

Daily Life 1091

Chapter 1091: Ways To Attract Attention

At lunch time, Wang Ling experienced what it was like to walk unimpeded into the canteen for the first time, as most of the boys had taken advantage of the lunch break to consult Xia Ming on relationship issues; there were thus less students in the canteen for food.

With less people to feed, the hands of the aunties who ladled out the food in the canteen were steady, and they just hoped that the students who did come for lunch would eat a little more. Otherwise, the leftovers would be collected into slop buckets and sent to the dragon pig breeders. The most horrific thing was that after the dragon pigs were grown and sold in the market, Zhai Yin would just turn them into poisonous pork chops again! It was truly a waste!

“All of you are still growing; how can you not eat?” Mother Juan asked a student why there were so few students in the canteen. Untying her apron, she went to look for Xia Ming and to drag people back to eat.

Five or six minutes later, a student who had obediently come for lunch before he was able to seek advice from Xia Ming said that Mother Juan had also fallen...

Everyone was petrified. “So Mother Juan actually still isn’t married?”

A person in the know replied, “She was... but her old man didn’t live long.”

“Because of her black cuisine?”

“I heard it wasn’t that – he was just in poor health, and didn’t live long.”

“...” Everyone was speechless.

Mother Juan looked like someone who brought her husband bad

luck

...

...

Wang Ling picked up a plate, and the old auntie who ladled out the food filled it with meat. Today's lunch was tomato with fried egg, braised meatballs in brown sauce, braised pork, stir-fried vegetables, and pork rib soup with white gourd.

Every time he saw braised meatballs in brown sauce or braised pork, Wang Ling had a habit of asking the auntie to pour some sauce on the rice to make it more delicious.

“Wang Ling, you eat so much every time, but why don't you put on weight?” Super Chen was green with envy; he was a gym freak who also liked to eat meat, but he had to control his food intake. Otherwise, he would lose the figure he had so painstakingly cultivated and get fat again without knowing it. Boys like Super Chen who cared especially about muscles usually paid attention to their body fat percentage.

So far, Super Chen's body fat percentage was at a good level of 11%.

Wang Ling picked up a meatball with his chopsticks and put it in his mouth.

It was impossible to not gain weight after eating too much, but Wang Ling could rub it off; every time he put on weight, he would rub a little. Furthermore, this fat he rubbed off wasn't completely useless.

This was flesh which had been rubbed off Wang Ling's body; he stored this extra flesh inside his King's Eye space with the thought that if he got hurt some day, he could use it to fill his injury in an emergency.

But most unfortunately, there was not a single living creature in the universe so far that could hurt Wang Ling...

After surveying the fat that had been stored in the King's Eye space all these years, Wang Ling estimated that it weighed two hundred or so kilos, which was about as heavy as a pig...

During lunch, he saw Liu Qingyi and Wang Zhen eating at a table not far away, and it was quite a harmonious scene. From hearsay, the two of them quarreled practically every day at Wei Shi's place, and only quieted down at school because Wang Ling was there.

On the other side, Gu Shunzhi and Zhenyuan picked at their food as they sat at the table next to Wang Ling. They actually wanted to sit at the same table, but it was first come first served.

Blame Wang Ling for being more popular than they had imagined. Wherever he sat, Super Chen, Dopey Guo, Little Peanut and Fang Xing would basically follow and sit with him.

Today, three of the four had lunch with Wang Ling; it seemed that Little Peanut had gone to consult Xia Ming about love.

Halfway through the meal, Hero Guo suddenly started to gossip. "Wang Ling, are you really ok?"

Wang Ling: "???"

Hero Guo: "If Lotus Sun really starts to like Xia Ming because of this, don't you have a lot to lose? She only has a good opinion of him at most right now. If you give it a shot now, you might still have a chance to win back her heart!"

"..." Wang Ling silently chewed the braised meat in his mouth.

If Xia Ming and Lotus Sun became a couple in the end, he naturally wouldn't mind... That way, Lotus Sun would shift all her attention from Wang Ling to Xia Ming.

To Wang Ling, Lotus Sun was actually an outstanding young lady, but it was precisely because she was too remarkable and eye-catching that Wang Ling often felt uncomfortable.

Feelings couldn't be forced – everyone was free to choose who they liked.

Of course, everyone was also free to be liked by others.

"Does anybody want meat? If you want it, help yourself." Super Chen had a few mouthfuls, and there was a lot left on his plate, since he still had to control his food intake today.

Dopey Guo wasn't polite at all, and finished off all the meat on Super Chen's plate.

"Why aren't you eating?" After taking Super Chen's meat, Dopey Guo glanced at Fang Xing.

Dopey Guo realized that after Wang Ling, the most indecipherable person in No. 60 High was this Fang Xing from Class Two – he was a rather strange guy.

"No need – listening to your gossip made me full." Fang Xing crossed his fingers together and narrowed his eyes slightly as he smiled.

If Lotus Sun and Xia Ming ended up together, he would raise both his hands and support them!

But as Wang Ling ate, he somehow felt that there was something wrong with the way things had turned out.

He recalled the conclusion that had come out of Super Chen's blessed mouth regarding the relationship between Lotus Sun and Xia Ming: At most, it was just a good impression, and wasn't necessarily "like."

The key point was: It wasn't necessarily "like"...

That was to say, Lotus Sun may not necessarily like Xia Ming.

This blessed mouth hadn't come up with an official, final conclusion!

Wang Ling suddenly felt that things had become messy...

...

That afternoon, the female protagonist finally appeared.

All of No. 60 High was stirred up once again.

After wrestling fiercely with her thoughts all night, Lotus Sun finally decided to face her heart.

After class in the afternoon, a bunch of people practically pushed Xia Ming toward Grade One, Class Three to face Lotus Sun. There were students inside the class as well as students from other classes who packed the corridor, and the two of them flushed as they faced each other.

“Good luck, Master Xia Ming!”

“Support Xia Ming, get Lotus Sun!”

The students caused a racket in the corridor.

Wang Ling sat in one corner of the classroom, quietly eating a melon.

He was genuinely eating a

melon

.

Wang Ling had a habit of eating fruits after a meal. Today’s fruit was watermelon, which Mother Wang had put in a lunchbox and given to him that morning. When he took it out, he cast a Freeze Spell and was instantly able to eat iced watermelon.

“Classmate Lotus Sun...”

“Classmate Xia Ming...”

At that moment, Xia Ming and Lotus Sun spoke at the same time.

Everyone’s gazes started to drift between the two.

“You first!”

“You first!”

They spoke at the same time yet again!

Everyone yelled inwardly that this was probably going to be a good show... They were so compatible! They even spoke to the same beat!

“Then, I’ll go first,” Lotus Sun said slowly, after sorting out her thoughts.

Xia Ming’s legs almost gave out when he heard Lotus Sun’s words; no girl had ever confessed to him before. If Lotus Sun really did confess to him and this was a dream, he would still wake up laughing!

“Classmate Lotus Sun, go ahead.” Xia Ming took a deep breath in that moment, and was already prepared to be confessed to.

Lotus Sun looked at Xia Ming, a smile in her eyes. “Xia Ming, what you did yesterday... you were actually trying to catch my attention with this unique approach, right... Actually, I’m not angry.”

Xia Ming: “I know...”

Lotus Sun smiled. “So you don’t have to apologize to me. In fact, it’s all thanks to you, Classmate Xia Ming, that I was inspired!”

Xia Ming was startled. “Ah?”

Lotus Sun took a deep breath to calm down.

To be honest, Xia Ming’s novel confession yesterday had indeed inspired Lotus Sun.

She had been trying to get a person’s attention all this time...

But that person had always ignored her.

After wrestling with her thoughts for a night and a morning, Lotus Sun was finally enlightened by Xia Ming's confession method.

With so many people watching, if she loudly declared in front of everyone that she hated Wang Ling, would that attract Wang Ling's attention?

She had already prepared her lines, most of which were copied from what Xia Ming said yesterday.

The lines were: Classmate Wang Ling! I hate you! I hate you the most! I beg you, don't appear in front of me again!

At that thought, Lotus Sun thus turned her gaze on Wang Ling.

Lotus Sun's loud confession resounded at the scene: "Classmate Wang Ling! I like you! I like you the most! I beg you, always stay by my side!"

In that moment, everyone's hearts were shaken!

Everyone: "???"

What the hell? Wasn't she going to confess to Xia Ming? Why had she confessed to Wang Ling?

Lotus Sun: "???"

What the hell? Shouldn't she say that she hated Wang Ling? Why did the words in her heart and what she actually said change again...

Wang Ling: "???"

What the hell? Wasn't this the Single's Curse? Why did she suddenly confess to him?

Wang Ling was so frightened that he immediately spat out a mouthful of watermelon juice, and he even dropped the fork which he was using.

Based on the traditional practice of reading one's fate from one's appearance.

As opposed to the “melon-eating” masses, i.e. onlookers.

Chapter 1092: Wang Ling! Don't Run Away After School!

The unexpected love confession caught Wang Ling off guard and he spurted out a mouthful of watermelon juice. At that moment, that poker face which had never been ruffled before finally cracked to reveal an extremely dismayed expression.

But the change in expression was too quick for a lot of people to notice.

Everyone was speechless at this dramatic plot twist...

Xia Ming was stupefied, and so were his fans in the corridor. They didn't understand how this astonishing reversal had happened – Classmate Lotus Sun actually liked Wang Ling?

A lot of people didn't expect this outcome today, but it did make sense – after all, as early as the start of Senior Grade One at No. 60 High, Wang Ling and Classmate Lotus Sun had gone on a date at the Xiao Family Compound, and although they had been the target of an assassination attempt by Shadow Stream, they had managed to avoid disaster.

After that, their relationship hadn't developed further; of course, the reason could be that the author himself couldn't be bothered to write about it... In short, if something like this happened again, no one would be surprised.

Because there was precedent.

Wang Ling grabbed a tissue to wipe the watermelon juice at the corner of his mouth. There were too many people watching and talking right now; it was somewhat unrealistic to think that he could

directly use magic to erase their memories, since surveillance had been set up in the classrooms and corridors – traces of the spell would definitely be recorded.

When all was said and done, Wang Ling still felt that it was his responsibility— he hadn't been careful enough when designing Single's Curse: what a person said would be completely opposite to what they felt, but conversely, this could be used by someone to confess to him.

At that moment, the entire scene sank into dead silence after Lotus Sun's resounding confession. A number of busybodies then started to clap to a beat on the side.

"Together..."

"Together!"

"Together!"

"..."

As a low-key person, Wang Ling never expected to be pushed into the limelight yet again.

Onlookers were forever fond of blowing things out of proportion in order to enjoy a good show. Even if Xia Ming had a lot of supporters in the crowd at first, they just changed and went with the flow as they started to wish this couple well.

"That's enough!" In the tumult, Xia Ming, who had been standing tall and dignified on the dais, finally exploded with a loud howl at that moment.

He trembled slightly, and his mood was a complicated mess. His nerves, which had been stretched taut the whole day, finally snapped at that moment after this dramatic rollercoaster of a plot twist.

"Wang Ling!"

Xia Ming glared at Wang Ling, his body shaking with anger. "Let's duel! If you have the guts, don't run away after school!"

Wang Ling: "..."

...

And so, that day, a fight between the two men officially unfolded. The matter spread in such a rowdy manner that even the teachers heard about it. Apart from some inflexible teachers like Teacher Pan, most of them looked the other way when it came to the students' relationships. As long as they didn't cross the line, it was very normal for boys and girls to have good feelings for each other.

Who hadn't been young once?

Some teachers were discussing it in the office; if it was any other student, they wouldn't just sit by and watch. However, Lotus Sun's presence complicated the situation a little.

"Student Lotus Sun has always been reserved; why was she so frank and straightforward this time?"

"She met the person she truly likes; that's youth." Old Antique laughed. "But I didn't expect Xia Ming that kid to actually have the courage this time to declare war on our class's Wang Ling. That kid has always been very timid; it looks like Student Sun's confession to someone else was a heavy blow to him."

"Then... What is Student Wang Ling's attitude?" the female teacher asked, eager for gossip.

What other kind of attitude could Wang Ling have? Naturally, he was as dead-looking as ever.

Teachers familiar with Wang Ling actually knew what kind of person he was — this was a very "average" child, whose grades were always right down the middle. He didn't improve, nor did he slide backward; he was typically reticent, and didn't say more than ten words a day.

But a high-profile young lady like Student Lotus Sun actually liked this sort of stoppered gourd.

When the teachers thought it over, they suddenly felt that underlying this was actually the Yin and Yang principle of things turning the other way once it hit a peak.

“Nothing will happen with Wang Ling.” When the discussion was in full swing inside the office, Teacher Pan pushed up her gold-rimmed glasses and suddenly said those words.

There were perhaps very few boys who could resist Student Lotus Sun’s sugar-coated bullets, but Teacher Pan knew Wang Ling very well.

It was by no means an easy thing to truly sway Wang Ling’s heart.

“What should we do? Step in and stop the fight after school?” Old Antique asked shrewdly as he drank his coffee.

“They won’t fight,” Teacher Pan said with certainty. “If they do wrong, just punish them according to school regulations.”

All the teachers in the office were silent as they looked at Teacher Pan’s serious expression, and they didn’t say anything else. Only when Teacher Pan left with a stack of test papers in her arms a few minutes later did the office turn lively once more.

“Teacher Wang!” A female teacher rushed over to Old Antique.

“???”

“What snacks do you have to sell?”

Old Antique opened his drawer. “Anything you want.”

“I want to buy a bag of popcorn! I want to go watch the duel!” said the female teacher.

Old Antique: “...”

It didn’t matter if it was just one person, but the whole office was instantly fired up. “I want two bags! And two hundred on Xia Ming while I’m at it! Xia Ming has to win!”

“I bet on Xia Ming too! Xia Ming gets good grades in all his subjects, and his score in body techniques is excellent! I bet one thousand!”

“Are all of you betting on Xia Ming?” Old Antique found it unbelievable.

In just a few minutes, the odds were already almost 1:100 in Xia Ming’s favor...

Old Antique silently took out fifty yuan in small change from his pocket and stirred the pot. “All of you are betting on Xia Ming? Then, I’ll support my class’s Wang Ling.”

...

Like Teacher Pan said, Wang Ling had always loathed being in the limelight. If it was just Lotus Sun’s confession, he could actually still think of a way to deal with it. However, he hadn’t expected things to develop to the extent of a duel...

And now, the entire school knew that he and Xia Ming were fighting for love.

Accepting the challenge would only strengthen Lotus Sun’s feelings for him.

Not accepting the challenge would earn him the scorn and disdain of all the boys in school.

Wang Ling found it hard to decide in this situation, since he would still be pushed into the limelight, whether he fought or not.

Thus, compared with being disdained by the whole school, Wang Ling still decided to accept the challenge.

But it was really tiring to fight a fake match...

For Wang Ling...

Xia Ming was just too weak, and wouldn’t be able to take a single blow at all...

Chapter 1093: Sun Yiyuan

There was a sea of people on the sports field after school. Male and female students from Senior Grade One to Senior Grade Three surrounded the plastic rails around the track as they waited for the start of the battle between men.

The teachers quietly observed the situation from where they were standing on the teaching building, and would step in to maintain order when it became necessary. Some of the teachers sighed inwardly at Lotus Sun's influence.

As expected of the eldest daughter of Huaguo Water Curtain Group... If the person the two boys were fighting over wasn't Lotus Sun, it would never have caught the attention of the whole school.

"If only they were just as energetic during the after-school supplementary lessons." A teacher clapped her hand to her forehead with a wry smile.

"But why didn't the director and headmaster stop them?"

"The headmaster said that with school just starting, it's good for students to exchange pointers once in a while. Also, there's an exchange meet coming up between schools in our Peiyuan district and other districts."

"Another one? What is it this time? Sword techniques? Talismans? Or survive skills?"

"I heard it would be an exchange of body techniques. Xia Ming is in fact an excellent candidate. Each school will be sending a delegation of ten members, and Headmaster Chen has already settled on the name list. It's just that for the final spot, Headmaster Chen is stuck between choosing Xia Ming or Wang Ling."

"Wang Ling's overall grades aren't as good as Xia Ming's, right?"

"That's true, but in all the school exchange activities which Wang Ling participated in last semester, our school ended up winning." When the teacher said that, the teachers around him instantly understood.

The strength of a mascot was no joke!

They almost forgot that this Student Wang Ling was a mascot...

The duel was about to begin, but Lotus Sun was nowhere to be seen.

After confessing her love to Wang Ling in public, Lotus Sun was so ashamed, and she was escorted home by the bodyguards with a red face. However, some bodyguards who remained behind would broadcast the duel live so that she could watch it from home.

At that very moment, Lotus Sun stared at the image of the crowded sports field, a very complicated expression on her face. She had never imagined that she would one day confess her love to a boy in public, and even cause a fight for her affections.

Well, it wasn't her fault that she was pretty!

...

Elsewhere, in the massive chairman's office on the top floor of Huaguo Water Curtain Group's building headquarters, a vigorous-looking old man with gray, grizzled, slicked back hair and a pipe between his teeth was also paying attention to what was happening at the school.

Sun Yiyuan, chairman of Huaguo Water Curtain Group, already knew about his granddaughter confessing to a boy in public.

When he heard this, the old man had been very shocked and almost choked on his spit.

"What? Rongrong confessed to someone?" Sun Yiyuan felt that it was incredible. Since long ago, it had only ever been his own granddaughter who had been confessed to, and she turned them down politely – Old Man Sun never imagined that his granddaughter would take the initiative to confess to someone herself

“That’s right; I heard that Eldest Young Miss confessed to a boy in a very loud voice, and even said that she wanted to be with him forever.” Standing on the side, his assistant, dressed in a white uniform, tactfully described what happened.

He thought that Old Man Sun would be angry. After all, it wasn’t as if Eldest Young Miss had never been pestered by sons from some high-ranking families before. However, these people left her alone after receiving a large amount of money from the old man, half as a bribe and half as blackmail.

But the assistant was surprised by Old Man Sun’s unexpected attitude. Rather than get angry, the old man conversely seemed very pleased this time. “Rongrong has never told any boy before that she wants to be with him. It seems she means it this time.”

“Is that what the chairman thinks...”

“Otherwise?” Sun Yiyuan asked, “Who is the boy Rongrong confessed to?”

The assistant pulled up the live broadcast at No. 60 High and pointed to a handsome boy with dead fish eyes on the screen. “Actually... Chairman, you may have heard of this boy: he’s the classmate whom Eldest Young Miss took to the Xiao Family Compound last semester, and they were attacked by Shadow Stream...”

“Oh, it’s him! But... What’s his name again?”

“It seems he’s called Wang...” The assistant patted his head. The words were clearly already on his lips, but he couldn’t speak them for some reason.

Wang Ling’s Great Shielding Spell was still working to some extent at that moment. Only when a person saw Wang Ling’s true appearance would the effect of the shield be dispelled.

Of course, this true appearance referred to seeing Wang Ling in person, and not through a live video like this.

Even if a person saw Wang Ling’s face in the video, they still wouldn’t be able to remember anything about him.

“It’s fine if you can’t remember – investigate it later. The duel is more important right now.” Old Man Sun waved his hand indifferently, and his assistant breathed a sigh of relief.

The assistant used a magic artifact to directly project the live images into the air.

Both boys wore school uniforms, but from what Wang Ling could see through his trademark dead fish eyes, Old Man Sun’s gaze was firmly fixed on Wang Ling.

“His looks are passable, but the dead fish eyes make him look a little listless.” Old Man Sun nodded thoughtfully. “If it’s confirmed that this Student Wang is going to date Rongrong, ask him if he’s willing to get double eyelids and eyelift surgery – I’ll cover the costs and damages.”

“...” The assistant was silent before saying, “But the young miss said that she liked everything about Student Wang...”

“Oh... is it like that... so Rongrong likes this type? When they went to the Xiao Family Compound, I thought Rongrong just randomly brought along a boy to accompany her – I didn’t think she would start to like him then.”

Old Man Sun sighed. “Forget it. Since it’s what Rongrong likes, he can keep his eyelids. However...”

With that, Old Man Sun turned to stare at this assistant on the side. “Why does Rongrong tell you everything???”

The assistant froze and looked a little terrified. “Eldest... Eldest Young Miss initially asked me to keep it a secret, but... but this is too big a matter, and I’m worried that it could have a bad impact, which is why I decided to tell you, chairman.”

“Mm, it’s good that you didn’t keep it from me, but you promised Rongrong you wouldn’t tell me, and you didn’t keep your word. The merit offsets the offense, so there’s no reward or punishment – you shouldn’t have any complaints, right?”

“No...”

In the assistant’s heart: MMP.

Old Man Sun continued to look at the screen. “How old is this Student Wang? Compared with Rongrong?”

“He shouldn’t be small...” The assistant undid his pants for a look 1. “I don’t know how big he is, but he should be bigger than me? There’s nothing to compare with Eldest Young Miss, since she doesn’t have one...”

“Shut up! I asked about his age!!! I want to know if he’s older or younger than Rongrong! I want the exact months and days!!”

“...”

Chapter 1094: Yin and Yang Death Calamity

The assistant sighed silently – so the chairman had actually been asking about the boy’s age.

It was his thinking that was too dirty!

It was those old-timers in the company who had led him astray during team-building activities in past years... the slightest hint would make him automatically think of something dirty. That group proclaimed that life was full of bitterness, when really, it was the people that got a kick out of sexual innuendo who were the root of all evil.

The assistant recalled Wang Ling’s birthday, but just like earlier, he couldn’t utter it even though it was clearly on the tip of his tongue. Helpless, he could only make up a date. “I remember it’s at the end of the year? He was born in the same year as the young lady.”

“The end of the year...” Old Man Sun pondered; he didn’t expect the boy whom his granddaughter liked to have an unexpectedly compatible birth date.

“Do you remember the divination by the Master Immortal the year Rongrong was born?”

“Chairman, are you saying...” The assistant was startled. This matter was actually a family secret which he, as a mere assistant, shouldn’t know about. However, he had been by Old Man Sun’s side for a very long time, and when the old man was feeling vexed or depressed, he would sometimes vent to his assistant.

““When Yin and Yang fall into chaos, our Mo blood will paint the sky.”” Old Man Sun’s thoughts spun as he recalled what that famous Master Immortal had divined back then.

The fact that Lotus Sun had this so-called “Yin and Yang Death Calamity” wasn’t a secret in the family, but a lot of people thought it was nonsense.

Although the death calamity had yet to come to pass, Old Man Sun had always firmly believed in it. That was because the Master Immortal had said it clearly back then: the calamity would have something to do with love.

In other words, it was possible that this problem would occur once Rongrong started dating... The most important thing was that this seemed to be initial confirmation of the Yin and Yang Death Calamity omen.

Old Man Sun gazed at the image on the screen and paid close attention to the fight between Wang Ling and Xia Ming.

Back then, that Master Immortal had said that the person who cast the curse was born at the beginning of the year, and the person to break it was born at the end of the year.

And it just so happened that these two young men who were around the same age as Lotus Sun were fighting for her affections. While it had yet to be verified whether the Yin and Yang Death Calamity was real or not, Old Man Sun suddenly could hardly wait.

“Is there any information on Xia Ming?”

“We’ve already started investigating, and we should get word very soon,” answered the assistant.

At that moment, they looked at the screen once more, where it seemed that the fight between Xia Ming and Wang Ling was going to happen at any moment.

...

There were two elite classes in No. 60 High. To be able to study in the same class as Fang Xing, Xia Ming naturally wouldn't be weak; he was a top student who was outstanding in his studies, and was an A-class existence in the eyes of the teachers. If a student from a regular class faced off against Xia Ming, their chances of winning would naturally be very low.

But his opponent was Wang Ling, and only those who knew Wang Ling's true combat strength were keenly aware of the gap between them.

On the side, Zhenyuan, Gu Shunzhi, Liu Qingyi and Wang Zhen all sighed emotionally. Standing amidst the ranks of students, they used a telepathy spell to communicate with each other.

Gu Shunzhi: "I didn't expect Senior Wang to actually accept this challenge; I'm really curious to know how he's going to handle this match."

Wang Zhen nodded. "The gap in strength is too big: unless Senior Wang fakes it, there's no way this Xia Ming will be able to withstand one puff of air from Senior Wang." The terrifying impression of Wang Ling's might was practically carved into Wang Zhen's brain.

As experts from the Domain of the Gods, they couldn't even exchange more than three blows with Wang Ling, to say nothing of a mere Foundation Establishment student. Win? Even pulling Wang Ling's head off wouldn't defeat him!

Xia Ming gazed at Wang Ling and pondered what technique to use to defeat Wang Ling in the most ruthless way possible.

There were only two elite classes, which had a total of forty students. Xia Ming was ranked third overall, while Wang Ling was in twentieth place. What could a completely average student use to fight Xia Ming? Win? Even pulling Xia Ming's head off wouldn't defeat him!

Xia Ming took a deep breath, and spirit energy slowly started to accumulate in his dantian as pure white energy flowed around him.

When a cultivator gathered spirit energy together, the color it exhibited was affected by the cultivator's spirit root — this was the "spirit qi color principle." Xia Ming's spirit qi was pure white, which was a complete surprise to a lot of the student onlookers.

“Pure white spirit qi?”

“I remember; isn’t this Xia Ming...”

“Oh! Is he a descendant of that Ancient Divine Clan?”

“Ancient Divine Clan?”

Even a number of teachers in the teaching building were surprised.

“This is...” Wang Zhen narrowed his eyes and instantly made a guess.

“No mistake: it’s the Ancient Divine Clan.” Liu Qingyi nodded.

Within the bounds of telepathic communication between the four individuals, Gu Shunzhi was also secretly astonished at the level of power that Xia Ming was displaying. “A descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan — how interesting!”

“Who would have thought that there actually are descendants of the Ancient Divine Clan on Earth.” Zhenyuan tsked.

The so-called Ancient Divine Clan wasn’t a family, but a collective name for the earliest batch of cultivators in the Spirit Energy era, and Xia Ming’s Xia family was a member of this Ancient Divine Clan.

But there were a lot of people with the surname Xia on Earth, and not all of them were descendants of the Ancient Divine Clan. The difference was that members of the Ancient Divine Clan had unique spirit roots which had the power to resonate with underground spirit veins.

The spirit energy of underground spirit veins was incredibly pure. When these spirit veins resonated with an Ancient Divine Clan member’s spirit root, perfect, pure white spirit energy would be created.

Xia Ming's identity as a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan took a lot of the people present by surprise. Many of them suddenly recalled how Xia Ming seemed to be deliberately hiding something every time he used magic. Looking back on it now, Xia Ming must have used a special technique to suppress the reaction between the underground spirit veins and his own spirit root in order to conceal his identity as a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan.

Now that Xia Ming's identity was laid bare, the entire scene was in an uproar.

When a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan achieved resonance with underground spirit veins, their spirit energy basically wouldn't run out in a fight between equal realms. In other words, Xia Ming could hold on for a very, very long time before he ran out of energy.

What did Foundation Establishment cultivators fear the most?

Wars of attrition!

Foundation Establishment cultivators had limited spirit energy; it was very easy for them to exhaust their spirit energy when they used magic — simply put, their MP1 was too low... In Xia Ming's case, his MP was quite low, but it could be replenished as he fought.

Now, the audience instantly switched to cheering for Xia Ming. For most of them, there was basically no chance of Wang Ling winning against Xia Ming.

Whether it was overall study ranking or unique physique, Wang Ling appeared too ordinary in all respects, compared with Xia Ming's identity as a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan.

Chapter 1095: One Fingernail's Worth of Spirit Power

In the headmaster's office, No. 60 High's Headmaster Chen Tianxiang and director of education Director Shi were also paying attention to this fight which had caught the attention of the entire school. Xia Ming's identity as a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan had always been a secret, but he had unexpectedly been exposed in the fight today. Looking at Headmaster Chen's composed

expression, however, Director Shi was even more certain that Headmaster Chen intended to let this fight happen.

As a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan, Xia Ming had a natural advantage since his spirit root was more superior to what other students had. This superiority was a double-edged sword: it might make some people more confident in their actions, but overconfidence could become arrogance.

“There is only one descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan in our No. 60 High, so this can be considered my test for him,” Headmaster Chen said slowly. No. 60 High had taken part in a lot of inter-school activities, but since Xia Ming had signed an agreement with No. 60 High that his identity as a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan couldn’t be revealed, he had never appeared in front of everyone, whether it was in the exchange meet with No. 59 High or the joint military training between six schools.

Headmaster Chen’s intention was to test Xia Ming’s temperament and see how long he could keep his identity secret. In the end, who would have thought that Xia Ming would completely reveal himself in just the second half of Senior Grade One.

Headmaster Chen sank into thought at this result. To be able to hide one’s strength and live as an ordinary person – he didn’t believe that an ordinary person could do this. Life was always full of frustrations – like now, for example, Xia Ming had violated the confidentiality agreement and revealed his identity as a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan of his own accord, because he was jealous of Student Wang Ling and wanted to win Lotus Sun’s favor.

As far as Headmaster Chen was concerned, Xia Ming was, in the end, still a child.

He was far from mature enough.

No. 60 High School might teach knowledge, but Headmaster Chen in fact focused more on cultivating character. It wasn’t enough for teachers to just focus blindly on grades; when all was said and done, they also needed to guide the students on the right path and nurture them toward becoming useful members of society who understood gratitude and dedication.

In comparison, Headmaster Chen was actually quite pleased with Wang Ling.

Although Wang Ling’s grades were always right down the middle ever since he entered the elite class, his mentality was clearly much better than Xia Ming’s.

A normal student would feel anxious if their grades remained average, but Wang Ling? He just ate and drank as usual, and didn't think his average grades were a problem at all. He didn't even respond clearly to Student Lotus Sun's confession, and had only accepted this challenge because he had been helpless to do anything but go along with the momentum!

Wang Ling did live up to Headmaster Chen's expectations as the mascot of No. 60 High.

From the previous spirit sword exchange meet to the joint military training for six schools, Wang Ling's performance had always been very colorful.

...

The onlookers at the scene were now divided into three groups.

The first group supported Xia Ming. After he revealed his identity as a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan, they looked forward even more to a brilliant performance. Wang Ling had really pulled too much aggro with the fact that Lotus Sun had confessed to him, and a lot of people were itching for Xia Ming to beat Wang Ling up.

The second group consisted of the five big shots: Wang Zhen, Gu Shunzhi, Liu Qingyi, Fang Xing and Zhenyuan. Of course, they supported Wang Ling unwaveringly. At the same time, they wanted to see how on earth he would handle this boring fight. They didn't care about the outcome at all, and were only concerned about what they could learn from him.

Naturally, nothing needed to be said about the third group. Although Wang Ling was normally anti-social and didn't like to talk to other people, it wasn't as if he didn't have friends. Super Chen and Dopey Guo's fighting strength and ability to rally others alone were enough to help pull together a core group of supporters for Wang Ling. At the very least, all of Grade One, Class Three supported him! Even if someone had a different opinion, no one dared voice it since the commissary in charge of studies, Little Peanut, also supported Wang Ling; they were worried that if they openly opposed this, they might not have enough time from now on to catch up on and copy homework in the morning at school...

At that moment, Xia Ming felt the resonance of his spirit root take form as thin streams of white spirit qi flowed from his body.

It was indeed astonishing for a mere Foundation Establishment cultivator to possess such a massive reserve of spirit power.

But this spirit power reserve was child's play to Wang Ling.

Every single pore on Wang Ling's body was in fact a small world which could store a huge amount of spirit power for him to use. Apart from his pores, the same was also true of every single cell inside his body.

The human body had around eighty trillion cells. Excluding the cells that were metabolized every day, Wang Ling had a total of eighty trillion small worlds on him.

Not only that, spirit power was stored even in Wang Ling's fingernails.

But the spirit power in his fingernails was for backup use, and wasn't as extreme as what was contained inside the small worlds. The amount of spirit power which one fingernail contained was roughly the same amount of spirit power which a Soul Formation cultivator possessed.

Right now, Xia Ming's spirit power wasn't even a fourth of what Wang Ling had in one fingernail.

What should he do? Go down with Xia Ming in this fight?

Seeing how confident Xia Ming appeared, Wang Ling pondered inwardly, and the only thing he could think of was to draw with Xia Ming.

This way, the situation might calm down.

"Classmate Wang Ling, please instruct me." At that moment, Xia Ming charged forward after he was done gathering his strength. Stepping forward, he closed the distance between them in the blink of an eye.

A punch was thrown at Wang Ling's face, and he could feel the wind pressure from it. Wang Ling's first reaction wasn't to block it, but to evade it with his body techniques.

Never hit someone in the face. It was true that Wang Ling had molded his own face to give himself an average appearance, but he had never been hit in the face before.

He was the one who hit others.

For another thing, Wang Ling was also taking Xia Ming's safety into consideration.

If that punch had hit Wang Ling precisely in the face, Xia Ming would still suffer a fracture at the very least, even if Wang Ling deliberately restrained the power of the backlash.

The scene of that red ribbon killer who had been turned into human slag from the backlash during the failed assassination on Lotus Sun at school back then was still vivid in Wang Ling's mind.

Under the eyes of so many, he didn't want history to repeat itself.

Xia Ming threw a smooth series of punches.

"Is dodging all you can do, Wang Ling?!" Xia Ming deliberately ridiculed Wang Ling as he threw his punches.

But this sort of scorn was nothing to Wang Ling, and couldn't provoke him at all.

Xia Ming scored very high in the body techniques exam. He cultivated the Chaos Running Water Fist Technique, in which both the fists and legs were used. It was a very consistent technique and highly explosive in power. However, it consumed too much energy, and a lot of people would feel exhausted when they performed the final stage of the technique.

But Xia Ming was different. As a descendant of the Ancient Divine Clan, his endurance wasn't in question, thanks to his spirit root advantage.

Thus, Wang Ling felt that this Chaos Running Water Fist Technique was a little difficult to deal with.

Each move was aimed at his face; this person really wasn't showing any mercy...

Wang Ling still didn't act, and continued to nimbly dodge Xia Ming's fists.

But Wang Zhen and the others frowned slightly at this scene.

This sort of dodging appeared meaningless, but for some reason, Wang Zhen felt that Wang Ling was doing it on purpose, as if he was deliberately guiding Xia Ming's punches.

Sure enough –

In the next moment, Xia Ming's punch actually changed direction, and in the end, hit Xia Ming in his own face...

Chapter 1096: Great Data Spell!

Just like that, Xia Ming was punched in the right cheek.

It wasn't Wang Ling who punched him, but Xia Ming himself.

Most cultivators' fist techniques were supple; that was to say, when a punch was thrown, the spirit energy molecules on the fist could stir up some of the air, and the two would combine to form an invisible "fist membrane" around the fist. This membrane could be thick or thin, which mainly depended on a cultivator's control of their spirit energy.

So when Xia Ming threw the punch, and Wang Ling surreptitiously guided its trajectory, Xia Ming already could no longer control his reaction, and his fist hit him squarely in the face.

The highly misleading body movement which Wang Ling demonstrated was nothing more than a Tai Chi push-hand which neutralized Xia Ming's punch effortlessly.

This sort of body movement had a somewhat baffling appearance: It was a godly move in the eyes of real bigwigs like Gu Shunzhi and the others, but in the eyes of ordinary people, it looked more like a mistake Wang Ling had made when dodging in a panic.

To put it bluntly, most of the people here felt that it was Wang Ling's luck which was dominating the duel.

“As expected of our school mascot; he's so lucky!”

“That's right! Xia Ming's Chaos Running Water Fist Technique is famous for being erratic and fast. Without enough practice, you'd just be sacrificing yourself to harm the other side.”

...

Hearing the discussion around him, Xia Ming couldn't help falling silent.

What “harming himself to harm the other side”... It was clearly this fellow in front of him...

As Wang Ling's opponent, no one had a better front-row seat than Xia Ming. Although Gu Shunzhi and the others had already seen through the mystery of Wang Ling's body movement, there were many more people present who were still in the dark. Only Xia Ming alone had firsthand experience of Wang Ling's weird body movement...

He didn't want to concede that a person whose grades were always down the middle had actually beat him in body movements; he could only quietly grit his teeth and swallow it all down in his belly.

In fact, Xia Ming felt that the fight was already decided at this point.

Wang Ling's body movement was so strange that Xia Ming couldn't freely use his fist technique. Moreover, it seemed as if his opponent was deliberately guiding Xia Ming's punch trajectory, as if he was performing Tai Chi, so that Xia Ming was injured by his own punches.

A few minutes later, Xia Ming was sent flying by a punch yet again.

This was the eleventh time Xia Ming had punched himself and been sent flying.

At first, Xia Ming thought that there might be something wrong with his fist technique, so he changed the angle several times when attacking Wang Ling. In the end... it turned out that it had nothing to do with his technique!

It got to a point that Xia Ming ultimately didn't even bother to use his technique! He directly threw himself at Wang Ling and unleashed a series of wild punches!

He was like a starving tiger pouncing wildly on its prey, which scared the audience.

In the headmaster's office, Headmaster Chen, Director Shi and several PE teachers were also watching the battle.

"Headmaster, what kind of fist technique is this..." asked an astonished PE teacher.

"Tortoise Fist," Headmaster Chen replied.

"Tortoise Fist? What's that?"

"When you were a kid, did you fight with the kid next door over a toy?"

"Yes... I did..."

"Then you fought with the Tortoise Fist."

"..."

"The so-called Tortoise Fist is a freewheeling technique that doesn't subscribe to any sort of philosophy. As the saying goes, a random blow can kill an old master – this is what it's alluding to." Headmaster Chen sighed.

"Then, is Student Wang Ling's body movement also like this?"

"Yes, that's the Tortoise Body Movement... To act however one wishes is the highest realm of body movement, which relies on luck." Headmaster Chen sighed emotionally at Wang Ling's luck.

All the teachers: "..."

...

As Headmaster Chen said, there wasn't a method to the Tortoise Fist which Xia Ming was using; in fact, it was nothing more than the most common wild punch. But throwing a wild punch without using spirit energy consumed even more stamina; after throwing several wild punches, Xia Ming felt that his stamina was already at its limit.

In contrast, Wang Ling had just been lightly using a body movement to evade the entire time...

Seeing the hate in Xia Ming's eyes, Wang Ling finally realized the importance of acting skills.

Indeed, his acting was a little unnatural. After fighting for so long, his face should be a little flushed, even if he wasn't panting for breath.

Thus, Wang Ling manually regulated his skin color to make his face slightly red. He also manually opened his sweat glands in passing, and did his best to squeeze out a few drops of sweat to roll down his cheeks so that he appeared very tired.

Wang Ling wouldn't feel tired from this fight even if he fought for hundreds of years, but Xia Ming was, after all, an ordinary cultivator (compared with Wang Ling), and there was a limit to his stamina.

Even if his spirit root gave him a natural advantage, there were similarly certain limitations.

Wang Ling opened the King's Eye secretly to look at Xia Ming's energy bar. This was Wang Ling's "Great Data Spell," which could display the values that Wang Ling wanted to see in the form of horizontal bar charts, such as the current numbers for qi and blood, spirit power, stamina, and so on...

Xia Ming's stamina was already at the limit; he was a sliver away from collapsing.

Wang Ling took a deep breath and calculated when Xia Ming would throw the next punch.

Thus, when Xia Ming roared and rushed at him, Wang Ling's brain promptly spun swiftly as it captured Xia Ming's every move and ultimately broke them down to be analyzed via simulations. He precisely calculated the speed of Xia Ming's punch, the time it took for him to attack, as well as the moment he would run out of stamina and collapse.

For the last punch, Wang Ling didn't plan to use his body movement to guide Xia Ming's punch trajectory. After all, Xia Ming had already beaten himself up pretty miserably; he had punched himself dozens of times in the face. His cheeks were swollen like walnuts, and his nostrils were filled with blood.

Everyone couldn't stop sighing at this scene.

Some people had discussed it earlier, and had decided that as soon as one side drew blood, they would step forward to stop the fight.

But in this current situation, none of the students could stop them at all!

It was Xia Ming who punched himself!

It was Xia Ming who injured himself!

Each of his punches hit him in his own face!

How the hell were they supposed to stop the fight?

When Xia Ming threw the last punch, Wang Ling chose a very tricky angle so that to everyone, it looked like Xia Ming had hit his target, when the truth was that he didn't hit Wang Ling at all.

After throwing the punch, Xia Ming finally fell to the ground, his stamina spent.

Wang Ling seized the chance and fell to the ground with Xia Ming, lying on one side...

He suddenly now somewhat understood how hard it was for those old men and women in Peiyuan district to commit pengci.

Pengci was truly an art that emphasized acting skills...

Chapter 1097: School Doctor Xiang Yiyun

When Wang Ling and Xia Ming both fell to the ground, the teachers at the scene all rushed to the front to maintain order. Wang Ling created an illusion and made everyone think that he had been punched even though he wasn't injured at all.

But Xia Ming was quite wretched. A male teacher holding a first aid kit quickly arrived at the scene. He wore a pair of jeans with holes in them, a striped shirt and a white robe.

This was Xiang Yiyun, No. 60 High's school doctor, but Wang Ling's impression of this school doctor was basically zero... He had never been to the infirmary from the moment he entered No. 60 High.

But Xiang Yiyun himself had an impression of Wang Ling. For one thing, Wang Ling was the mascot of No. 60 High, and for another... Xiang Yiyun remembered that this should be the student who unexpectedly survived after being ambushed by criminals at the school gate and falling into a space crack.

Xiang Yiyun remembered that he had even sent Wang Ling a flower wreath.

Who would have thought that the eldest daughter of Huaguo Water Curtain Group would actually like this type of boy?

Xiang Yiyun now wondered whether he should follow Wang Ling and get a pair of dead fish eyes...

"Teacher Xiang, what's the situation?" When Xia Ming's and Wang Ling's teachers-in-charge arrived, Teacher Pan looked unusually troubled. While Wang Ling didn't seem injured, she was worried that he might have been hurt by Xia Ming's punch just now.

In fact, at the start of the fight between Xia Ming and Wang Ling, Teacher Pan had made a call to the Wang family's small villa, and it was Mother Wang who answered the phone.

It was a very short conversation.

“Is that Student Wang Ling’s mother? It’s like this: a student from another class challenged him to a duel after school, and Student Wang Ling accepted because of pressure from the crowd... I don’t know...”

“Ah? Ling Ling is in a fight? Then, is the student he’s fighting injured...” On the other end of the phone, Mother Wang was clearly gloomy. She couldn’t picture Wang Ling fighting with anyone else at all. If Ling Ling wasn’t careful, it would become a scene from “The Weird Story of the Headless Horseman1”...

At that moment, Teacher Pan looked out the window, and just happened to see Xia Ming fly off after being led around by Wang Ling’s body movement.

“That Student Xia has been sent flying...” Teacher Pan answered truthfully.

Mother Wang was so frightened by the answer it was as if her spirit had left her body. She was already unsteady on her feet and felt as if the sky was collapsing.

After several minutes of silence, Mother Wang said in a trembling voice, “Then... Teacher Pan, please ask the boy’s parents how much they want in order to settle this privately... We’ll agree to anything...”

“...”

Teacher Pan was astonished.

It took Teacher Pan several minutes to explain clearly to Mother Wang that the situation wasn’t that serious. Then, when Teacher Pan looked out the window again, Wang Ling and Xia Ming had already fallen to the ground.

“Student Wang Ling’s mom, it looks like both of them have now collapsed. Would you like to come to school for a look?” Teacher Pan added.

“Is Student Xia Ming dead...”

“No...”

“Oh, that’s good.”

Mother Wang, who had almost been scared to death just now, relaxed when she heard the outcome, and she said in a light tone, “It’s fine, as long as the other party is alright. Don’t worry too much about my Ling Ling.”

With that, Mother Wang hung up.

Teacher Pan was even more astonished.

There was actually this sort of parent in this world...

But looking at it, this was probably the legendary response of a biological mother, right?

At that moment, Teacher Pan suddenly felt that Wang Ling really was a pitiful child. He ate junk food like crispy noodle snacks every day and his parents were indifferent to him. As his teacher-in-charge, she really should show him more care and concern at ordinary times!

Wang Ling: “...”

...

After Xiang Yiyun’s preliminary examination, it was confirmed that Xia Ming and Wang Ling’s lives weren’t in danger.

It was just that Xia Ming’s condition was a little more tragic. Xiang Yiyun quickly scrawled down some words which only doctors would be able to read in a notebook. “Student Xia, my preliminary assessment is that you have a minor concussion and a minor skull fracture. Using a sight spell, I’ve determined that the fracture is a millimeter in length.”

“A millimeter shouldn’t be serious.” Xia Ming’s teacher-in-charge was relieved.

“I’m not done speaking, don’t rush.”

“...”

“In addition to these issues, Xia Ming’s sternum and fibula are fractured and he has three broken ribs. His right arm was dislocated, and I’ve already set it. For everything else, I recommend the external application of a special ointment for broken bones, which can also replenish life; he’ll recover in two days,” said Teacher Xiang.

“I didn’t expect it to be so serious... This Student Wang Ling was too fierce.” Xia Ming’s teacher-in-charge gnashed his teeth.

“No, it has nothing to do with Student Wang Ling.” Xiang Yiyun said, “I already extracted cells from the wound, and they only contained Xia Ming’s DNA. In other words, these external and internal injuries were caused by Student Xia Ming alone. He hit himself – this is my fair and impartial assessment. If you don’t believe me, you can keep the injuries as they are and send him to a Grade A class three hospital for another examination. However, Xia Ming will be the one to suffer from the delay. The longer you delay, the more likely there’ll be after effects.”

“...” All the teachers couldn’t help sinking into silence.

He had gotten himself admitted to the hospital because he beat himself up... Everything about it clearly didn’t sound logical!

“Then what about Student Wang Ling? Don’t tell me he isn’t injured at all?” Xia Ming’s teacher-in-charge wasn’t satisfied. He didn’t believe that Xia Ming could be covered in injuries from head to toe after the fight while there wasn’t a single scratch on Wang Ling.

Conversely, what Xia Ming’s teacher-in-charge said was a reminder for Wang Ling: He should design a slight injury for himself, otherwise this would be too fake.

After giving it overall consideration, Wang Ling stopped his own heartbeat.

So, when the school doctor Xiang Yiyun examined Wang Ling again, the look on his face eventually turned frightened. “This... Student Wang Ling was still breathing just now, but his heart has suddenly stopped!”

The hearts of all the teachers present tensed up at this outcome.

“What’s going on?”

“A long fight leads to the overexertion of physical strength. When he fell to the ground, his spirit power blocked his blood vessels...” Doctor Xiang came up with a reasonable explanation, and immediately began to do quick compressions on Wang Ling’s chest as he started doing CPR. “Someone help me! I’ll do the chest compressions and the other person can give him mouth-to-mouth!”

Wang Ling: “???”

At Doctor Xiang’s words, a male teacher stepped forward at once. “I’ll do it!”

“Do you know how to give him CPR?” one of the other male teachers retorted.

“No, but I can learn through experience.” The male teacher replied, “I just need to breathe air into him, right? Should I stick my tongue in?”

At the teacher’s words, Wang Ling was instantly frightened into jolting upright...

Chapter 1098: Poor Student Wang Ling

Rather than fright, it was dismay that jolted Wang Ling back to his senses.

This Xiang Yiyun should also be placed on the list of people he had to be wary of.

Looking at school doctor Xiang Yiyun's wicked smile, Wang Ling sank into thought as he confirmed that this school doctor had noticed something — he knew that Wang Ling had been pretending to be dead, and he had deliberately set up that performance just now. But it shouldn't be possible for him to see through Wang Ling's technique; more likely, he had made a guess based on his many years as a doctor.

In short, this Xiang Yiyun was a dangerous person — it would be better to pay closer attention to him from now on.

Bending down, Xiang Yiyun checked Wang Ling's condition again, then confirmed with the teachers around them, "It's fine now, it was because of the stress just now. Young people have healthy bodies, and will recover on their own. An older person with a lower realm, on the other hand, would need help."

"Mm, it's good that Student Wang Ling is alright." The teachers, whose hearts had been in their mouths, finally relaxed.

Only that male teacher who had been ready to give first aid looked sullen.

"What's wrong, Teacher Li?"

"Ai, I still don't know — should I stick my tongue in when giving CPR? How about Student Wang Ling lie down again and we do an in-depth study?"

Everyone and Wang Ling: "..."

"Even a joke has its limits. Wang Ling is my student, and I'll be taking him back. Everyone else can go worry over Student Xia Ming." Teacher Pan stepped out once again at a critical moment. Of course she knew that this Teacher Li was actually joking, but Teacher Li Renyong had a bad habit of cracking jokes at the worst time.

Thus, Wang Ling was brought back to the office under Teacher Pan's protection.

Teacher Pan took a form out of a drawer and handed it to Wang Ling. At the very top was the title "Domestic Violence Questionnaire."

Wang Ling: "..."

"Student Wang Ling, I actually let your parents know to come to school this time, but I never expected them to not seem worried about you at all." Teacher Pan heaved a sigh and looked earnestly at Wang Ling. "Tell me the truth: do your parents normally act violently against you at home?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Teacher Pan: "Don't be afraid, I'm here! If someone hurts you at home, you must be brave and tell me!"

Wang Ling wanted to cry but had no tears to shed: "... Violence... not at all! Father and Mother Wang had simply doted on him since young, and basically treated him as the apple of their eye.

Conversely, it was Wang Ling who felt a little apologetic when it came to his parents' devoted care.

But indeed, Father and Mother Wang were helpless to do anything else — not long after Wang Ling was born, the whole family relocated to a villa in a remote suburb in order not to create trouble for their neighbors.

Imagine if you lived with a nuclear bomb in your arms every day — you would be on edge the whole time, too.

Wang Ling shook his head.

It was impossible to confess to something which never happened.

Father and Mother Wang were very good to him — if Father Wang didn't look for excuses to dock his pocket money, that would be even better!

It was obvious that there was some misunderstanding, and Wang Ling just needed to make things clear. He also didn't expect Teacher Pan to show him so much care at the beginning of the semester.

This was a good thing. At the very least, it proved that Teacher Pan had a sense of responsibility as a teacher of the people. For Wang Ling, however, this excessive care was troublesome.

He just wanted to finish out his high school life peacefully as an ordinary high school student.

“Student Wang Ling, don’t be afraid. Cold violence is also violence,” Teacher Pan said very earnestly.

Wang Ling: “...”

Not good at expressing himself with words, Wang Ling could only bend his head and start filling in this questionnaire. He used excellent, high school exam composition skills to write an essay describing Father and Mother Wang’s meticulous care for him growing up.

Every exam essay had a format. By analyzing and summarizing what they were, Wang Ling could predict beforehand what style the exam marker preferred: emotion, creativity, an emphasis on flowery language, or something close to real life.

In Teacher Pan’s case, Wang Ling sensed that she preferred to see more emotion, so he wrote a chicken soup essay in the [Words From the Heart] section of this questionnaire.

As a result, beautiful words were peppered throughout Wang Ling’s essay.

1: My parents are like candles that are warm and give off light, showing me hope and warmth, while I am like a small flame, so weak that I may be accidentally blown out. (Alluding to Father Wang docking his pocket money)

2: My father’s love is like a towering mountain as well as a flourishing tree, which protects me from the wind and rain. I, on the other hand, am like a bird in the tree, although the branches will sometimes scrape my feathers. (Alluding to Father Wang docking his pocket money)

3: My dearest father, we can’t be apart for even a moment. Our family is like the Three Auspicious Treasures, although there are times my father’s love is as stifling as Lord Laozi’s immortal-binding rope 1 and stresses me out. (Alluding to Father Wang docking his pocket money)

Teacher Pan’s eyes immediately turned red after she read this essay.

She was practically sobbing as she said to Wang Ling, “Student Wang Ling, I understand, you can relax. It’s already late; hurry on home.”

Wang Ling didn’t know whether Teacher Pan had correctly picked out his meaning, but he believed that there shouldn’t be any problems since he had already written it so emotionally. Plus, he also secretly complained about Father Wang docking his pocket money.

...

However, not long after Wang Ling returned home, Teacher Pan snapped a photo of his reflection and posted it in No. 60 High’s teachers’ group.

[No. 60 High’s Teachers’ Administrative Group]

Talismans – Teacher Pan: [Photo] Our class’s Wang Ling wrote this. Everyone, have a look.

PE – Teacher Ye: Ah? Teacher Pan, did you suspect that Student Wang Ling was being abused at home?

Talismans – Teacher Pan: That’s right, so I had him fill in the questionnaire. But from the questionnaire, it seems that Student Wang Ling has never been abused at home; he even left such a moving essay, which made me cry. This kid knows how to be grateful and knows that his parents don’t have it easy – this is so rare. It’s unfortunate that this is a private inquiry and this essay has to be kept confidential, otherwise I would share it publicly.

PE – Teacher Ye: I finished reading it, it’s well-written.

History – Teacher Wang: Not bad, not bad. Such a high level of understanding and line of thinking – this is indeed a good kid. I teach Wang Ling and he’s always well-behaved in class. No wonder Student Lotus Sun likes him.

School Doctor – Xiang Yiyun: I have a different opinion; I think Student Wang is hinting at something in the essay.

All the teachers: ???

School Doctor – Xiang Yiyun: Look, he compares his parents to candles and his father to a branch, and then brings up the immortal-binding rope at the end...

Teacher Ye swiftly replied: Are you saying... wax play, whipping and bondage?

School Doctor – Xiang Yiyun: [covers face] I didn't say that... I was just joking...

Looking at the screen at that moment, Teacher Pan's relaxed expression tensed up once more.

Was that a hint?

Teacher Pan thought that it was possible.

Chapter 1099: Mother Wang's Due Date

Wang Ling completely never expected that his short essay, in which he secretly complained about Father Wang docking his pocket money, would actually be shared by his teacher in the group, and then interpreted in such a way. A lot of people struggled when it came to the ability to interpret something subjectively, but teachers were mysterious creatures... Chinese teachers, in particular, were frequently able to extract from an essay some message which even the original writer didn't know about.

For example, some adjective was repeated in this and that sentence, thus expressing some emotion of the writer's...

But it could just be that the writer didn't know enough and could only use the same adjective over and over again.

Or as another example, an exclamation point at the end of some sentence was conveying what the writer felt.

The truth was that the kind of punctuation which a writer used at the end of their writing simply depended on their mood.

For instance, when you look at this sentence, you'll notice that there's an exclamation mark at the end!

But for the sake of picking out a theme, teachers would always rack their brains for the original writer's meaning.

And most unfortunately, Wang Ling was misunderstood, just like that.

...

When Wang Ling got home that night, Father Wang had left thirty-five yuan and sixty-eight cents on the table along with a note: The editorial office organized a viewing of the major motion picture *My Country and I* for authors and their wives. There's just enough money here for you to buy a decent takeout. It's a place close to home, and your mom and I have already inspected it. It's pretty good and their bentos are nutritious. A nutritious assorted bento just so happens to cost thirty-five yuan and sixty-eight cents. Use this money and buy yourself a takeout.

The corner of Wang Ling's mouth twitched. "..."

Father Wang was as stingy as usual.

But this was Father Wang's usual practice, and Wang Ling was long used to it.

Actually, he could have used mobile pay, but you couldn't specify the amount down to 0.01 yuan during the transfer, so Father Wang had simply left the cash on the table in order to use up the cash they had at home.

Mobile pay in Huaxiu nation had reached its peak under the leadership of the two Boss Mas. Because of how convenient it was, everyone basically just needed to take their phones with them when they went out. The thieves who worked during the Spring Festival couldn't even steal wallets anymore. They could only target phones, but the problem was that most people now always had their phones in their hands.

The emergence of mobile pay was a severe blow to professions like pickpocketing.

At the same time, many people gradually fell out of the habit of using cash as they got used to mobile pay. Before mobile pay became so convenient, part of Father Wang's author's remuneration had been mailed to him.

Thus, Father Wang had collected quite an amount of cash at home over the years.

Father Wang had thought of putting it in the bank before, but when he thought about how he would have to go to the bank and withdraw the money again when he needed it, he felt it was very troublesome, and so just stored it at home.

Now, this cash was primarily used to give Wang Ling his monthly allowance as well as for some minor household expenses such as groceries, upfront express delivery fees and so on. Plus, there were times when Father Wang would find an excuse to dock Wang Ling's allowance, which led to a stockpile of cash that had yet to be used up.

Wang Ling picked up the money from the table and put it in his pocket before he returned to his bedroom.

Father Wang's study faced Wang Ling's bedroom, and at the door, Wang Ling noticed a sheet of paper on the floor. Father Wang had probably dropped it by accident when he walked out.

There were all sorts of data analyses and charts on the sheet, and the heading was: Pregnancy Report.

Wang Ling went through the report carefully.

Name: Wang Youlan

Age: 38

Position of fetus: During the checkup, the fetus rolled around inside the body nonstop, and there is a small chance of it becoming entangled in the umbilical cord. It is recommended that a second examination be carried out next month to remove this risk.

Physical state: In very good health. The pregnant woman gets the right amount of exercise and her body is healthy, and is thus in very good shape for birth. Since she previously gave birth naturally, the obstetrician also recommends natural childbirth this time.

At the end of the report, Wang Ling saw that after Mother Wang's pregnancy checkup last night, the due date which the hospital had given was 30th December.

This wasn't the 30th of December next year...

But next month.

This definitely wasn't the result of the hospital using some black tech to force the fetus to develop prematurely, but purely because nutrition in the cultivation world was too good.

Mother Wang had been taking a lot of healthcare supplements these days to prevent miscarriage and to nourish the fetus; some she bought herself, while some were given to her by Odd Zhuo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

These tonics were panaceas which were priceless on the market. Eating all of these led to Mother Wang's due date being brought forward significantly.

In addition...

The little girl in her womb wasn't easy to handle to begin with.

Even if Mother Wang didn't use these tonics, her due date would still have been brought forward by a fair bit.

In a typical situation, substantially advanced pregnancies in the cultivation world were a very common phenomenon, but the point was that it was usually shorter by only three to five months.

But this pregnancy was shortened by nine months, which shocked the hospital doctors who saw the due date in the report.

The child was growing too fast, as if it could hardly wait to come into the world!

It was like the opposite team's jungler still picking off the first batch of neutrals when your team's jungler had already eaten up all the neutrals on both sides to gain enough experience to directly jump up nine levels¹.

Reading the report, Wang Ling was suddenly curious about his birth.

He saw in the report that Mother Wang had given birth naturally.

In other words, his had been a natural birth back then.

But Wang Ling realized that his memory of it was a little fuzzy.

He indeed had very early memories, but he only had a vague impression of his time in the womb.

To be more precise, Wang Ling's memories only started when he took his first breath of fresh air.

Curious, Wang Ling could hardly wait to see what he looked like when he was born back then.

He went to the basement to search for the video which Father Wang had recorded with an image bead.

Wang Ling remembered Father Wang saying before that he had made preparations long beforehand to record the entire birth in the operating room in order to preserve the moment.

He searched the entire basement with his King's Eye and finally found the image bead which Father Wang had mentioned before.

A year and time were engraved on it, which was the year and day that Wang Ling was born.

After injecting spirit energy into the bead to activate it, Wang Ling very quickly saw Mother Wang's sweaty face and Father Wang's freely-running snot and tears...

Father Wang back then had been really excited...

Chapter 1100: Wang Ling's Birth

Wang Ling had heard from Mother Wang more than once about his own birth. She said that when he was born, he wasn't that much different from ordinary children, so there was nothing much to say about it, but Wang Ling had never believed it.

This time, he saw the video recording from back then, which gave him a rough idea of what his birth was like.

The image bead recorded Father and Mother Wang's slightly immature appearances from back then; their faces were still very young, and Mother Wang didn't have too many wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. Thirty years old was in fact the prime of one's life, whether for men or women, and was the age at which they could work hard to realize their ambitions.

Seeing Mother Wang's head that was full of sweat in the image bead, Wang Ling's heart suddenly ached. A long time ago, giving birth was like hell. With the development of science and technology, there were various methods available nowadays to ensure smooth deliveries of babies; some people who couldn't take the pain chose C-sections.

Wang Ling thought that Mother Wang was just like a heroine.

Throughout the entire process, apart from the sounds of the nurses cheering her on, there was also the sound of Mother Wang trying hard. Everything seemed unexpectedly harmonious.

But after a few minutes, one of the nurses suddenly cried out, "My god! It's out... It's out!"

Reasonably speaking, maternity nurses had witnessed plenty of births, so they shouldn't be so stirred up, but they couldn't help feeling shaken by what they saw.

"What's the matter?" Mother Wang was so tired and covered with sweat, but she did feel a sense of relief; it was like the free flow sensation after being constipated for a long time, and the burden on her body was lifted significantly.

When she saw the surprised faces of the doctors and nurses around her, she became even more curious about the situation. “What’s wrong? Is it a boy or a girl?”

“It’s a boy...” A female nurse calmed down. She rubbed her eyes. “But it seems that the baby crawled out on his own.”

That was right...

Back then, Wang Ling didn’t develop awareness until he took his first breath of fresh air, but he did leave behind the legend of a miraculous baby who crawled out of the belly on his own at the maternity hospital...

The only thing Wang Ling didn’t have at that time was a name.

He actually crawled out of Mother Wang’s belly on his own...

Even Wang Ling himself was very surprised by this end result.

After all, this could be a reflection of what might happen when Wang Nuan was born in a month!

Who knew what method that little troublemaker would use to come out of the shell?

...

Leaving his homework to the two gremlins, Wang Ling began to scroll through the chat history on WeChat. Actually, after Old Pan released him, the group messages hadn’t stopped coming in. Some showed him care, while others were more concerned about the outcome of his fight with Xia Ming.

Too many people knew about this matter, and it had spread like wildfire. It would have a huge impact on him for some time to come; clearly, it was unrealistic to hope that it would completely die down with time.

Moreover, since this matter had already spread, he couldn’t realistically pay each person a visit and erase their memories one by one... It was sometimes difficult to assess the impact that a video had in an online environment.

The impact of a single sentence could be very critical, to say nothing of a video.

Like the NBA incident that just happened, where a team manager's shocking and explosive comment directly created a storm in the NBA.

So, this person called Morey; did he do it on purpose?

Wang Ling thought it might have been deliberate.

Because looking at the whole picture, the team manager was one of those who stood to benefit the most.

Would a person with a sky-high salary, an understanding of the cultures and bottom lines of various countries, and high academic qualifications, not think about the consequences of his statement?

Wang Ling thought the man was cunning as he dragged an entire industry into the mire for his own personal gain, brazenly using "freedom of speech" as a shield. It was extremely ridiculous.

Wang Ling didn't have anymore comments to make on it.

In any case, one just needed to know that this man was very shameless.

The NBA had spent a lot in order to open the door to Huaxiu nation. Now, however, that door was tightly shut because of a single comment on social media that could be called "retarded." Not only that, the NBA chairman even went to the trouble of putting locks on the door afterward.

Everyone knew that the earth still turned no matter what it was missing. It wasn't as if people couldn't live without the NBA. They could watch volleyball and learn from the spirit of the women's volleyball team, or watch table tennis and enjoy the hellish level of fancy play. Wouldn't that be more enjoyable?

Wang Ling didn't respond to the messages from other people. Although he had added a fair number of WeChat friends, many of them were because of his recent reputation... He felt that rejecting them or giving them the cold shoulder couldn't help but seem too impolite; he might as well add and then ignore them. After being rebuffed, some of these people would later delete his name from their lists.

Wang Ling usually used WeChat only to reply to people he knew well.

For example, the four-person group which consisted of Super Chen, Dopey Guo, Little Peanut and him.

“What are you going to do about the matter with Classmate Lotus Sun?” Super Chen asked concernedly.

At the beginning of the semester, Super Chen himself had also pursued Lotus Sun, but he later gave up because there really were too many people chasing her. There were too many competitors and Super Chen felt that his chances of victory were too low, so he never did anything.

In his opinion, working hard for something imaginary and which couldn’t be seen was very stupid. If he had the time and energy to do this sort of thing, he would rather spend it on tempering his own muscles.

After all, the lines of his muscles would only become clearer the more he tempered them.

“Haven’t thought about it yet,” Wang Ling replied.

He knew that sooner or later he would have to think of a way to deal with it... It looked like it would be another fierce battle tomorrow...

That Classmate Xia Ming definitely wouldn’t let him off. As for Lotus Sun, Wang Ling still didn’t know what on earth the girl was thinking. Although she had confessed to him, she had conversely become the one with the most mysterious attitude; she had holed up at home until now, unwilling to meet anyone.

Tomorrow was Friday. Ultimately, how this incident would be settled actually depended on what Lotus Sun wanted to do.

As one of the parties at the center of the incident, Wang Ling could only take it one step at a time...

...

Friday, November 7th.

A stretch limo from Huaguo Water Curtain Group appeared at the gate of No. 60 High. Leaning on a cane, an old man, whose hands were bedecked with gold and silver accessories, slowly emerged from the limo.

Bodyguards stood in front and behind him.

“This is the place, old master,” someone in the retinue said to the old man.

A lot of people who saw this old man were utterly astonished at his identity.

This was Sun Yiyuan, the current president of Huaguo Water Curtain Group!