

## Daily Life 121

### Chapter 121: Are You Senior Killer Taoist?

Third Saint felt like he had seen this azure uniform somewhere before. For a while, his eyes were fixed on Wang Ling's face, which had yet to finish maturing. And then, it was like a string being unraveled in his brain as he suddenly recalled that this uniform had been in the news very recently! This was the uniform of No. 60 High School in Peiyuan district!

This used to be an unknown, ordinary high school; if it wasn't because first-class Shadow Stream Red Ribbon assassins had been wiped out in this school, Third Saint didn't think he would have paid it any attention at all.

He remembered reading about it previously in online news. After carefully recalling the details, he was a little astounded to realize that this school had grown quite famous recently. The complete elimination of Shadow Stream Red Ribbon killers, and the arrest of an executive Gold Ribbon female killer, all seemed to be somehow related to this school...

And now, this teenager standing in front of him was wearing that school's uniform... Third Saint suddenly felt a little fearful.

But in the end, there wasn't any direct evidence to link Great Saint and Second Saint's deaths by backlash to this youngster, right?

Maybe there was some big shot cultivator still hiding inside the villa whom even the Heaven and Earth Spirit Awakening Array hadn't been able to detect.

Was he afraid?

That wasn't possible.

After all these years, he was a seasoned veteran; there were no winds and waves that he hadn't weathered!

Third Saint remembered when, for the sake of comprehending the meaning of Dao in Soul Formation, he had learned from Old Demon Wang's example and opened a woodcarving shop to carve feijibei 1 ... this kid probably hadn't even been born then!

He was just a teenager.

A teenager wearing an ordinary high school uniform.

There was nothing to fear.

Third Saint kept comforting himself in his heart.

Standing at the door, Wang Ling was lost for words as he listened to this old Taoist's turbulent thoughts. As he was wondering why the man hadn't made a move, he saw a spirit light flash in the other party's hand. A wine gourd appeared, and the old Taoist started gulping down mouthfuls of wine.

Wang Ling was stunned; was this the legendary "liquid courage"?

Was the man that frightened to face him?

It was hard for Third Saint to describe it accurately with words. The other party wasn't using spiritual pressure or any other technique — he couldn't even detect any evidence of the teenager using his spiritual senses to feel things out. It was just that now that they were face to face, the ferocious killing intent which this Soul Formation cultivator had come here with had already disappeared. Instead, an extreme sense of crisis had taken its place, and Third Saint had been forced to embolden himself with alcohol.

Wang Ling took a glimpse at the wine gourd in the old Taoist's hand. This xx82 vintage wine which promoted courage was currently very popular in the cultivation industry. Senior cultivators had drunk this in their confrontation with the demons that had poured out from the Gate Between Worlds — it also tasted great. The gate hadn't appeared for very long, but drinking this emboldening wine before battle had become a tradition.

Typically, Third Saint would drink this wine in a fight against a formidable enemy... but this old Taoist in white had never expected that such an ordinary-looking, poker-faced teenager with dead eyes could provoke such terror in him.

With all the wine from the gourd now in his belly, the old Taoist's face was flushed with alcohol.  
"Here I come!"

As he stabbed the sword directly at Wang Ling's front, the air whistled with silver-colored sword qi. The force was so overwhelming that anyone with a realm under Soul Formation would be killed by the sword qi alone before the tip of the sword could even touch them.

If this teenager really was a Foundation Establishment high school student, there was nowhere for him to run from the old Taoist's sword, and he would instantly be smashed to pieces.

The Ten Saints cultivated the Demonic Path, but each of them had their own particular magic weapon. Some cultivated with a hammer, some with an axe, and some with a bar of soap... what Third Saint, this old Taoist in white, cultivated with was a sword!

Wang Ling could instantly tell that this was the "Art of the Three Swords" created by one of the nation's ten great founding generals, Blademaster General Yi! There were three parts to this sword art: the bronze art for defense, the gold art for offense, and the silver art which could both attack and defend.

It was very obvious that what Third Saint cultivated wasn't the gold sword nor the bronze sword... but the silver sword!

Wang Ling didn't move from where he was standing, and just blinked his eyes hard.

The old Taoist in white was startled by this teenager's move — was this boy making eyes at him? Don't tell him this guy was f\*\*king bent?!

But very quickly... he suddenly realized he was wrong.

Because before his silver sword qi could reach the teenager, it was actually stopped in mid-air. No matter if it was the sword qi or the sword itself, they were blocked by immense power and unable to advance.

At that moment, Third Saint suddenly recalled the teenager's blinking.

So it hadn't been a useless move!

This teenager had used the strong wind generated from the fanning of his eyelashes to dispel his sword art!

He had just blinked his eyes and his eyelashes had created a gale strong enough to withstand Third Saint's "Art of the Three Swords"...

What the hell! There was a technique like this?!

Third Saint's three views were dealt a blow so heavy they collapsed. Two thousand years of cultivation, and it had all been for f\*\*king nothing!

Worse still, Third Saint was stunned to find that he couldn't use his sword art to defend against the wind that had been stirred up by this teenager's eyelashes. That invisible wave was gradually pushing the silver sword qi back to rebound on him. The moment he was prepared to withdraw his sword, it was already too late! This silver sword qi, forced to change direction by the powerful, invisible wave created by the teenager's eyelashes, turned back on him!

This backlash of power was unexpectedly even fiercer than the sword qi he had released!

Third Saint didn't have time to react at all. His face turned pale and the terror in his heart was at its peak... who the hell was this teenager?!

Fortunately, he was able to react valiantly as he used his strength to break his right hand, which had been holding the sword. At the cost of an arm, this unstoppable power changed direction and shot upward to scatter the bank of clouds above them until there wasn't a wisp of a cloud left in the sky!

Still standing in the same spot, Wang Ling straightened his creased school uniform, which had been ruffled by the sword qi. The old Taoist in white thought he was going to attack again, and fearfully retreated tens of meters away...

A few seconds later, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, staining his clothes.

Although he had managed to change the direction of the attack, the aftershock had still caused him an internal backlash injury! Fortunately, thanks to his prompt reaction, it was only second-degree backlash this time, which wasn't too serious.

At that moment, fear still lingered in the old Taoist's heart — a wave created by fanning eyelashes had actually produced such astounding results! If he hadn't reacted with such godly speed, he would have already gone to meet elder brother and second brother!

"To wipe out enemies with a blink of an eye..." The old Taoist's face grew pale with fright.

This teenager had a far higher realm than the Ten Saints.

Even if they had another hundred Soul Formation cultivators, they still weren't necessarily this person's match!

Recalling the violent wave produced by the teenager's blinking, the old Taoist in white felt that there was something familiar about this technique.

Legend said that the person ranked number one on the international list of killers, Killer Taoist, nicknamed Teacher Killer, had mastered this supreme skill of eliminating enemies with one blink!

Could it be... was this that Senior Killer Taoist? But why was this senior wearing a school uniform? Was his hobby cosplaying?

Oh god! This great senior was his idol!

Clutching at his broken arm and covered in blood, this old Taoist in white stared at Wang Ling and asked somewhat bashfully, "Are you... Senior Killer Taoist? Can I get your autograph?"

Wang Ling: "... Didnt you f\*\*king come here for revenge?!"

Chapter 122: I Don't Want Such A Plot Twist!

In front of the old Taoist in white, Wang Ling took five seconds to calm his thoughts and then struggled to determine something.

This Third Saint had mistaken him for someone else...

This Teacher Killer with the Taoist name Killer Taoist was an eccentric person who was number one on the international ranking list of killers.

This wasn't the first time that Wang Ling had heard of him; the most recent was when that Shadow Stream 36D maiden had attempted to strike at No. 59 High School.

Looking at the old Taoist in white in front of him who seemed to have forgotten all of his enmity, Wang Ling was a little speechless.

Who the hell could have known that his blinking would be mistaken for Killer Taoist's unique skill?

Furthermore, after the old Taoist had assumed that he was Killer Taoist, what the heck was with his shy expression, as if he was some innocent little sister?! F\*\*k! Don't tell him this guy was actually gay?! He didn't want this plot twist!

Seeing that Wang Ling hadn't said anything, Third Saint took it in his heart as silent agreement. He was as excited as an elementary school student about to go on a spring excursion, and his smile was like a brilliant chrysanthemum. "Senior Killer Taoist! It really is you!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"I've long heard about your godly art of killing people with a wink; this time, I'm much obliged to you for being able to witness it for myself!" The old Taoist in white sighed, ashamed of his inferior skills.

"..."

Wang Ling looked at the old Taoist's bleeding arm, which had been injured by the aftershock. With this recent excitement, the wound was now like a fountain gushing blood. This amount of blood... the old Taoist was lucky he was at the Soul Formation stage, since anyone else would have already died!

"Senior, are you worried about my injury? It's fine, this is nothing, this is the result of my inferior skills..."

As he stared at the old Taoist in white, Wang Ling desperately wanted to say, "You're freaking overthinking it"...

The old Taoist took out some medicinal powder which he had on him and sprinkled it on the wound. The bleeding quickly stopped, but the pain from his broken arm and the excitement of believing that Wang Ling was Killer Taoist had caused his face to go red and then white, like the face of a Hua Dan 1 , which looked very strange.

"We were following orders this time, but if we had known that Senior Killer Taoist was here, we definitely wouldn't have made a move! Cruelty has always been the foundation of our belief as the Ten Saints, and only the ones more brutal than us are worthy for us to learn from! Back when Senior Killer Taoist reigned at the top of the cultivation world, we were still just hungry young saplings!" As the old Taoist spoke, the corners of his eyes glinted; he was so choked with emotion that he actually couldn't help tearing up.

Wang Ling: "..."

The tears were genuine, and so was the emotion. Wang Ling knew that the old Taoist had spoken from his heart. If it had been even the least bit fake, Wang Ling's Mind-Reading Ability would have instantly picked up on it.

In the face of an enemy who had no killing intent whatsoever and had also lost the ability to fight, who was just running off at the mouth emotionally, Wang Ling knew that he couldn't really make a move...

The most bizarre thing to him was that until now, he hadn't given any sort of definite reaction to this plot development! This was all wishful thinking on the old Taoist's part!

It was very obvious that the old Taoist in white had already completely fallen into his boundless imagination and was utterly unable to escape from it. "...Elder brother and second brother's deaths

were unjust! If they had known that Senior Killer Taoist was here, I don't think they would have made a move!"

Hearing the words of the old Taoist in white, Wang Ling frowned. Frankly speaking, this was quite the headache for him now.

Maybe he should have just killed this whole bunch of people at the very beginning and pass the blame on to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal that guy, so that there wouldn't be so many of these ridiculous misunderstandings...

But Wang Ling really rarely killed people unless they were truly a threat. This was also the teaching which Father and Mother Wang had imparted to him since his childhood.

The immense power he had been born with was for self-preservation, not for recklessly trampling on lives... otherwise, what was the difference between him and those protagonists in novels who indiscriminately killed people as if they were flies for a bit of fun?!

If he killed Third Saint, there would still be Fourth Saint and Fifth Saint — one after another, they would come to find trouble with him. Wang Ling frowned; there definitely had to be a better way of resolving this than just simply brutal killing.

At that moment, Third Saint spoke up again. "Senior, are you still worried about the stone ghost mask?"

Wang Ling raised his head and looked seriously at the old Taoist in white. He wanted to hear what he thought.

The old Taoist in white smiled. "Senior, don't worry, we won't fight for the stone ghost mask anymore. When I return this time, I will explain it clearly to them; even if it means disobeying the Lord of the Castle's orders, we will no longer participate in this operation to obtain the stone ghost mask."

It was a very sincere remark, and Wang Ling couldn't detect any flaws in it, so he nodded in satisfaction.



Seeing him nod, Third Saint knew that he wasn't angry, and he heaved a sigh of relief. "After the end of this matter, I will choose to retire and will no longer participate in any sort of conflict. Consider this my self-punishment for offending you, senior."

With that, he gripped his broken arm and bowed to Wang Ling. "This time, we have really caused you offense! Please forgive us, senior!"

Wang Ling: "... " Two of the other party's top generals had died as a result of the backlash he had caused, yet he was being apologized to instead; at this point, he already didn't know what to say.

His current mood was quite complicated...

Third Saint: "Then I won't bother you anymore, senior... but before I take my leave, can you grant me a small request?"

Wang Ling looked doubtful. "?"

A spirit light flashed in the old Taoist's left hand and a marker pen instantly appeared. He then handed it to Wang Ling, immediately turned around and pointed to his back. "Senior, please be sure to sign your name here!"

"..."

Wang Ling thought for a moment, and in the end still took off the pen cap and wrote: Devotion to the nation 2 .

Signed by Killer Taoist, as a gift...

The curtain dropped on this chaotic scene, Wang Ling called his clone back, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal returned home after attending the parent-teacher conference in place of Father and Mother Wang.

The head of security at the gate had already regained consciousness and the saliva froth at the corners of his mouth had already dried up; when he saw that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had returned, he immediately grabbed his sleeve and said a little deliriously, "Senior Immortal! Senior Immortal, be careful! Lei Feng said he was going to tear your house down!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

When he got home and found the fighting lion wrapped head to toe in "special effects," he couldn't help feeling shocked.

What had happened in the last two hours?!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal checked the cinnabar inventory in his villa, and instantly wanted to cry, but had no tears left to shed — Wang Ling had actually used all of it up! There wasn't even residue left! Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had blended cinnabar and black dust powder together, and based on the current market value of the latter... Wang Ling's talismans had cost him more than a million yuan in one go!

This was something the other person had absolutely taken wicked delight in doing...

He decided that the next time Wang Ling visited, he would squirrel all the cinnabar away beforehand to prevent this reckless spender from using it all up!

## Chapter 123: Like Father, Like Son

It was over. The matter with the Ten Saints had come to an end.

The Ten Saints should have been the strongest lineup that Mo Immortal Castle could currently mobilize. But now they had lost two top generals one after another, and were at the risk of being abandoned any time by Third Saint, who had decided to retire from the battlefield.

It was very clear that for the time being, it was pretty much impossible to organize another large-scale operation to grab the stone ghost mask.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could hence take advantage of this time to happily continue searching for the whereabouts of the mask's maker.

When Wang Ling recalled his clone, his real body was already on the way home. He felt the dispersed spirit energy return, and the gloom which he had been feeling the whole day suddenly lifted.

He felt that this was a major drawback of the Great Separation Spell; for him, his clone wasn't made just purely of energy — it contained too many things, including realm, prowess and mood... in most cases, he tended to avoid using the Great Separation Spell since it gave him even more of a poker face.

When Wang Ling returned home, he found that there was one more person in the house today. Even without using his spiritual senses, he knew that Lie Mengmeng was here since the big white bunny slippers at the door were missing; these were slippers which Father Wang had prepared exclusively for him.

Today, Lie Mengmeng had come to check on Grandfather Wang again.

After meeting Teacher Pan during the home visit, the old man had obviously been in better spirits; the knots in his heart had unraveled and he was now at ease. However, Father Wang was still a little worried, so he had asked Lie Mengmeng to come help take a look. And so, in the name of performing a follow-up, some person had come running for a free meal...

The old man on the sofa held Lie Mengmeng's hands as he said gratefully, "Little Song, I will have to trouble you again!"

These simple words were already a huge relief to Lie Mengmeng and Father Wang! That was because the old man hadn't called them by the wrong names this time! It was enough to make Lie Mengmeng believe that even if the old man's dementia wasn't completely cured, it had at least been alleviated significantly...

"You're welcome, Grandfather Wang! I'm now going to ask you some questions." As he spoke, Lie Mengmeng took a sheaf of papers out of his backpack. These were a collection of dementia assessment questions which he had put together, including yes-or-no questions, multiple choice questions and brain teasers.

The old man nodded cooperatively. "Okay, Little Song. Ask me!"

Lie Mengmeng: "First question: when you eat scrambled eggs with tomatoes, do you often struggle to decide whether you should eat the tomatoes or the eggs first?"

The old man straightaway shook his head.

Lie Mengmeng took his answer down, then asked, "Which would you choose, chocolate-flavored shit or shit-flavored chocolate?"

The old man thought about it, then suddenly asked, "Either way, the chocolate has sugar, right?"

Lie Mengmeng nodded. "That's right."

The old man: "I'm hyperglycemic, so I can't eat either of them."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

"By the way, how can you ask elderly people this type of question? A lot of them now have diabetes. Asking them this type of question would be too unkind!"

"...Then let me change questions."

Lie Mengmeng: "Grandfather Wang, under what circumstance does one plus one equal two?"

The old man stared at Lie Mengmeng as if he was retarded. "Of course it equals two when the calculation is right! I say, Little Song, can you not use a question from a spring festival gala thirty years ago to test me? I may be old, but I'm not stupid, alright? These questions of yours are so out-of-date!"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

The old man glared at Lie Mengmeng as he criticized him. "I find that young people nowadays don't have foresight when it comes to dealing with problems. Like you, Little Song, and the dilemma of your past choices — not thinking carefully about how to move forward is wrong. Can't you use fresh and more catchy questions? If a youngster can't keep abreast of the times, how is he going to find a girlfriend and make her happy? By the way, Little Song... it doesn't seem like you have a girlfriend yet?"

No...

No girlfriend...

"..." Lie Mengmeng instantly had the urge to cover his face and cry.

After these questions and answers, next to them, Father Wang could now be sure of two things.

First, the old man's dementia was completely cured. That sweet-talking, fast-talking rogue from back then had returned...

Second, after this face-to-face exchange with Grandfather Wang, Lie Mengmeng this boy with a pure heart who had yet to taste the sweet honey of first love had been struck an unprecedentedly deep and painful blow by the old man.

...

After dinner, Wang Ling was just in time to watch the broadcast of In the Name of Cultivation . He hadn't used the little TV in his bedroom for a long time, and if it wasn't for the Small Raccoon lucky draw during the series premiere, he might have gone forever without lifting the dark seal on the TV. This was because it was more convenient to just use his wristwatch to participate directly in a program and scan his lottery numbers for the draw.

Nowadays, anything could be acquired through the wristwatch. Old-fashioned gadgets like the TV were dying out, and only Grandfather Wang used it to watch his TV series Country Love.

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It was early in the morning on Tuesday, May 25th.

Wang Ling's mood was a bit downcast this morning, because as a diehard Small Raccoon fan, he hadn't even won an encouragement prize in last night's lucky draw! How annoying!

He felt that things like the lucky draw had the same probability of upgrading your equipment in games produced by Penguin Company 1 . Even if there was a ninety percent chance of a successful upgrade, you could still fail regardless...

When Wang Ling entered the class, Grade One, Class Three was gossiping in the morning as usual. The subject of the second mock exams which had already been discussed several days in a row had been temporarily brushed aside, and the hot topic now was yesterday's parent-teacher conference.

The class's gossip master Dopey Guo shared the following information: "I heard that there was a vote held in the parent-teacher conference yesterday."

Someone asked, "What type of vote?"

Dopey Guo replied, "Our school wants to organize an inter-class song competition. Yesterday, Teacher Pan had the parents give song recommendations, and then they voted on it. Then we have to choose one of the top three songs for our class to sing in the competition."

When he said this, Master of Dopey threw out a piece of paper; on it were notes which Father Guo had jolted down at the parent-teacher conference yesterday. A large part of them had to do with the class song selection for the school event.

Everyone gathered to look at the notes, which clearly listed the songs in contention.

The song with the most votes was "The Brightest Star in the Night Sky" which was recommended by Classmate Li's father, Li Gouhai.

The runner-up was "Run" as recommended by Super Chen's old man.

The third was "Little Apple," chosen by Little Peanut's father Big Nut.

When everyone saw this, they nodded their heads and felt that the song titles really reflected the parents' characters.

Of course, apart from these three songs, there were several other recommended songs that hadn't made the cut.

For example, "The Will of the East Wind" 2 recommended by Feather Lin's mother... with one glance, anyone could tell that Mother Lin was definitely a veteran figure in the fujoshi circle.

As another example, Master of Dopey's father, Father Guo, had chosen a song called "Itch" 3 ... this song was like the unofficial anthem for this playful pair — as expected, like father, like son.

Coming to the end of the notes, everyone noticed that there was one song recommendation without a single vote. "Eh? No one voted for this song?! Even the song 'Itch' got a vote..."

Someone asked, "Who recommended it?"

"Someone called Wang Lei."

"..." As soon as Wang Ling heard this, he knew without a doubt that this was the alias Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had used for the occasion.

Super Chen had a brainwave. "Wang Lei? Is this Classmate Wang Ling's father?" After all, there was only one student with the surname Wang in their class.

"What song did he recommend?"

"'Pomp and Circumstance' 4 ..."

After hearing this, the whole class instantly sunk into a dead silence. Everyone looked at Wang Ling and couldn't help sighing in their hearts; who could have imagined that under Classmate Wang Ling's cold and deadpan appearance, there was actually such a sultry heart...

Right now, Wang Ling really had to struggle to calm himself down. "..."

Chapter 124: Experienced Officer Wang

It was May 26th on Wednesday in the fifth week of semester.

After Lie Mengmeng's follow-up last night, Father Wang could confirm that the old man's dementia had been completely cured. At the moment, the old man was worried about his vegetable plot in the neighboring city suburb; before he had left to come here, he had entrusted it to Zhang San next door to make sure the vegetables didn't die. Once they were ripe, Zhang San could harvest and sell them, and keep the earnings for himself.

But two hours before the old man had been about to leave on his tricycle, something big happened in the Wang family! — Mother Wang had been groped on the subway on her way home after doing her grocery shopping!

She hadn't just been molested, the pervert had also pushed her so that her forehead had knocked into a subway pole and she had cracked her skull.

The worse thing was that when the pervert had hurried to get off the train, he had even kicked Mother Wang, pointed at her in the crowd of people around them and shouted loudly, "There are so many people watching, and a hussy like you is deliberately wearing so little! You think you can blame me? Dream on!"

There was a saying that a villain blames his victim. This pervert had a tattoo on his arm and seemed to belong to some triad. He also had a rough and threatening look. At that moment, there was no one who dared to stand up and speak for Mother Wang.

Mother Wang was a woman who would never stir up trouble herself. This was the first time that she had been pointed at and criticized for wearing revealing clothes in front of so many people; she felt so wronged that she almost shed tears.

When she got home and Father Wang saw that she was bleeding, he was so angry that his black-rimmed glasses fell off! The old man straightaway called the police — if there was a problem, you should always call the police!

Within a radius of fifty li around East Huang Road, there was only one cultivation police station, which was idle most of the time. Since fewer people lived in the outskirts, they didn't even have cases of petty theft, which had given rise to a very bad habit of "laziness" in the police department.

It was already two hours after Mother Wang had returned home and the old man had made a report so that the police could come to the house to take a statement...



Just when Father Wang started to become a little impatient, the doorbell rang.

A police officer in uniform was at the door with a small notebook in his hand.

The police officer looked at Father Wang. "Was it your family that called the police?"

Father Wang: "Yes, but it was my father who made the call."

The police officer looked at the old man next to Father Wang. "...So this is...?"

The old man nodded. "That's right, I'm the one who called the police. I'm your uncle 1 ."

Police officer: "..."

As the three sat down, Mother Wang gave the police officer a glass of water. He looked at the injury on Mother Wang's head. "Is this the victim?"

The old man got very emotional. "Yes! This is my daughter! She was felt up and even hit on the subway! When you find out who he is... I'll definitely use zhan yi shi ba die 2 to 'feel' him to death!"

Father Wang: "..."

Police officer: "..."

"Don't get excited, Grandfather Wang." The policeman took out his police identification. "Look, my surname is also Wang, so we're from the same clan. Please believe that I will properly handle the problem for you."

Father Wang and the old man looked at the police code on his identification paper: SB12138...

Officer Wang was a little embarrassed and explained, "East Huang Road is in the north of Songhai city. For short, it is... SB 3 ."

The old man and Father Wang nodded accommodatingly. "Well then, Officer Wang, ask whatever you want."

Officer Wang straightened his collar. "I have a lot of experience in handling cases. We receive sixty police alerts a year in our area, and I handle half of them! Sirs can rest assured!"

With that, Officer Wang looked at Mother Wang. "I suggest that you get an injury assessment done first, or you can take a picture of the injury, as it will all be evidence later! But now, let's take a statement first... Madam Victim, do you remember the specific time?"

Mother Wang answered truthfully, "It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon when I was on my way back from grocery shopping. It happened on the subway."

Officer Wang nodded, jotted down some notes in his little notebook and then looked up. "This is the afternoon rush hour, isn't it normal for buttocks to be pressed together? Perhaps the other party didn't mean to do it?"

The old man pulled out a black iron kitchen knife from under the sofa...

Officer Wang: "I see... let's assume that wasn't the case. Then, perhaps madam was wearing something a little too cool?"

The old man then took a whetstone out from under the coffee table...

Officer Wang: "Well... it's almost summer in Songhai city, it's humid and stifling during the rainy season; it's very normal to wear short-sleeved shirts."

Officer Wang broke out in a bit of a cold sweat. "Then, excuse me, Madam Victim, besides the bruise on your head, are you hurt anywhere else?"

Mother Wang: "That man kicked me in the arm before the subway doors opened."

The old man added, "And this son of a bitch has a nasty mouth; my daughter was mentally traumatized."

Officer Wang nodded and stared at the little notebook in his hand. "Let's sort out the details of the incident. The victim, Mrs Wang, was on the subway between four and five o'clock on her way home after grocery shopping when she was molested by a tattooed, burly man who later shoved her and cause her to bump her head. As he was getting off, he kicked Mrs Wang's left arm and verbally attacked and humiliated her. The attack was confined to the subway, and the whole crime took less than five minutes, until the other party got off. The situation is very clear..."

Grandfather Wang: "What do you think, Officer Wang?"

The experienced Officer Wang cupped his chin and nodded gravely. "From my years of experience in handling cases, this looks like a nasty case of underground subway groping."

Father Wang, Mother Wang and the old man: "..."

Officer Wang: "If you are determined to find this wandering hand, you will have to go through the standard legal procedure."

Father Wang: "What do we need to do, specifically?"

Officer Wang: "According to standard procedure, Mrs Wang was attacked at the East Huang North Road stop. So first of all, we local police station will file a case and open an investigation. We will then work with the Department of Urban Construction to obtain subway surveillance footage. Out of the millions of people that take the subway every day, we'll check possible suspects one by one. This is then followed by legal proceedings: the filing of a lawsuit, prosecution of the accused, the first hearing, a second hearing, the court trial... but from my many years of experience in handling cases, this is actually quite difficult to deal with; identifying the suspect is not easy as the subway is really too busy, unless someone directly recorded a video of the crime when it happened. And even if we do find a suspect, the entire process will take at least three years."

Grandfather Wang was very stubborn. "No matter how long the process takes, we must prosecute this person!"

But at this moment, the experienced Officer Wang shrugged his shoulders. "Regretfully, sirs, if you are determined to file a lawsuit, then I'm unable to take care of it... I don't have the authority to open an investigation."

Father Wang: "Didn't you say you're very experienced?"

The experienced Officer Wang nodded his head solemnly. "Yes, experience as a part-timer is indeed enriching."

Father Wang: "..."

Next to him, the old man was already sharpening his knife...

Chapter 125: I, Internet Celebrity Father Wang, Am a Fierce Man of Few Words

There was a saying that God helped those who helped themselves, which Father Wang thought fit the current situation very well.

In the end, Loopy Toad dragged this experienced Officer Wang away by one of his boots...

It so happened that Wang Ling had just got home from school; as soon as he opened the door, he saw Loopy Toad's back legs as it gripped Officer Wang's boot between its teeth and rudely dragged him out of the house; the experienced Officer Wang was utterly discomfited as he yelled, "We part-timers also have human rights!"

Right after he said this, Loopy Toad gave the man a godly dog tail whip 1 and then directly punched him in his round belly with a dog fist. Then, Wang Ling saw this man's body, which had to be over two hundred jin in weight, fly more than twenty meters through the air until he landed with his butt sticking up in a weird, gay-looking pose.

Wang Ling: "..."

...

When Wang Ling entered the Wang family's small villa, the atmosphere was unusually heavy. After seeing the injury on Mother Wang's forehead, his face quickly darkened.

The old man slapped his leg. "As soon as that boy came in, I knew he wasn't reliable! But I didn't realize it would be to that extent! Messing with us by sending a part-timer — do they think we citizens are monkeys to be played around with?!"

Mother Wang comforted him. "Dad, how about we just forget it? I'm not badly hurt anyway. At the most, I was slandered a little."

In the space of a few seconds, Wang Ling had used his Mind-Reading Ability to grasp the whole story.

...Very good!

Molesting the mother of the Immortal King... and even f\*\*king daring to hit her!

F\*\*ker, you're in big trouble now!

Wang Ling took a deep breath as he tried his best to calm his thoughts. Then, he drew a portrait from Mother Wang's memory using his Memory Sketch Skill — it was a young man with a height of roughly one hundred and seventy-eight centimetres. He had a mohawk and a tattoo on his right arm, and was heavily accessorized.

Mother Wang stared at the paper and immediately identified him. "Right, Ling Ling's drawing is accurate, that's him!"

The old man looked at the image and nodded, before he then turned to Wang Ling. "Can you find this man?"

Father Wang: "Given the reach of Ling Ling's spiritual sense, it certainly wouldn't be difficult for him to find this person in Songhai city. But I remember Ling Ling said before that spiritual sense this thing is like a generator — the wider the coverage, the more power it gives off. By then, it would probably shut down the power grid in the whole of Songhai city, right?"

Wang Ling bowed his head in tacit admission of the truth in Father Wang's words.

"Forget it, just leave it to me to find this person..."

With that, Father Wang took out a lighter and lit up a cigarette with a pa. He put the cigarette in his mouth and took a long puff before exhaling smoke like a dragon; the light reflecting off the lens of his glasses hid the dark look in his eyes. "As for how to deal with this mohawk when we find him, Ling Ling, do as you see fit... however, we still have to adhere to our Wang family precepts. Don't just simply attack and kill him... the best is if you can get this fellow sent to the hospital! And if his lower half never gets up again! ( F\*\*k! Dare hurt my woman, you bastard, you're looking to die! )

The old man and Wang Ling both shivered.

Father Wang had turned completely evil...

...

Actually, a lot of unfair things happened in society. For the last several eras, the common people hadn't had the power to speak out, while conflict between cultivators was basically solved through battle. Back then, realm was king and prowess was honored — strength represented everything.

But it was now the Spirit Energy Information era, where lawful checks and balances applied to both ordinary people and cultivators.

Nevertheless, it had to be said that in cases such as groping, the law was clearly not a strong enough deterrent.

Perhaps most women who encountered this type of situation would choose to hatefully endure it, since they felt it was better to avoid unnecessary trouble.

Of course, there were also women like Mother Wang who were brave enough to come forward and identify the perverts.

But sometimes doing this didn't necessarily work; one of the main factors was the indifference of onlookers. They would rather stand to one side and take pictures than be willing to stand up and speak out. Most hateful of all was when online keyboard warriors 2 would directly blame the female victims, whether it was their fault or not, and berate them for wearing too little!

In the end, even if police reports were lodged, these would usually amount to nothing.

As the experienced Officer Wang had said, in public places such as the subway and other mass transit which had massive numbers of passengers, if the gropers weren't caught on the spot, it would be utterly nonsensical to expect the cultivation police to waste time staring at a monitor screen day and night as they checked for perverts.

And even if these groping perverts were finally caught, they would just be detained for fifteen days. Furthermore, if the groper had connections, they might just have a cup of tea in the police station before being released...

As a result, most of the common people would feel depressed and helpless when they had to deal with incidents like these.

But unfortunately for this groper with the mohawk, he had touched a member of Wang Ling's family...

This time, Father Wang insisted he would be the one to find this person, and wouldn't allow Wang Ling to help him out, for two main reasons.

For one thing, Father Wang was still thinking about the city he lived in. To run the risk of economic losses from the shutdown of the entire city's power grid in Wang Ling's search for a scumbag wasn't worth it. Furthermore, as a man whose wife had been the one to be bullied, Father Wang felt that it would be too cowardly to rely on his son to fight back!

It was just looking for one person... that wasn't hard to do at all!

If realm and prowess were Wang Ling's weapons...

Then, as an ordinary person who didn't possess spirit energy, Father Wang also had his own special measures!

...

Without bothering to eat dinner, Father Wang started to get busy in his study as he signed into his Weibo account. He rarely logged on, and his last post had been half a year ago. He didn't like to log onto Weibo because there were always four types of people on his page.

Type 1: trolls.

Type 2: trolls who liked to blindly follow the crowd.

Type 3: the 'demand more' party 3 .

And Type 4: members of the 'demand more' party who liked to blindly follow the crowd.

Of course, overall there were still more of the third and fourth types.

Father Wang involuntarily looked at the verification badge on his Weibo page and his profile information: "Best-selling novelist guru Wang Situ from the Cultivation Reading Network." Their operations department had helped him get his page verified in order to promote his novels.

Because he hadn't been on Weibo for a long time, the entire webpage froze for two minutes as soon as he logged on, due to the crazy number of private messages he had received.

He looked at his fan numbers — heh , good! He hadn't been online for half a year, but his fans had actually increased by more than a million!

Father Wang remembered that his Weibo fans had already hit three million half a year ago on his webpage — now there were unexpectedly a million more.

Father Wang didn't know how effective these four million fans could be.

But given the current situation, he had to rely on the power of his Weibo fans now to direct public opinion in the search for this hateful mohawk.

As an Internet celebrity among the common people, the power of public opinion was the strongest weapon that Father Wang could muster!

Well then, let me first test how lively it can get...



Father Wang lit a cigarette, then quickly typed a string of words and posted on Weibo for the first time in six months. "Good evening, everyone."

As soon as he posted the message, the webpage instantly froze again...

By the time it was working normally, the number of thumbs-ups on this Weibo post had already hit one thousand in less than a minute!

It was then followed by a flurry of comments.

"Oh my god! Guru Wang Situ actually posted on Weibo!"

"What post is this?! Go type words! There was only one new chapter today! But if you dress like a girl and show us, I'll forgive you for it!"

"It was really worth it waiting every day on Weibo for the 'demand more' party to catch the author; hehe , today we finally caught a live one!"

...

In the bedroom next door, Wang Ling couldn't help lamenting: waiting every day for half a f\*\*king year to catch the author... the 'demand more' party was really too scary!

## Chapter 126: Wang Situ in a Fury over a Beauty

Wang Ling had always felt that Father Wang's fan readers were very scary in that they were a special kind of collective. In the same way that Wang Ling's realm kept increasing on its own accord, so did the number of fans that followed Father Wang... for a Weibo account that had been inactive for six months, it was strange enough that the number of followers hadn't decreased but had risen instead, but there were also still so many 'gatekeepers' on the front line giving Father Wang thumbs-ups and commenting, to the extent that his old computer almost crashed!

But this wasn't the main point...

The point was that Father Wang felt the time had come for him to mobilize the strength of his fans!

After adjusting his writing style and diction, Father Wang's fingers flew over the keyboard swift as lightning; after a short ten minutes, he had quickly written and posted a long Weibo piece titled "Wang Situ in a Fury over a Beauty 1 ." At the bottom, he attached a photo which he had taken with his wristwatch of a profile image Wang Ling had drawn using the Profile Technique.

The moment Father Wang clicked 'publish,' he felt like Li Yunlong 2 , leading a million fans into Pingan county to rescue his wife; it somehow felt very stirring and exciting!

Because the post was too long, the number of comments and thumbs-ups this time didn't come in as quickly and fervently as they had for his Weibo greeting earlier.

However, five minutes later, Father Wang's computer crashed again!

It had to be said that Father Wang was in the end Father Wang, a novelist guru who was ranked number one on the Cultivation Reading Network's bestsellers list. This long Weibo post had been written in a very natural and smooth style; not only had meticulous thought gone into it, it also contained a clear argument. Moreover, it revealed a husband's helplessness and a ruthless denouncement of an indifferent society.

And the gist of this long Weibo post could be summed up in one sentence: Brothers, my wife was taken advantage of! What to do?!

Countless comments came flooding in!

"F\*\*k! This mohawk already looks nasty enough, who would have thought his heart is also so obscene! Is there any expert who can dox him?!"

"Dox, dox, must dox!"

"I'm sorry, Guru Wang Situ! I shouldn't blame you for your ungelivable 3 updates... I didn't think you would be facing such a huge issue! Forwarding the post for Guru Wang Situ!"

To be honest, Father Wang was both fired up and touched when he saw how united users were in the comments calling for a dox; this was the first time that he could see how unified his fans were other than in just subscribing to his novels.

Wang Ling saw the thumbs-ups, forwards and comments on Father Wang's long post visibly and rapidly rise in a short quarter of an hour.

Playing around on Weibo wasn't a privilege limited to just the common people; many almighty cultivators now were also in the habit of refreshing Weibo.

And among Father Wang's fans, it wasn't just students who read his novels as a way of relieving stress.

Very quickly, one Weibo user with more than ten million fans and the profile information "Head of Exploding Sky Sect Xu Que" left Father Wang a message and forwarded his post: "After cultivating, I always look for interesting novels on the Cultivation Reading Network to read as a way to relax and calm my Dao heart. When I had encountered the most difficult bottleneck in my cultivation, I suddenly discovered Let Go of that Wet Nurse by Guru Wang Situ, and it helped me break through that final bottleneck. This is a very dedicated author! Wang Situ's family is currently being bullied, so as head of Exploding Sky Sect, I am now formally announcing a Heavenly Way Bounty on Weibo. If anyone can provide information on the obscene man whom Guru Wang Situ has written about, a reward of one million HNY will be directly transferred to you online!"

In a flash!

Complete pandemonium erupted on Weibo!

Heavenly Way Bounty!

It had been a very long time since anyone had heard of this...

The Heavenly Way Bounty had existed once upon a time during the chaotic period in the ancient cultivation world known as the Contention of a Hundred Schools of Thought. This was a special pursuit warrant that only a religious sect leader or a pope could issue, and it could gain traction very quickly in a short span of time. Once a person became wanted under this warrant, he would become the public enemy of cultivators, and could be killed by anyone.

Previous records from the ancient cultivation world showed that no one who had had a Heavenly Way Bounty placed on them had been able to survive.

Nowadays, however, because of lawful restrictions, the Heavenly Way Bounty wasn't legally recognized. Nevertheless, it was still an unwritten tradition of the cultivation world. At present, people who were wanted under the Heavenly Way Bounty didn't have to die, but dirt on them would be dug up, even as far back as eighteen generations of their ancestors. There was an online joke that if there was someone now who was wanted under the Heavenly Way Bounty, it was possible to even count the number of bone ash particles inside their ancestors' cremation urn.

If the previous Heavenly Way Bounty had been a hunt and kill order, then nowadays, it was the ultimate dox boost!

Hence, when he saw the message that this head of Exploding Sky Sect had sent, Wang Ling couldn't help feeling chagrined despite himself; in a sense, this kind of ultimate dox boost was much more terrifying than just killing a man.

Very quickly, numerous comments popped up below Head of Exploding Sky Sect Xu Que.

"Boss has come! I never thought that even the head would have also read Guru Wang Situ's novels! We're kindred spirits!"

"Supporting Head of Exploding Sky Sect's righteous words! Catch this obscene man alive! Give Guru Wang Situ's family justice!"

In just one hour, Wang Ling saw that the trending topics on Weibo's hot search list had been completely taken over by Father Wang after countless post forwards.

Trending Topic 1: Wang Situ in a Fury over a Beauty

Trending Topic 2: Head of Exploding Sky Sect Xu Que Announces Heavenly Way Bounty

Trending topic 3: Women, Guard Against Wandering Hands with this Simple Trick

...

Meanwhile, Wang Ling was also refreshing Weibo on his wristwatch, and he saw quite a few of his acquaintances from the cultivation forum and chat group in the Weibo comment area for that "Heavenly Way Bounty" by the head of Exploding Sky Sect.

Bulang Blade Immortal: "Supporting Friend Xu speaking up for justice for Guru Wang Situ. Guru Wang Situ's books are really so good — I hope this incident can be settled quickly so that Guru Wang Situ can hurry up and update!"

Cailian Zhenren: "F\*\*k! What are the cultivation police doing?! Does he think there's no one in our cultivation world who will teach him a lesson? Even dared to touch Guru Wang Situ's wife — if I this old mother know where this obscene man lives, I'll definitely show up at his door with a sword and cut off his abalone mushrooms 4 !"

Lightning Dharmaraja: "Fellow cultivators, calm down; if you catch this man, the most effective thing you can do is send him to me for electrocution. Supporting Guru Wang Situ's legal rights! By the way, let me take this opportunity to advertise my Quit the Internet Center..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Supporting fellow Xu Que! I especially like Let Go of that Wet Nurse by Guru Wang Situ — the moment when Zhuge Liang used the Beating Dragon Eighteen Palms to do a slam dunk was just too cool!"

Wang Ling: "... Bloody hell! There's no Zhuge Liang 5 in the book! You're just shamelessly mooching off the atmosphere for your own purpose!

Chapter 127: Evil Monarch Jun Xie

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't know that this Guru Wang Situ who rode the whirlwind in the online novel industry was actually Father Wang. If he knew that the person he had simply commented on for the sake of raising his own appeal by mooching off this latest hot topic was the "Great Senior" from the Wang family's small villa, he would definitely regret it to no end...

But there were really too many comments on Father Wang's post, and it was completely impossible for the eye to take them all in. The comments by that bunch of people from the cultivation forum couldn't catch up with the first wave, and were soon drowned out by other comments.

One of the reasons why Father Wang's post had officially become a trending topic was largely due to Weibo support from the head of Exploding Sky Sect, Xu Que.

Most crucially, that support included the Heavenly Way Bounty!

Furthermore, after the Heavenly Way Bounty was issued, it immediately drew the concern and support of a lot of big names in the cultivation world, most of whom were actually friends of Head of Exploding Sky Sect Xu Que from the same cultivation circle.

Someone with the ID Evil Monarch Jun Xie 1 and the profile information "CEO of Cultivation Hardware and Concealed Weapons Technology" forwarded Xu Que and Father Wang's posts, and expressed that they would add an extra million on top of the Heavenly Way Bounty which Head of Exploding Sky Sect Xu Que was offering!

Evil Monarch Jun Xie... this was the boss of Cultivation Hardware and Concealed Weapons Technology! This was also the one other institution competing with King Billy's Yidali Research Bureau for Unique Artifacts in the concealed weapons market!

Yes, with Evil Monarch Jun Xie's participation, the issue exploded once again!

In a short two hours after Father Wang had published his Weibo post, talk about "Wang Situ in a Fury over a Beauty" had shot up at the speed of a rocket and the post had already been read over one hundred million times; similar to the growth of Wang Ling's realm in the last two years, things were starting to get out of hand.

Father Wang had made it clear in his post that he had called the police, but unfortunately, they couldn't handle the incident for various reasons. This also caused widespread public discontent — if a government official couldn't help the people obtain justice, he might as well just go home and sell sweet potatoes 2 !

Groping wasn't a big nor a small matter...

The point was that after Father Wang had made use of his identity as Wang Situ to create online exposure on this issue, its significance in society had obviously changed.

Many people immediately began to rebuke the cultivation police for their inaction.

Very quickly, this incident drew the direct attention of the municipal bureau.

...

At midnight, Song Qingshu was bitterly writing "A Review Report on Post-War Losses."

This time, two people among the Ten Saints had died, and even Third Saint had directly violated the agreement and betrayed the Lord of the Castle for some unknown reason... until now, Song Qingshu was still in the dark about it. Nevertheless, a report still had to be written, on what they had lost, what the next step in their plan was going to be, and their chances of success — all of it had to be calculated step by step.

The only good news for him was that the Lord of the Castle wasn't really angry.

Song Qingshu felt that given the ears and eyes which the Lord of the Castle had everywhere, he must have known that the person who insisted on fighting Mo Immortal Castle over the stone ghost mask had some influence and shouldn't be provoked. Nothing needed to be said if it had just been the Great Death-Courting Senior — however, the current problem was that behind this Great Death-Courting Senior was a top-class expert whose realm far surpassed Soul Formation!

Who on earth was this man?

Song Qingshu had utterly no idea how to find out who he was.

His only lead was Third Saint, who had already completely cut off all ties with them — this entire puzzle could be solved if they could find Third Saint.

Song Qingshu sighed, pen in one hand, and as he was thinking about how to word his report, there was the sound of a phone ringing.

This red phone was an internal hotline for getting through to him directly.

Song Qingshu gave the clock a somewhat annoyed look. Who would be looking for him at this hour?

After pondering for a bit, he directly answered the phone. "Who is it?"

"Hello, is that Brother Song? This is Zhou Jie!"

Song Qingshu was stumped for a moment. "..."

He knew too many people; there was no way he could remember all of them! If he had been at work, there was a telephone directory in his office full of numbers which he could flip through and check who it was.

The problem, however, was that he was at home, and someone abruptly giving him a ring and saying he was so-and-so made him feel a little weary.

He knew so many people with the surname Zhou... who the hell knew which one was Zhou Jie?!

Fortunately, the man on the other end of the line knew himself very well. "I'm Green Gang's Zhou Jie, the one with big nostrils..."

Oh... so it was the leader of Green Gang, Zhou Jie.

Song Qingshu instantly got it.

This was a well-known black Taoist 3 who had big nostrils, so his nickname was Large Nostrils. Actually, if the man had just used this nickname, Song Qingshu would have immediately known who he was.

"Leader Zhou, what business do you have with me?" he asked.

Green Gang was the largest and most powerful underground gang in Songhai city, and had shared a close relationship with Mo Immortal Castle when the latter had first been set up. Before Mo Immortal Castle had established its own intelligence network, a lot of their information had had to be passed through Green Gang at first.



In the last few years, however, this relationship between Mo Immortal Castle and Green Gang had waned and they now only had some business dealings with each other. So Song Qingshu hadn't expected to suddenly receive a call from this leader of Green Gang whom he hadn't seen in quite a while.

"Brother Song, I really don't know who to ask for help. I currently have a pretty troublesome problem. I don't know if you've heard about it... it's something that happened on Weibo recently..."

After Zhou Jie spoke anxiously for a while, Song Qingshu laughed. "Wang Situ in a fury over a beauty? Is that a new punchline? I think I've read this online writer's books before... you're saying his wife was groped? Ha ha ha ha !"

On the other end, the face of Zhou Jie, leader of Green Gang, instantly darkened. "The man who groped his wife was my younger cousin..."

Song Qingshu abruptly stopped laughing. "..."

Zhou Jie heaved a sigh. "It seems that Brother Song didn't know about this matter. But now it's become a huge deal... it's really troublesome!"

Listening to Zhou Jie's subsequent explanation, the smile on Song Qingshu's face gradually disappeared and he no longer thought it all a joke. "You're saying... the head of Exploding Sky Sect, Xu Que, publicly announced a Heavenly Way Bounty on Weibo, which has been supported by countless cultivators, and Evil Monarch Jun Xie has even topped up the bounty?!"

Hearing this, Song Qingshu couldn't help sighing in his heart. This... was really troublesome!

Could just anyone put out a Heavenly Way Bounty?! The only person qualified to do so was either a pope or the head of a sect. Even if it could be withdrawn, it couldn't be done so easily.

The most important thing was that the head of Exploding Sky Sect, Xu Que, was a notoriously ruthless man... he was an existence that even Mo Immortal Castle didn't dare provoke.

Song Qingshu: "I say, Leader Zhou, why didn't your younger cousin choose a better target? Instead he had to grope the wife of this online guru..."

Zhou Jie: "Brother Song, I can only ask for your help with this! I only have this one younger cousin, please help me find a way to suppress this incident!"

Song Qingshu was speechless. "Do you know how terrifying Guru Wang Situ's fans are? While that head of the Exploding Sky Sect is good at using Weibo, those big shots who don't use Weibo are probably now observing things in private!"

Song Qingshu felt that his words weren't an exaggeration; after all, even the Lord of the Castle had also read the book Let Go of that Wet Nurse by Wang Situ! However, the Lord of the Castle didn't use Weibo...

Over the phone, leader of Green Gang, Zhou Jie, gritted his teeth. "How about this, Brother Song, if you can help me suppress this incident, I'll give you a piece of information that will fire you up!"

Song Qingshu thought for a while, then shook his head. "Too difficult!"

He was about to hang up when Zhou Jie directly spoke up. "I know that Brother Song has been looking for the whereabouts of the maker of the stone ghost mask. I have a clue here... if Brother Song can help me, I'll give you the information!"

Song Qingshu's finger had been centimeters away from pressing the end button, but when he heard Zhou Jie's words, his hand immediately paused. "What did you say?!"

## Chapter 128: Father Wang's Most Powerful Fan

When Mo Immortal Castle was founded back then, it had had to rely on Green Gang for a very long time to build its own intelligence network in Songhai city.

In the last few years, Green Gang's value to Mo Immortal Castle had fallen, and their relationship was not as close as it used to be.

When two forces met to begin with, their relationship would be based on mutual exploitation; once that balance was broken, the relationship would also fall apart.

As leader of Green Gang, Zhou Jie was naturally very clear on this point. Thus, for the future development of the Green Gang, he had also quietly expanded his intelligence grid over the years, trying to secure the throne as the top underground intelligence network in Songhai city. But in the last few years, Mo Immortal Castle had really grown too rapidly.

But even if it was hard to compete with that power on the surface, Zhou Jie had still found another way. He had gotten information about the stone ghost mask by chance. Furthermore, he knew that Mo Immortal Castle had been looking for the maker of the stone ghost mask for many years.

Song Qingshu involuntarily swallowed his saliva; indeed, this proposal sounded very attractive.

On the other end, Zhou Jie knew that the situation was hopeful, and he continued with a smile, "Brother Song, you only need to think of a way to control public opinion and suppress the Weibo post... I only have this one younger cousin, I must protect him no matter what!"

Song Qingshu sighed. "I admit your proposal is very tempting. But you should know that the head of the Exploding Sky Sect has already made a move, so even if our Mo Immortal Castle gets involved..."

Zhou Jie interrupted him. "Brother Song, I can only rely on you for this. It'll be good enough if you can reduce the impact of this issue as much as possible! Of course, whether it works or not in the end, I'll still tell you everything I know about the maker of the stone ghost mask."

This was a very sensible remark, and Song Qingshu nodded with satisfaction. "Very well, I'll do my best."

He hung up after that, and then was at a loss.

In the end, who was it better to look for?

Song Qingshu thought for a while before finally picking up the phone again to quickly dial a string of numbers. "It's me, Song Qingshu. Help put me through to Mayor Ding..."

...

While the mohawk's older cousin, leader of Green Gang, called Song Qingshu for help, the battle on Weibo continued.

It was already a full four hours after the start of the incident; it was almost midnight, but Weibo was still as busy as if it was daytime.

Things had gotten more and more serious. Father Wang's trending post "Wang Situ in a Fury over a Beauty" had already been certified "Hot" by Weibo — how a weak female should react and defend herself when she encountered a wandering hand had become a popular topic for discussion.

Netizens forwarded the post and were sympathetic; even the keyboard warriors stayed up late — all of them found incomparable satisfaction from being a part of this hype.

But soon, someone posted an online message and also sent a string of angry emoji expressions. "Strange! My comment on the post is gone! Even the reader count in the upper right corner of my last few posts have all turned gray."

This net friend shared a screenshot, expressing their dissatisfaction.

A comment quickly popped up below it. "I thought I was the only one whose Weibo post was locked! So there were other people with the same problem!"

"Shit! So it's not just me!"

"I worked so hard to type out such a long post, why is it locked?! Support Guru Wang Situ!"

This definitely wasn't netizens stirring up trouble for no reason, because Father Wang had also noticed something; he found that the number of thumb-ups and comments on his post were decreasing steadily. After four hours, a total of nearly two hundred thousand thumbs-ups before... was now only a hundred and ten thousand after he refreshed the page! That was half the amount!

Wang Ling also realized that many online comments had disappeared.

Previously, some people had sent several addresses for doxxing but which had yet to be properly verified. However, all of it had been deleted by Weibo on the basis that it was "prohibited information."

It was very obvious that someone was deliberately blocking the messages and trying to keep the heat down.

Father Wang patiently waited for fifteen minutes in front of the computer, then saw that the "Hot" word next to his post title as a hot search item had already disappeared. Even its ranking had dropped two levels, and he helplessly watched as it fell from Trending Topic 1 to Trending Topic 3.

In the study, he sat in front of his computer screen, the ashtray on his table already overflowing with cigarette butts.

He had already smoked all the cigarettes in his cigarette pack.

Wang Ling was wondering whether he should use his teleport ability to go to the supermarket and buy a pack for him.

After all, this was the only thing that he as a son could do for his dad while Father Wang relied on his own strength to search for that mohawk scumbag.

But very quickly, Wang Ling realized that he had been overthinking it.

Because he saw Father Wang stand up and directly pick up an iron box off the bookshelf next to him. Inside the box were ten black cigars. Father Wang straightaway lit one up and put it in his mouth.

Wang Ling's heart couldn't help but shiver a little... he realized that Father Wang's evil temperament was about to get worse!

...

In the study, Father Wang puffed on his cigar.

As Wang Ling stared at it, he slowly started to recall that this box of cigars had been a gift which some fan had sent a few months earlier. At that time, Father Wang had still been in the study typing, so it was Wang Ling who had come downstairs to help him sign for the express delivery, hence why he had a vague impression of it.

But Wang Ling hadn't paid it any mind back then and hadn't cared about what was in the box.

And when Father Wang had received the iron box, he had put it on the bookshelf, where it had remained ever since.

It didn't look like a famous or expensive brand from the external packaging, but the texture inside each cigar was extremely special!

Using his Heavenly Eye, Wang Ling could see that this single cigar contained more than three hundred types of precious celestial treasures. Among them, he could actually even detect the faint smell of "auspicious dragon grass"! This was a restricted-grade panacea grown in Huaxiu nation; it had the ability to bring a person back to life, and was currently also used all over the world as an efficacious drug for dealing with cancer! Just a little bit of this panacea could purify the body of all cancer cells!

It was very obvious that these cigars had all been specially custom-made by that fan! To be able to use auspicious dragon grass as a cigar ingredient — what kind of person was this?

While Wang Ling was still puzzling over this, Father Wang had already finished half the cigar.

As he had expected, someone was now trying to block the messages on Weibo, and the topic "Wang Situ in a Fury over a Beauty" had just fallen several more places and was going to drop out of the top ten.

"Everyone, forward the post again! Help Guru Wang Situ! It's fallen in the ranking again!"

"This Weibo is real scum! Black operations 1 ! Shameless scum!"

"I forward! Forward angrily! Forward it again! I don't believe it can continue to drop with almost five hundred thousand forwards... robbed of first place by a shampoo ad! Who is it that gives you this confidence?! Rejoice 2 ?!"

These net friends all felt that it was unfair to Father Wang, but someone was clearly pulling some strings behind the scenes, and they were helpless to do anything...

Reading these online comments, Father Wang felt his blood pressure rise.

Black operations?

No way!

Wang Ling saw Father Wang turn the iron box over and open the back.

His eyebrows twitched... it turned out that the cigar box could be opened on both ends, and there was a small compartment at the back!

Wang Ling then saw Father Wang take out a black cellphone which he had never seen before from the back of the cigar box.

There was only one number in the phone's contacts.

Father Wang didn't even have to think about it before he directly made a call.

A moment later, Father Wang's voice sounded. "It's me, Wang Situ. Please put me through to the head of state..."

Chapter 129: Which Old Leader Is This?

It was twelve o'clock, which should have been the dead of night for every human being!

On the top floor of a staff apartment of the General Office of the Municipal Council in the urban heart of Songhai city, Mayor Ding Yunsong was in a sleeping robe and trying his best to "learn a foreign language" with a foreign blonde lolita when he suddenly received an emergency call.

Since the mood had been interrupted, it was clear that he was a little unhappy, and even his voice sounded depressed when he picked up the phone. "Who is it?"

The person on the other end just said three syllables: "Song Qingshu."

As soon as he heard these three syllables, Mayor Ding's body jolted abruptly and he instantly picked himself up and smiled obsequiously. "So it's Mr Song... Mr Song, it's so late, what can I do for you?"

"Does Mayor Ding already know about the incident on Weibo? The wife of that Wang Situ was molested, and caused a huge uproar," Song Qingshu said directly, not beating around the bush.

Ding Yunsong made a show of being earnest as he nodded. "Yes, of course I know!"

Actually, he didn't... he had been busy learning a foreign language, how would he have had time to worry about what was happening on Weibo?

"That groper is a fellow younger brother of my subordinate. That day, he had drunk two bottles of erguotou 1 , so his wits were a little addled. This is actually all a misunderstanding," said Song Qingshu.

"I understand Mr Song's meaning. But there is a process for dealing with the aftermath that has to be followed..."

Song Qingshu nodded. "I understand your meaning as well. Within half an hour of this call, three million yuan will be deposited into your foreign account for you to handle as you see fit. As for Wang Situ's family, give them some hush money to prevent them from spreading nonsense."

Both men were experienced veterans; in just a few words, they were able to instantly establish the implications of this conversation. Though he was the mayor of Songhai city, Ding Yunsong readily called Song Qingshu Mr Song; anyone who was discerning enough would be able to tell what their relationship was like. Ding Yunsong was well aware in his heart that back then, if Mo Immortal Castle hadn't helped him get promoted, he would never have had the opportunity to sit in this position.



He was silent for a while before he finally nodded. "Mr Song, rest assured. I guarantee that by early morning, this hyped-up Weibo post won't appear in the public eye any longer..."

After that short call, he made several calls of his own: to Weibo's chairman of operations, to the technology department manager of the General Office of the Municipal Council... Ding Yunsong called all related parties with the ability to suppress public opinion to "convey his greetings."

This already wasn't the first time that he had used his power to control public opinion.

The first time that he had done so, he hadn't known who to look for, but now it was a walk in the park.

After making dozens of calls, he stretched and looked at his wristwatch; it was already two in the early hours of the morning.

The little foreign lolita in lace suspenders was already fast asleep.

At that moment, Ding Yunsong was already completely not in the mood.

"I should rest early tonight!"

He sighed, walked gently over to the lolita and tucked her in.

He was about to kiss her forehead when that damned phone rang once again.

This time, he lost his patience — f\*\*k, let me learn a foreign language in peace!

Mayor Ding was annoyed when he picked up the phone. "This is Ding Yunsong! It's so late, can't you report tomorrow?!"

As the switchboard operator on the other end of the call was berated, the girl said helplessly in her sweet voice, "Mayor Ding, don't be angry... this is a call from the Department of Discipline Inspection."

"Department of Discipline Inspection? Quickly put it through..."

For some reason, he had a bad feeling.

The administrator of the Department of Discipline Inspection only needed to say a few words, and instantly Ding Yunsong was no longer sleepy, his face turning pale.

"We have been instructed by a higher-up to thoroughly investigate online guru Wang Situ's case to use as an example to others? He... he's just a web novelist, do we have to be so serious about it?"

"Yes, Mayor Ding. Does it sound like I'm joking? Haven't you seen Weibo? The Supreme Cultivation Court and the Cultivation Prosecutor's Office have released official statements to say that they will be creating special legislation targeted at the deplorable act of groping in society. The higher-up has expressed that we should be strictly focused on this issue."

Ding Yunsong couldn't help breaking out in a cold sweat.

Higher-up? Which higher-up? Which higher-up could move the Supreme Cultivation Court and the Cultivation Prosecutor's Office? For matters as major as legislation... to say "do it," and it would be done... this was clearly such a trivial incident, how had it stirred up such huge waves?

Listening to the call, Ding Yunsong was dumbfounded.

From the moment he had received this call from the Department of Discipline Inspection, he had already known that this incident was now beyond his control. It was true that Song Qingshu had looked for him, but it was very obvious that the other party had also asked someone for help; furthermore, they had found a big name that he had no way of moving at all.

At that moment, Ding Yunsong had no choice but to suffer in silence. He didn't even want to hang up the phone, because he was fairly certain that the top brass in the other departments were already in chaos, waiting on new instructions from him! Because the command from the higher-up and what Ding Yunsong had said in his phone calls earlier were two completely different things!

He licked his dry lips, his forehead already wet with sweat.

Less than ten minutes after the call from the Department of Discipline Inspection, his phone rang once more...

This time, he conscientiously looked at the number that was calling, and almost pissed his pants... it was the Municipal Secretary, Secretary Sha!

He answered the phone, already anticipating the magnetic and severe voice that came over the line.

"Comrade Ding Yunsong, what are you doing as mayor? Are you allowed to suppress public opinion? You made the first move without any instructions from the higher-ups? Did you accept a 'red packet' from someone to handle this matter? Comrade Ding Yunsong, I'm giving you a serious warning, don't spend your time thinking about how to stir up things... I wonder if you've watched the TV series *In the Name of Cultivation* ? I think you're very similar to the mayor who escaped abroad in the first two episodes!"

Ding Yunsong was already too scared to speak. "..."

"Whether or not you can keep your mayor's wushamao 2 depends on your attitude toward this incident. Am I clear?"

Speaking up to this point, the Municipal Secretary's tone became even darker. "The old leader is very angry about this matter! After waking up at midnight, he flew into a rage! He said that social ethics in Songhai city are in shambles if the cries of the people and public opinion can't be heard. He wants a thorough investigation of corruption in all city offices. Next week, fellow cultivators from the central government's anti-corruption inspection group will come to do inspections in our city."

Hearing this, Ding Yunsong shivered all over. "May I ask, Secretary Sha... which old leader is this?"

"Mayor Ding, are you playing dumb with me? Shouldn't you have guessed it already? The Ten Founding Generals are all his students. Which old leader do you think it is?"

Ding Yunsong's mouth dropped open, big enough to fit a whole apple in it. He was already utterly stupefied. "..."

Chapter 130: Filming the Second Season of *Train to Busan*?!

It was doomed to be a troubling day. Early in the morning, Song Qingshu received a message from Ding Yunsong.

To sum up the content of the message, the implication was thus: the incident had become a huge issue which had drawn the attention of state leaders and big names from various circles in the cultivation world, and it couldn't be suppressed at all by purely relying on a mayor's power.

Upon seeing this message, Song Qingshu's eyelids twitched... why was he running into all these big shots whom he couldn't afford to provoke lately? First it was that mysterious youngster who had shown up at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa, and now for some reason it was the web novelist guru Wang Situ...

Song Qingshu didn't think he had ever felt more sullen in his life.

While he was feeling depressed, his wristwatch rang.

"Brother Song, this is Zhou Jie. I saw that the situation on Weibo had clearly settled, but why has it picked up again? It hasn't even been two hours. Did something happen?" There was an obvious note of urgency in Zhou Jie's voice.

Song Qingshu rubbed the skin between his eyebrows with some annoyance. "I can't do anything about this matter; that Wang Situ's background is a little beyond my expectations. Even our Mo Immortal Castle can't deal with him."

"How can that be..." Zhou Jie was dumbfounded.

After a moment of silence, Song Qingshu said, "My advice now is that you quickly make arrangements for your younger cousin to go abroad and escape the limelight. It would be best if he didn't return for at least half a year."

"Is the situation that serious?"

Song Qingshu sighed. "Judge for yourself. What I can tell you is that this incident has already moved the almighty ten founding generals of Huaxiu nation."

"..."

Zhou Jie was dumbstruck with fear. What kind of influential background did this person have, that he could reach out to the ten founding generals?

...

It was six o'clock in the morning on May 27th.

Songhai city's Dahuang International Airport.

A man with a mohawk, wearing a black face mask and carrying a black briefcase, cowered as he reached the departure lounge at the airport.

He whispered into his phone, "Hello... brother, I've reached the airport."

Over the line came Zhou Jie's voice. "Zhou Wei, I've already arranged everything for you; I bought a ticket for the earliest flight, which leaves at six twenty. Go directly through the green passage 1 ten minutes before that... ignore whoever talks to you, got it? Board the plane first!"

"Okay, brother, I got it..."

Zhou Wei's face was sweating as he hung up the phone, and there was deep regret in his heart. He really wanted to cut off his hand! Why couldn't he have controlled himself back then?!

Instinctively he turned his head, and realized that a black cat had poked its head out from under a row of chairs at the back of the departure lounge to survey him.

So it was a cat...

He heaved a sigh.

It wasn't strange to see pets in the airport these days; a lot of them were soul pets that possessed spiritual intelligence. As long as their owners purchased tickets for them, they could get on the plane by themselves. There were even soul pets no less intelligent than human beings that were capable of buying their own tickets to travel abroad.

Zhou Wei felt that this average-looking black cat was probably someone's pet, and that it was waiting for its owner under the chair.

However, he still felt a little weird being stared at by a cat. He immediately stood up and switched to a seat where he wouldn't be able to see the black cat.

As soon as he left, the black cat under the chair reached up to unfold its ears, which had actually been hiding a pair of wireless earphones...

The black cat kept its cool and said in a low voice, "Attention, battalion commanders! The target has been sighted! Monk, what is your situation?"

The Monk: "Reporting to the Regiment Commander! Everything is proceeding smoothly!"

Zheng Tan nodded. "Good. All other units continue to tail the target! Monk, hurry and bring people in, we must stop this person before he boards the plane!"

...

Zhou Wei didn't know if he was feeling too sensitive after doing something bad; there were clearly only ten more minutes to go before he could pass through the green passage and board first, but at the moment, he felt like he was sitting on pins and needles at the back of the waiting room.

At six o'clock, there were only a few scattered guests in the departure lounge. Zhou Jie had deliberately arranged for Zhou Wei to wait in the VIP lounge where there were fewer people. However, Zhou Wei still felt like there were numerous eyes on him for some reason.

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw an airport ground service employee cleaning with a quiet vacuum cleaner a dozen or so meters away... this person seemed to be staring at him?!

Using a magazine to cover his face, he took a covert look.

It was an old lady, far advanced in years.

He shrunk back into his clothes. He was a muscular man over one hundred and eighty centimeters tall, but for the first time, he felt a lingering coldness in his heart.

It was just an old lady who was quite a distance away and dim-sighted with age... she probably hadn't recognized him, right?

Zhou Wei felt very nervous.

In the end, after struggling in his chair for a long while, he decided to change seats again and put more distance between him and this ground service old lady...

As soon as he left, the old woman crouched down behind the vacuum cleaner and stealthily took out a walkie-talkie. "Attention, all units! The target is on the move! This is a rare and huge case which the masses have reported to our General Administration of Harmony, so look lively! Old Zhang, what is your situation?"

Master Zhang: "Reporting to Miss Dong! All is well!"

Madam Dong nodded. "Good! Everyone else continue to tail him! The target is going to register to board in five minutes! We must stop him before he makes any further move!"

...

Time passed minute by minute, but for Zhou Wei, every second felt as long as a year.

Finally, it was time to board.

Black briefcase in hand and racing against time, he rushed for the green passage almost at once!

He didn't want to stay here even an instant longer!

At the entrance to the green passage, a beautiful little sister with brown hair and long legs stopped him. "This gentleman, the green passage is now open. Please show me your boarding pass and passport!"

He hurriedly took them out of his pocket and handed them to the little sister, his eyes flicking around nervously the whole time.

"Hello, Mr Tom Zhou, welcome aboard. Have a nice trip..."

Scarcely had the little sister put the boarding pass and passport back in Zhou Wei's hand when two large troops instantly emerged from behind. One was a bunch of old men and women wearing glasses and red ribbons around their arms; the old lady leading them turned out to be the ground service employee who had been pushing the vacuum cleaner around earlier!

Even more frightening was that next to this elderly group were several dozen cats... at the very front was a black cat which had its arms crossed and which was standing on two legs, its gaze fixed on Zhou Wei! And behind these cats stood a fat police officer.

Zhou Wei immediately broke out in a cold sweat... it turned out that he had already been watched from the very beginning!

"Seize this groping bastard!" Madam Dong shouted loudly as she pointed at him.

In an instant, a large bunch of meowing cats and a large bunch of old men and women pounced on Zhou Wei at the same time...

"..."

Behind them, the little sister standing at the entrance to the green passage had black lines on her face 2 ... were they filming the second season of Train to Busan 3 ?!!