

## Daily Life 101

### Chapter 101: Even an Extortion Should Be Gracefully Done

When the two men got up from the floor, the short man was so ashamed that he wanted to drill a hole in the ground like a swamp eel, burrow into it and never come out again!

A magnificent late stage Golden Core cultivator, scared by spiritual pressure into pissing... this spiritual pressure was definitely at the Captain's level!

Ah... really want to die!

The two men in suits sighed in unison in their hearts remorsefully.

Fortunately, Father Wang was a warmhearted man, and after seeing how the short man had been scared into pissing his pants, he hurriedly got Mother Wang to dig out a seldom worn pair of pants, which he casually handed to him. "Brother, when you go out and mess around from now on, be a little more careful in what you say or do. Here, I'll give this pair of pants to you."

"..." The two men in suits stared at the thick, heavy long johns in Father Wang's hands, sweaty and speechless.

Before they left, Father Wang even helped them gather the money scattered on the floor of the Wang family home.

He also found himself a sack, and picked up a roll of ten thousand yuan and threw it into the sack.

The two men in suits wiped at their sweat. "Mr Wang, we didn't make a deal, you can't take this money..."

"Oh?" There was a cigarette in Father Wang's mouth and the lights in the villa reflected off his black-rimmed glasses. He turned his head and it was enough to give the two men the impression

that they were dealing with a society elder brother 1 ... the both of them stepped back unconsciously and kept their distance.

They couldn't provoke a society elder brother who was a Nascent Soul grandmaster!

Father Wang ignored the two men and again threw four rolls of money into the sack. "Fifty thousand in this sack is for our carpet. Look, you've soiled it; no matter how you look at it, you have to compensate us a little, right?"

The men in suits didn't dare say anything. "..."

Before he had even finished speaking, Father Wang threw five more rolls into the sack. "Now this fifty thousand is for mental distress and sanitization. There is a lot of bacteria in human urine and I've decided to disinfect our small villa after you leave — that's not too much, right?"

"..."

And then, after some thought, Father Wang threw in yet another five rolls.

The men in suits were anxious. "Mr Wang, you can't do that... all the money you're taking belongs to the state. We'll lose money instead..."

Father Wang calmly drew in a puff of smoke, then blew it out at the long johns which the short man had changed into. "This fifty thousand is for the long johns — that's not too much, right?"

In their hearts, the two men roared: not too much, your sister! A pair of long johns for fifty thousand! Even the black market is not that black!

If it wasn't for Father Wang's "realm," the two men in suits would already have been completely unable to control the urge in their hearts to start a fight!

But!

They didn't dare!

However, in protest, the short man took off the long johns, revealing his Tower of Babel... it was clear that he had already decided to just smash an already cracked pot. The worst he had to deal with was just streaking! After all, they were all men! In this rural outskirts, no one would see him!

Seeing this, Father Wang's eyebrows trembled, then he smoothly took five more rolls out of the luggage case and put them in the sack.

"Mr Wang, you..."

"You had better wear the long johns, who knows if your piss left any toxins on it? I don't want them anymore. It's no use even if you take them off. By the way, the fifty thousand yuan that I'm taking now is recompense for my eyes — that's not too much, right?"

"..." The two men in suits completely didn't dare move. They were afraid that whatever they did next, Father Wang would find another reason to demand more compensation...

Finally, he gave the two hundred thousand in the sack a satisfied look, then sent the two men off at the front door.

Bracing themselves, they bowed to Father Wang with the short man still wearing the long johns, which made quite the funny picture.

"Mr Wang, we will definitely come again..."

Crossing his arms, Father Wang leaned on the door. "Next time, will it still be the two of you?"

The men in suits started to sweat. "This... it depends."

Father Wang stretched out his hand to pat the short man on the shoulder and shook his head and sighed. "Brother, it's not that I'm insulting you... but your Tower of Babel is really too small — it's not even half the size of mine. It's just a Babylon enoki mushroom, and it was really a disgrace for you to reveal it. For the brothers coming around next time, remember to find ones that are bigger."

The men in suits: "..."

After that, Father Wang closed the door with a " bang ."

In his bedroom, it was as if Wang Ling could hear the heart of the man in the long johns shatter after being stabbed by Father Wang's poisonous words...

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In fact, this wasn't the first time that the Wang father and son had enacted this type of two-man performance; when people had come to the Wang family home looking for trouble before, the father and son pair had often used this trick to scare them away by creating the illusion that the master of this isolated Wang family villa had frightening strength.

A long time ago, when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had come to visit the Wang family, the Wang father and son had used this trick to thoroughly scare him. Hence, Father and Mother Wang were aware of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's existence. Furthermore, this person deeply respected Father and Mother Wang.

After all, Wang Ling's prowess came from this couple.

In Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart, Wang Ling was already an old monster with extremely frightening prowess who was thousands of years old. Therefore, the weight of Father Wang in his heart was of an ancient living fossil grandmaster who was tens of thousands of years old.

Hence, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had always treated the Wang family's small villa all these years as a sacred place... in this humble, rural villa lived a family of cultivation grandmasters who yearned for an ordinary life.

This was his overall understanding of the Wang family.

...

After the two men in suits left the villa, they got into a black sedan car; the tall man drove away so quickly it looked like they were running away from something.

Shortly after their departure, the short man's wristwatch rang...

"How did it go? Did you succeed?"

"Sorry, Lord Director, the mission was a failure..."

"A full forty million and they didn't bite? There's no way any ordinary family would be able to resist such temptation!"

The short man just wanted to cry. "Lord Director, the problem is... this family is not ordinary! This Wang Jiao isn't at the Qi Refinement stage at all! He was pretending all this time! He's a Nascent Soul grandmaster! His spiritual pressure pushed us flat down, we couldn't move at all!"

Nascent Soul level...

On the other end of the line, the director was also stunned. "Are you sure?"

Their inside information had been clear that this was an ordinary family living in a rural villa — how could a grandmaster like this come out of nowhere?

"Completely sure!" the men in suits answered.

The director sighed in his heart, presuming that his subordinates wouldn't dare lie to him. Judging from the current situation, it was already no longer an easy matter obtaining the stone ghost mask...

"Since it's like that, I'll go meet this expert myself tomorrow... having said that, does that mean that you didn't get anything else when you went this time?"

The short man went blank for a second, then weakly replied, "That... do long johns count?"

Director: "..."

Chapter 102: Bloody Hell!! There Is Even This Way?!

It was May 20th on Wednesday in the fourth week of the semester.

The atmosphere was a little tense this morning. When Teacher Pan walked into the classroom on time as usual, she was holding a stack of papers in her hand, and the students in class despaired a little. It was very obvious that the time for the morning self-study session as well as the first and second lessons would be given over to a quiz.

The pop quiz had been part of Teacher Pan's teaching for many years. And the most painful thing was that she would never tell them about it beforehand! This was completely a test of the students' current abilities!

For students of the elite class in No. 60 High School, if it was just an ordinary quiz, it wasn't worth cheating on at all. Teacher Pan's quiz, however, was very unusual; only twenty percent of the paper was comprised of basic course content. The remaining eighty percent was split fairly evenly into four parts: extra strength questions, expansion questions, competition questions and questions not covered in the syllabus...

And so, it was under these circumstances that the battle of wits and courage began.

For students of Grade One, Class Three, this was already no longer just a quiz, but a "war" that tested their team spirit!

But Teacher Pan was ultimately Teacher Pan, one of the handful of teaching pioneers at the frontline of teachers in No. 60 High School; as soon as she entered the classroom, she immediately summoned a number of ghosts to disperse themselves to each corner of the classroom to help her invigilate.

Teacher Pan had carefully calculated the positions of all these ghosts so that their lines of sight would cover every inch of the classroom.

"I'm going to a morning meeting now, and I'll collect the test papers in an hour and a half." Teacher Pan smiled faintly. "You don't have to worry, everyone. I trained these ghosts myself; as soon as they discover someone cheating, they'll burn the test paper with ghost fire. Everyone only has one test paper each. If it gets burnt, you'll get a zero. I hope all of you will be honest in taking this test!"

After telling them the rules for taking the test, Teacher Pan turned away to close the door and leave for the meeting.

As Little Peanut gave out the test papers, some people in class immediately started to complain. "These questions are too difficult! A test on the synthesis formula for the 'Angry Buddha Fire Lotus' and reactions in a flame color experiment! Isn't this only taught next semester?!"

There was a lot of discussion around Wang Ling; the questions weren't too difficult for him, but when the test paper was in his hands, he still felt like dying...

If it had just been an ordinary test, it would've been fine, but this test paper which Teacher Pan had written made it utterly impossible for Wang Ling to predict what the average score in class would be!

In this situation, what Wang Ling had to do was wait until Lotus Sun, Little Peanut and Feather Lin were almost done with their answers, then estimate the scores of these three top students before writing down his answers based on the papers of the whole class in general.

What he had to do now was just hold his pen and wait patiently.

It had been ten minutes since the test papers had been given out, and there was complete silence in Grade One, Class Three.

But very quickly, Wang Ling quietly discovered an undercurrent to the superficial calmness in the class.

Teacher Pan gave her quizzes out at random times, but it was very clear that many people had made their own plans beforehand for such an emergency. It was always good to have a cheat sheet prepared in advance no matter the situation...

Super Chen had hidden his cheat sheet in his sock. This guy wanted to pretend to pick at his foot, then take out the cheat sheet. But just as his hand touched his ankle, a ghost floated over with two ghost flames...

He's done for!

Seeing this scene out of the corner of their eyes, a number of people couldn't help sighing in their hearts.

Given Teacher Pan's personality, she would definitely call his parents if he was caught cheating! And she would definitely castigate him at the parent-teacher conference next Monday!

But to everyone's surprise, the tragedy of a test paper burned by ghost flame didn't happen...

Super Chen calmly drew the cheat sheet out of his sock and palmed it...

At this moment, Wang Ling clearly smelled an evil odor seeping out of Super Chen's palm... then, the ghost pinched its nose and left, just like that.

Everyone: "... F\*\*k! This ghost left because of the stench!

How smelly was this piece of paper?!

Smelly Feet Exorcism?!

Wang Ling was a little stunned at this scene.

However, this still wasn't the most terrifying...

Because from the beginning, he had noticed some fatty who had been scratching his buzz cut the whole time, causing dandruff to fall and cover his desk.

But instead of being snow-white, this dandruff was black in color...

Wang Ling took a closer look using his Heavenly Eye and then was frozen completely solid!

Because Dopey Guo... had actually printed his cheat sheet onto his dandruff!

F\*\*k!!! There was even this way?!

Looking at Master of Dopey as he began to put the dandruff together one by one, the shock in Wang Ling's heart had already reached its limit.

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The afternoon was turning into the captivating, red glow of dusk when a man appeared close to the rural Wang family villa, looking completely out of place in his surroundings. He was very tall and cut a perfect figure; the breeze brushed over his white clothes, molding it over his pectorals...

White clothes, a long sword, beautiful hair... this was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, a man with the surname Lei.

Father and Mother Wang were already aware that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would be coming. After all, he was one of the few friends that Wang Ling had in the cultivation world. Plus, given his mistaken impression of the Wang family, Father and Mother Wang had always thought that he was a very interesting person.

The last time he had come to the Wang family home was a few years ago. Yesterday, Wang Ling had suddenly said that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would be calling on them today, so Mother Wang had hurried off to the wet market to buy a lot of food.

When she returned riding the freight tricycle that had been blessed by Wang Ling, Mother Wang saw a man in white standing at the entrance to the villa and carrying several bags, large and small. She was startled at first, then she let her eyes wander up and down the man's body for quite a while. "Little Lei, is that you?"

It had been a fairly long time since he had last visited the Wang family home, so when Mother Wang suddenly called his name, the man was a little flustered and stuttered a little. "Se... senior, hello!"

Mother Wang stared blankly and wondered why this child was stammering, even if he hadn't come for so long.

However, this greeting of "senior" confirmed for her this visitor's identity.

Although Mother Wang wasn't accustomed to being addressed as such, when she recalled this person's identity in the field of cultivation, she assumed it was an act of courtesy in the cultivation world. Because of Wang Ling, Father and Mother Wang had had the opportunity to encounter some big names in the cultivation world, but ultimately there were still very few like Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, who repeatedly addressed them as seniors.

Nowadays, it wasn't easy to find someone who was both powerful and courteous in the field of cultivation.

This was also one of the biggest reasons why Father and Mother Wang had acknowledged him.

The man lifted the bags in his hands. "This junior hasn't visited the two seniors in a very long time. I brought several bottles of fairy wine, I hope the two seniors will like them."

Mother Wang took the bags, the blush on her face completely lost in the red glow of the setting sun. "Since you were coming, just come; you didn't have to bring anything, this is really inconveniencing you."

The man rubbed his head and smiled shyly. "Senior, this is nothing, this is a necessary courtesy."

"You don't have to be so polite next time. I bought a lot of food today, we were just waiting for you to eat. Your Uncle Wang and Grandfather Wang are inside, today the three of you can have a good chat," said Mother Wang.

When she said this, the man was stunned...

Oh my god!

Grandfather Wang is also here? Brother Ling's grandfather... am I going to meet the BOSS today?!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was thoroughly alarmed.

Chapter 103: Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal Is Shocked Once Again

After Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal arrived at the Wang family home, he obediently sat on the sofa in the living room at Father Wang's invitation and didn't dare move after that.

At this moment, he was feeling a little nervous in his heart... if Father and Mother Wang were seniors who were living fossils tens of thousands of years old, then Grandfather Wang, who had suddenly appeared... had to be a hidden BOSS great senior at the level of a creator god!

"Dad, let me introduce you to someone. This is Little Lei, Ling Ling's friend." Father Wang pulled the old man over and introduced the man in white sitting ramrod straight on the sofa.

"Oh, so it's Ling Ling's friend!" The old man nodded.

Although the old man suffered dementia, his level of intelligence was still relatively normal whenever he was lucid. He had served as a chef for many years and had also cooked for many powerful cultivators, and so had seen many different types of people. Judging from the man's attire, the old man could basically guess that this person was from the cultivation field, and furthermore, possessed genuine strength.

Considering that the other party was a cultivator, the old man felt that he had to be cautious when speaking, and was thinking about how to phrase his words when the man in white in front of him shot up to stand and shake his hand with unusual fervor. "Hello, senior, this humble one is Lei Mouren, 'lei' as in tianlei, 'mou' as in mouhua, 'ren' as in yigeren 1. My Taoist name is Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. I'm very happy to meet you, senior!"

Erm... why is he calling me senior?

When the old man heard the man call him "senior," he was bewildered at first, but was quick to respond.

Maybe this was the normal etiquette in the cultivation field...

The old man didn't bother to think so much; he hurriedly waved his hand for the man to sit down, and opened with small talk. "Where do you work, Little Lei?"

It was just an ordinary question, but it caused Student Lei Mouren to become lost in deep thought.

If he said out right that he was an owner of some online discussion forum, that would be a little demeaning! Furthermore, it would be a very bad start in building a relationship with this great senior!

Because in the eyes of most people, an owner of a gossip forum was like the water armies on the Internet, and wasn't decent work.

Hence, after thinking for a moment, Student Lei Mouren answered, "I'm the owner of a website which often receives requests from the public, and I help them with some cultivation tasks. Senior can consider it... a public service."

"That's very good."

The old man nodded repeatedly as he praised the other man. "There really aren't many children nowadays who think of the people. Doing good is indeed not easy, but as long as you follow your principle, you will definitely succeed..."

"Senior, please advise me..."

"This saying is 'from the masses, to the masses'... have you heard of it?"

"..." Lei Mouren felt that there was something off with this saying for some reason, but still heaved a secret sigh of relief.

It looked like he had already passed the first hurdle!

Loopy Toad lolled lazily on the floor next to them and already couldn't even be bothered to mock this current scene... what the heck is with this three-man joint hearing and matchmaking session?! Your damn reason for coming is to look for Wang Ling, right?!

After making small talk about work, the three men in the living room chatted happily about life. Mother Wang put on her apron, looked at the three people and smiled. "Ling Ling just sent me a message to say that Teacher Pan is keeping him back to go over his test paper. He'll probably be home a little late."

"That's fine, there's a lot to cook for tonight. By the time Ling Ling gets home, we'll be about ready to have dinner."

The old man also stood up and strode toward the kitchen.

"It wasn't easy for Little Lei to come here today, and he even brought fairy wine. Dad, you have to demonstrate your skills this time," said Father Wang.

"Of course." The old man waved his hand, took the white gown off the clothes stand and put it on. The word "SPECIAL" glittered on the right sleeve of the gown, giving the old man the air of a master.

Lei Mouren was stunned, but only after the old man had gone into the kitchen did he ask Father Wang in a low voice, "Senior Wang, do you mind if I ask, Great Senior Wang... what did he use to do?"

"Chef."

Father Wang's answer was light.

"Chef?!" This answer immediately shocked Lei Mouren.

A great senior who was an even older living fossil than this living fossil and had been a chef before... combining all these traits together, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal almost instantly thought of one person... the legendary Magic Chef of Fire and Ice 2 !

Oh my god! What a powerful legendary grandmaster!

Looking at the busy figure of the old man in the kitchen, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was shocked once again...

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An hour later, dinner was ready. The table in the Wang family home was covered with all kinds of home-cooked dishes, a dazzling line-up that gave off warm aromas to please the senses.

Mother Wang removed her apron, gave the pendulum clock a look and frowned. "It looks like it will be some time still before Ling Ling gets home. How about Little Lei you start first?"

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the table of dishes and thought about how they had been personally cooked by someone who was probably the legendary grandmaster Magic Chef of Fire and Ice, he completely didn't dare eat them... he also tried his best to think about the story behind each dish.

For example, what profound thought had gone into the red braised pork... what was the meaning behind the stir-fried spinach... and what on earth could he say about the pangolin?

For a moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that the things he should be thinking about had increased...

There weren't too many rules for eating in the Wang family home, and they were usually relatively casual.

"Make yourself at home, Little Lei. Just like in your own home, eat a little more." The old man saw that Student Lei Mouren seemed reluctant to start, so promptly put a broccoli into the other man's bowl.

Lei Mouren was flattered, and shot to his feet. "Thank you, great senior!"

"..."

Next to them, Father and Mother Wang were startled. They felt that since the last time they had seen Little Lei, which was quite a while ago, he seemed to bluster a lot more now and would suddenly become flustered for no reason. Who knew what it was that had triggered this behavior?

The couple stared at Student Lei Mouren as he sat down. He then held the bowl in both hands and gazed thoughtfully at this jade-like broccoli as if he was looking at an exquisite antique.

A... broccoli?

Why did great senior give me a broccoli? What in the world is the profound meaning behind it?

Student Lei Mouren cupped his chin as he pondered.

"Little Lei, why aren't you eating? Is it not to your taste?" Seeing this, Old Man Wang promptly ladled a bowl of soup for him. "Sour things can stimulate your appetite, come, taste my tomato egg drop soup."

A bowl of... tomato egg drop soup?

Why did great senior serve me a bowl of tomato egg drop soup? What in the world is the profound meaning behind it?

At this moment, Student Lei Mouren was very troubled and remained puzzled no matter how much he thought about it.

He couldn't help but sigh.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought that he had accomplished much in his wanderings all over the cultivator world all these years as he had cracked countless cultivation mysteries. At this very moment, however, he was deeply aware that his powers of understanding, which had been obtained through hard work and cultivation, amounted to nothing... he couldn't even decipher this little hint which this great senior had given him; it seemed that he hadn't cultivated enough at all!

Looking at the broccoli and tomato egg drop soup, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing...

Loopy Toad: You idiot! Can't you have dinner quietly?!

Chapter 104: I Think It Can Still Be Salvaged...

Half an hour later, Mother Wang had cleared away the dishes on the table and only put a few of the ones that Wang Ling liked into a lunchbox in the kitchen. After the old man and Father Wang

chatted with Student Lei Mouren for a short while longer, both of them went upstairs. Father Wang had to rush his manuscript, while the old man couldn't help feeling sleepy given his advanced age and especially after eating, which was when one always felt lazy.

Since retiring, Old Man Wang had had little opportunity to meet any cultivators. He had always been very curious about this group of people; he had often heard people say that there were times when cultivators often just needed a little luck in order to achieve enlightenment and there were times when it just took a bit of creative inspiration to achieve a promotion in realms... but Old Man Wang had never imagined that the broccoli and tomato egg drop soup which he had cooked could actually have the same effect!

Before he left, Old Man Wang patted Student Lei Mouren on the shoulder three times when he saw the bemused expression on the other man's face. He had seen this before. When he had been a head chef previously, he had heard a lot of cultivation stories, and a number of them had been about cultivators who, in the course of trying to achieve enlightenment, became possessed by the devil in a moment of inattention, and ended up losing their realms...

He gave Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal three pats on the shoulder as a reminder to Student Lei Mouren to not think too much, in case he experienced an inner deviation...

However, Lei Mouren suddenly stood ramrod straight again, as if he had been electrocuted. "Thank you for your advice, great senior! This junior will definitely come to you for direction at sangeng !"

Old Man Wang: "..."

Loopy Toad: "... What f\*\*king direction! He's not Master Puti 1 !

When Wang Ling arrived home, he saw a man in white with his arms crossed and head lowered, staring solemnly at a broccoli and a bowl of completely cold tomato egg drop soup.

Loopy Toad told Wang Ling that the man had already been in this position for a whole hour...

Both Father Wang and the old man were already upstairs, leaving Mother Wang to accompany Lei Mouren. The latter had stared at the broccoli and tomato egg drop soup the whole time and hadn't said a word, which had discomfited her greatly.

Seeing that Wang Ling had finally returned, Mother Wang looked like someone grasping at a straw to be saved. "Ling Ling, do you think Little Lei might have depression?"

He gazed at the man for a while in silence. "..."

This... was clearly an epileptic fit!

Then, without saying a word, he pulled on Student Lei Mouren's collar and straightaway dragged the man upstairs.

When Mother Wang saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal being dragged upstairs, she was secretly relieved in her heart and began to clear the leftovers from the table.

As Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was being dragged up the stairs by Wang Ling, he watched helplessly as Mother Wang poured the tomato egg drop soup down the sink and immediately screamed, "No! My tomato egg drop soup! What a miserable death!

"Brother Ling! I think my tomato egg drop soup can still be salvaged... as long as you leave with me now, we can intercept it at the sewage plant before it flows into the Frozen Sea!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"Okay, Brother Ling... I know I'm exaggerating a bit. But at the very least, please leave me the broccoli that great senior picked for me... I want to make it into a collector's item!"

Wang Ling: "..."

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Although Wang Ling hadn't seen Grenade-throwing Senior Immortal in a long time, he felt that the man's niaoxing 2 really hadn't changed. To describe it in one phrase, he seemed more mentally unhinged.

In his bedroom, Wang Ling took out a square sandalwood box from under his bed. He usually used this box to store the previous versions of the Dao talisman seals. Including the one that had just been replaced, there were five in total.

While the strength of the talismans had decreased too much to be of use to Wang Ling, they were otherwise still effective. He had placed the stone ghost mask together with these Dao talismans so that the strength of the mask's curse would be restrained to some extent.

"Is this the stone ghost mask?" When Wang Ling took the mask out of the box, the man in white next to him was surprised.

The rumored stone ghost mask was older than he had thought; it had mysterious colored eyes, cold and sinister hooks, and the mild discoloration that showed how old it was... if the man in white hadn't seen it with his own eyes, he really wouldn't have been able to see so many details, not by relying on just several pictures of the object on the Internet.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stared at the mask for quite a long while, then suddenly realized a terrible problem and turned to Wang Ling abruptly. "Brother Ling, did you put it on?"

Wang Ling nodded his head and then conveyed that he hadn't felt very much of anything after putting on the mask, so then he had taken it off.

"...Brother Ling, are you saying that you took it off?!"

Something occurred to the man in white, and he drew in a sharp breath. "Taking this stone ghost mask and the results of my investigation over the last few years into account, I can basically confirm that this mask is genuine. But I just realized something; I thought that the hooks on both sides of the stone ghost mask were a bit crooked... at first I thought that it was a fake or it was a defect in the workmanship, but judging from what Brother Ling has said..."

What are you talking about?

Wang Ling was a little puzzled as he looked at the man.

"Simply put, when Brother Ling tried wearing the stone ghost mask previously, it actually was already going to possess your body. Furthermore, from written accounts, the way it possesses someone is by piercing the face with its hooks..."

"..."

"But it's very obvious that this stone ghost mask failed to do so..."

"..."

Speaking up to this point, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing. "The thickness of Brother Ling's skin... this humble person is really too inferior!"

"..." Motherf\*\*ker!

"In any case, it will be very troublesome for Brother Ling if this stone ghost mask remains with you. What about giving it to me? Brother, I will definitely deal with this mask properly," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal pledged as he thumped his chest.

Hearing the man's words, Wang Ling was lost in deep thought for a short while. Compared with the scheming, unsavory organization that was Landscape Manor, Wang Ling certainly would rather believe this brother whose immortal fate was aligned with his at a rate as high as seventy percent. But nowadays, everything was a trade... Wang Ling felt that he also couldn't afford to suffer a loss here.

After a short silence, the man in white received Wang Ling's telepathic message and was surprised. "What? Attend a meeting? Brother Ling, are you saying that you'll give me the mask as long as I attend a meeting for you?"

Wang Ling nodded solemnly.

"Brother Ling, that's very kind of you... that is such a trivial thing, you don't even need to use the stone ghost mask as a condition. As long as you say so, I will definitely come! But then again... you haven't mentioned, what is this meeting about?"

Wang Ling smiled slightly, and then put a notification about the parent-teacher conference at No. 60 High School into the man's hand.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

## Chapter 105: A Wronged Child over Two Thousand Years Old

The people who had previously taken part in the parent-teacher conference for Wang Ling were Grandfather Wang, Lie Mengmeng and fan readers of Father Wang who had volunteered to attend for the sake of novel updates... once Wang Ling had started junior high school, however, Father Wang had no longer bothered with the parent-teacher conference and had left it to him to sort it out.

After he had heard the news about the parent-teacher conference, Wang Ling had already been thinking about who he could get to attend it.

It had just so happened that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had come to the door himself.

Staring at the parent-teacher conference notice, the man in white was lost in deep thought.

As the owner of both the cultivation forum and the old cultivation forum friends chat group, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been invited to a lot of meetings over the years, many of which had been banquets.

By May of this year, for example, he had already attended the Love Charity Fireworks Conference organized by the Xiao Family Compound in support of children in poor mountainous areas who couldn't afford to buy their own immortal swords; he had attended his cousin Grenade-Throwing Goddess's 1 birthday banquet, where he had been forced to perform his unique One Hundred Percent Catching Sharp Knives Barehanded skill; and he had participated in the Tai Chi Wrestling Appreciation Society meet as a Tai Chi Sect representative.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought that he was a man who had already experienced much, had nothing to fear and had seen many things.

However, his hands couldn't help shaking as he looked at the parent-teacher conference notice which Wang Ling had given to him.

He was very depressed!

I'm still young! An eligible bachelor! Why do I have to go to a parent-teacher conference?!

Wang Ling patted Classmate Lei Mouren on the shoulder; he looked at this wronged child who was over two thousand years old and smiled sympathetically in anticipation of the arduous task ahead...

...

As he was about to depart, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stood at the entrance of the Wang family's small villa, his gaze solemn. The night wind brushed through his beautiful hair and rustled his white clothes. He was about to bid farewell to this place, the holy land of his heart. The sadness he was feeling at this moment was similar to when he had watched the national flag being lowered on the school sports field after school as a child.

"Little Lei, feel free to come by anytime," Mother Wang called from the door as she waved, interrupting the man's thoughts.

"Senior, thank you for your hospitality!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal bowed deeply.

"Please do excuse us. Ling Ling's grandfather is resting and his father is still typing, otherwise, we could have taken you part of the way to the station."

"This junior wouldn't dare disturb Great Senior Wang's rest, nor when Senior Wang is busy. It's alright, I'm fine with anything."

"In here are Ling Ling's mask and the broccoli from earlier. Ling Ling's already put the mask in the mold, and I've wrapped up the broccoli for you." A bag in one hand, Mother Wang smiled.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took the bag with both hands. "Thank you, senior, you're too kind."

"Take care, Little Lei. Be careful on your way home."

"Mm, then I won't bother senior any longer. Brother Ling and I are brothers-in-arms; I've been looking for this mask for a very long time, and he has been generous enough to give it to me. I'll

definitely come again another day to express my thanks!" After saying this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal bowed to Mother Wang once again and waited until the front door of the Wang family's small villa was shut. Then, bag in one hand, he slowly disappeared into the darkness of the desolated lane.

...

Standing at his bedroom window, Wang Ling watched Classmate Lei Mouren leave.

He had been intimately familiar with the atmosphere around the Wang family's small villa since birth.

He could immediately pick up on the slightest abnormality in the air.

Landscape Manor had been keeping a close eye on the Wang family's small villa since the day Wang Ling had found the stone ghost mask online. This group of people thought they were being covert, but it was utterly impossible for them to escape his senses.

He had purposely gotten Mother Wang to give the stone ghost mask away at the door of the villa in plain sight — it had felt like getting rid of a ticking time bomb.

The eyes and the auras that had been monitoring the Wang family's small villa were quick to react as they instantly switched surveillance targets.

The small road in front of the Wang family's small villa was called East Huang Road. Except for the bus that took this route to the bus stop closest to the Wang family's small villa and large trucks that sometimes delivered resources to neighboring towns, only a few cars and passerbys used this road.

Walking alone on East Huang Road, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't left the Wang family's small villa very far behind when he clearly sensed hostile auras following him.

This feeling was too familiar...

He was someone who had run into plenty life-and-death situations, and was highly experienced in hunting or being the hunted.

"This bunch of people really did react the way Brother Ling had expected!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing in his heart.

Earlier in the Wang family's small villa, Wang Ling had told him about the group of people from Landscape Manor.

He had heard how Landscape Manor had visited the Wang family several times in the last few days in a bid to purchase the stone ghost mask at a very high price.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was by no means a fool, and naturally had guessed what Landscape Manor's objective was. Most of the people who were interested in this stone ghost mask were unscrupulous schemers who craved the power it was rumored to contain.

This type of evil object hence could never ever be passed around so casually.

Now that he had received the stone ghost mask from Wang Ling, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal planned to find someone to investigate the mask's maker. There were very few craftsmen in the world with the skills to forge objects out of primordial black crystal. After all, this was the hardest metal in the universe! As long as he could find this craftsman, he should be able to obtain some clues about a possible other stone ghost mask.

But before that...

He had to get rid of the rats behind him first.

This white-clothed figure wandering around on East Huang Road in the middle of the night slowed to a stop.

At the same time, the man in white could clearly sense the three auras following him also come to a surprised halt.

Hidden behind the curtain of the night, the three auras were clearly using concealment Dao talismans; if you turned to take a look, there would be no trace of a person at all, only a faint haze.

One of the three men in this haze had an older and more mature look, and was indeed the director that had been sent by Landscape Manor. He was flanked by his two subordinates, one tall and one short — they were the two men in suits who had gone to the Wang family's small villa yesterday to negotiate.

They had been watching the man in white in front of them closely, when he suddenly stopped walking and then turned his head slightly. His eyes were nothing special, but like a sharp blade they pierced straight through the faint haze to fix on the three men hidden in the dark.

At that moment, the three men held their breaths and completely didn't dare move.

"How... how is that possible?!" The director was sweating bullets.

The concealment Dao talismans had been made by the Lord himself; only cultivators with Soul Formation realms or higher would be able to sense them!

Who on earth was this man in white?!

Chapter 106: Camera Knockoffs Are Really Awesome!

In the handful of seconds when the eyes of the long-haired man in white penetrated the faint haze, the three individuals were unexpectedly drawn into an illusion of slow-moving time.

Time seemed to slow down, and a few short seconds felt like a few hours. The sense of supreme spiritual oppression which emanated from that gaze was like a sawtooth slicing away at a person's soul and awareness inch by inch.

Their clothes were completely soaked in sweat and they looked like drowned rats.

When the director and his tall and short subordinates from Landscape Manor roused from their confusion, they were stunned to find that the man in white had disappeared.

"Director Song..."

The two subordinates called his name several times before this older and more mature-looking man came back to his senses.

Where was the man?

Gone...

Where did he go?

No idea at all...

Everything had happened in just an instant.

That man was a Soul Formation cultivator!

At that very moment, the director's heart filled with horror.

With a somber expression, he wiped at the excessive sweat on his face, like a wiper clearing a windscreen of rain.

Soul Formation cultivators were capable of glimpsing and applying the laws of heaven and earth. In the face of such a person, especially if there was a disparity in strength, the ability to hide your aura was of little use... in the face of absolute power and under absolute oppression, even your perception of time would become distorted.

"No wonder you couldn't deal with this family. From the very beginning, we underestimated their strength..."

Director Song clenched his fists and turned around to look in the direction of the Wang family's small villa with a deep, bitter gaze — this family was absolutely not simple!

But now was not the time to bother with these things.

This family had sent the mask off so blatantly it was obvious that they didn't want to wade into these waters. Therefore, their priority now was to investigate the identity of the man in white and grab the stone ghost mask off him before he did anything else.

As Director Song cupped his chin and carefully considered the situation, the two subordinates next to him suddenly asked, "...What do we do now, Lord Director?"

"This senior in white used spiritual pressure to intimidate us; it was clear he wasn't looking to engage us in a fight. Given his abilities, I'm afraid he's already far away by now. But what should be checked has to be checked..." Saying this, Director Song took off his gold-rimmed glasses and pressed an inconspicuous button on the side of the frame.

In a flash, light shot out from the glasses lens, then an image was projected directly into the air...

"This is...!" The two subordinates were astonished.

It was a video recording of the man in white as he left the Wang family's small villa and walked down the road. When the video reached the moment when the man had turned his head, it was cut off.

"In serving the Lord, I need to consider everything." Director Song smiled slightly.

Although the video had been cut off due to the man in white's overwhelming spiritual pressure, the recording had still gotten a clear image of his appearance.

Turning off the video, Director Song carefully folded the glasses, then nodded with satisfaction.

"This object is not bad, it was able to withstand very strong pressure. When I write a report for the Lord later, I'll apply for popularization of these glasses."

"Director Song, is this pair of glasses... the legendary portable projector camera glasses?"

This was the latest advanced technology developed by the Yidali Research Bureau for Unique Artifacts!

"Of course not... how could I possibly afford the expensive version put out by the Yidali Research Bureau for Unique Artifacts on my salary? It's time you learned the team philosophy. First of all, 'cheap quality for a good price,' got it?"

Director Song stroked his glasses. "This is the waterproof portable projector camera glasses knockoff specially used by the paparazzi... camera knockoffs are really awesome!"

"..."

"Now, we just need to use the recording to find this man. But before that, there's another important thing." Director Song's expression suddenly turned a little unsightly.

"Director, at your command..."

"You still have the long johns you bought from the family yesterday, right? Let me borrow them..."

"..."

...

It took half an hour after leaving the Wang family's small villa and ditching the people from Landscape Manor for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to arrive home.

While it was a fairly long distance, it was still doable since he had a flying sword licence.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal lived in Wenxian Garden, an upscale villa estate populated by rich and respectable residents. Of course, he himself wasn't a wealthy person. He had been gifted this Wenxian Garden villa after chivalrously helping out a real estate tycoon called Lin Sicong — Wenxian Garden itself was also owned by this tycoon.

While he had accepted the villa, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had also renovated it. The chief of security at Wenxian Garden would never ever forget when this premier luxurious villa had changed hands, and how Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had driven an excavator himself to flatten the garden at the back for further building expansion. He had even sold off all the high-grade furniture in the villa.

If it wasn't because this villa had been a gift and so it wouldn't have been nice to sell it off just like that, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that there was no way he would ever in his life spend so much money to buy such a flashy villa to live in.

Student Lei Mouren felt that he was quite similar to Wang Ling in this aspect — they were not only fond of keeping to themselves, but also of keeping low profiles. He wasn't a hedonistic person. Since he hadn't had the slightest bit of use for all that showy furniture, it was just as well that he sold them off for some money.

Nowadays, the oil for maintaining his immortal sword was ridiculously expensive, plus he also needed funds to keep the cultivation forum running. As a website "boss," he felt that he was under a lot of pressure.

When he got home, he immediately made a call; the signal was straightaway transmitted over the mountains and the sea to an underground laboratory on the border of Huaxiu nation...

"Hello, Little Black? Yes, it's me, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal..."

It had already been almost a week since Little Black's lab had been destroyed, and the basic equipment at least was pretty much up and running.

After listening to Little Black complain about his bitter efforts to restore the lab, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. "Mm, I know you're busy, but repairs to the cannon can wait. I went to meet one of my brothers today; he promised he would help me look for the guy who destroyed the lab, and then we'll go beat him up together... but before that, I want you to help me investigate an organization. Have you heard of Landscape Manor?"

## Chapter 107: Loopy Toad's Human Observation Diary

It was May 21st on Thursday in the fourth week of the semester. Wang Ling left for school as usual in the morning.

In the bedroom, Loopy Toad drowsily opened his eyes and took out his little diary from under Wang Ling's bed.

Loopy Toad learned quickly; in just three days, it had gone from drawing to reading to learning how to write. It didn't think this language was hard to learn and it was also far more talented than many of the demon kings at the same cultivation level. In contrast, the written script of the demon race's dark scriptures was really difficult to learn — whether it was character strokes or structure, it was far harder than human writing.

Before the demon rampage six years ago, the Gate Between Worlds had already descended upon earth a total of forty-eight times. Loopy Toad had been the forty-ninth demon king from the demon world to emerge from the Gate Between Worlds to wreak destruction on the human world.

It had also been the first demon king to be reduced to its primordial spirit with just one punch as soon as it had descended to earth and before it could cause much damage... it had been the first demon king to be abandoned by the demon kings of the demon world, its primordial spirit imprisoned in the human world... it had been the first demon king to break off a sliver of its primordial spirit with extreme difficulty, but then had been caught and forcibly merged with another spirit into the body of a dog.

Loopy Toad already had no words left to describe how miserable its life was. It had rebelled against staying in the human world at first, but as time went on, it had started to adapt to life here... it even felt that the human cultivators studying at No. 60 High School who were only at the Foundation Establishment stage were actually pretty cute.

So once it had learned to write human words, it decided to record what it had seen and learned in the human world in the form of a diary. If it had a chance to return to the demon world in the future, this diary would serve as a remembrance of its time on earth — and who knew, maybe this diary could one day help eliminate the years of misunderstanding between the demon world and the human world...

Title: After Becoming a Dog, Demon King Sky-Swallowing Toad's First Human Observation Diary Entry

Date: May 21st

Weather: Sunny

Mood: Complex

Current Wish: At the moment, I hope that if I cultivate hard enough, I'll be able to take on a human form. But if I do... I hope I'll have an oval face.

The following is the text of this diary entry...

Breakfast this morning was still the New Orleans fly-flavored dog food. After friendly negotiation with Little Master Wang (Wang Ling) last night, he finally decided to help me ask Dopey Guo for a spicy fly-flavored version. Since coming to the human world, I haven't had spicy food in a very long time. Unexpectedly, I feel a little moved just at the thought that I'll be able to eat spicy food soon...

After a preliminary observation of the human world, my opinion is as follows.

First: Except for a very few evildoers, most humans are normal cultivators and many are ordinary. Furthermore, they are very much in favor of peace. Unlike what the rumors say, they are no real threat to the demon race.

Second: Back then, there was a rumor that a human cultivation grandmaster called Hou Yi had shot dead the demon king Jinwu [1. Hou Yi was an archer in Chinese mythology. When ten suns rose and threatened to burn the world, he shot down nine of them. In olden Chinese, Jinwu translates to "sun."], which had enraged the whole demon race... but in fact, this is only a myth in the human world and this person Hou Yi doesn't exist...

Third: There is a legend among the demon race about seven calabash knights storming the Gate Between Worlds and capturing the Demon Scorpion and Demon Snake 1 . In the human world, this is only a cartoon and doesn't exist in reality at all...

Conclusion: Because of people with malicious intentions who employ water armies as a misdirection strategy, the demon race has harbored a deep misunderstanding of the human world all these years... should all the tribal elders be able to access this diary, my hope is that you will ponder and reflect deeply on this, and then catch the keyboard demon hiding in our midst to prevent it from souring our relationship with humans even further.

...

It made sense that Loopy Toad's first diary entry would be the longest one since it covered the insights and experiences it had gained from the last six years in the human world.

It had always felt that there was a really big misunderstanding between the human race and the demon race. If they had sat down and talked about it back then, the relationship between the two races wouldn't be so strained now.

Of course, after years of conflict between the two worlds, it didn't expect to become an envoy for peace by depending on its diary alone. And while most people did favor peace, there were extremists, whether human or demon, that would act in the name of so-called righteousness for their own clans.

If the demon race wanted to get along well with the human race, Loopy Toad felt it was important that they dealt with these extremists first.

After completing this long first entry, it closed the diary and slipped it back under the bed.

Although it had always harbored a grudge against the demon race for leaving it behind, in the end, it still missed its homeland.

Maybe back then, they had had no other choice but to leave it behind...

Loopy Toad looked at the bright sun through Wang Ling's bedroom skylight. In the demon world, the sun was purplish-black in color. Gazing at the sun in the sky, Loopy Toad suddenly thought of its brother Little Chicken.

Little Chicken was the chicken king in the circle of demon kings, and had been given the nickname The First Chicken.

In those days, they would cultivate together through the night, and when the morning arrived, Little Chicken would always give a loud and clear roar.

If the Gate Between Worlds hadn't closed so soon, Little Chicken would definitely have rushed out to save it.

I wonder how The First Chicken is doing now...

Loopy Toad lay prone on the floor and flicked its green tail as it wondered in its heart.

...

Just as Loopy Toad finished writing in its observation diary, elsewhere, Director Song of Landscape Manor received an investigation report.

His two subordinates had delivered the information to him as soon as he had arrived at Landscape Manor's foreign languages research office early that morning. "Director Song, here are the results..."

"So fast?" He was a little surprised.

"We had a fairly clear image of his face and he didn't use a transfiguration skill to hide his identity at all... after our technicians hacked the cultivation police station's database, they found a match very quickly," replied the tall man in a suit.

"It seems that this man has a lot of self-confidence." Director Song raised an eyebrow.

The short man in a suit started to sweat. "Director, maybe you should take a look at this person's profile first... this is a well-known menace."

A well-known... menace?

Just listening to this description, Director Song's heart immediately sank and he had a bad feeling.

When he flipped through the investigation results and saw the man's Taoist name, his head felt like it was about to explode.

...F\*\*k! Why was it that person?!

The old director couldn't help rubbing his temples; if the other party had just been at the general the Soul Formation stage, it would still have been fine... but this was not an ordinary person!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, the owner of the cultivation forum... the most well-known menace in the cultivation world nowadays and a prime example of someone who took pride in courting death. The legendary Great Death Courting Senior! The famous troublemaker!

## Chapter 108: The Wang Ling Aid Project

These two days, Odd Zhuo had been busy focusing on a government charity fund aid program for poor students in urban areas. The charity fund was a joint venture between many large enterprises, Huaguo Water Curtain Group being one of them. It just so happened that this fund aid project was being trialed in Peiyuan district. So when Odd Zhuo saw that Wang Ling's name was actually on the aid list, he had been completely stunned.

Wang Ling's name had been included on the list at Headmaster Chen's personal endorsement after Teacher Pan had applied to Director Xie on Wang Ling's behalf. After all, the whole school knew how "terrible" his family situation was. In an era when house prices weren't that expensive, they couldn't afford to live in the school district zone in the city. Every day, Wang Ling had to get up early for a two-hour spirit bus ride to school. Moreover, he hadn't been able to bring a decent spirit sword along with him to the spirit sword exchange meet.

To use Teacher Pan's six-word summary from the report on poor students which she had submitted previously: so miserable, so woeful, so sorrowful 1 ...

Odd Zhuo had always harbored deep feelings for Wang Ling this little shifu, so of course he would pay particular attention to this matter. If shifu was in trouble, there was no way that he as shifu's disciple would ignore it.

The government had allocated quite a substantial amount of charity funds this time, but there was a limit nonetheless and massive numbers of students had applied for it. Odd Zhuo's current task was to remove from the list students from middle class families who saw themselves as very poor and to strike off those from rich families who had deliberately applied for fun.

It had taken Odd Zhuo two whole days to whittle down the number of student applications in Peiyuan district from three million to three thousand.

One of the biggest fakers was Lin Xiaocong! This was a famous rich second generation known throughout the country. He talked big and was a bit overbearing. Unfortunately, no one could do

anything about it because his father was Lin Sicong. "My father is Sicong" was this rich second generation's standard pet phrase.

Odd Zhuo felt that he was a honest and upright official who had never accepted any gifts or money — he would always send back any anonymous express deliveries he received at his staff apartment. This time though, Odd Zhuo really had to harden his resolve to break his own principles... shifu 's business was his business. There were three thousand applicants in total, and the chances of a successful application were very slim.

Hence, after careful consideration, Odd Zhuo decided to help Wang Ling get in through the back door.

If I can help shifu secure a position, wouldn't this be a step forward in my relationship with him?

As he was thinking this, he had already made a call to the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools' Secretary Office.

He didn't have to wait long before the call was picked up and the old leader's voice immediately came on. "Hello, is that Little Zhuo?"

"Yes, it's me, Secretary Sun."

On the other end of the call, Secretary Sun frowned. "You were just appointed as Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools. Didn't I tell the HR department to let you take a short break? Why are you still working?"

"I've been busy with the charity fund trial program these two days, so I haven't been able to take leave. I'll rest when I'm done," Odd Zhuo answered honestly.

"Mm, the children always come first. Little Zhuo, I was right about you!"

The old Secretary nodded with satisfaction. "So, why have you called me this time?"

There was a saying, "one never goes to the temple without reason." As someone who had been immersed in politics for a very long time, Secretary Sun was very familiar with the ins and outs of the business; he would usually directly reject this type of phone call. But this was Odd Zhuo, so

Secretary Sun would naturally treat it differently. This was the excellent leader who had been ranked first in the general poll. If he was calling to ask for help, there was a high chance that he had run into some trouble.

"It's like this, Secretary Sun, it's about the charity fund. I want to help one student in particular..." said Odd Zhuo.

"Which student is that?" Secretary Sun frowned. Why did this somehow sound like an imperial declaration?

"Does Secretary Sun remember the student who used the wooden sword at the spirit sword exchange meet between No. 59 High School and No. 60 High School?"

The old Secretary was nonplussed for a moment, then patted his head. "Oh! So it's him! I remember hearing all of you say that this student's family situation isn't very good, that they couldn't even afford a house in a school zone in the city."

"Yes! That's right, that's him! I'm glad Secretary Sun still remembers him!"

"Of course I do. I remember that this student was very special and had a different air about him. Just think, with so many people watching at the spirit sword exchange meet, he hadn't cared at all that he had gone on stage with a wooden sword."

"Then, old Secretary, what do you think of this Student Wang Ling?"

Secretary Sun thought for a moment before he spoke. "He gives me the feeling... of integrity born out of poverty!"

Odd Zhuo: "..."

"I understand your concerns, but you are now the Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools, so you have the final say on matters in Songhai city. You don't have to report to me; you have full authority to handle this matter as you see best. However poor we are, we cannot be poor in education — for such a righteous student, we should be even more diligent in nurturing him so that he will certainly become a pillar of the state in the future!"

"Mm, very well... thank you for your understanding, Secretary Sun."

After giving his report, Odd Zhuo hung up the phone and heaved a long sigh.

Next, it was time for him to go all out!

...

In the Headmaster's Office at No. 60 High School, Headmaster Chen and Director Shi stared at the same report, their eyes going over it from top to bottom.

The report had just been sent over from the office of the General Administration of 100 Schools, and it listed the names of all the students in the city who could apply for aid.

"The ten student applications which our No. 60 High School submitted were all approved!" Director Xie was pleasantly surprised.

"It seems that Student Odd Zhuo still has very deep feelings for our No. 60 High School." Headmaster Chen pointed to a name. "Look, of the ten names, there's even one with an asterisk for priority aid."

Priority?

Director Shi hadn't noticed it previously, but at the headmaster's words, she looked at the list again and then saw a very small asterisk next to one of the students' names. "...Wang Ling?"

She read the name aloud, then both of them nodded as they remembered this student.

His overall performance in the spirit sword exchange meet had been fairly ordinary, but the peach wood spirit sword which he had used had sparked a group discussion.

After the spirit sword exchange meet, this student's class teacher, Teacher Pan, had been looking for an opportunity to apply for aid on his behalf.

Headmaster Chen smiled slightly. "It seems that Teacher Pan's wish has been granted. This will truly be of immense help to this Student Wang Ling!"

"A priority aid beneficiary can apply for quite a number of provisions. I wonder what sort of supplies Student Wang Ling has requested. As long as it's reasonable, it should be within the range of the aid program," said Director Shi.

"With regard to this, Teacher Pan has already asked Student Wang Ling about what he needs. Apart from the basic special aid package, he also asked for something else..."

After Teacher Pan had received the news that the aid application had been approved, she had already asked Wang Ling early on about his aid requests, and the list of special requirements had been set to the Headmaster's Office.

In the basic special aid package, apart from basic provisions such as the exercise pack for "Three Years of College Exams and Five Years of Simulations" 2 ... both Headmaster Chen and Director Shi ended up staring at the requested fifty boxes of crispy noodle snacks at the bottom of the list, lost in deep thought...

## Chapter 109: Lin Xiaocong's Fish-Slaying Sword

Early in the morning on Friday May 22nd, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was still watching guichu videos 1 on some bullet screen 2 website.

He felt that identifying the number of times an image jerked in a guichu video with the naked eye was a very effective cultivation method. Not only did his eyes get a workout, his concentration was also put to the test.

The most frenzied guichu video on the Internet right now could jerk more than sixty times in a second, and he could catch all of them unerringly.

While he was cultivating very attentively, he received an untimely call. When he saw that the caller ID was listed as "Unknown Area," however, he knew that it had to be Little Black.

"Hello, Brother Little Black? Have you found any clues?"

Indeed, it was Little Black on the other end of the line. "Mm, I basically found all the inside information on Landscape Manor..."

It had to be said that Little Black was a pretty amazing guy. While the lab was still in the process of being restored, he could still produce results just by using the basic equipment. This was why he was so awesome. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't doubt that he could even make the whole earth rise up with just a computer!

But as he listened to Little Black's explanation, his brow grew more and more furrowed until they twisted into a knot. "You mean... this Landscape Manor is actually just a subsidiary company? The real magnate behind it is Mo Immortal Castle, that famous one-to-one education institution in the field?"

He had never imagined that Landscape Manor would be associated with Mo Immortal Castle. But if this was the case, the situation was perhaps more serious than he had expected. Because once the stone ghost mask combined with a person, it would not only bestow immense power on this successor, but also a special demagogic ability. It was because of this demagogic strength that Devil Emperor Gua Pi had been able to create his tremendous melon rind empire...

If the stone ghost mask fell into the hands of this "Mo Immortal Castle," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that it was highly possible that they would make use of the mask by combining it with their education resources to control the students.

He was a little astounded. Who would have thought that there was such a colossal conspiracy at work behind the scenes.

The only good news right now was that they hadn't gotten their hands on the stone ghost mask yet... but judging from Little Black's report on the situation, it was clear that they weren't going to give up on the mask without a fight.

"What is the identity of the Lord of Mo Immortal Castle?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had a very somber expression on his face; he was starting to get a headache.

Little Black was silent for a moment before he replied, "This is the only thing I can't answer at the moment. They also have an information technology expert on their side, and it will take me a little time to do some digging without leaving a trace."

Hearing this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. Little Black always covered his tracks after he was done hacking so that it couldn't be traced back to him or to the location of the lab. If he wasn't careful and inadvertently alerted the other party, it would be bad for him.

"How many more days before you can give me the answer?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

Little Black gritted his teeth. "Twenty-four hours, twenty-four hours at most! I'll definitely find out by then, and let you know!"

"Very well, I'll have to trouble you, my Brother Black!"

With that, Little Black directly ended the call with the other man.

In the lab, he turned to take a look around.

Fifty to sixty percent of the basic equipment had now been restored, but right now Little Black was still feeling a little confused. He knew himself well, and was careful to never leave the slightest trace each time he hacked for information... so the question was, how had the guy who had destroyed his lab find this place the last time?

No matter how much he puzzled over it, Little Black just couldn't figure it out.

...

The dulcet tones of the school bell rang out on school grounds. For the students who were immersed in a tense learning atmosphere every week, they were always the most happy about Friday. Pretty much everyone felt excited knowing that the next day was the start of the weekend.

As Wang Ling entered the classroom this morning, the class was already talking about the second mock national college entrance exam.

For Senior Grade One students who had yet to truly experience the constant stress or taut nerves a student would get before an exam, the national college entrance exam was huge gossip and a perfect

topic for idle conversation. No one knew whether they would be able to perfectly demonstrate three years' worth of learning this one last time before the actual college entrance exam. No. 60 High School's Golden Core college entry rate was within the city's average, but no one knew how many students in the end would actually be able to achieve the corresponding college entry scores.

After completing the national college entrance exam, students who passed the cut-off score could choose their university based on how high they scored. Depending on their overall result, they would also receive a government-subsidized Super Panacea.

In the current cultivation education system, after the college entrance exam was over, each student had a two-year long seclusion vacation to absorb the medicinal effects of the Super Panacea. The Super Panacea was a kind of elixir that could gather a large amount of spirit energy from heaven and earth in a short period of time and help students at the late Foundation Establishment stage break through to the Golden Core stage very quickly so that in the future, they could continue their studies at Golden Core universities.

Of course, this would all come later for Wang Ling.

The reason why Grade One, Class Three was discussing the national college entrance exam this morning was that the city results of the second mock exam had been published recently. This time, No. 60 High School's Clan Leader Yu Heng was unexpectedly ranked in the top one hundred students of Peiyuan district! This had instantly become a hot topic in the school.

Dopey Guo had already been gossiping noisily since early morning after getting the news.

"I heard that Clan Leader Yu's total score in the second mock exam was just ten points off No. 60 High School's alum Senior Odd Zhuo's score back then! He almost broke Senior Zhuo's record!"

"Only ten points? If it had been the real college entrance exam, he definitely could have broken it! The college entrance exam paper is generally simpler than the second mock exam, isn't it?"

"Not necessarily." Super Chen shook his head. "As far as I know, Clan Leader Yu was very strong when it came to the written component. If he tries it one more time, I think he will do very well again in the written component. But his spirit sword mark wasn't as good... when Senior Odd Zhuo graduated from school back then, he scored almost full marks for his spirit sword..."

"But there's also a rumor that something went wrong with Clan Leader Yu's spirit sword during the exam, so he didn't perform well," Feather Lin added.

"Hm? By the way, does anyone know who's ranked number one in the second mock exam?"

"Who else could it be, it's Lin Xiaocong..."

"That famous rich second generation who's always shouting 'My dad is Sicong'?!"

"Who else could it be except for him?" Dopey Guo shrugged. "His Fish-Slaying Sword was custom-made exclusively for him by a foreign expert that his father Lin Sicong found, and it's ridiculously strong! Furthermore, it's extremely proficient at skewering seafood. I heard that if you throw this Fish-Slaying Sword into the sea, it can skewer all the mantis shrimp in it!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 110: A Student's Nightmare Is the Home Visit!

When school was over on Friday, Teacher Pan showed up once again.

Wang Ling immediately got a bad feeling.

Teacher Pan then announced that she would be making home visits to several students this weekend!

And one of the important subjects of this home visit was Wang Ling!

"Mm, the students who have received the notice about the home visit don't have to be nervous about it. This is standard school procedure." Teacher Pan smiled from the dais, then left with a pile of dictation exercise books in her arms.

She had hardly left when the whole class exploded in complete pandemonium. "F\*\*k! Home visit?! And they're all for male students!"

Dopey Guo gave Wang Ling a pat on the shoulder. "Brother, be careful this weekend, remember to wash yourself spotless..."

Feather Lin: "Why wash spotless?"

Dopey Guo sighed. "If your buttocks are spotless, whatever beatings you get after the home visit will leave conspicuous marks! You can then take photos to post on Weibo, and sue for domestic violence! Brother Wang Ling's butt is elegantly shaped — if it's embellished with a few handprints, this postmodern work would make him an Internet celebrity in no time."

Wang Ling: "..."

...

Wang Ling had already mentally prepared for Teacher Pan's home visit. He hadn't known how to respond to it at first, but now he thought that the home visit may be an opportunity for Grandfather Wang.

This kind of natural meeting was far more reliable than any sort of casual encounter he could deliberately arrange.

The most important thing was that it would take place at home. The old man didn't have to wander aimlessly alone outside, which was a huge relief to Father and Mother Wang.

When Wang Ling came back in the evening, he was surprised to find Mother Wang in the kitchen by herself for the first time in a long while. Usually, Grandfather Wang would have finished almost all of the cooking by now; Mother Wang just needed to wash the vegetables and act as an assistant. But this time round, the old man hadn't done any cooking at all.

It was very clear that there was something strange in the air in the Wang family's small villa today.

Wang Ling looked at the clock. It was already half past six in the evening.

The old man's favorite soap opera, *Two Women and a Man*, would be showing at this time. It was a Mary Sue TV series about the epic and bitter war between a mother- and a daughter-in-law.

But today, the old man hadn't turned the TV on ahead of time and waited in front of it like usual...

When Wang Ling entered the living room, he found the old man sitting calmly on the sofa and frowning slightly as he stared at something.

Father Wang was sitting next to him. When he saw that Wang Ling had returned, he straightaway explained in his mind what had happened, and Wang Ling picked up on everything through his Mind-Reading Ability.

The old man had been bored in the afternoon, and had gone to Father Wang's study. Father Wang had a habit of collecting old newspapers, and the old man had a habit of flipping through them for gourmet food recipes. If the old man came across some creative-looking recipes in the newspapers' food columns, he would copy them down himself and then fuse them with his own ideas to create new recipes.

Although he was already retired, the old man felt that he couldn't lose his love for food. Every two weeks, he would send copies of new recipes which he had invented in his free time to the restaurant he had worked for previously.

It was just that today, something had happened when he had been flipping through the old newspapers...

A few days ago, Wang Ling had drawn a picture of Teacher Pan with his Space Sketching Skill. When Father Wang had put it away, it had become wedged between the sheets of a newspaper. In the end, it had caught the old man completely off-guard.

The old man had spent the whole afternoon since then staring contemplatively at the drawing, not even drinking so much as a sip of water.

"Ling Ling, do you think your grandfather's dementia has become worse... or has it eased a little? I think that he's had too much stimulus today," Father Wang murmured in his heart a little guiltily.

Wang Ling: "..."

The old man's dementia was also a tricky problem for Wang Ling; if he used his mental powers to forcefully push his way into the old man's consciousness, there were three possible outcomes, from most likely to least likely.

First: The old man would directly explode on the spot.

Second: The old man would directly turn black.

Third: The old man's dementia would be cured...

Of course, the last outcome was the least likely one.

The other party was his own grandfather, so there was no way Wang Ling would risk experimenting on him like a lab rat.

While father and son stared helplessly at Grandfather Wang, Wang Ling heard the kitchen exhaust fan turn off. Mother Wang took her apron off with one hand as she used the other to open the kitchen door and come out.

She looked at this scene in the living room, and then at the cooked dishes back in the kitchen. In the end, she sighed, and like Father Wang, sat down next to the old man. Together, the couple and the old man stared at this drawing.

"..."

Wang Ling rubbed the skin between his eyebrows, and then slowly told Father and Mother Wang about Teacher Pan's home visit tomorrow.

The three people on the sofa suddenly looked up with thrilled faces. "Home visit?! Why didn't you say so earlier?!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Father Wang threw his arm around the old man's shoulder. "Dad, that's great, your wish will finally be fulfilled."

As if pressure on his acupuncture points had been released, the old man instantly came back to his senses and started to choke with emotion. "Little Pan... I never expected to be able to see Little Pan again!"

Grandfather Wang was so excited that he almost couldn't control himself; his eyes were very red, and they shimmered with tears that nonetheless didn't fall. It had been a long time since Wang Ling had seen him so excited; he remembered that the last time his grandfather had been unable to contain his emotions was shortly after Wang Ling's birth, when the old man had brought him to his grandmother's tomb at Qingming 1 .

The old man's excitement back then had been tinged with sorrow, but his excitement this time was akin to crying tears of joy.

Father and Mother Wang were glad in their hearts; it seemed that the old man's dementia could finally be cured!

After that, the couple spent the whole night coaching Grandfather Wang on how he should speak once he met Teacher Pan at home tomorrow.

Finally, after some discussion, the couple decided to hide in the study tomorrow and leave the old man and his grandson Wang Ling to do as they liked!

This was also to indirectly help create more space for the old man and Teacher Pan. The presence called Wang Ling would still be there, but he never spoke, after all, so he would be no different to a lightbulb 2 on the side...

...

The next day was Saturday, May 23rd. At around nine o'clock in the morning, the Wang family's doorbell rang.

When Wang Ling opened the door, an exceedingly gorgeous woman was standing in front of him; she wore a light green lace dress and had a long ponytail and fine features.

Then, a familiar voice came out of this beautiful lady's mouth. "Student Wang Ling, good morning, your home is really far... it took me a long time to find it."

Wang Ling felt like he had just been electrocuted. "... Bloody hell! Beautiful lady, who are you?! Why the hell do you sound like Teacher Pan?!"