

## Daily Life 131

### Chapter 131: Victory for the People of Chaoyang

When Zhou Wei was arrested, he was still completely bewildered.

This mass surround and capture operation at the airport had been a joint effort between Zheng Tan's Independent Regiment and Madam Dong's General Administration of Harmony. After two hours of surveillance, the operation proceeded smoothly and successfully.

Of course, it had been Wang Ling who had leaked the news that Zhou Wei was fleeing.

There was a large baccarat bar in downtown Songhai city. The boss of this bar was the leader of the Green Gang, Zhou Jie.

Immediately after Zhou Wei had been caught, all the main news media outlets had scrambled to report this incident.

In the bar, Zhou Jie was already completely dumbstruck when he watched the news. After listening to Song Qingshu's suggestion, he had almost immediately gotten in touch with his contacts, and after some coaxing, had found the right connections to help give Zhou Wei a new, foreign identity and to enable him to leave through the green passage.

Zhou Jie had completely never expected that it would still end in failure.

This website novelist Wang Situ... who on earth was he?

On the news, Zhou Wei's face had been obscured by mosaic tiles. Seeing him being taken away from the scene by a fat officer who had personally handcuffed him, Zhou Jie could feel his scalp turning numb.

He was feeling a lot of different emotions: there was anger, and also terror. The Green Gang had operated in Songhai city for so many years, but Zhou Jie had never felt like this, like shrimp being played around with in the palm of someone's hand.

Silently lighting a cigarette, Zhou Jie put a call through to Song Qingshu again. "Brother Song..."

On the other end of the line, Song Qingshu also let out a sigh. "You don't need to say anything. I saw the situation on the news."

"What do we do now?" Zhou Jie was really at a loss.

"My advice now is that you should relocate the Green Gang as soon as possible. Even if it's only for the short term, you should move to the next district rather than stay in Songhai City so that your Green Gang isn't affected by this incident and suffer even larger losses." Song Qingshu rubbed at the skin between his eyebrows, his head aching. "I know you must feel wronged, but we must face the reality... we can't deal with this person for the time being, and it's best that we don't attempt to investigate his true identity."

Zhou Jie nodded as he replied, "I understand, Brother Song."

At the moment, whether it was the Green Gang or Mo Immortal Castle, they were both in the same boat.

Zhou Jie was well aware that the reason why Song Qingshu was still willing to help him was because Mo Immortal Castle was afraid that this Green Gang incident might create ripple effects that would also impact on Mo Immortal Castle's expansion in Songhai city.

Zhou Jie was as clear as a mirror on this point. "Brother Song, don't worry, I'll arrange for our retreat straightaway; I'll withdraw key Green Gang members from Songhai city within two days."

"Mm, do it as soon as possible."

Song Qingshu nodded. "Although we can't immediately take revenge right now, there still remains a slight chance of success. In order to strike back perfectly... we have to learn to win against the gods by half a point ! Do you know where the chance for success lies?"

On the other end of the phone, Zhou Jie was silent.

Win against the gods by half a point?

Cupping his chin in his hand, he pondered the question for quite a while. Finally, he suddenly raised his head and replied, "It's Qi Tongwei! 2 "

"..."

Song Qingshu pulled a long face. "Of course not!"

Zhou Jie: "This little brother is slow, please tell me, Brother Song."

Song Qingshu: "Then just quickly tell me the whereabouts of the maker of the stone ghost mask... it's already been a few days and you're still being secretive about it? Keeping it to yourself is useless, trust me..."

Zhou Jie: "..."

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This Weibo battle centered around the issue of "groping" eventually ended with Father Wang's victory.

In the end, not only had the opponent been defeated by Father Wang, he had also died with one flick of a finger from Father Wang's most powerful fan.

On May 28th, the fifth Friday after the start of the semester, Wang Ling read the Cultivation News Morning Post from top to bottom.

The first article: Complete victory for the mysterious power from the east behind Wang Situ. What was the real reason behind it? Download the Weibo app to find out...

The second article: A part-timer has performed an outstanding service for society once again! Experienced Officer Wang personally arrested case suspect Zhou. In an interview, experienced Officer Wang pragmatically said it was all due to the people's efforts!

The third article: Yesterday, the pursuit and interception efforts by the masses and a group of cats led to the capture of suspect Zhou, wanted nationwide for groping, at Dahuang International Airport. Experts say that this group of people and cats are very likely to be descendents of Chaoyang city inhabitants... 3

Wang Ling: "..."

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When Wang Ling got to school in the morning, the talk today was almost all about that arrest at the airport on Thursday. Because of Father Wang, the groping case had continued to ferment in the last two days, until the entire nation knew about it.

Nobody knew where Dopey Guo had learned the news, but he started to earnestly spread the gossip around in class. "Do you know, it's rumored that the suspect arrested in the groping case has a powerful background; his brother is the leader of Songhai city's largest underground gang, Green Gang. He has godly connections! Just a little bit further and he would have escaped through the green passage at the airport!"

Super Chen frowned. "Even with such a background he hadn't been able to run, and the local government is keeping a strict eye on this issue. Doesn't this prove that there's an even more powerful person sitting behind Guru Wang Situ?"

Feather Lin: "Why talk about such drivel so early in the morning?! Anyway, I'm more interested in the kind of punishment which that person will receive. Wouldn't he just be detained for a while?"

Lotus Sun shook her head and said, "This incident has caused quite an uproar. This person probably won't get out for several years. Last night, the local government actually gave our Huaguo Water Curtain Group notice and requested that we push out a pepper spray for women, in line with the government's promotion of a nationwide anti-pervert agenda."

Feather Lin abruptly looked a little disappointed. "That's all? I figured that this guy's Tower of Babel would be chopped off!"

Everybody: "... Too f\*\*king savage!

At this point in the group's discussion, Dopey Guo suddenly interrupted them. "I have a video of the arrest made in the airport yesterday. Those who want it can look for me. It's fifty yuan a copy, a fair bargain!"

After he said this, the whole class was dead silent. Seeing that nobody was paying him any attention, Dopey Guo was a little embarrassed.

However, Master of Dopey was Master of Dopey. He immediately grabbed hold of Little Peanut, who was collecting homework, and tried to dispel his embarrassment. "Classmate Su Xiao, I know you're interested in my video, want to buy it?"

Little Peanut pulled his neck back and when he struggled free of Dopey Guo's unexpected bearhug, he looked extremely frustrated.

Startled by this expression, Dopey Guo immediately loosened his grip. "I'm just selling a video, you don't have to be so unhappy about it, right?!"

Little Peanut shook his head. "No, I was just thinking, why would I be targeted by someone selling videos..."

Dopey Guo: "..."

Everyone: "..."

## Chapter 132: The Upcoming, Extremely Nasty Physical Exam Before Military Training

It was still May 28th, the fifth Friday after the start of the semester.

During the Dao Talismans class today, Teacher Pan made a curious announcement.

Standing on the dais, Teacher Pan pushed up her glasses as she said mysteriously, "Students, after careful consideration by the higher-ups, and in line with the local government's aim of reinforcing education on female defense against perverts, the military training program which was planned for Senior Grade Two has been moved forward. It's scheduled to take place in the middle of next month, and will be a five-day military training activity held on Songhai city's cultivation military base."

Hearing Teacher Pan's words, the whole class immediately exploded.

Whether it was guys or girls, anyone would be happy the moment they heard of the military training. Because during those few days of training, the school wouldn't assign homework! But as students of No. 60 High School's elite class, the students of Grade One, Class Three who knew Teacher Pan's personality quite well didn't betray too much excitement.

Because to Teacher Pan, no matter how much or how little homework there was, it had to be done! The best example of this was when Wang Ling and the others had gone to No. 59 High School for the exchange meet.

While a new round of discussion started up in the class, three people quietly covered their faces.

Super Chen covered his face because he was so happy he could cry. As a passionate sports fool, he felt that finally, the time had come when he could showcase his abilities!

Wang Ling covered his face because he totally hadn't expected the group activity to happen so soon! He vaguely remembered the scene at No. 59 High School the last time, when Odd Zhuo had held up Secretary Dakang's two hairy legs. Every time he recalled it, Wang Ling felt his brain hurt. All in all, group activities were just a bad idea when it came to him...

Little Peanut was the last person who covered his face. This was because he had heard Grade Three's Clan Leader Yu once say that the school would conduct a compulsory physical examination before the military training, as they needed to understand each student's specific physical attributes in order for the military training base to develop a scientific training program for them.

After the whole class settled down under Teacher Pan's gaze, she cleared her throat and continued, "There will be no classes in the afternoon today. Student Lotus Sun will lead the girls and Student Super Chen will lead the boys to the infirmary on the third floor for the physical exams. Everyone

has to go; if you don't have special exemption, students who fail to participate will take two more test papers back with them as homework."

Hearing this, Little Peanut silently drew back the hand he had raised...

Wang Ling: "... " As expected, compared with a physical exam, homework was the most evil bane of all!

From a young age, Wang Ling in fact had seldom had a physical exam.

Because given his immortal body, he simply didn't need one!

For cultivators, Foundation Establishment high school students should naturally have Foundation Establishment physiques which were far superior to those of ordinary people.

Wang Ling had always felt that the one-sided physical exams which schools conducted in fact had no substance. This was the so-called not checking what should be checked and checking what didn't need to be checked. He felt that what those old aunties in the infirmary really cared about wasn't the students' physique, and instead purely just wanted to see if a certain part of the body had grown...

Therefore, he was like Little Peanut, as the thought of the physical exam gave them both a real headache.

It was just that Wang Ling's reason was the complete opposite to Little Peanut's.

Little Peanut thought his was just too small; he would be laughed at for not achieving the average standard for a boy...

Wang Ling, on the other hand, felt that his was too big; to far exceed the standard for an average boy would draw concern and attention...

...

In the afternoon, there was a long, winding queue at the door of the infirmary. Super Chen had led the boys of Grade One, Class Three here to undergo the physical exam.

As Wang Ling had predicted, a short old auntie with a slightly hunched back stood at the door of the infirmary. She wore a white gown and a pair of very mystical-looking long-sighted glasses; her eyes scanned the crowd like a searchlight. "Settle down and don't be noisy. Wait for Doctor Song to give you your physical exam."

Doctor Song?

Wang Ling felt that this title seemed a little familiar, so he sneaked a look with his Heavenly Eye... what the f\*\*k, this Doctor Song was Lie Mengmeng!

At that moment, Lie Mengmeng was putting on a pair of white gloves, his face expressionless. He greased his middle finger with some lube, and then checked the condition of a male student's anus. As soon as the tip of his finger went in, the boy's face revealed a twisted expression like Liang Yifeng's when he was reciting poetry 1 ...

Wang Ling: "..."

Hearing the boy inside shriek, someone in the queue couldn't help asking, "Holy shit! Don't tell me everyone gets checked like that?"

The old auntie who was standing at the door to maintain order showed a "kind" smile. "We're just taking samples for testing — two samples per class."

And then, she picked up an information sheet and glanced at it. "In your Grade One, Class Three, Students Super Chen and Hero Guo are responsible for providing the test samples — are they here?"

Super Chen and Dopey Guo both couldn't help trembling. "..."

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Very quickly, the boys in the class before them were all done with their physical exams, and it was finally Grade One, Class Three's students' turn.



After Super Chen and Hero Guo, these two students who were responsible for providing test samples, were taken aside, the rest of the boys entered the infirmary one after another; inside, there was a thick smell of disinfectant in the air.

At the sight of Wang Ling, Lie Mengmeng's expression finally changed slightly. Quickly composing himself, he put on those evil white gloves. He pointed at the small bed in front of Super Chen and Hero Guo. "You two, take off your pants and bend over there. Then... hold your buttocks open yourself."

The two people nodded fearfully and approached the bed. After they were both in position, Lie Mengmeng drew the curtain shut.

From the shadow on the curtain, everyone saw Lie Mengmeng's next move...

He liberally greased his finger with lube...

Behind the curtain, there was a sinister squelching sound, then Lie Mengmeng could be seen using the one thousand years of death 2 as he hit the bullseye!

This was immediately followed by Super Chen's shrill and miserable cry from behind the curtain.

Little Peanut was already so frightened that he had covered his eyes, completely unable to bear watching any longer...

Wang Ling couldn't help sighing inside his heart. In ancient times, people sang "A Song of Courtyard Flowers" 3 on the other side of the river; now, they were standing around to watch a chrysanthemum 4 getting poked on the other side of the curtain.

Very soon, Super Chen's exam was over. As he came waddling out from around the curtain and covering his butt, some of the boys snickered.

"Was it that painful?" A pompous boy patted Super Chen's shoulder.

In return, Super Chen glared at him with a "Go and try it yourself if you dare" expression.

At this moment, everyone saw that behind the curtain, Lie Mengmeng had already changed into a pair of new white gloves and had lubed up his finger.

But this time, the expected shriek didn't come...

As a practitioner of the Flow of Five Pens, Master of Dopey was indeed Master of Dopey. He promptly used his professional insight to call into question Lie Mengmeng's caliber and ability.

Behind the curtain, Dopey Guo heaved a sigh. "You're not poking in the right place, you know? It's very easy to get hurt!"

Everybody: "... Bloody hell! Why do you know that?!"

Dopey Guo: "You're an intern, right? You bend over and I'll teach you!"

Wang Ling: "..."

In the face of a Foundation Establishment cultivator, Lie Mengmeng as an ordinary person had no strength to fight back at all with his frail body, and was directly pressed onto the bed by Dopey Guo... when Dopey Guo put on the white gloves and poked his anus, Lie Mengmeng was already drowning in a flood of tears. Motherf\*\*ker! Trying to earn extra income nowadays really wasn't f\*\*king easy!

Chapter 133: Little Peanut Has Finally Grown Up!

The general cultivation hospital hadn't been able to send enough manpower for the pre-military training physical exam, so Lie Mengmeng had been employed online as a part-timer, and had been responsible for taking test samples from the 'flowers of the rear garden.' Apart from that, there were still the regular physical exam items such as height and weight measurements as well as blood and urine tests.

Of these bewildering number of items, nothing could surpass the biggest pain in the neck that was in itself just called "the physical exam."

By standing on a scanner which used ion ray technology, the machine could rapidly detect bone density, bone condition and how much a man's little brother had grown... this was the part that Little Peanut was most scared of.

During the blood test, Wang Ling was very embarrassed when the female nurse pricked his finger with a needle and the tip actually bent! These needles had all been specially custom-made by the general cultivation hospital and could easily pierce a body at the Foundation Establishment stage.

The female nurse didn't believe it and pricked his finger twice more; in the end, the tips of the two needles were both bent...

As the nurse was thinking about complaining to her superior about the quality of the needles, Wang Ling stuck his finger in his mouth and bit it.

Female nurse: "..."

Wang Ling had managed to get through the previous sections without mishap and was able to deal with most of them somehow.

The last part of the physical exam was the one that he was truly nervous about.

Before the advancement of science and technology, orthopedic specialists would be the ones to perform physical exams on students in cultivation schools. Furthermore, these old specialists had the unique and exceptional ability to visually assess something; perhaps this was passed down from Old Lady Dong. Without needing to use a ruler at all, they could tell with one look how long a man's little brother was as well as its growth rate.

But with the rapid development of technology in the last few decades, the process was now clearly much more efficient than in the past. For what had been the most troublesome part of the physical exam previously, examinees now only needed to stand on a machine and be scanned by ion light for the results.

Little Peanut was very nervous and restless, his blank gaze fixed on some mental horizon.

Because of his physique since young, he was much weaker than regular students at the Foundation Establishment stage. Even his little brother was shorter than that of the average boy. This had given

him a sense of inferiority from a young age, so at school he would only dare go to the washroom when no one else was there.

In this respect, he was very similar to Wang Ling.

But Wang Ling's reason for not going to the washroom was that his was too big...

With Super Chen and Dopey Guo these two thick-skinned guys in the lead, everyone stood on the ion machine one by one to complete the assessment. Five meters away, two female nurses were staring at a screen with lackluster expressions as if they were weathering the gales and billows of life...

Very soon, it was Little Peanut's turn.

He stood on the ion machine and closed his eyes a little fearfully, his face completely red.

An ion ray slowly scanned him from top to bottom...

Right at that moment, Wang Ling, who had been behind Little Peanut in the queue, secretly moved his finger.

Among the Three Thousand Great Spells, there was a "Graft and Transplant Spell" which allowed a person to graft a portion of their body onto someone else's. In order to make sure he didn't stand out, Wang Ling felt that he could collaborate with Little Peanut a bit... but once he used this skill and after he undid its effects, he wouldn't be able to take back one third of the grafted portion...

Before long, the ion ray scanned Little Peanut's middle torso.

All the boys who were present saw the two female nurses in front of the monitor screen actually cover their mouths; their expressions were awed, as if they had seen some prehistoric beast!

What the hell! — This was just too big!

Why was such a small boy actually so thick and solid down there?!

Little Peanut slowly opened his eyes when he sensed something wasn't right.

The two female nurses looked as if they wanted to devour him, which made his entire body feel uncomfortable.

Twenty minutes later, everyone was done with their assessments.

The computer also swiftly collated the "physical exam" reports together and gave each person their electronic copy.

When Little Peanut timidly looked at the report after school, he was stunned! — Thirty... thirty-seven centimeters? What the hell... didn't this already completely exceed the Western standard?! Was his thing a donkey whip? Was his so large?

Unable to quite believe it, Little Peanut pulled his pants open to take a look, and was completely dumbfounded...

Although it wasn't as exaggerated as thirty-seven centimeters in the physical exam report, it was clear that his little brother fully met the standard for an average guy, and even exceeded it a little.

Why was it like this?

Student Su Xiao stood up from his chair in astonishment — and for the first time felt what it was like to be heavy down below. He was so moved his tears came gushing out! Little Peanut had unexpectedly grown up!! Had his birthday wish actually come true? Thank you, almighty cultivation god!

Wang Ling: "... You lucked out !

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When Wang Ling got home that night, the kitchen was empty and Mother Wang and the old man weren't around. All that remained of the large Wang family was father and son and Loopy Toad.

The groping incident was the current buzz, and for the first time, Mother Wang was a storybook heroine. Reporters from the major news outlets were doing whatever they could to turn her into tabloid gossip.

Whether it was Father Wang or Mother Wang, both of them couldn't stand being pestered like this. In the end, the couple had talked it over and Father Wang had decided to straightaway send Mother Wang and the old man off on a stress-free trip on his salary card to avoid the limelight. They hadn't even taken any luggage with them when they left, and would just buy clothes and daily necessities on the road.

It was the first time that Wang Ling felt that Father Wang was so generous...

Sure enough, the coolest man was the one who cherished his wife!

But with Mother Wang and the old man's departure, dinner became a problem.

In theory, Wang Ling didn't need to eat at all, since he could maintain his bodily functions by absorbing spirit energy from nature every day. But after so many years, dinner had already become a habit for him... if he didn't eat dinner, he would feel a sense of emptiness.

It was impossible to order take-out, as the Wang family's small villa was too remote and completely outside the take-out range of service. The only solution now was for this father and son pair, along with Loopy Toad, to go out themselves in search of food.

Father Wang had already searched for businesses closest to East Huang Road. Within an area of eight hundred kilometers, there was only one restaurant called "Midnight Dining Hall"...

Father Wang frowned as he quickly noted that this restaurant's rating was pretty low; on the Douban food review website, it actually only scored 2.6... and this was a damn ten-point system!

When they opened the restaurant's available menu, both father and son were alarmed...

A small bowl of lao tan 1 pickled cabbage beef noodles...

A medium bowl of lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles...

A large bowl of lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles...

And then...

There was nothing else...

Chapter 134: Midnight Dining Hall

A normal cultivator flying on his sword would take roughly twenty minutes to cover a distance of eight hundred kilometers. It was a little far, but Wang Ling could cover that distance in a blink of an eye.

Wang Ling had Father Wang and Loopy Toad hold on to him, and in an instant, two people and a dog arrived in front of the restaurant.

This restaurant looked a little outdated; the walls had been built with wood and brick, and it looked in danger of toppling over in the wind. The inscription on the horizontal board which hung on the restaurant door read "Midnight Dining Hall 1 ." There was already a crack in the corner of the board, and the proprietor had carelessly slapped on two all-purpose adhesive plasters to mend the gap, making this restaurant look more ancient than any old building in the Xiao Family Compound...

At the restaurant's entrance, Wang Ling suddenly realized that he had passed by this place before on the way to school. But since he had been moving too fast, he hadn't seen it clearly. Today, he finally knew for sure... this place actually wasn't a public toilet!

"Don't judge this restaurant by its seedy appearance. The more rundown a shop is, the better the food... wasn't that how that popular Kitchen God's Restaurant started?" Both father and son stood by the entrance, and as a cold wind swept by, Father Wang pulled his neck back; Wang Ling thought that he didn't sound very confident.

The restaurant didn't have a door; a ragged, sun-bleached piece of cloth had been hung up at the entrance, and above that was an old-fashioned iron roller shutter. Every day at the restaurant's closing, the proprietor had to pull down the shutter with a long hooked handle and lock it.

Two people and a dog drew the ragged cloth aside and stepped inside. The shop was so small that it only contained four wooden tables with a stack of plastic chairs on the side.

As Wang Ling entered, he saw the restaurant's boss leaning against the kitchen door, smoking.

The boss had a buzz cut and looked about forty years old. He had unhealthy-looking hollow cheeks and deep eye sockets, and a ten-centimeter knife scar which ran down from his forehead over his right eye and stretched down to his neck.

It was very obvious that this was a man with a story.

"Ah, there are people so early today." Seeing that he had customers, the boss quickly stubbed out his cigarette and pointed at a handmade menu hanging in the center of the shop before putting his hands on his waist. "Apart from lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles, order whatever else you want to eat, as long as I can make it..."

Father Wang: "Do you have fishball thick noodles?"

The shopkeeper shook his head. "No thick noodles."

Father Wang: "Then fishball rice noodles?"

The shopkeeper shook his head again. "No fishballs."

Father Wang: "You don't have anything... then why would you open this shop?!"

The boss raised his eyebrow as he argued with a righteous air, "You can't say we don't have anything, it's you who don't know how to order. When I think about back then, shifu taught me everything about cooking, and I was his most favorite disciple."

Father Wang: "..."



Wang Ling: "... If your shifu knew that his most favorite disciple was messing around in such a rundown shop, wouldn't he definitely choose to go die?!

Father Wang really didn't know what to order, so he directly pointed at the menu and said, "Then serve us two medium bowls of lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles first..."

The boss didn't say anything and just nodded his head. He turned around to go into the kitchen. Following that, Wang Ling saw him turn on the exhaust fan, which rumbled continuously like a tractor...

Roughly ten minutes later, two bowls of lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles were done. A bowl in each hand, the boss placed them in front of Father Wang and Wang Ling. He had even thoughtfully prepared a plate of bare ox bones especially for Loopy Toad.

Loopy Toad gave the ox bones an uninterested glance, then lapped up the houseflies that had come to rest on the bones with extreme satisfaction...

Boss: "..."

Unexpectedly, these two bowls of noodles looked pretty good, and the bowls themselves might be old, but they weren't dirty.

Father Wang slurped up a mouthful of noodles, and then lifted his head, a little startled — it actually tasted pretty good!

The only flaw was that the pickled cabbage wasn't sour enough.

Father Wang frowned. "Boss, your cabbage doesn't taste like it was pickled in a jar? It's not sour at all."

The boss replied strangely, "Who said it was pickled in a jar?"

Father Wang pointed at the menu. "Can you read? Lao tan pickled cabbage! Let me tell you, I'm also an educated person! Please give me a reasonable explanation, otherwise this is just cheating your customers!"

The shopkeeper curled his lip. "I'm Tan Siming and those who know me well call me Lao Tan. 2 I made this pickled cabbage beef noodles, so I named it 'lao tan pickled cabbage beef noodles.' Is this a reasonable enough explanation?"

Wang Ling and Father Wang: "... " They were completely unable to refute this explanation!

It was almost eight o'clock at night, and as Father Wang and Wang Ling were halfway through their noodles, suddenly there were sounds of activity at the entrance.

A young man with his bangs combed to one side came in with a worn guitar on his back; he looked like a penniless street singer.

Because he couldn't afford to rent a place in the city, this young man could only pool the money which he earned in the city to rent a place in the outskirts.

With his memory reading ability, Wang Ling had gleaned all of this in an instant from the man's brain.

Wang Ling truly hadn't read all this on purpose; it was instinctual for him, since some people liked to wear their emotions on their faces — Wang Ling could easily read the memories of this type of people. As for some men who obviously had stories, such as Old Antique and this restaurant's boss, who was currently in the kitchen, he would never know what kind of pasts they had unless he took the initiative to read their minds.

It was obvious that this young man was a regular customer; seeing him, Boss Tan gave him a slight nod and asked in his magnetic voice, "The usual?"

The young man nodded his head silently, carefully leaned his guitar against the wall, then found a place to sit.

Although he didn't speak, it was as if the boss's eyes could see his thoughts. "I know that you had an audition today. It looks like it didn't go well?"

The young man dropped his head.

While the boss prepared dinner for the young man, he comforted him. "Young man, you still have other opportunities, it doesn't matter. Look, we have new guests today. How about you give them a listen and sing your audition song?"

The young man suddenly stood up in excitement. "Really, can I?"

Father Wang and Wang Ling put their chopsticks down at the same time and nodded seriously.

Listening to the voice of a down and out vagabond singer in a remote village restaurant — Wang Ling felt that this was probably a once-in-a-lifetime sort of magical experience.

The young man bowed deeply to the boss, Father Wang and Wang Ling. Then, he cleared his throat and began to sing acapella.

"You stir up wind and clouds... and sweep me away...

"You lift up the waves... and abandon me 3 ..."

Father Wang: "..."

Boss: "Little brother... your heavenly silkworm potato strips bibimbap is done, maybe you should eat first."

This extremely piercing singing along with this familiar cuisine style was a twofold shock to Wang Ling. "..."

Chapter 135: Crushing a Dream with a Poisonous Tongue

Wang Ling's first impression was that this vagabond singer had a strange accent from who knew where. Of course, pushing these problems aside, Wang Ling thought that on the whole, he sang pretty well and was at least in tune...

But if this young man wanted to go on a talent show and become a real professional singer, he was clearly far from achieving that.

Wang Ling's understanding of music was limited; he was just a amateur who dabbled on the guitar a little, so he couldn't make any sort of professional comment on the young man's singing.

As for how to stand out in a talent show...

He felt that there were a few prerequisites.

First, a person didn't need to be especially handsome, but should at least look pleasing.

Second, maybe the voice didn't need to be especially professional, but it should at least be distinctive. Just singing in tune wouldn't work.

Finally, the third and most important point... a person must have had a miserable life! And the more miserable, the better! The best would be a story that after just a handful of words, could move the audience and judges to tears...

This young man didn't meet these requirements.

As a vagabond singer, Tang Youning obviously hadn't given much thought to his wild appearance, and he gave people a dirty first impression. Furthermore, this young man's life couldn't be considered miserable at all. At most, he was a pitiful singer who stuck to his dream of doing music. There were too many of this kind of people in Huaxiu nation... if you wanted to appear before an audience at a talent show, you should at the very damn least have a family member with an incurable disease!

Chewing on half a mouthful of beef, Wang Ling fiercely criticized current talent shows in his heart. That young man gazed at the heavenly silkworm potato strips bibimbap with red eyes. "Am I... really not cut out to be a singer at all?"

There was a sense of low esteem in his quiet tone, but everyone heard it.

It was obvious that today's failure at the talent show had been quite a heavy blow to this young man.

Boss Tan turned off the rumbling exhaust fan and wiped his greasy hands with a cleaning rag. He slowly walked up to the young man and patted his thin shoulder. "Keep your chin up, Little Tang!"

Maybe it was because he had been a cook for many years, but Boss Tan had a very sturdy physique; when compared with this young man, the difference was very obvious. Wang Ling didn't doubt in the slightest that if Boss Tan used just a little more strength, he could directly pat this young man's shoulder into pieces...

This restaurant boss definitely wasn't an ordinary person.

His cultivation was at the Golden Core stage at the very least.

Wang Ling had already noticed this as soon as he had stepped through the door.

Looking at Tang Youning, Boss Tan continued to console him. "A great man once said that talent is one percent genius and ninety nine percent hard work. Perhaps you just need to put in more effort! So don't give up no matter what!"

The young man looked up with a glimmer of hope. "Really?"

But as soon as Boss Tan had finished speaking, Father Wang's poisonous tongue mode had kicked in reflexively, and he quietly added, "Do you know that there's a second part to this saying? Although you only need one percent genius, that one percent is the most important part of all!"

Boss Tan: "..."

Tang Youning simply wanted to cry: "...". Why did you have to point that out?!

Wang Ling: "...". It hurts, dude!

It could only be said that Father Wang's tongue was becoming more and more poisonous.

The young man couldn't withstand this vicious hit at all.

Boss Tan felt really helpless.

But it was clear that Father Wang didn't think his poisonous words were wrong at all.

Everyone had heard this "poisonous chicken soup"[1.This is meant to be the direct opposite of the 'Chicken Soup for the Soul' book series which consist of true and inspirational life stories. Chinese netizens fed up with these instead share harsh and sometimes darkly humorous life anecdotes instead.] saying before: There is nothing too difficult in the world as long as you are willing to give it up...

Father Wang felt that if a person didn't have a talent for something, it was very stupid to stick with it. Every profession had its supreme experts, so why stubbornly cling to one tree? Why not try swinging a few times on other trees?

Crushing a dream with a poisonous tongue... Father Wang felt that it was only proper for him as a senior to educate and instruct this young man by showing him the truth sooner rather than later, so that he could get himself back on the right track.

"Ling Ling, sing a song?" At this moment, Father Wang abruptly turned to look at Wang Ling.

Wang Ling was silent. "..."

"Sir, your son also studies music?" Boss Tan was a little curious.

Father Wang shook his head. "He's only in Senior Grade One this year, and plays a little guitar in his free time. You can say he's an amateur. But I believe if he puts all his effort into it, half the music industry will belong to him sooner or later!"

Boss Tan clearly disagreed as he shook his head and said, "No, half the music industry belongs to Teacher Wang Banbi."

"..."

It had to be said that this Teacher Wang Banbi whom Boss Tan had mentioned was a weirdo who talked big, since he had once claimed in front of the media that if the rock industry lost him, it would lose half its territory... that was how his nickname Wang Banbi had come about 1 .

Now, this was all just idle talk. Therefore, when Father Wang flaunted his son, this street singer expressed strong dissatisfaction. "I studied music under a vocal music teacher... your son is only an amateur. Talking about something like half the industry... isn't that too much of an exaggeration?"

"Go, Ling Ling! It's time to show your real skill!" Father Wang suddenly threw him a thumbs-up and revealed his pure white teeth.

Ding ! It was as if everyone could see his teeth gleaming.

Wang Ling: "..." Go? Screw you!

Of course Wang Ling refused to do it. Just playing the guitar for a bit would have been fine, but to sing and play at the same time... that was quite a serious problem! Because his default setting was 'silent mode'!

But under Father Wang's burning gaze, he finally capitulated...

First of all, he was afraid that Father Wang would dock his pocket money if he refused. Secondly, Wang Ling was a little provoked by this young man's disdainful look.

Why not perform for a bit?

As a result, Wang Ling silently went over to the corner and picked up Tang Youning's wooden guitar. He took a deep breath and felt more nervous about this than the way he passed his days on tenterhooks at school.

Hugging his arms, Tang Youning sneered with the attitude of someone about to watch a good show. "Yo, you're nervous now? I sing everywhere in the streets all the time, and I've never once been nervous with so many people watching me!"

Wang Ling glanced at him indifferently without the slightest flicker in his expression.

What on earth should he sing?

He thought for a while...

There actually weren't many popular songs around, since Huaxiu nation didn't place much importance on music. But that didn't mean that Wang Ling had no access to good music. His Heavenly Ear Ability allowed him to connect to any plane of existence and world line, like an FM radio.

After pondering for a bit, Wang Ling suddenly recalled a song he had heard from another plane, which would go well with a guitar accompaniment.

Holding the guitar in his arms, Wang Ling strummed it several times to check that it was in tune.

The sound of a guitar, full of fresh vitality, rang out.

And then, Wang Ling started to sing.

## Chapter 136: The Most Precious Thing About a Dream

This was the distinctive voice of a teenager; compared with the original tone of the song, it lacked the flavor of rich experience, but it carried a youthful air which existed only in one's salad days.

The song which Wang Ling was playing was from another world line. It was a cover song titled "Old Boys" and sung by a music duo called Chopstick Brothers 1 .

This song was about a guy's inability to confess his feelings to the girl he liked for fear of being rejected. It expressed the sentiment of being unable to go back to one's youth, and that while things might remain the same, people did not.



Wang Ling liked this song very much.

He remembered when he had first reached puberty, and he had had a crush on a girl. But due to personal reasons, he hadn't said anything, right up until the year they had graduated.

He had been afraid that he would hurt her.

At that moment, there was a special kind of feeling in the air as Wang Ling stood in this rundown restaurant and played "Old Boys" on the guitar. Once he opened his mouth, both Boss Tan and Tang Youning were straightaway intoxicated by his voice...

...

That is the girl I deeply love and miss day and night~

But how should I profess my heart~

Will she accept me~

...

Perhaps I will never be able to say those words to her~

I am destined to wander the world alone~

How can I have such cares~

Dreams are always just dreams~

Perhaps I should give up~

Flowers bloom and fade in yet another rainy season~

Where is spring~

...

Youth is like a swift current~

Gone, never to return, and too late to say goodbye~

Only leaving me behind numb~

Without the passion of before!

...

Looking at a sky full of fallen flowers~

Fading at the most beautiful moment~

Who will remember it had once been here in this world...

This was the first part of the song, but Wang Ling put the guitar down after singing up to this point. Boss Tan was already totally dumbfounded — there was actually such an operation 2 ?!

While Wang Ling had been playing the song, Boss Tan had casually checked for the lyrics, but discovered that there was no relevant search record for it on the Internet. That was enough to prove that this was an original song!

This was only a Senior Grade One youngster, but he was actually capable of writing such a moving song full of youthfulness...

At the end of Wang Ling's performance, both Boss Tan and Tang Youning in that moment were moved in their hearts.

They instantly felt that this youngster had to have a story behind him!

This was a song that they had never heard before; just listening to one small part of it had been lethal!

Boss Tan had already completely become a fan of this youngster. This was probably the legendary prodigy, right?

Wang Ling: "..."

Only Wang Ling himself knew that he wasn't a prodigy of any sort at all... he didn't create music, but was just a music porter!

Putting the young man's guitar back in its corner, he quietly went back to his seat to eat his noodles; from his light and easy attitude, it was as if he had just done something pretty ordinary, which was a crushing blow to Tang Youning.

...Who on earth was this person?

Tang Youning was shocked. He dropped his head, feeling like he had been completely defeated... back then, in his quest to learn music, he had abandoned everything, and behind his parents' backs, had stolen the family's chaqian funds<sup>3</sup> and given it all to a music teacher. The money had initially been set aside for when he got married. When his misdeed had been exposed, his family had cut off all his living expenses. And so, he officially became a street singer.

It looked like he really wasn't cut out for this business...

If he had listened to his parents' urging back then and hadn't used the chaqian funds, he might happily have had a wife by now; he could be living in a brand new house and maybe playing with his kids... he might have found a steady job and would be living a stable life.

For the first time, Tang Youning felt that something was wrong with the way he was living his life.

Was he going to stick to it?

After listening to Wang Ling play, he began to seriously question himself.

"How much can a street singer like you earn in one day?" asked Father Wang.

Tang Youning's arrogance at having studied music formally had completely disappeared. He scratched his head somewhat embarrassedly. "It depends... when it rains, there's no money at all. I sing everywhere, and I just hope everyone can appreciate me for my music, not because they pity me."

"..." There was dead silence in the shop.

Tang Youning stroked his guitar, his eyes a little wet. "I thought that given my abilities, I'd have no problem passing the audition... now, this is the only thing I have."

"Then will you continue down this road?" Father Wang asked once more.

Tang Youning shook his head. "I don't know."

"You don't know means you still want to."

Father Wang raised an eyebrow, feeling that this young man was still very persistent. Anyone else would have surrendered early on under the onslaught of his poisonous tongue, but often these were people who weren't trying to do big things. On the other hand, the way this young man was hesitating just proved that he didn't want to give up so easily.

"What do you think about my son's song just now?"

"That song was really good!"

Tang Youning was excited and depressed at the same time. "I don't think I could ever write a song like that..."

"Have you considered that the reason why you failed the audition might have to do with the song you chose?" Father Wang asked again.

Wang Ling raised his eyebrow slightly in his seat. He felt that Father Wang's attitude toward the young man was a little different now, as he had switched from poisonous words to talking sense into him. Father Wang had always been a man good at telling stories; he had a very strong grasp of different subjects and also first-class leadership skills... Wang Ling had once seen him unconsciously lead over ninety percent of a two thousand strong group of readers who read pirated books back to reading genuine versions again.

Tang Youning blinked as he looked at Father Wang. "What is teacher's meaning?"

"Don't call me teacher, it just sounds awkward. Just call me uncle." Father Wang waved his hand. "I mean, if you didn't detest my son's song, how about I sell it to you?"

Tang Youning instantly stood up. "Uncle... you're saying you want to sell this song to me?"

But very quickly, his expression turned deeply bitter. "But uncle... I have no money."

An original work of excellent quality was truly rare nowadays! Tang Youning felt that Wang Ling's song would be able to command a whopping copyright price from any record company!

Father Wang silently lit a cigarette and stuck it in his mouth. "How much do you have?"

Tang Youning fumbled around in his pockets and pulled out loose change which, when pooled together, amounted to thirty three yuan and seventy cents.

Anxious, Tang Youning looked at Father Wang, gritted his teeth, then tightly hugged his guitar and gave it a kiss before holding it out to Father Wang. "Uncle... if you don't dislike it..."

"No." Father Wang straightforwardly rolled his eyes.

Boss Tan was speechless. "... This was a bit too frank!

Father Wang: "Why would I want your guitar? Can it be eaten? Isn't this your lifeblood? How can a man walk through life without a partner by his side?"

With that, Father Wang turned to look at the boss. "Boss Tan, do you have pen and paper?"

Boss Tan nodded. "Yes!"

Father Wang had always had a good memory, and he also had some musical knowledge. Hence, he had basically already memorized the lyrics and the melody after Wang Ling's single rendition of it. Even if he left out something, Wang Ling would help him fill in the gaps telepathically...

In a smooth and flowing style, Father Wang swiftly wrote down the complete lyrics of "Old Boys" on paper, then wrote another note before putting the pen cap back on.

Finally, he gave the piece of paper to Tang Youning. "The most precious thing about a dream is that it can be rebuilt, no matter how big your setback!"

Tang Youning gripped the paper with shaking hands.

Father Wang exhaled smoke like a dragon and flicked ash from his cigarette. He stood up, picked up that thirty-three yuan and seventy cents from the table and put it in Boss Tan's hand. "Two bowls of beef noodles, thirty yuan in total. Keep the change."

After that, father and son together with Loopy Toad directly left the shop, leaving Boss Tan bewilderedly holding thirty-three yuan and seventy cents.

...

After Wang Ling teleported Father Wang and Loopy Toad back home, Father Wang leaned back against the sofa and heaved a long sigh. "Your mom maxed out my salary card. We have to save as much money as possible in these few days!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Father Wang looked seriously at Wang Ling and gave him earnest instruction. "Look, with just a little wisdom today, I was able to save money on two bowls of beef noodles! Want to know what frugality is? That's it!"

Wang Ling: "..."

## Chapter 137: What Is South Tianhe's Specialty?

In all of Wang Ling's life plans, there was almost nothing else he wanted more than to live a smooth and stable life. But he realized that things always turned out contrary to what he wanted. An ordinary life was hard to come by for him...

It was May 29th on Saturday in the fifth week of the semester.

In the morning, the Wang family's doorbell rang. Because of the "Wang Situ in a Fury over a Beauty" issue in the last two days, Father Wang was behind in his chapters. He had been up all night catching up on his manuscript, and had just gone to bed. It was Wang Ling who had to open the door.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was standing at the door with a bag in one hand. Seeing that Wang Ling himself had opened the door, he hurried to make a bow and greet him enthusiastically. "Morning, Brother Ling."

"..." Wang Ling's expression was cold.

Sometimes, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that it was very tiring to be friends with Wang Ling; he had to learn to read him from the tiny shifts in his expressions, otherwise he wouldn't be able to understand him at all.

Wang Ling was wearing his standard "dead fish eyes" expression, but as one of Wang Ling's few friends in the cultivation world, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that he could see a hint of bewilderment in the other man's eyes... if it could be summarized in four words, it would be: "Why are you here?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal lifted the bag in his hand. "I planted the broccoli which great senior gifted me in our family's spirit soil. I water it every morning, and it's growing very well! I harvested this bag of broccoli this morning, so it's very fresh. I wanted to give them to the seniors, so I brought it over."

Without saying a single word, Wang Ling moved to shut the door...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal quickly thrust his hand into the gap between the door and its frame. "Brother Ling, wait, I'm here today on business! Do you remember that Third Saint from last time? He sent a suitcase to my villa, and I want you to take a look at it for me."

Wang Ling thought for a while, then relaxed his grip on the door knob and let him in.

Changing into slippers after entering the house, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal lamented endlessly in his heart: nowadays, it was really so hard to come to this holy place to make his obeisance to the great seniors!

Sensing that the Wang family's small villa was extraordinarily quiet today, he asked in confusion, "Huh? Great seniors aren't home today?"

Wang Ling was too lazy to explain, and instead pointed nonchalantly at several travel magazines on the coffee table.

Mother Wang and the old man had gone through them yesterday before they had left, and the magazines hadn't been put away yet.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal understood at once: so the great seniors had gone on a trip!

But the destination was a little strange...

Henan?

...South Tianhe 1 ?

That place might be a scenic travel destination for ordinary people, but he felt that there was no value in it for cultivators.

South Tianhe not only lacked natural spirit energy, it was also missing adventure thrills — scenic spots nowadays painstakingly created gimmicks to attract cultivators and their money. Currently,



the most popular destinations were probably Black Ox Treasure Town, which was Old Demon Han's former residence, and the holy land of Malegebi 2 !

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stared at the travel magazines for quite a while. Finally, he stroked his chin and couldn't help sighing. "I'll also buy these two magazines later and bring them home to take a look; there has to be something unusual about this place if the two great seniors chose to visit it!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Anyway, I remember that South Tianhe doesn't seem to have any specialties... if we don't count their manhole covers 3 ."

Wang Ling didn't know what expression to use in response. "... " History told him that there was no happy ending for blackening a region 4 !

"By the way, Brother Ling! Third Saint sent over a suitcase, have a look at it." Now that that little interlude was over, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal finally came back to the original topic.

Wang Ling silently nodded. A spirit light flashed in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hand, and a suitcase with a lock on it appeared. "The lock is encrypted..."

Cautiously, Wang Ling first used his Heavenly Eye to carefully check and confirm that there were no traps on the suitcase. He had let Third Saint go back then, and although he didn't know his whereabouts, the other party had indeed kept the promise he had made upon his departure to stop working for Mo Immortal Castle. At the same time, he had also withdrawn from the Ten Saints group. Wang Ling felt that the suitcase most likely contained intelligence which Third Saint had acquired.

Wang Ling touched the lock on the case and frowned. It was made from bronze jade, and while it wasn't the hardest substance in the universe, on Earth it still ranked among the best. But that wasn't the real issue — the problem was that the lock had been encrypted by Third Saint.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "The lock is very intricately designed; it doesn't have a bolt, but it contains a 64-bit encryption array. To unlock it, you need to decode this small array. I've been looking up a lot of information over the last two days, but so far I've got nothing. I researched it for two whole days, but I can't break it. I wonder if Brother Ling has any ideas..."

Just as he finished speaking, Wang Ling stretched out his hand to pinch the lock...

Then, "click"!

The bronze jade lock directly crumbled to dust, and the suitcase popped open!

"..."

After that, Wang Ling pushed the case to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "... This was too f\*\*king simple and crude!

As Wang Ling had guessed, once the suitcase was open, a stack of data met their eyes. Giving it a cursory look-through, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal realized that it was all records of backdoor business transactions between Landscape Manor and Mo Immortal Castle! If they had the opportunity to indict Mo Immortal Castle in the future, all of this would become evidence!

"I never thought that Third Saint would even be able to get his hands on their account books. This is solid evidence! We were initially worried that we wouldn't be able to find any."

While this was a pleasant surprise, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was still a little disappointed. This evidence wouldn't have much impact on the current situation; at most, it could only prove that Mo Immortal Castle, which was a well-known education institution in the market, was hiding a series of secret interests.

That Lord of the Castle was a very cautious person; it was possible that with time, leaked records like these found by Third Saint would eventually be covered up. For these people, money laundering was as easy as eating or drinking water.

Wang Ling stared at the suitcase for a while. Then he pushed aside the stack of information, and in the end, actually discovered an inconspicuous hidden compartment at the very bottom!

This compartment had been expanded with the Space Expansion Skill, but on the outside looked as thin as a needle... nevertheless, it still couldn't escape Wang Ling's eyes.

They could imagine that Third Saint had put in airtight protection measures to prevent this suitcase from falling into other people's hands. Even if someone else got hold of these records, they wouldn't understand it. It was very clear, however, that what was in the hidden compartment was the key!

"That's just like Brother Ling! To be able to even find this..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal started to feel inferior again.

Using spirit energy, he drew out the object in the hidden compartment.

Following that, a little red brocade bag came into view.

## Chapter 138: I Have a Bold Idea

"It looks like this is the real information that Third Saint wanted to give us. The accounts on top of it were just for pretend." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly got a little excited.

Whether it was him or Wang Ling, both of them had experienced Mo Immortal Castle's foolproof way of doing things. However, to err was human; even with cultivators, no matter how meticulous their thinking was, they could still make mistakes.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal flipped the bag and poured out its contents. Apart from a gray notebook, there was also a glass bottle filled with a black-colored liquid.

"What's this?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal opened the bottle and took a whiff. It had a refreshing smell similar to pipagou 1 , which instantly surprised him. "This... isn't this the legendary essential balm which can make a female broadcast host feel like she wants to die 2 ?!"

Wang Ling was already too tired to mock this man who acted like a lunatic from time to time. "..."

"This doesn't seem to be a body-refining liquid, and its ingredients are a little odd."

Under Wang Ling's dead fish gaze, the man in white finally became a little more serious. He carefully put down the glass bottle and flipped open the gray notebook next to it.

As he continued to page through it, his expression became darker and darker before he finally exclaimed, "This...! This is big news! Brother Ling!"

While Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been going through the notebook, Wang Ling had been reading his mind at the same time.

Then, both of them sat on the sofa in the same pose, chins cupped in their hands as they began to stare at this black potion in deep contemplation.

According to what was written in the gray notebook, this black potion was the very first in a range of strength-reinforcing drugs developed by Mo Immortal Castle and designed for cultivators who had no other way of further improving their realms; it would consume a cultivator's lifespan and cause the body to mutate and display formidable strength far beyond a person's realm!

Of course, this wasn't the most important thing.

The most critical thing was what the second half of the notebook contained; it was data on medical experiments which Mo Immortal Castle, in its guise as an education institution, was performing on their students!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frowned fiercely, his eyes flashing with hatred. "Who would have thought Mo Immortal Castle would do this sort of insane thing behind the scenes! No matter what, they shouldn't harm the flowers of the motherland!"

Wang Ling also frowned, then thought of something before directly telling Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal about it telepathically. The latter nodded immediately. "Brother Ling, don't worry. I'll deliver this drug to Immortal Toya myself straightaway. Given his experience, it shouldn't be a problem for him to determine the ingredients in it."

Saying that, the man sighed deeply.

"Nowadays, those who have money depend on equipment, while those who have no money depend on mutation. I never thought that this saying would be so true..."

In that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt really grieved about this strength-reinforcing mutation drug. He felt that this was similar to when cultivators had once persistently held on to legacy as a last resort in their quest for instant success. For the sake of their realms, they were willing to defy the natural order of things and try unscrupulous methods. For their realms, they racked their brains for shortcuts they could take.

However, since ancient times in the cultivation world, the powerful cultivators who could rise above everyone else and receive the people's reverence had always been those who relied on their own cultivation, accumulating it a little at a time and moving forward step by step.

That was right, there were no shortcuts to immortality to begin with.

"There are no shortcuts on the cultivation path. Why are there so many people who don't get this?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart was very tired. He had been promoting cultivation values in the cultivation forum all these years... but it was all for nothing!

...

After obtaining this lead from the silk brocade bag, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal left the Wang family's small villa in a very depressed mood.

Before he left, he still hadn't forgotten to ask Wang Ling to personally give Grandfather Wang his broccoli.

Wang Ling didn't know what this man was planning to do next.

It was because Mo Immortal Castle wouldn't be easy to deal with... if it had just been a small, ordinary organization, given this Great Death-Courting Senior's personality, he would have erupted in fury much earlier on and would have definitely rushed over to Mo Immortal Castle straightaway, bursting with righteousness, to wreak havoc.

But looking at the current situation, they clearly didn't have enough to warrant him doing so.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still didn't have concrete evidence that Mo Immortal Castle was conducting experiments on the students. It was no use just relying on a notebook — there were some things that had to be seen to be believed.

After leaving the Wang family's small villa, he called Little Black yet again. "Hello, Little Black? That's right, I have to trouble you again... I hope you can find out the addresses of several students for me. Oh, by the way, how's the restoration of the lab coming along?"

On the other end, it was obvious that Little Black was already used to being bossed around. "Well, it's not bad... except for the Armstrong Cyclone Jet Armstrong Cannon, basically almost everything else has been repaired. That... Brother Lei, last time you told me you would help me find the bastard who destroyed my lab. Are you sure about that?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded solemnly. "Don't worry about that, I remember it! Once you have that cannon fixed, I'll straightaway look for Ling Zhenren and we'll use advanced spiritual senses to track down the bastard! Then we'll both bring the cannon with us and blow up the bastard's house!"

Little Black: "Wouldn't that be a little too cruel?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Is there any point in talking with this kind of bastard? I tell you, Little Black, you're my brother! My brother's home was destroyed, I won't even let that bastard fart! When I find that person's address, I'll be the first to bring the cannon over and blow his place up! Just leave it to me!"

Little Black: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "Mm, so, please help me find the addresses for these students as soon as possible."

Little Black: "What information do you have? The more you have, the quicker my search will be."

This question made Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frown, as the information given in the notebook was really limited. It only had data from the students' physical exams, such as age, height, weight and so on, along with changes in the data after the students had consumed the mutation drug. There really wasn't much of anything else.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Uh... there's not a lot of information."

Little Black's heart thumped. "How much?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied precisely, "Height; weight; age; bust, waist and hip measurements; and the length and thickness of their Tower of Babel... oh, that's right, there are also medical records from when they were circumcised!"

Little Black: "..."

All of a sudden, a bold idea occurred to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Maybe we can start with the men's hospital first! Perhaps there will be some clues there. Check and see if they have group circumcisions or something... if we can get into their medical records, wouldn't we be able to track down the addresses then?"

Little Black: "..."

## Chapter 139: Director Li's Great Senior

It had to be said that Little Black was truly Little Black. As an excellent, world-class monkey coder, he very quickly found the whereabouts of several students mentioned in the notebook.

There were three students being treated in isolation at Songhai city's Second Cultivation Hospital. The cost of isolation treatment was extremely high, and to prevent this matter from being exposed, Mo Immortal Castle was covering all medical expenses during this period. Furthermore, they had also given the victims' families a token amount as hush money. But that couldn't hide the harm which human experiments brought to society!

The isolation treatment ward was in a separate area of Second Hospital; unless one went through hospital procedure and had the relevant authorization, even relatives who wanted to visit wouldn't be able to enter.

But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had his own unique technique for getting in to visit these patients.

Because when Little Black had investigated this hospital, it so happened he had found out that the director was in fact Immortal Toya's disciple, Li Miaozhen!

...

It was May 30th on Sunday in the fifth week of the semester.

It was a bit cold today, which was alright for cultivators, but ordinary people at the very least had to change out of their short sleeves into long-sleeved shirts, otherwise Songhai city's particular brand of cold would definitely make them sick.

Weather forecast temperatures dropped and rose at abrupt intervals, indicating that Songhai city had officially entered its erratic mode this month. Temperatures fluctuated — sometimes it was as sultry as deep summer, sometimes it was as cold as chilly winter. However, most of Songhai city's residents were already long used to the differences in temperature.

Because Immortal Toya had given him a call, Director Li had already been waiting for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal early on at the front gate of Second Hospital's separate medical compound.

They had arranged to meet at about eight o'clock in the morning. Director Li was wearing a white coat with his hospital ID around his neck; underneath that was a thick vest. The cold wind that blew in from the Frozen Sea was at its most violent between eight and nine in the morning.

Standing in front of the gate, Director Li rubbed his hands together and rolled his eyes at the sky — how many times already had summer failed to come?!

While he was sighing sorrowfully in his heart, two figures appeared in the distance as they approached the separate medical compound.

It was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling.

That morning, Wang Ling had initially planned to take advantage of the time that the old man was away on holiday to reinforce his tricycle. But to his surprise, a man in white had appeared at the door of the Wang family's small villa early in the morning, a sinister smile on his face...



Lei Mouren had wanted Wang Ling to go to the hospital with him.

In exchange, he would have a friend help Wang Ling reinforce the tricycle...

Wang Ling carefully thought it over. This kind of trade actually wasn't bad for him. For one thing, he could save some money. Furthermore, he could avoid contact with other people... these days, finding a repair shop was like walking into a hairdresser's; once you entered, some directors or managers would pop up and begin to try selling their service memberships to you.

Wang Ling had always disliked this.

Hence, after thinking it over carefully, he was forcibly dragged into coming here by Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

When Director Li saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal personally pedaling a freight tricycle with a teenager sitting in the back, his expression instantly turned a little strange. He didn't wait for the tricycle to draw closer before he immediately went over to greet them as he bowed to Lei Mouren. "Hello, Senior Lei, my master has informed me of the situation." Then, he looked at Wang Ling. "And this is...?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gave it serious thought for a while, then patted Wang Ling on the shoulder before replying, "This is... our cultivation forum's boss of strength, Ling Zhenren."

Wang Ling: "..."

"This is the legendary Ling Zhenren?"

Director Li was shocked and he hurriedly bowed to Wang Ling. "I've long heard of this name Ling Zhenren from my master. I never thought that you would be so young!" This wasn't a strange remark to make. After all, there were just too many ways to maintain one's youth these days, especially for a cultivator. But to maintain an appearance as good as Wang Ling's... Director Li had to admit that this was the first time he had seen anything like it.

Wang Ling did nothing more than nod to this hospital director in greeting.

Nonetheless, Director Li seemed a little overwhelmed by it.

Guiding the two people to the the separate compound's entrance, Director Li said hello to the chief security guard. "These are my friends."

The chief security guard stuck his head outside the security box and saw a man on a tricycle with a youngster riding in the back. But the chief didn't think much of it, and directly opened the gate.

Actually, it was risky for Director Li to bring these two people in, because the hospital's higher-ups had said early on that apart from a patient's immediate family members or related medical staff, no one else was permitted entry.

But the hospital was that kind of place where, as long as you had connections, you could automatically go anywhere... when all was said and done, it was a society of connections.

"Is there a place to park?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked the chief security guard upon entering.

The chief security guard's black face was full of question marks . "???" You're on a tricycle!

But because Director Li was here, it wouldn't be good for him to say anything bad, so he pointed ahead of them. "Go straight for about one hundred meters and turn left, that'll be a parking lot."

"Thank you!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gave him a fist salute before he charged straight ahead and turned to drift the tricycle into the parking lot. Finally, after looking around, he stopped between a Maybach and a Maserati.

Director Li struggled to keep up behind him. This tricycle was unexpectedly so f\*\*king fast!

Wang Ling calmly got off and smoothed down his clothes, his heart as unruffled as the bottom of an ancient well.

After all, he was the one who had personally blessed this tricycle!

...

There were two buildings in Second Hospital's separate compound. Director Li led the two people to one which had a very imposing fountain at its entrance.

Wang Ling noted the building's distinctive black color.

Director Li stood at the entrance with his hands behind his back as he gave them a short introduction. "This is the VIP isolation building that our Second Hospital opened independently for critical patients. My great senior personally invested in its establishment. Even the reinforced concrete used in its construction was specially customized by combining it with spirit herbal paste. Staying in the building helps to greatly delay the progression of a patient's illness. We can give even terminally ill patients enough time to be treated."

When they entered the building, what caught their eye was a dazzling line-up of brocade banners and certificates with phrases like "Magic Hand," "City Advanced Unit" and so on.

A wall had been specially set up for the certificates, which were hung in a uniform pattern on it.

Most obvious of all was a portrait of an old man with a mustache displayed in the middle of these certificates. His eyes were narrowed slightly, and he had a kindly air about him.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "This is...?"

Director Li instantly looked a little excited. "This is my Great Senior Li Shizhen 1 !"

Wang Ling: "..."

"This is the man who established this building, bringing hope to countless patients!"

Director Li excitedly pointed to a plaque behind the door which Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't noticed when they had first entered the building. "The plaque was personally inscribed by my great senior, and bears the name of this building!"

Wang Ling turned to take a look.

Instantly, several large golden words came into view...

Night Shift Nurses 2 !

Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Chapter 140: The Lord of the Castle Wants to Make Trouble Yet Again

Second Hospital had thirty floors in total, and treated various types of strange patients.

When they reached the elevator, a little sister nurse happened to be pushing a hospital cart out of the large elevator. When she saw Director Li, she hurriedly bowed and greeted him. "Director Li, good morning!"

Director Li had a good memory; he could recall most of the names of the nurses who worked in this hospital building, and could remember which patients they were looking after.

"Little Liu, how is the patient's situation today?" he asked.

The patient whom Nurse Liu was looking after was very special. Speaking of him, the little sister nurse's willow eyebrows pulled down and she looked very frustrated. "Same as usual, the patient keeps spouting nonsense about how he is a time traveler and claims that he has a superpower!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What superpower?"

"I'll show you..."

After saying that, Nurse Liu immediately jumped left and right and roared loudly, "Whoosh !"

Director Li: "..."

After this shameful performance, Nurse Liu swiftly regained her composure and drew in a deep breath. "That patient keeps saying he can teleport in an instant."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

"As you can see, we have a lot of strange patients here. Over the last few years, Huaguo Water Curtain Group has also given us a substantial investment to establish a research office for hard-to-treat cases... but most unfortunately, we haven't been able to find any effective cures for these illnesses yet." Director Li sighed.

They followed Director Li into the elevator, and he pressed the button for the eighteenth floor. "The wards in this building are arranged by the complexity of a patient's condition. The more difficult the illness is to treat, the higher the floor."

"How are these three kids?"

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw that they were going to the eighteenth floor, his heart couldn't help quaking.

It was already the eighteenth floor... then what the hell kind of mental cases lived on the thirtieth floor?!

The state of health of patients in the separate compound was basically confidential information, but Director Li had still managed to learn some things through his connections. He was frowning as the elevator went up. "As far as I know, the situation is basically under control for two of the three children, but just barely; there's a possibility that things can still get out of hand at any time. The remaining child is in a worse condition."

"Does the hospital know what the ingredients in the mutation potion are?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

"They signed confidentiality agreements with the families and gave them substantial compensation. They wouldn't even give us the ingredients for the drug, and completely left it to us to treat them with our own methods."

Director Li shook his head. "According to current treatment results, that potion not only affected their cell structures, it also seems to have ravaged their minds... you'll see what I mean when we reach the ward..."

Some seconds later, the elevator reached the corresponding floor, and Director Li led them through a long corridor to the innermost ward. The ward was very large, and held three beds which were separated from each other by glass partitions.

Wang Ling immediately saw three boys around his age. One sat on his bed clapping non-stop; one was lying completely motionless on the bed, as straight as a pole; and the third boy was simply lying on his stomach on the floor, in the arms of Mother Earth.

Wang Ling felt that his horizons had been expanded... there was a saying that mentally ill people were broad in their thinking, and this was so true. He was stunned to find that his Mind-Reading Ability was completely useless on these three people, just like when the old man had had dementia previously.

Director Li pointed to the first patient who was clapping his hands. "Patient One, after taking the mutation potion, always thinks that he can summon the Heavenly Flame."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked doubtfully, "Then why is he clapping his hands?"

Director Li: "He's imitating the Angry Buddha Fire Lotus."

Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

"Don't be fooled, currently the situation can already be considered under control since he's just clapping. Before, every time he clapped his hands, he would yell 'Angry Buddha Fire Lotus'... so, we've defined his illness as acute chuuni 1 syndrome."

Wang Ling: "..."

Director Li pointed to the second patient. "For Patient Two, the powerful side effects of the mutation potion completely stripped him of his autonomous abilities."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Like people in a vegetative state?"

Director Li nodded. "You could call it a conscious vegetative state. He can eat, but food has to be put into his mouth. The worst was when he no longer even bothered to chew. So since then, we've switched to transfusions to provide his body with nutrients. We've defined his illness as chronic geyou 2 paralyzed salted-fish syndrome."

Wang Ling: "..."

After that, Director Li pointed to the last patient. "Among the three of them, the mutation might be considered a success in Patient Three, but his abilities are very weak."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Why is he lying face down?"

Director Li's expression was calm. "He's imitating Spiderman."

Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

...

Not long after Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had followed Director Li into the Night Shift Nurses building, the window of a Maybach in the parking lot slowly rolled down; the person sitting in the driver's seat was Song Qingshu's tall subordinate.

He had watched them enter the building before immediately calling Song Qingshu to report the situation. "Lord Director, you guessed right. The matter has indeed drawn attention..."

Song Qingshu sighed quietly. Sure enough, it had been a good move to send someone to monitor the situation!

"What are we going to do now?" asked the tall man in a suit.

"The Lord has expressly said that no outsiders can ever find out about the potion. After Third Saint's betrayal, the Lord has always been worried that this person would move against us. I never expected

it to happen so soon!" Song Qingshu's words were neither hurried nor slow. "We currently have two options. We can either get rid of the three students or get rid of these visitors."

The man in a suit was obviously stupefied. "...Lord Director, with all due respect, it seems almost impossible to kill these two people..."

"Although our strength is not what it once was, there are still seven people left in the Ten Saints. Is there any issue that can't be handled by seven Soul Formation cultivators? It's just two people, right?"

Man in a suit: "But of these two people... one is Great Death-Courting Senior."

"..."

Song Qingshu wanted to curse. Motherf\*\*ker! Why is it him again?!

Forcing himself to calm down, he drew in a deep breath. "Then... who is the other person?"

"It's a youngster... he's always with Great Death-Courting Senior, and they drove here together! But Great Death-Courting Senior seems to respect him very much," the man in a suit replied honestly.

A youngster who came together with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal?

Since the last time when they'd lost the two top generals Great Saint and Second Saint, the word "youngster" had already cast a deep psychological shadow in Song Qingshu's heart... don't tell him it was the one who had been at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa back then?

As he considered this, his hands shook of their own accord.

Was he actually scared?