw his son appearing from a distance, felt his unsteady heart finally settle.

Well, so long as the boy was here that was all that mattered. Their Ghu clan can't lose face!

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah~"

The competition grounds were full to the brim and rowdy as thousands and thousands of people gathered to watch and compete in the first set of battles.

Everyone was both anxious and excited, especially when the elders accompanied by Dorian, slowly flew in.

Words alone couldn't describe how thrilled and ridiculously excited the crowd became.

Some even had to place their hands on their mouths to stop themselves from screaming and fanning out like school girls seeing their crush.

You don't understand.

Seeing the elders was a near-impossible feat unless they decide to show up once in a while to teach what they know.

Most of the time everyone deals with the lion-head Pandrol and his many clones.

Since when did they see the elders eyeball to eyeball? They have only been here for almost 2 months, but they already knew just how rare it was to see any elders, talk less of seeing the Grandmaster.

His case was worse than the elders.

Many hadn't seen him for so long it seems it was thousands of years ago they last saw him.

In fact, at this point, he might even be a myth.

But with myth comes stories.

Those disciples were fortunate enough to join some of his missions, came back and retold his great deeds, once again making many tempted to build temples in his name.

There was no helping it.

The Grandmaster was someone they felt unworthy to even be in his presence, talk less of breathing the same oxygen as him.

Their bodies couldn't help trembling, and their entire beings couldn't stop breathing hard when looking at the youngster above whose image was greatly magnified in their hearts.

"Someone pinch me... I'm not dreaming, am I?"

"F\*\*\*! I thought like the last ranking competition, the Grandmaster wouldn't grace us with his divine presence, but how could I have known I would be so wrong? Luckily I didn't disrespect him by showing up late."

"Wipe! Does anyone know a way to burn images into my eyes? I'm afraid I might forget such a feat one day"

"Mommy... why does the Grandmaster look so handsome again? At this point won't he be competing for Mr. World?"

"Idiot, who else in this world can be the most good-looking if not for the Grandmaster? And does he even need to compete with others for us to know how great he is?"

"Damn! I must study hard to one day become an elder. Only in this way can I be close to the Grandmaster!"

Like so, the crowd went wild, watching Dorian and the elders finally take to their seats.

And just like that, the host took to the stage, announcing the perks and purpose of the competition.

"Everyone competing should please stand around your appointed battle stages!"

With over 80 small battle stages around many quickly found their stage numbers, knowing their time had come.

Pumping their fists together, they quickly jumped on the stage, ready to give it their all.

"Let's do this!"

Chapter 477 A Great Battle To Behold

"Next."

Reagan stepped forward, humbly taking the random number tag assigned to him.

Number 202, Arena 11.

The small carved plaque showed his battle order for the day.

He knew he would be fighting after the first 7 matches, so he had to stay close by.

Around Arena 11 over 80 people gathered.

When watching, he wasn't so nervous any longer, as he focused on observing their techniques and listening to the comments from many others.

After all, everyone will still get to fight each other sometime later on.

The method of assessing victories was simple.

Today, everyone had to have entered at least 15 fights.

If you win a fight, you get points.

The fights are with random opponents, so even those who lose their first match but still end up with higher points if they did well in their other 14 matches.

This system will carry on for the next 4 days until everyone has fought 45 matches.

Of course, every day, competitors had 3 break times whenever they wanted or felt their noises were up to standard and needed a rest before continuing.

From early morning to late evening, the competition would carry on.

Some matches ended in a few seconds because a very strong person was paired with a very weak person.



Sometimes some matches lasted more than 5 minutes.

No matter what, no match can go longer than an hour.

The match would be forcefully stopped and the one with the least injuries or the one last standing will be the victor.

Another way to win is to get your opponent out of the arena.

If you force them out, it's a win for you.

After the first 4 days, everyone is then grouped in teams according to their strengths.

Those with 5 points are grouped, and those with 45 points are also grouped.

They battle it among themselves to find their accurate ranking, by also accumulating more winning points too.

It was simple and straightforward.

Following this, the top 10 among the top tier group (those with 45 points), will decide to either challenge anyone from the top 100 or not.

The whole thing took a long time, but very worth it in everyone's view, as it gave them a chance to rank up even if they lost 1 or 2 first battles.

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Grabbing the soil underneath his feet, Reagan rubbed his hands as a sign of good luck.

He has always done this, even when he was a police officer in the special Task forces.

It was funny that when he was in school, he never felt so nervous about grades or exams.

But now at 28 years of age, he felt butterflies churning so badly in his belly it began to distract him.

Sigh... the wait was killing him, as he began tapping his feet anxiously.

"Hey, Reagan, you're here too?"

"Sister Megan, so you're assigned to this arena?"

Officer Megan nodded wryly.

They were very close to each other, so when she got assigned she was hoping to not see him here.

But who knew fate wanted them to battle it out?

Reagan chuckled, feeling the butterflies in his belly fade when seeing someone else more worried than he was.

"It's going to be fine. I'm sure you'll get a high ranking by the end of it all. And even if we do meet each other in there, let's just give it our best. The one who cannot hold on any longer will forfeit."

"Yeah..." Officer Megan agreed, knowing Reagan was stronger than she when last they fought. But who is to say during this time she had not ranked up her skills too?

Indeed, she was curious at what level he reached with his special technique.

Unlike many others who loved drawing out physical weapons, Reagan specialized in Time seemed to fly by in a twinkle of an eye, as 4 out of the first battles ended with many opponents forfeiting.

Calligraphy/Painting.

In short, he was a 2-star Calligraphy Talisman Master.

It was always interesting to watch his battles.

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Time seemed to fly by in a twinkle of an eye, as 4 out of the first battles ended with many opponents forfeiting.

It's not that they didn't want to try, but that their opponents were famously stronger people they were familiar with.

Sure.

The real famous people are those within the top 100.

But for someone in position 4230, competing with someone in position 2100, who do you think will win?

For those in the 4000~4400 positions, those in the 2000s were famous in their eyes too.

Thus, knowing where they stood and knowing the realm of possibilities for them, why should they waste energy on a battle that they were bound to lose?

It's better to save their energy and fight others they are sure to win.

Many thought so, as they forfeited with a humble bow while watching their plaques around their necks burn a front score on it.

Losses: 1

Victories: 0.

It was sad and painful but they knew there was no other way.

At least, they can fight those around 3000-range positions.

If you want them to fight those at 2000 or 1000, then they must be joking.

Likewise, some at the 2000 positions, would even dare fight others at the 300 position.

Reagan was fortunately at the 510th position, so he found that his first match of the day was victorious with him lifting a finger.

His opponent forfeited.

His next match was in Arena 28, which he obliged.

There, he was finally paired with someone surprisingly slightly higher than him.

It was a person ranked at the 506th position.

Though strong, he too has improved since the last ranking competition, so it was hard to say who would get the last laugh.

When it's your turn to battle and you're not here, maybe because you were held up with another battle, your battle will be pushed back in the rotation to the last place.

Just ensure to complete all 15 battles for the day.

Each battle can last at most 1 hour, but a majority of battles last only 5~10 minutes.

So in under 6~7 hours, many are done for the day.

It's up to you to ensure all 15 battles are met.

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"Number 202 vs Number 708. Prepare for battle."

Bam!

Both Reagan and his opponent jumped on stage, recognizing each other but saying nothing.

They humbly bowed, before stepping back and taking battle stance.

Well, for Reagan, he calmly reached for his long, parchment scroll and his ink brush, while his opponent reached for his twin blades.

Already, the audience could tell it was going to be an entertaining battle.

"Disciple Reagan, might I say, I've always admired your battle prowess. Who doesn't know that within the Talisman Association, you are ranked 11th along the many?"

If Reagan's cultivation level was higher he wouldn't be at the 510th position.

Who knows... maybe during this time, his cultivation level wasn't the only thing to grow.

Today, he wondered what sort of battle prowess Reagan would show him.

Well, Reagan's opponent was a battle fanatic.

He liked engaging with stronger opponents even if he lost, he would feel it very worthwhile.

"Likewise" Reagan, acknowledged in amusement. "The feeling is mutual. I heard you were also famous on a mission just recently. I heard when out with the Grandmaster, you were one of the disciples to catch his eyes. This alone says you're nothing to underestimate too."

What?

Who is number 708? And who is this number 202?" Many around the arena had jaws dropped listening to their conversation.

Some knew them both, some knew just one of them, and others were completely clueless about them.

F\*\*\*!

The duo had set the mood for the battle so high that many wished they now had popcorn to enjoy the show with.

One of Pandrol's many clones had an entertained smile on his lips raising his hands to begin the match.

"Begin!"

"Asmodian Twin Blades of Thunder!"

Reagan's opponent suddenly had purple lighting flashing out from his eyes, body and blades, as he ran and plunged so high in the high with his twin sword before sending a brutal streak of thick lightning descending Reagan's way.

Bam!

Those weaker could only see things in after flashes, as they inwardly concluded it was a loss for Reagan.

F\*\*\*!

If it was them they would have been blown out of the arena with that single move.

But when the dust settled, their eyes magnified exaggeratedly, after seeing the many figures surrounding Reagan.

"Ahhhh! I see! I see now! He pulled them out from his parchment scroll!"

"Awesome!"

"Amazing!"

"So this is what calligraphy and paint masters do?"

No way!

Everyone saw several giants exiting a mist of black ink with shields and swords, as they blocked the attack, protecting Reagan.

Bahahahhahahahha~

Reagan's opponent landed seeded feet back, and couldn't help laughing with glee, twirling both swords with undisguised excitement.

"Good, good, good! You didn't let me down! Now, come... let me see just how powerful your ink creatures truly are."

Reagan smiled. "With pleasure."

And just like that, all 4 ink giant megazords as well as Reagan's opponent, charged at each other with everything they had.

BAM!

Chapter 478 A Solution Is Born

478 A Solution Is Born

"Wow! My brain just asked me why I'm crying, and I told it to wait patiently for vital feedback from my eyeballs."

"Awesome!"

"Great! Too good!"

"Worthy of their big ranks."

"Damn. When will I become this strong? Looking to the heavens for answers please."

All Around, many were amazed by the battle. It was almost a tie, but ended with Reagan's opponent winning.

Reagan had to admit he wasn't the only one who practiced hard during this period.

For his loss, he wasn't dissatisfied.

The duo gripped hands and said nothing, but their silence was enough words they needed.

Loses: 1

Victories: 1

That was the updated score on his plaque.

Reagan clenched his fist, determined to minimize his losses for the day.

By early mid-day, he had 3 losses and 8 victories.

Alright... 4 more battles to go.

Since they were random, it was hard to say how his battles would go.

Just like that, the grand ranking competitions commenced without a hitch.



4 days flashed by in a blink of an eye, as Reagan found himself with a total of 39 out of 45.

But here was the thing.

There were 67 others with the same score.

Thus, it was time they battled themselves to determine their ranking.

In the end the dust set held several more days later, with Reagan finding himself at the 508th position within the Inner Sect.

Amazing!

He jumped from the 10th spot to the 8th.

Don't think it was nothing because it was only 2 paces up.

His current position was hard-earned with his sweat and blood through rigorous training.

Phew~

Now that the competition for them was over, he could finally become a true audience, watching the competition between the top 100.

Well, he was satisfied with his current ranking. But next time he swore to break through the 500th place, entering the 400 range.

Only by aiming higher can one excel more.

He also bore in mind that just as he was training hard, so did the other disciples. No one was slacking off here.

If anyone truly fell at the bottom, it was because of their innate abilities which meant they had to work twice, sometimes 4 times harder.

It was unfair but no 10 fingers are equal.

Once you understand that, you become more and more content in life.

It's not like they aren't powerful already.

To those in the outer sect, the bottom ones in the Inner sect were super amazing already.

Understand that no matter what position you are in life, there will always be someone who envies you.

Once new disciples enter, they too will envy the outer disciples, if any advance from Handymen.

Such is life.

Again, once public knowledge of what they do goes out, many would envy those with weak innate abilities too.

So what if their innate abilities were weak?

At least they got accepted into the academy.

What about those who get turned down and rejected when the testing crystal ball doesn't glow up in various colors?

What about them?

In life learn to be content and grateful at every stage in your life no matter how small the victory.

This was a fact Reagan greatly understood while in the Academy.

Once you start fighting monsters and seeing scarier things, all the little problems from before become nonexistent.

It was like watching a toddler cry about a broken crayon when you know you can go to the store and grab one and almost no cost.

It was also the same as watching them cry when you make their nose 'disappear.'

They will cry over that simple magic trick after you tell them you've taken their nose.

If they just touched their faces, they would realize their noses were with them all along.

What can he say?

Now that was how Reagan saw many worldly issues, especially those concerning greed, lust and power.

When you sit back and think about it, a lot of issues stem from inflated egos, greed and dishonesty.

If you don't give in to your hatred, calmly take in deep breaths and look for solutions with a clear head, tire bound to solve your problems.

If they do involve supernatural forces, Reagan swore he and the academy disciples would do their best to grow strong and save a day.

Who didn't dream of being a superhero when they were younger?

Just like that, life in the academy progressed excitingly, but all was not well in the outside world.

Drumming his fingers on his table, Chen Su was getting more and more uncomfortable.

How many days has it been?

More than a week has gone by and no news has come out of his search at all.

People in power such as himself must always get a good grasp of everything happening in their surroundings, especially within the city.

He gave his men a 2-week deadline to get information on Old Gia and his group.

But only 4 more days are left before the deadline expires and no tangible news has emerged.

Chen Su frowned.

Things can't keep going on like this!

'If I don't make a bold and obvious move, they might continue remaining in the shadows for as long as they like.'

There are many things Chen Su wanted to confirm.

For one, seeing the group moving on their feet would mean they weren't in some critical accident that left them bedridden.

Understand this.

If all 3 of them were bedridden at once, it meant there was a potential that some powerful unknown enemy was secretly taking out leaders of the Prominent families.

In that case, shouldn't he prepare for the worse too?

In Chen Su's world, there was no such thing as coincidences.

What are the odds that all 3 of them would be bedridden at the same time?

Maybe they are all abroad in private hospitals with their information stamped as classified.

Perhaps this was why he couldn't find them.

Indeed, it was very odd because even someone like Old Hou loved staying in his grand hospital 24/7.

And now all of a sudden, he stops?

Now all of a sudden, he is nowhere to be found and you think that's normal?

The old bastard has spent most of his time from young to old in his many hospitals.

So unless it was something very important, he won't leave for so long.

Maybe he was fine but was the one taking care of Old Gia and Old Ghu somewhere abroad.

Guesses, guesses, guesses...

Everything was making Chen Su paranoid.

He hated having things out of his control.

"Yes, master?"

15:34

Turning to his head butler in the mansion, Chen Su quickly gave his orders.

"Xavier!"

"Yes, master?"

"I'm thinking of hosting a grand ball."

"A ball? May I ask whatever for, master?"

What's the occasion?

Unless he was getting rusty, his private calendar showed no such important events desirable for a Grand ball.

As Head Butler, he knew much more about important Su Clan dates than Chen Su himself.

He knew everyone's birthday, knew when schools resumed, knew when different important clan celebrations were held, and also knew vital business celebrations too.

After working in the Su clan's main estate for decades now, he knew things at the tip of his tongue.

Thinking hard, he couldn't come up with any reason why his master wanted to host a grand ball now.

It couldn't be heirship since the future heir was still in school.

But who was he to question the master?

If it's a grand ball the master wants, a grand ball he shall get, one that does not shame the Su Clan.

"What theme are we going for?"

"Royalty... let everyone awe at the sight of our splendor. This time, we will also take a step further than usual by inviting all females in the Young master's class."

He didn't need to come up with any reason for hosting the ball, as many would assume he was looking for a future wife for his son, the heir.

No one would think he was doing this to bring out the other prominent families to show up.

It was almost a rule that when any of the Big 6 hosted events, the others must show up as a form of respectability and a sign of unity to show they are at peace with each other.

If you won't be able to make it, you must call one on the phone with Chen Su to schedule an appointment where you all meet face-to-face and talk about why you can't go.

The reason can be flimsy but the respect must be shown by you showing up.

Chen Su felt that either way, he would get to see the trio whether they attend the ball or not!

This was forcing them out.

He had to confirm their state with his own 2 eyes.

"As always, I'll leave the preparations to you, Xavier."

"Yes, master."

With that, Chen Su's matter was dealt with.

Peace was once again restored, but not for others.

In a street on the other side of town, several children were jumping and playing merrily, until they heard a family tune ring out.

"Everyone, the Ice Cream Man is here!"

Yes...

The Ice Cream man was indeed here.

Now, who wants ice cream?

Chapter 479 Children Of All kinds

479 Children Of All kinds

Ice cream man!

Ice cream man!

Yay!

It's the ice cream man!

The familiar music flooded the street, causing the children to plunge forward with smiles and jumpy hair.

Ah, youth...

It was indeed a beautiful thing.

These children already knew the schedule for the ice cream man, purposefully playing outside in wait.

Shucks.

Why do you think modern children like themselves would want to play outside rather than indoors with the President Barbie collections, computers, MMORPG games and so on?

What are they? In the 80s?

Look... they could ride tricycles, jump rope, and roll around in the grass.



But doing it for so long gets too boring.

Do you know how long some have playing outside?

It's over 2 hours now because they just didn't want to miss the ice cream man.

Don't ask them why their bodies often disagreed with them if they waited indoors.

You could say it would be smart to sit and wait for the beautiful melody to play before going out.

But many times the children found themselves asleep, only to wake up a few minutes or an hour later when the ice cream man has already gone.

Sorry.

Their small bodies were prone to sleep with the least comfortability it found.

If the house was too warm, they slept.

If it was slightly colder, they also huddled onto their favorite blankies and slept.

Also understand that before the ice cream man's drive-through schedule, as children, they have already jumped, danced, moved and played a lot in the early mornings after breakfast.

So after lunch, many seriously get tempted to take a nap.

But as they say, when there's a will, there's a way.

Many purposefully made plans with the neighbor children to meet outside and play immediately after lunch.

That's right.

They found a way to beat the system.

They sometimes played tag, and other times role-played as villains and superheroes in comics.

Welp.

This has gone on for long on the days when they knew the ice cream man typically drove by.

After sitting on the curb and eating their ice cream together, they finally break apart and head back home to nap.

Their plan was sleep-proof, ensuring they never missed a single Ice Cream day.

As for where they got their money from, it was of course their allowance.

Depending on the chores they do around their homes, their parents would sometimes give them pennies and even a Vyn bill instead.

In a month, some got 10 Vyns and others got a craps 15 Vyn bill.

A cone of delicious ice cream costs 1~1.75 Vyn, depending on what they add on top of their ice cream like sprinkles or strawberries.

Yay!

Can you imagine how many ice creams they can get with their monthly allowance of 10 Vyns?

The ice cream truck drives by only once a week.

So that's 4 times a month.

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Some spent 5 Vyns on ice cream a month while others spent 8 Vyns on Ice Cream.

But no matter what, most children always saved a fraction of their allowance.

Some preferred to hoard them and head to comic stores to buy comics, and others preferred buying small action figures.

But some were extremely lazy, not wanting to do chores for the first week of the next month.

How exactly does that work?

Their parents told them that if they didn't want to do chores like organizing their rooms and doing simple things like putting their toys away... then they have to pay them, the parents, to do it for them.

Like so, the children would give their parents 2~4 Vyns, which represents what they usually received per week.

It was funny that these children would save their last month's allowance just to pay off their parents so they don't have to work or do any chores during the first week of the next month.

These children thought they were being smart, but they were losing a lot more money than they thought since they were only getting paid for 2 weeks in a month.

Week 1, they don't get pay.

Week 2 and 3, they do receive pay.

In week 4, they save everything just to hand it back over to their parents the upcoming week of the new month.

It was silly how they thought they were winning.

Many also envied them for not getting to do chores.

Children were just like that, and quite frankly, the parents of these children wanted them to learn valuable lessons in life.

There will be a time they realize they are losing.

Doing their chores only took at most 2 hours a day to do, sometimes taking 15 minutes.

Their peers gritted their teeth, did their chores and made twice more money than them, while they sat back and lost more.

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On the flip side, it also depends on what one considers to be Losing.

Some people don't value money that much, only valuing comfortability and freedom.

Their children resourced their staff (parents), so they could have a break perhaps for their mental health.

Growing up, it depends on how content you are in life.

Maybe these children are satisfied with how much they get per month.

It is also commendable that they were able to save enough to pay off their parents for the following week, as well as budget and save enough to also buy ice cream without fail in the week they don't receive pay.

These Parents have heard that many of those who did their chores and got paid all 4 weeks, ended up saving little to nothing.

Yet, their children who seemed lazy were the ones to sit down, plan out and manage the staff (parents) in their companies (homes) while also having the freedom to do as they liked doing that first week.

Heck.

If they were millionaires, they would be on yachts and luxurious sites.

But as children, the things they did were at games online and did so many things without their parents nagging that the other neighboring children always envied them as being lucky.

These children were so smart that they could quickly come up with solutions that made their lives better and relaxed.

Everything boiled down to management.

It honestly depended on how one saw it.

These parents did not know whether to smack the laziness out of their beat of their children or commend them for their intelligence.

If this question was thrown to the masses online, which child group would most parents prefer?... The one who was diligent and hardworking but hardly saved or the one who was lazy but learned management on his own, saving even more than his peers.

Honestly, it was a tie because both had good and bad traits that needed tweaking.

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Wow!

"Ice cream man! The Ice Cream Man is here!"

Immediately abandoning their toys, scooter, tricycles and jump ropes, the group carried their little legs with some stumbling but not caring.

Usually, they would cry but how can they care about this little pain when the ice cream truck was here?

Please! Get your priorities right, okay?

"Big Ben! Big Ben!"

One of the children called out behind another chubby fellow.

Pausing, the chubby fellow turned to look at the skinny guy beside him.

"What is it this time? You want me to cover you again?"

"Please, big Ben!"

The chubby guy thought for a while before agreeing. "I can do it, but I've already covered you 4 times now. My dad said sometimes, even if one is a friend, we must have a clear line between interests. So what's in it for me if I cover you this time?"

"Well, what about my Galactica Android comic edition, Issue K101?"

"Not enough. Forget about the ice cream."

"No. No. No! I'll also throw in my Blue Alien Prince Motzar from the planet Xelongang too! I know you like it very much."

"Okay, deal. This also covers the cost of the last 4 times I covered you. Now, we shake hands. I've seen my dad do that whenever he and his friends agree on something."

"Me too! I've seen them do that too."

Fat Ben shook the skinny guy's hands happily, thinking of what goodies he got from the exchange.

As they stood behind the line of children grabbing ice cream, the skinny got couldn't help sighing like a deflated balloon.

"Big Ben, you are very lucky and rich! I heard you have a secret stack of more than 81 Vyns stored in your home. How did you do it?"

"The question should be for you. You vet all 4 weekly allowances and you still fall short of getting your ice cream? Our money goes to 2 things. Toys and ice cream. You have to balance them up and make sure you save half of what you get every time."

"I—"

"Let me ask you this. Must you always get the most expensive ice cream? Sure it tastes great, but don't you have strawberries, and other things are home? Why don't you just see the ones in your fridge rather than paying extra for uncle ice cream man to use his?"

Big Ben didn't understand why his buddy who made twice more than him in a month, was always broke.

He on the other hand had been saving his allowances for 2 and a half years now.

Every birthday, his allowance goes up by 1 Vyn.

At present, he was one of the richest kids on the block.

Sigh...

Reaching his turn, Big Ben was just about to order when his eyes caught wind of something mysterious.

Eh?

Was it his imagination or did he see a worm swim in the ice cream his friend was holding?

He must have seen it wrong, right?

Chapter 480 Mom Is A Blue Leg!

"What's the matter, kid?... Don't want your ice cream anymore?"

Big Ben stared at Uncle Ice Cream Man, feeling a wave of fear penetrate his body.

Something was off.

Don't ask him why he felt something was off today, but this Uncle Ice Cream wasn't the same as their usual uncle they see.

Don't think just because they are children, they can't sense malice.

Typically, when Uncle ice cream man is here, everyone jumps and screams happily, talking to him about his day.

But look all around.

Although everyone is eating ice cream gluttonously, no one dared to strike up a conversation with uncle ice cream man.

They got their ocean cream and ran away, feeling something was off but not knowing exactly what it was.

Many only shrugged their shoulders and continued eating ice cream as far away from the ice cream man as they could.

They couldn't even raise their faces to meet this uncle's eyes.

But for Big Ben who was last on the line, the moment he looked deeply at the uncle, he instinctively knew the 2 were not the same.

Was it Uncle Ice cream man's evil twin brother here today?



Big Ben was smarter than his peers and also resourceful.

He knew it seemed ridiculous to suspect a worm in his ice cream, but he still chose to believe it.

Getting the ice cream, he put on an innocent and simple front, thanking Uncle Ice Cream happily, before skipping behind his friends with a side eye while watching the ice cream van drive off out of their block.

"Everyone drop it now!"

"What? Why?"

"Nau-ugh!~"

"Big Ven, you can't bully us like this! I'm... I'm going to tell my mommy."

"Yeah, yeah... I'll tell my daddy you want my ice cream too."

In a flash, it became a crying zone outside, as parents and elder siblings who were tasked with watching them quickly came out to investigate the matter.

"Baby, what's wrong?"

"Little sister... why are you crying so much on a nice Saturday like this?"

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Children will be children.

Very quickly, they plunged into the arms of their loved ones, though miraculously holding their ice cream well without letting it drop.

While crying rivers they wasted no time telling on Big Ben, labeling him as a bully.

Inwardly, most parents and elder siblings did not believe it.

Who doesn't know big Ben, this smart kid?

In normal times Big Ben was too lazy to roll over, talk less of rising to put up a front and bully their children.

How to say it?

He was just lazy at everything, including the energy to force others to bend to his will.

One day, one of their children asked Big Ben why he isn't their Boss.

Do you know what Big Ben did?

He brought crayons and paper, detailing why it was troublesome.

From security costs to hire them and keep all children obedient to his leadership, to the paperwork it took to ensure all employees in his management were well fed and looked after.

He described it as running a company.

Many parents were shocked by how far his thinking was.

No wonder he is always the best in school too.

He could do addition, subtraction, multiplication and division like a pro.

When asked what he wanted to be growing up, Big Ben said he wanted to be a salted fish, who just laid down, enjoyed his life and did whatever he wanted to do whenever he felt like it.

He even stated that he understood money was necessary to maintain such a life, and he would grow to own many businesses in the future to secure his life as a salted fish.

When others said they wanted to be presidents of the country, astronauts, heroes and so on... Big Ben already knew his dreams of being a billionaire.

He never made any unnecessary moves, was extremely smart, and liked maneuvering around life as if he was playing chess.

The surprising thing about it was that his parents were very ordinary, but very honest people.

You wouldn't think of them birthing such a smart child.

They didn't look like it at all.

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Big Ben...

Everyone also saw that this boy's potential was limitless.

You have to know that many have tried teaching their children on learning how to save at such a tender age, but even when their children save, the moment temptation flies in, like adverts on the TV or the sounds of the ice cream truck, all caution is blown to the wind.

These children would buy even when they didn't have to.

Yet, Big Ben had so much control that there were times he didn't take his weekly ice cream.

He was extremely wealthy among the children, sometimes lending them money to buy toys and comics, but they must write down their names with crayons and signed, promising to pay him back before the appointed deadline.

If they paid late, Big Ben gave them a sanction of 1% added payments they had to give.

He knew everyone's allowance pay dates and would send 2 of his best friends to go collect the money one by one.

With his laziness do you think he would do it himself?

Of course, the amazing thing was that he also ensured his best friends never did it for free.

He would pay them with a portion of the 1% interest collected from everyone.

Sometimes, he would pay them off using new toys or limited edition items he knew were hot sellers.

Another amazing thing to note about Big Ben was that, in addition to his savings maxed from his allowance, he had another 55 Vyn savings from money gifts throughout the years.

Every holiday, each grandparent gave him 5~10 Vyn Bills. Aunties and uncles have also been giving him Bill for the last 2 and a half years now.

His savings from his allowances added up to 81 Vyns, and his savings from holidays added up to 55 Vyns.

In total, he had 136 Vyns!

Do you know how big that amount is for children?

F\*\*\*!

That was like hitting the jackpot, and that's why Big Ben was sort of the bank around here.

Whether you were a cute girl or a burly boy, Big Ben showed no favors in the face of interest and a comfortable life.

He was a very fair person.

So though he might be lazy, he had the true workings of a future Boss.

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All in all, every parent and guardian somewhat understood what he could do and what he could not.

That's why when they heard Big Ben bullied their children, many instinctively felt there should be a misunderstanding somewhere.

It's not that they didn't want to believe their own children, but who made their brats at home very unreliable and dramatic?

Seeing how calm Big Ben was, and then looking at their children who were crying with some rolling on the grass while still miraculously holding their ice cream well... the parents and guards were once again convinced there should be a misunderstanding somewhere.

One of them coughed, showing a friendly smile to Big Ben.

"Benjamin, Aunty knows you are a good boy. But can you tell us why they say that of you?"

"MOM!"

Instantly, the boy rolling on the ground underneath the woman was in shock, grabbing her ankle with a betrayed look.

"I just said he bullied us and you're asking him what he did? Mon, are you slow?"

"\_ "

You know... the woman felt more and more that her son should've been thrown into a river when he was born since his head was always flooded with nonsense.

Pfft~

Many couldn't hold back their chuckles, feeling that innocent children were the most savage.

But soon, their expressions changed when they saw their own children and siblings look them in the eyes as though betrayed too.

"Daddy, has Aunty's ear been affected by her old age? Is that why she didn't hear us when we said we were bullied by Big Ben?"

"Yes, yes, sister. Can it be that because Aunty is 215 years old, she can't hear well anymore?"

Many guardians looked at the young 31-year-old woman awkwardly, wishing they could find a hole to bury their children in.

What was the point of sending them to school if they didn't understand simple math?

How does she look 215?

Well, perhaps to them, it seems all adults might look ancient in their eyes, excluding their parents and grandparents.

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Soon, the boy who looked at his mother betrayed, couldn't help sobbing even more. "Mom! I think you're what Grandpa calls in his stories a blue leg!"

"I think you mean black leg."

"Blue, black, white, orange, what's the difference? All is a leg! They are all rats!"

"Moles." The mother corrected again, feeling her patience running thin.

This idiot son of hers was complaining while crying and licking the dripping ice cream he felt so well in one hand while making his point rolling on the grass.

Now with such a son, she was sure Big Ben had been misunderstood.

How dare her brat call her a black leg? That's the term meant for betrayers!

Rolling her eyes the woman tried to get rid of the annoying fool latched on her leg while staring at fat Ben as warmly as she could... though everyone could see veins popping out her forehead.

"Don't be afraid. Aunty is here. Why don't you tell us what really happened?" (Emphasis on the REALLY)

Big Ben nodded, explaining his facts in a well-organized manner.

And the parents heard, the more and more suspicious they became.

That's Right.

Their children all sensed someone off with the ocean cream man before but they were all too dumb to pinpoint it clearly as Big Ben.

Every parent's face turned grim.

They didn't believe there was any worm swimming in the ice cream.

What they suspected was that there might be poison or someone deadly inside instead.

"Throw it down now!"

Pah!

The woman smacked the ice cream cone out of her son's hand, forcing him to cry.

"Blue leg! Blue leg! Mom, you are a betrayer and a bully!"

"Shut up! We are going to the hospital now!"

In a flash, many did the same, smacking the ice cream out of the children's hands while carrying the crying idiots away for checkups.

They soon paused and gave a deep bow to Big Ben.

"Thank you."

Big Ben was fine, but his older sister still threw him in the car and drove him to the hospital.

One can never be too sure.