

Daily Life 141

Chapter 141: There Are Times When Being Bald Won't Help You Get Stronger

Director Li entrusted the nurse in charge of this floor with the task of fetching them detailed information on the three students.

All three of them were students from Foundation Establishment high schools. Furthermore, they were coincidentally all from Peiyuan district. One was from Building Materials High School, one from God Vision High School, and the third from No. 59 High School.

When Wang Ling saw this piece of information, his eyelids couldn't help twitching.

After all, No. 59 High School had left him with plenty of "unforgettable" memories back then...

Xie Hui?

Looking at the information, Wang Ling wasn't able to place the face from the name alone.

He lifted his eyes and started to carefully size up this teenager lying prone on the floor and learning to shoot out spider webs... the more he looked, the more he felt this guy looked familiar!

In a split second, Wang Ling used the memory retrieval effect of the Great Memory Spell to finally recall the identity of that "Spiderman" teenager — this was delinquent senior He Buliang's shamate underling!

The reason why Wang Ling hadn't recognized him at first glance was that the other party had shaved off his colorful shamate hair! Now he was a true baldie!

"..." Looking at the current Xie Hui, Wang Ling sighed deeply in his heart. There were times when being bald really couldn't make you stronger... even if you ran and did push-ups every day and didn't have air-conditioning in summer, it was useless 1 !

"Does Brother Ling know this teenager?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that Wang Ling's expression was a little different when he looked at this Xie Hui. Minute changes in his expression were actually easy to pick up because he usually had a poker face, so when there was the slightest ripple in it, you could tell.

After serious consideration, Wang Ling nodded noncommittally.

He didn't think he had any feelings for No. 59 High School, or felt any friendship for it.

However, no matter what, he couldn't deny that it was a place that held memories for him...

He stared at Xie Hui on the floor, frowning slightly. Then, with a flick of his fingers, the three teenagers in the ward unexpectedly all fell deeply asleep. Xie Hui, who had been on the floor crazily trying to learn how to shoot out webs like Spiderman, had already collapsed and was snoring away. After that, Wang Ling used a Gravitation Spell to lift Xie Hui onto the bed before he heaved a sigh.

This was the calamity which these three people were destined to experience; whatever the result was, Wang Ling couldn't interfere.

The only thing he could do was just this.

To recklessly meddle with heavenly law was to invite its wrath.

Wang Ling felt very tired. He was just a sixteen-year-old high school student!

"They actually calmed down..." Director Li was startled when he saw this. He knew it had to be this Ling Zhenren wielding his remarkable abilities!

"Brother Ling's Hibernation Spell can make those under its influence fall fast asleep for seven days; they won't wake up even if the sky falls down." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very familiar with this trick because he had seen Wang Ling cast it when they had met several years ago. At that time, however, Wang Ling hadn't been able to cast it accurately yet, and with a wave of his hand, he had made a large number of living creatures lethargic and drowsy.

Director Li's realm wasn't high, so he revered both Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling from the bottom of his heart.

After all, a lot of hospital patients couldn't sleep because they were tormented by pain. Ordinary people could take a sleeping pill or a sedative shot to solve the problem, but with cultivators, most of them had bodies that were resistant to common drugs.

It would be wonderful if I can learn this Hibernation Spell! Then mother never has to worry about my studies 2 !

But Director Li clearly knew that this was just a pipe dream... he probably wouldn't ever be able to learn this type of remarkable ability in his whole life.

Therefore, after Wang Ling had cast the spell, Director Li's eyes glowed as his reverence for this Ling Zhenren instantly came flooding out like a wild, non-stop deluge.

While Director Li was sighing with feeling, he received a message, which just happened to be from his shifu Immortal Toya.

After reading it, he couldn't help frowning.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What is it?"

Director Li looked very worried. " Shifu says that the ingredients in the drug are very unique. This is more troublesome than he had expected. Even after a while he still hasn't been able to determine what they are."

As he said this, Immortal Toya sent another message. This time, it was a picture of a laboratory report.

"Even Brother Toya is stumped?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal instantly felt this was strange, because nowadays, except for the presidium of pharmacists employed by Huaguo Water Curtain Group and pharmacists from the Xiao clan, he really couldn't think of anyone else who could be stronger than Immortal Toya when it came to the manufacturing of medicine.

This was a brand new clue for him.

It was well worth investigating whether there were people from Huaguo Water Curtain Group or the Xiao clan colluding with Mo Immortal Castle.

"We can only wait for shifu's next message, but with these preliminary test results, we can still analyze the medicinal properties of the mutation potion."

After saying this, Director Li suddenly thought of something, then spoke to Wang Ling. "I wonder... would Ling Zhenren be able to cast the Hibernation Spell on a patient on the thirtieth floor?"

"What is he suffering from?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was really curious about the lunatic on the thirtieth floor.

"He suffers serious paranoia and schizophrenia, and his innate resistance to drugs is extremely high. We've tried all kinds of treatments, but there has been little to no effect." Director Li sighed. "The main issue is that this patient insists that he is the descendant of the Desolation Heavenly Emperor 3 ..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

"When we walked in, did you see the fountain downstairs? That's the most troublesome!"

Speaking of this, Director Li's head started to hurt. "That patient insists that he is capable of the Kunpeng Technique 4 , and is determined to jump from the thirtieth floor into the fountain..."

"Why?"

Director Li: "He thinks... that fountain is dayuhaitang 5 ."

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

...

At the same time, on the ground floor of the hospital building, the man in a suit and Song Qingshu were still in communication with each other.

In the last few minutes, after thinking hard for a very long time, Song Qingshu had made a difficult decision. "How about this, go look for someone... or you can do it yourself; go smash the car which they drove over. No matter what the situation is, or however much information they have, we must spoil their plans first! At the most we'll just pay for their wrecked car. How much can a car cost?"

The man in a suit stared at the "car" which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling had rode over, and silently wiped his sweat. "Lord Director, are you sure you want to do this?"

Song Qingshu curled his lip. "Just do as I say! Why are you blabbering so much?! You won't be the one paying! Having said that... I want to know, what car does this Great Death-Courting Senior drive? A limited edition Aoguanhai? A limited edition Chuanjianguo?"

"Uh, neither..."

"Neither???"

Cultivators seldom drove cars, and most chose to fly on their swords; however, it wasn't strange to own a car because on many occasions, driving a car could make one appear more classy.

Hence, the cars bought by cultivators with high realms were generally all very expensive.

Now Song Qingshu was really curious. "Then what car did they drive?"

"Tricycle..." the man in a suit answered truthfully.

Song Qingshu: "..."

Chapter 142: The Most Powerful Means of Transportation on Earth

The tall man in a suit finally listened to Song Qingshu's instructions and got out of the car.

He held a hammer in one hand.

At the same time, there was a functional type armor-penetrating talisman in his other hand.

He really didn't know why Great Death-Courting Senior this cultivation grandmaster would ride a tricycle to the hospital... the man in a suit felt that he wasn't intelligent enough to fully understand how Great Death-Courting Senior's mind worked; they weren't on the same level at all whether in terms of realm or their way of thinking.

"Three supreme Taoist gods; Taoist ways are unpredictable 1 !" The man in a suit walked up to the slightly decrepit tricycle. He raised his hand as if it were a sword, and with a light shout, he swiftly stuck the armor-penetrating talisman onto the hammer.

Ding! In a flash, the power of the spirit talisman flooded out and the hammer suddenly became larger as it was wrapped in a golden sheen. This was originally an ordinary hammer, but after being reinforced magically by the armor-penetrating talisman, it was as mighty as a spirit weapon.

Satisfied, the man in a suit holding the hammer sneered. One blow from this, and the rundown little cart would be smashed into iron sheets!

But just as he was about to mess up Wang Ling's little tricycle even more, he heard a young girl's voice. "What are you going to do to me?"

Very quickly, horror sprung up in his heart!

Because he realized that the voice seemed to be coming from the tricycle... bloody hell! This rundown tricycle can actually talk?

The man in a suit broke out in a cold sweat as he stared woodenly at this little gray and black tricycle; the paint was already peeling off, and there was rust on its handlebars. It was altogether nothing special to look at... but the man in a suit realized he had made a mistake — he should have known that any transportation vehicle that Great Death-Courting Senior used would definitely be out of the ordinary!

"I advise that you don't have delusions about me."

At that very moment, the cute, girly voice rang out again from the tricycle, and the man in a suit man collected his thoughts.

Wasn't this voice... too soft and cute?! As if it was... a lolita's voice.

He really could never have imagined that such a voice could come out of this little rundown tricycle. The critical thing was that because it was too sweet and too pleasant-sounding, he couldn't sense any lethal intent at all.

Maybe it was just an invisible navigation system which Great Death-Courting Senior had set up? As a bluff?

While he was making guesses, he also became deeply conflicted about whether to smash the tricycle or not.

After a moment's deliberation, he narrowed his eyes and finally raised the hammer — a man should be decisive! The outcome would be decided with one blow!

Bang!

The reinforced hammer smashed down onto the tricycle's head with a powerful boom, but only created a string of sparks.

The man in a suit was shocked as he realized that there was an invisible shield on this tricycle!

Conversely, the counterforce threw his entire body backward to crash heavily into a black limousine behind him. The huge impact directly triggered the limousine's anti-theft function and its alarm started to blare.

"Damn it..."

The man in a suit shook off his dizziness before getting up from the ground. This sudden backlash had been so powerful that it had numbed his hukou 2 , robbing him of a good opportunity to destroy the tricycle with the hammer.

"I'm so cute, but you actually still hit me... as expected, you don't have a girlfriend, right?" The tricycle's cute, girly voice sounded again.

This time, the man in a suit shuddered violently. What the hell kind of evil spirit was this?

The car's alarm behind him had drawn the attention of the security guards patrolling the surrounding area. He heaved himself to his feet with great effort and then hurried to get into his car. Struggling with the piercing pain in his skull, he stepped on the accelerator and swiftly fled the scene.

Right now, he couldn't focus on so many things... he didn't even have time to think about what the hell was up with that tricycle.

The only thing he could think of was how badly his head hurt! He suspected that the backlash just now might have given him a concussion.

What a joke!

At the very least, he was at the Golden Core stage!

To suffer a concussion because of backlash from a rundown tricycle... who would believe it?

He sped for the hospital gate and didn't even stop to pay the parking fee; with a " bang ," he directly hit the boom barrier and rushed out.

The chief security guard was frightened badly by this sudden event, and so angry that he banged his table and jumped to his feet. There was a saying that the more money someone had, the stingier they were! That was indeed true! The son of a bitch was driving a Maybach, but he didn't even stop to pay the parking fee!

However, what made the chief security guard even more terrified was that as he watched the Maybach zoom out of the hospital compound...

A tricycle followed behind it at a meteoric speed...

— And there was no one f**king driving it!

...

On Baohua Road in front of Second Hospital, the man in a suit zoomed onto the motorway.

After a few calm minutes, he felt that the pain in his head had subsided quite a bit — however, it was very clear that he hadn't sensed how serious his situation was.

He glanced at his rearview mirror.

And instantly his face was leached of all color.

F**k! That tricycle was actually chasing him! — Was this cart made on Cybertron?!

Vroom! The engine roared, and the man in a suit accelerated, but the tricycle behind him was still in close pursuit.

In this way, a Maybach and a tricycle performed The Fast And The Furious on the motorway.

The man in a suit realized that when he sped up, the tricycle also accelerated...

His Maybach was almost at its maximum speed — three hundred kilometers an hour!

The most frightening thing was that the tricycle could clearly still go faster than that. The distance between them was gradually closing!

Not far away, a traffic police captain was leaning idly against a parked police car as he pulled out a new speed camera from his pocket... Swish! Swish! Two meteorites instantly streaked past in front of him!

Bang!

The captain was stunned when he realized that the speed camera in his hand had exploded!

"F**k! Drag racing early in the morning? Want to die?!"

The traffic police captain shouted after the two passing meteorites and quickly took out his intercom. "Attention all units! There are two cars racing on Hu An Highway at speeds which exceed the maximum limit! Intercept them without delay!"

Very quickly, news came over the intercom in reply. "Reporting, Captain! The cars are too fast to be intercepted!"

"Can you clearly see the model? Inform the city bureau that we want the traffic camera footage so that we can check their license plates!"

"The first is a Maybach... the other one..." Just then, several traffic police officers on the other end of the intercom started yelling. "F**k! Captain, it's a tricycle! A tricycle is chasing the Maybach!!"

"..."

"Reporting, Captain! The tricycle has passed the car!"

"..."

Chapter 143: Do You Know Who the Owner Is?

After obtaining some information from Second Hospital, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling went back down with Director Li. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frowned deeply; he hadn't been able to relax since entering the hospital building.

"Director Li, please take good care of these three kids. I, Lei Mouren, will definitely investigate this thoroughly."

"Senior Immortal, rest assured. Even if you didn't ask me to, I'll do my utmost. This bunch of profiteers producing three-no-goods 1 is too hateful!"

Director Li nodded. He knew it would not be an easy matter to investigate, because the other party had very broad financial resources. From the first moment that the three students had developed unusual symptoms, the other party had settled it privately, giving each family compensation which they couldn't refuse.

But both Director Li and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that the compensation couldn't be used as a reason for preventing the truth from being exposed. These Foundation Establishment students, who were the hope for the future of the nation, had actually been treated like lab rats in human experiments... currently, the issue only seemed to be three students on the surface, but it was really too horrible to contemplate how much darkness there was behind the scenes.

When they reached the hospital building's entrance, Director Li bowed. "Please be very careful, Senior, the forces behind this group of people are very powerful... my master knows you're investigating this on your own, so he's very worried. If you need any help, you can speak up in the group. If everyone works together, there will definitely be no problems!"

"Did Brother Toya say that?" asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"That's right! These are my master's words!" Director Li answered.

"Tell Brother Toya not to worry. If I really can't deal with this matter, I'll definitely ask for help." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled. "In fact, I'm very thick-skinned."

"Do your best, Senior!"

Director Li nodded, then bowed at the entrance. "I still have something I need to deal with back inside, so I'll leave you here!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "Mm, go ahead, Director Li. Feel free to contact me if there are any new developments from the drug test."

...

As they left the hospital, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal kept sighing.

After their probing this time, he felt that perhaps the children hadn't meant to drink the potion, and had very likely been deceived. These days, it was too easy for those man-eating, black-hearted education institutions to sell their so-called brain-boosting products during tuition lessons.

In the end, the unlucky and pitiful ones were these oblivious young children...

Wang Ling had originally intended to leave this incident to this forum owner, but it was very apparent that the owner himself was deeply troubled by these subsequent events. Since knowing Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, he had never seen the other man wear such a depressed expression before.

Mo Immortal Castle this organization was too mysterious and too fond of stirring up trouble... Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't handle the problem by just relying on his experiences and sense of righteousness anymore.

Wang Ling felt that the Mo Immortal Castle issue was now already a matter of great urgency.

And the most critical thing was that the organization had already impinged on his own easy life both overtly and covertly.

...

Back in the parking lot of the hospital building, Wang Ling discovered traces of a fight.

A spirit talisman that had been used up would leave behind a unique smell that other people wouldn't be able to detect, but his sense of smell was very sensitive.

His pupils dilated and the scene in front of him began to rewind. The Heavenly Eye had a flashback ability which allowed Wang Ling to find out what happened in the last half an hour, though not more than that.

Wang Ling sent the images to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's mind, and the man was shocked. "Bloody hell! Brother Ling, your tricycle can speak?"

Uh... that didn't seem to be the main point.

The main point was, who was that man in a suit in the Maybach? Why did he want to smash the tricycle with a hammer? In the end, he was sent flying...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's expression began to change as he carefully scrutinized the flashback images Wang Ling sent to him. Finally, his eyes suddenly widened. He remembered! He had seen that man before! This was the man from Mo Immortal Castle! The supervisor's subordinate!

"Are we being watched?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clenched his fists in fury. Was there really no place that this bunch of cretins couldn't get into? Were they eels?

From a distance, the chief security guard had seen them appear, and he hurried over and pointed to the small tricycle. "Sirs, this cart is yours, right? When you weren't around, this tricycle actually chased after a Maybach... I don't know how, but it came back by itself just now."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Listening to the chief security guard, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that he was still too naive! He had thought that this tricycle was just an ordinary transportation vehicle... did Brother Ling enlighten this thing?

"..."

Bingo! Congratulations!

The chief security guard said helplessly, "Even if you are Director Li's friends, this tricycle and the Maybach which fled did affect other vehicles in our parking lot... sirs, how should we handle this?"

At that moment, a burly man wearing sunglasses came over. From the Heavenly Eye's flashback of images, both Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately knew that this was the owner of the car which that man in a suit had flown into.

"Was it the two of you who damaged my car?" The man in sunglasses asked.

"You can't say that... your car was damaged by that Maybach man. How can you blame us?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gave the man's black supercar a look... a limited edition Bugatti! The car's headlights had both been smashed in by that f**king idiot from Mo Immortal Castle!

To fix these two big headlights would cost at least one hundred thousand yuan! How many crispy noodle snacks is that?!

Wang Ling thought that he and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were very similar in one aspect — they were very thrifty. As they wandered through life, they absolutely wouldn't spend unnecessarily.

"I don't care. That Maybach man has run away and I can't catch up to him. But you are also indirectly responsible!" The man in sunglasses crossed his arms, and his biceps bulged to strain against his white shirt. "In fact, I'm not the owner, I'm just the driver... do you know whose car this is? If I tell you, it'll scare you to death!"

"Oh? Scare me to death?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that was hilarious.

"Do you know Secretary Sun of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools? One of the ten founding generals from back then!" The man in sunglasses sneered slightly. "My master is No. 60 High School's legend who reached the Golden Core stage at a young age."

Hearing this, Wang Ling already had a bad feeling...

"He is the big name who recently prevented two Shadow Stream assassinations through his acute insight... he is now Secretary Sun's favorite, the youngest Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools in history — Odd Zhuo! Are you afraid now?!"

"..."

At that very moment, Wang Ling's expression wasn't just disturbed, he even wanted to laugh a little.

Chapter 144: The Obsessiveness of a Scapegoat!

Odd Zhuo had never imagined that he would meet Wang Ling here. After he had received a phone call from his subordinate, he had gone down right away.

"Mr Zhuo, these are the two men who damaged your car and refuse to pay for it. Don't you think they're going too far? Do you want me to call the law..." The man in sunglasses was about to ask whether he should call the lawyer, but before he could finish speaking, he realized that Odd Zhuo's eyes were shooting daggers at him.

This scenario was a tad off!

A few drops of sweat rolled down the face of the man in sunglasses. "..."

"Do you know who this person is?" Odd Zhuo pointed at Wang Ling. "He is my shifu ! So what if shifu damaged it? He just gave it a love tap!"

The man in sunglasses: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Face full of excitement, Odd Zhuo went forward and held Wang Ling's hands. " Shifu , this disciple has been hoping day and night, and finally I get to see you!"

Wang Ling knew he was being thoroughly coerced by Odd Zhuo. There were plenty of old ladies who committed pengci these days, but for Odd Zhuo to pengci him into becoming his shifu was truly novel and gracefully done.

Wang Ling had heard a story not long ago about a little girl who had bumped into an old lady on her way to school. The girl had kindly helped her up, but the old lady had stubbornly insisted that the little girl compensate her... at that moment, the little girl had calmly stood up, slapped the old lady and said, "I'm underage, anyway!" before she left...

At this moment, Wang Ling in fact really wanted to emulate the little girl.

Hm... he was only sixteen years old, so technically he was also underage!

However, this guy would definitely die with one slap from him.

"I've long heard of Mr Zhuo, but I never thought you would actually be Brother Ling's disciple." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clasped his fists in salute as he tried to defuse the awkwardness of the situation.

"This senior is..."

"I am Lei Mouren, my Tao name is Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal clasped his fists in greeting at Odd Zhuo.

"Senior is Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal!" Odd Zhuo was instantly excited. This was the legendary Great Death-Courting Senior! If it hadn't been for the current situation, Odd Zhuo would have knelt to worship this boss...

"I've heard so much about Senior Immortal, I never thought I would meet you here today."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal rubbed his head a little self-consciously. "Am I so well-known? Where did Mr Zhuo hear of me?"

Odd Zhuo thought for a bit, then immediately answered, " Cultivation Story-telling Session , Bosom Friend of Five Hundred Years 1 !"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Why is Mr Zhuo here today?"

At this, Odd Zhuo looked around cautiously, then pointed at No. 2 Hospital Building next to "Nightshift Nurses" and said in a very low voice, "I'm here on behalf of our General Administration of 100 Schools to visit an old leader: the former chief of the Cultivation Police, Old Chief Chen."

Then he pointed to his own head and shook it.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Is there something wrong with his brain?"

Odd Zhuo and the man in sunglasses: "..."

Odd Zhuo: "...It's dementia."

Wang Ling raised his eyelids slightly; not long ago, the old man's dementia had been treated with much difficulty, and he had never expected to encounter another case today. Sure enough, mental illness was truly a difficult problem for both cultivators and ordinary people! The fact of the matter was that it just couldn't be cured with medicine...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gave No. 2 Hospital Building a look and frowned deeply. "I've met this Old Chief Chen before. Two years ago, in a move to uphold the rights of the laborers at Wind Factory 2, he stormed the factory alone and flipped a dozen or so excavators over."

Wang Ling: "..."

"I've always felt that Old Chief Chen and I actually have quite similar temperaments," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said. "I'll ask Brother Toya later if he has any special treatment methods you could try."

Hearing this, Odd Zhuo immediately bowed. "On behalf of Old Chief Chen, I thank Senior Immortal for your help!"

"Don't worry about it, it's not a big deal." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled slightly.

Today, Odd Zhuo felt that his luck was through the roof. He had unexpectedly met the two seniors whom he had admired for a long time all at once. However, he also realized that when these two great living beings were actually standing in front of him, he didn't have the courage to even open his mouth and ask for their WeChat IDs!

I've only just met them, I can't make a fuss about wanting to add them on WeChat...

What if seniors think I'm being disrespectful and I give them a bad impression?

What if seniors refuse my request, how embarrassing would that be?

What if seniors don't use WeChat, then wouldn't this be too impudent?

What if...

Odd Zhuo struggled in his heart for an instant.

At that moment, the sound of sirens could be heard outside the hospital, and four police cars drove into the parking lot to immediately surround them.

The chief security guard knew Odd Zhuo's identity, so he pushed through a gap to approach Odd Zhuo and explain the current situation to him.

It was still about the matter of the little tricycle chasing the Maybach.

The chief security guard heard that the tricycle had flown past the Maybach on the motorway at a super fast speed... the traffic police team had then checked traffic camera footage before tracking the tricycle down here.

"It looks like they have a bone to pick with us, Brother Ling."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes were as calm as water. A mere handful of police officers couldn't scare him at all!

Though he wasn't afraid, the incident was indeed very troublesome.

In a lawful cultivation society, not everything could be settled with just one's realm. When it came to the violation of traffic rules, whether it was immortal swords or cars, even Soul Formation cultivators would still get demerits, and the ones who should go to jail went to jail... Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very famous in online cultivation circles, but that wouldn't move these police uncles.

Wang Ling was also feeling very jittery.

"Sheep," the little tricycle, was like a small child, and her temperament was a little volatile. Sometimes when she was being naughty, she couldn't be controlled at all.

Looking at this bunch of traffic police officers yelling at them, Wang Ling was instantly a little anxious.

In contrast, next to them, Odd Zhuo's eyes lit up! — The opportunity to showcase himself had come!

Odd Zhuo asked, "Are shifu and senior worried about this incident?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Can you handle it?"

Odd Zhuo gave them a thumbs-up: "It's just a bunch of police uncles! It's a piece of cake! Watch my performance, senior!"

Just then, the traffic police captain who had been on the motorway had already gotten out of the police car, and with an aggressive "pa," he slammed the door shut.

With a few police officers trailing behind him, he immediately found the tricycle suspected of speeding, then swept his gaze over the people around him. "Whose cart is this?"

Under Odd Zhuo's stare, the man in sunglasses completely didn't dare to speak. "..."

"It's mine!"

Then, in the next moment, Odd Zhuo held his head high and stepped forward!

At that moment, both Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could sense the brilliant divine light which radiated from Odd Zhuo's being!

Not only could he carry a white wok, he could also carry a black wok...

Wang Ling thought that this was probably the obsessiveness of a scapegoat 3 ...

Chapter 145: Ling Zhenren's 'Mwah Mwah'

The conclusion to this incident was that Odd Zhuo was of course allowed to withdraw completely.

The first chair 1 of Songhai city's General Administration of 100 Schools, and the official promoted by Secretary Sun Dakang himself — no matter who you were, you had to weigh this issue. The traffic police captain hadn't expected to encounter such a big name here, and he instantly broke out in a cold sweat and even stuttered as he spoke. His aggressive attitude from before had immediately deflated, like a damaged balloon leaking air.

"Do you know me?" Odd Zhuo smiled insincerely as he looked at the traffic police captain.

At his question, the captain came back to his senses. "I didn't expect... Director Zhuo to be here!"

All the police officers behind him didn't dare say anything. "..."

"Then this tricycle...?" asked Odd Zhuo.

The captain immediately shook his head tactfully. "Don't worry, Director Zhuo! Since this tricycle is Director Zhuo's... we won't impound it."

"Then my tricycle broke traffic rules, will I still get demerits?" Odd Zhuo asked again.

The captain sweated a little. "There was no one riding the tricycle, Director Zhuo is not to be blamed for it, so please don't worry..."

"Then... a fine?" Odd Zhuo asked once again.

The captain immediately shook his head like a rattle-drum. "No demerits, no fine, don't worry, Director Zhuo..."

Goddamn, how dare he!

Watching from the side, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal criticized the current cultivation bureaucracy's deplorable style in their hearts. Who knew that in the next moment, Odd Zhuo gripped the captain's shoulder and gave the police number on the right side of his chest a look. "PC12138?"

"Director Zhuo, what's wrong..."

Odd Zhuo looked righteously at the traffic police captain, shaking his head. "Comrade Captain, I feel that I have to reprimand you! As a traffic police captain, how can you bend the law? I was testing you earlier... you've truly disappointed me!"

The captain and the police officers behind him all lifted their heads, bewildered expressions on their faces. "..."

"As an administrator and a cultivation law enforcer, you already couldn't pass this small test, how can you handle large matters in the future? Do you think your superiors will be able to trust you?" Odd Zhuo stared gravely at the captain as he rebuked him. The captain's forehead was already drenched with sweat.

Following that, Odd Zhuo pointed to No. 2 Hospital Building. "Do you know which old leader I came to visit today? It's the former chief of the Cultivation Police, Old Man Chen Yanshi! Before he

was hospitalized, he was still serving the people heart and soul, and worked hard for fairness and justice! Old Chen has seen what you've done today!"

The captain and the police officers behind him all stood stiffly as they received Odd Zhuo's personal "teaching," not daring to utter even a single word.

When he heard this, the captain's shoulders shook and he lowered his head. "Director Zhuo is right... I'm very ashamed, it's all my fault."

Odd Zhuo nodded. "So, give demerits when you should give demerits, and fine when you should fine! Remember, you shouldn't be afraid of someone just because he is your leader, do you understand?"

The captain straightened and saluted Odd Zhuo. "Yes, leader!"

Odd Zhuo nodded with satisfaction, then finally added, "Mm, you can give me the demerits and a ticket fine... by the by, leave the tricycle here, and give me a smaller demerit and fine."

The police officers: "..."

The captain was silent for a bit, then nodded weakly. "...Alright, leader."

Watching this scene, both Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sucked in deep breaths.

It could only be said that Odd Zhuo was already no longer the Odd Zhuo who didn't know anything. Since being promoted to the position of director, he had come into contact with a lot more people of different types; the most obvious change was his exceptionally slick and sly routine...

...

When Wang Ling returned home, Father Wang was upstairs working hard for his readers. Let Go of That Wet Nurse was quickly coming to an end, and in these last few days was in its final stage of completion. Hence, Father Wang was carefully re-reading all the chapters he had written previously to ensure that there weren't any plot holes which he hadn't yet filled or suspenseful elements which he hadn't yet answered.

There were some online guru novelists who had ongoing "fluid" plots, and who never remembered the holes which they had left. They would then directly use a fight at the end of the story; with the final villain's defeat, the story was considered finished. The specific term for this kind of writing style was "instantly bulldozing over the holes"; to summarize it in two simple words... this was the legendary "bad ending."

Father Wang was a typical Virgo; he wanted to make sure his story ending was perfect! There was no way he would let the readers catch him with his pants down!

Wang Ling went back to his room. Somewhat bored, he logged onto QQ, and discovered that the cultivation chat group was pretty lively today.

The main reason was that on the way home, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had revealed the matter of Wang Ling "accepting a disciple."

Instantly, the deathly silent chat group had become very active in the last few hours.

The manager, Cailian Zhenren, sent a surprised emoji. "Ling Zhenren actually has a disciple? What does that person look like? Are they strong or not? Are they uniquely talented, mighty and awesome?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied quickly, "He seems to have only reached the Golden Core stage so far, but he's excellent at getting things done. Maybe that's why Ling Zhenren accepted him as a disciple? Hm... also, his face is very fair, and he's very shou ."

There was a dead silence in the group for several seconds.

Bulang Blade Immortal jumped out immediately. "Damn! So, the conditions for Ling Zhenren to accept a disciple is that they have to be very fair and shou ?"

Cailian Zhenren couldn't help but mock. "What use is it to be very fair and shou these days? The most important thing is to freestyle!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

The group was chatting happily when "Nine Times in One Night" suddenly forwarded a post to the group. "Look at this post! I saw it in the 'Gossip World' section of the cultivation forum... it mentions Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Ling Zhenren."

Wang Ling stared at the link and was silent for a long time; for some reason, he had a bad feeling.

This post had been uploaded half an hour ago.

The poster's ID: Super High School Level Director...

Just by looking at the name, Wang Ling already knew who the hell this guy was!

The main topic of the post: Ahhh! Today, I actually saw Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the legendary Ling Zhenren in the flesh, they're two of the four seniors I like the most in the cultivation forum! I have finally fulfilled two of my four great life ambitions!

Someone asked: If I may be so bold as to ask, what are your four great life ambitions?

The poster's answer was:

Cailian Zhenren's Little Punch (0/1)

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's Bazahei 2 (1/1)

Immortal Toya's Heifengli 3 (0/1)

The last one...

Ling Zhenren's Mwah Mwah 4 (1/1)

"..."

Wang Ling decided to help forward this post. When there were over five hundred forwards, he would then directly report it for false reporting!

Chapter 146: Tough People, Tough Pigs, Tough Trees

It was May 31st on Monday in the sixth week of school.

The old man and Mother Wang would be coming back from their trip today. Wang Ling received the news that they would be home at around five or six in the evening. He had sorely missed Mother Wang's nutritious breakfast, and was unused to not eating it a few days in a row. Of course, compared with her nutritious breakfast, what he was actually looking forward to more... was the limited edition beef ramen-flavored crispy noodle snacks which the old man was bringing back from South Tianhe...

When Wang Ling arrived at school, the topic of today's morning gossip in Grade One, Class Three was a street singer who had become a sudden Internet sensation yesterday.

Hearing this, Wang Ling immediately knew that the street singer had to be Tang Youning. He knew that the latter would definitely hit it big by relying on the impact of the song "Old Boys" from another world. But he hadn't expected it to happen so soon...

Gossip was like a sickness that was contagious. From the silence at the beginning of the semester to almost everyone in Grade One, Class Three getting into the habit of gossiping in the morning... Wang Ling felt that this was all solely due to Master of Dopey. It was this guy who had started everything!

"I heard that this Subway Brother has been a singer for a long time, and he had washed out in a talent show audition not long ago. Who knows how he suddenly hit it big all of a sudden." Dopey Guo shrugged, using the new nickname "Subway Brother" which net friends had coined for Tang Youning.

The reason why Tang Youning was called Subway Brother was because he had been busking in the subway when he sang "Old Boys," and he had become popular after someone filmed him and uploaded the video to the Internet.

In the video, Tang Youning's hair was uncombed and his entire outfit was roadside goods that cost a few dozen yuan; plus the broken guitar, they gave Tang Youning a slightly unkempt look. However, it was precisely this unrefined appearance without makeup that gave the sense that he had weathered life's storms as he sang "Old Boys."

In the video, it could be seen that many passersby stopped despite themselves to listen as soon as Tang Youning opened his mouth to sing.

Everyone was enchanted by it.

Actually, Tang Youning had a very fair and delicate appearance, and his lean figure was what most young people admired and yearned for themselves. Although this era didn't discriminate against fat people, the world's ideal aesthetic was still limited to skinny beauty.

When some girls in class watched the video, they couldn't help feeling intoxicated; Tang Youning was really too handsome!

Who on earth was this person?

What kind of experiences had he had?

How was he able to write such a song?

Of course, Wang Ling himself didn't bother with Tang Youning.

Because no one could have imagined that for him, this song was worth two bowls of beef noodles...

Thirty-three yuan and seventy cents...

...

In the morning Dao talismans course, Teacher Pan handed out a stack of leaflets. School teachers were prohibited from giving students private lessons. Each teacher-in-charge hence was worried that students who weren't able to keep up with the progress in class would impact the class's average

scores. Therefore, the school's approach was to encourage students to attend a private education institution for remedial lessons. At least, that was what No. 60 High School did.

Usually, there were three to four people in a small remedial class, and eight to ten people in a medium-sized one... of course, the fewer people they were, the more expensive the lesson would be.

And the most important reason why No. 60 High School was willing to distribute leaflets for these "private education institutions" was that they were poor!

The subsidy from Huaguo Water Curtain Group was still being processed, which for a large enterprise would take quite a while. Thus, before they could receive the official subsidy to renovate the school grounds, Headmaster Chen could only use this strategy in his struggle to transform the school.

How poor No. 60 High School was had always been the butt of jokes passed down from old generations of seniors.

The other thing that had left the deepest impression on them were the few shriveled palm trees at the school's entrance. Every time Wang Ling passed by these trees, they always made him think of that particular tree on Dahuang Road which had thrived after being struck by lightning.

There were tough people in an earthquake, tough pigs in a flood... and tough trees in No. 60 High School!

The students of No. 60 High School were already quite used to the school's 'awesomeness.'

When Wang Ling received the leaflet, his pupils narrowed slightly.

Because the private education institution it was promoting was Mo Immortal Castle!

Did they now have their eye on No. 60 High School, and planned to sell their fake medicine here?

Wang Ling stared at the leaflet and fell into deep thought.

...

Today, there was a new patient on the eighteenth floor of the Night Shift Nurses building.

The patient had been sent here from the emergency room yesterday. At the time, there hadn't been enough staff in the emergency room, and the head of the Health Department had called for all surgeons who had been on their way home to come back straightaway. Director Li had already returned home when he was summoned back by the head of the hospital at two or three in the early hours of the morning.

The main reason was that the patient hadn't gotten to them fast enough, so they hadn't been able to perform the operation in time. By the time the patient had reached the emergency room, the doctors had no longer been able to save the situation.

He wasn't dead, but the neurons in his brain had been so badly damaged that they had resulted in a severe mental disorder.

Under persistent pressure from city leaders, the head of the hospital could only transfer the patient to Director Li's separate hospital compound and then summon specialists overnight for a consult to see if there were any special treatment methods that could be used.

While the leaflets advertising Mo Immortal Castle were being given out in Grade One, Class Three, Director Li was presiding over a forum of specialists in the hospital.

These were eight specialists from the department of psychiatry who almost comprised the strongest lineup in the separate hospital compound for hard-to-treat mental illnesses.

Standing at the head of the conference table, Director Li sighed. "Before we begin the meeting, can anyone explain what caused the patient's initial brain injury?"

An old specialist with a graying mustache and hair quickly replied, "The preliminary diagnosis was chronic brain dysfunction syndrome... or in other words, a cerebral concussion."

"What was the cause?" Director Li asked, frowning.

Another specialist replied, "The patient has no family members, but according to the patient's superior, before this happened, the patient had been rammed into by a tricycle."

A tricycle?

Director Li suddenly felt that this sounded a little familiar!

"Can you elaborate?"

"According to the patient's description when he was still conscious... apparently, after that tricycle rammed into him, he was driving his Maybach when that tricycle stubbornly chased him over eight motorways. Finally, the symptoms of his condition flared up and he went into shock. Because of that, he smashed into the motorway's guardrail at three hundred kilometers an hour and the car fell fifty meters straight down to hit another motorway before it finally exploded."

"..."

After hearing this, Director Li deeply felt that for him to freaking remain alive after his... was not going to be easy!

Chapter 147: Has Death Come?

Song Qingshu had never expected that the subordinate whom he had sent out just to conduct surveillance would come back in such a state. After the latter had been struck by a tricycle, he had been pursued over eight streets while he was suffering a concussion, and in the end, he had fallen directly off the motorway due to intermittent brain shock... Song Qingshu thought that things like this only happened in the f**king Final Destination 1 series!

This tall man in a suit was called Fang Yan. Little Fang had worked for Song Qingshu for a very long time. Thus, as soon as Song Qingshu had found out that Little Fang had been injured, he had immediately used his connections to arrange for Little Fang to have an operation as soon as possible by dispensing with the complicated registration process... on occasion, saving time could really save a life! If they waited to go through the registration process, Little Fang might really die!

But even with this, Little Fang still missed the golden window for treatment.

After the meeting of specialists, Song Qingshu stood by the door where he had been waiting for Director Li the whole time. Some of the old specialists behind Director Li shook their heads and knitted their eyebrows as they sighed and left — they had been unable to come up with an effective way to cure Fang Yan in their discussion meeting.

The moment he saw Director Li, Song Qingshu immediately came up to him and gripped his hand. "Hello Director Li, did you come up with anything new in the discussion?"

Director Li shook his head regretfully. "No... we have nothing at the moment. Frankly, Mr Fang's brain disorder is far more serious than we had anticipated. The probability that he will become a vegetable is imminent..."

"If it's still a probability, doesn't that mean he hasn't completely become a vegetable yet? Doesn't that mean it's still possible to save him?"

"Mr Song, you misunderstood me..."

Director Li glanced at his watch, then looked solemnly at Song Qingshu as he said, "What I mean is that Mr Fang just lacks a diagnosis report from the specialists. As of one minute ago, the specialists have confirmed that Mr Fang is now in a vegetative state."

"..."

Song Qingshu: "Isn't there any other method we can try? Acupuncture with golden needles! Medicated baths! Money's not a problem!"

Director Li: "Mr Song, you need to understand that the brain's physiology is quite complex. Cultivators might be able to use some means to accelerate the recovery of visceral organs and skin trauma. However, a brain condition, especially where the neurons are concerned, is hard to cure once the brain is injured, for both cultivators and ordinary people... acupuncture with golden needles and medicated baths are from cultivation novels, how could they possibly work!"

Song Qingshu: "..."

Director Li: "The hospital once received a Nascent Soul patient with a cerebral haemorrhage. We were prepared to perform a surgical craniotomy, and we operated for eight hours. In the end, we couldn't even cut his damn head open!"

Song Qingshu: "..."

...

After Great Saint, Second Saint and the defector Third Saint, Song Qingshu had lost yet another trusted subordinate just like that. Although Little Fang was just an assistant, he had indeed helped Song Qingshu solve a lot of problems.

The most critical thing was that, even if he wanted revenge, he felt powerless to do anything, since that tricycle belonged to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and that youngster...

Why?! Why did the tricycle have to belong to precisely these two people?!

Song Qingshu felt he really shouldn't have made a move to provoke them! If it hadn't been for his instructions, Little Fang wouldn't have become like this.

After being occupied the entire morning at Second Hospital, he returned to the office in the afternoon after he discovered that he had a heap of petty things to deal with. He had received a message on his wristwatch from the Lady of the Castle. She was the Lord of the Castle's personal secretary who had worked for him for many years. Things that the Lord didn't want to handle, important or otherwise, would be left to the Lady.

There was one thing worth mentioning, however, and that was this Lady of the Castle was very mysterious. Even experienced personnel like Song Qingshu who had worked for Mo Immortal Castle for many years had never seen her face. The only thing that he knew about her was that her strength was far beyond his.

Song Qingshu even thought that the Ten Saints might not necessarily be her match.

Now, seeing this message from the Lady, his feelings were actually very complicated.

After Third Saint's defection, the Lord of the Castle had continued to be unsatisfied with his work. Previously, the Lord would still talk about work with him on the phone, but recently, he had left it all to the Lady to handle. Song Qingshu knew that he was now in a very dangerous situation. The

usual end for a person in Mo Immortal Castle who was considered to no longer have value was death.

Over the years, Song Qingshu had helped the Lord to deal with some of these "worthless people"; he would never have expected that he would one day be in the same boat...

In Mo Immortal Castle, worth was everything and there was no place for feelings. The Lord hated to make a loss.

With trepidation, he opened the message from the Lady. Its content was very simple: she was asking about the "Mo Immortal Water" trial.

This thing was the potion that had caused mutations and mental disorders in three Foundation Establishment high school students.

Song Qingshu was well aware that this was his last shot... whatever happened, he had to handle this matter perfectly.

After thinking about his wording, Song Qingshu quickly replied, "Rest assured, Lady, everything has already been arranged. I have dispatched people to covertly promote the Mo Immortal Water."

Shortly after sending his message, the Lady of the Castle used her "single for thousands of years" speed 2 to instantly reply. "That's good. This time, there is a lower risk of mutation with the improved Mo Immortal Water. But we still need human test subjects. What is the condition of the three students whose bodies developed issues?"

After thinking for a while, Song Qingshu in the end didn't say anything about Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and that youngster as he replied, "Don't worry, Lady, I've given their families hush money and also arranged for them to stay in the separate hospital compound, so this matter shouldn't be exposed."

The Lady promptly replied, "I know everything that you've been doing. Yesterday, there were people who visited the hospital and found out about those three students, is that correct?"

"..." When Song Qingshu saw this message, he couldn't help breaking out in a cold sweat.

The Lady sent yet another message: "You don't need to be nervous. As long as the media hasn't caught wind of it, you're still safe for the time being. As long as the Mo Immortal Water trial is carried out perfectly, this will completely offset your previous blunders. The Lord still trusts you, which is why he hasn't immediately gotten rid of you..."

Song Qingshu: "Thank you, Lady... I have already contacted a school and promoted the Mo Immortal Water in the name of our education institution."

Lady of the Castle: "No need to thank me. Right... what is the name of this school? You can ask someone to feel it out first, to avoid any mistakes."

Song Qingshu: "It's No. 60 High School; it's the lowest-ranked high school in Peiyuan district, I don't think there should be any problems!"

Chapter 148: It's Impossible to Eat and Not Get Fat

It was June 1st on Tuesday in the sixth week of school.

It happened to be Children's Day today. On the way to school, Wang Ling noticed a lot more brats on the streets due to the holiday.

When he arrived at class in the morning, Dopey Guo had already finished copying his homework and had started to put on a show as he pretended to stroke his beard and sigh that time and tide waited for no man. "...Ah, I'm getting old, getting old! We can't even celebrate Children's Day! Do you know, according to the Cultivation United Nations' latest age classifications, at our age... we have already entered the midlife crisis!"

When he heard this, Super Chen felt indescribably grieved. He actually thought he looked quite young and not at all old. Since he absorbed himself in fitness and sports every day, he had a sinewy body that boys were envious of.

Sexy muscles and lines would boost any man's appeal!

But even in spite of that, when he had taken the subway this morning, a four- or five-year-old cute little shota had actually called him uncle!

Un... cle...

At that moment, it was as if a thunderbolt had struck Super Chen's heart, and his whole body had been burned by it!

This feeling was as terrible as when your girlfriend grabbed your collar and asked you seriously who you would save first if she and your mother fell into the water at the same time! Uncle, as if! At the very damn least... he should have been called big brother!

But after Super Chen reacted, he then realized that this wasn't really a suitable analogy...

Because he didn't have a girlfriend at all!

And so, because of this...

The two-person team of Super Chen and Master of Dopey, who felt that they were already in their doddering old age, were gloomy the whole morning.

Speaking of Super Chen's muscles... Wang Ling secretly touched his belly.

Hm... it was soft and very stretchy.

Wang Ling analyzed the reason for his belly fat.

It was mainly because that limited edition beef ramen-flavored crispy noodle snack which the old man had brought back from South Tianhe had been too delicious! He hadn't been able to help eating a whole box of it in one night...

So this was the price for his lack of control!

But nowadays, there were a lot of young people who didn't understand the meaning of self-control; Wang Ling felt that he was a typical example.

Although he didn't need to eat, there were times when his mouth felt itchy.

A foodie's world wasn't something just anyone could understand!

However, Wang Ling didn't have to worry about putting on weight. He could just wait until he was at home to get rid of the extra fat on his body; this was the reason why he would never get fat.

Growing fat was something you had to consistently guard against, since sometimes it would happen when you weren't paying attention.

Wang Ling had always felt that there were two very similar kinds of people in school that could be referred to as "bitches."

The first kind were the top students who complained that they had screwed up after taking the exams.

And the second kind... were the thin people who boasted every day about how they would never get fat no matter how much they ate!

...

It was two o'clock in the afternoon; it should have been time for the phys ed class, but as everyone was preparing to dash for the sports field and breathe in the fresh air, the phys ed teacher showed up at the classroom door. From the resentful and miserable look on his face, everyone immediately knew that today's phys ed class had very likely been replaced again!

Teacher Pan's chemistry class, Teacher Han Meimei's English class and Teacher Lu Ziming's maths class... nobody dared to occupy these class slots, so if the school had any celebratory activities, most of the time it would be the phys ed class that was taken over.

Therefore, in school, the person to run out of luck first was definitely the phys ed teacher!

Phys ed teacher Ye Han had blonde and naturally curly hair, and was a tall and strong person. Through his Mind-Reading Ability, Wang Ling had also learned that Teacher Ye had a special hobby, which was to sandwich a towel between his thighs and pull it back and forth repeatedly. The rumor was that this was the trademark technique of the legendary father of phys ed philosophy, Herrington 1 , and that it had the magical effect of strengthening the body and maintaining good blood circulation!

Teacher Ye usually kept a low profile at school, and never fought over class slots with the other teachers... any time there was a need to use the phys ed class slot, it was enough to just ask him! This was the so-called "honest men were always easily taken advantage of."

No. 60 High School had accepted Mo Immortal Castle's advertising, so Headmaster Chen had ordered all teachers-in-charge to play a lecture video in class to promote Mo Immortal Castle.

Given Teacher Pan's personality, she had of course been unwilling to use her own class time... so it had been Teacher Ye who had lucked out.

Standing on the dais, Teacher Ye helplessly put down the blue laptop he was carrying. Today, he had originally planned to give these kids a one-thousand-meter test; those who couldn't finish running it in ten seconds would fail!

There were only fifteen students in Class One, Grade Three, so it wouldn't have taken long at all to test all of them. However, Teacher Pan had still looked for him and requested that he play the educational lecture video provided by Mo Immortal Castle during the phys ed class.

"Students, you have to understand that I also can't do anything about this."

As Teacher Ye grumbled on the dais, the boys below the dais also complained — only Little Peanut was indifferent as he seized the opportunity to take out his homework and do it quickly.

This was the reason why Little Peanut didn't bring homework back with him each time; he would finish all of it in school!

Teacher Ye broadcasted the so-called educational video via the classroom projector. The students present in this elite class were already very familiar with the way this type of private education institution program worked — halfway through the program or in the last few minutes, the institution would definitely start to promote their secondary products.

And as expected, in the last section of the program, the female broadcast host on the platform suddenly said in a clear and bright voice, "Next, let us welcome Mo Immortal Castle's study leader with a round of applause as he recommends us a particular learning aid."

On the screen, a fatty wearing a five-striped symbol on his shoulder appeared. In terms of build, he was a little bigger than Master of Dopey. Although he had average looks, everyone recognized this fat fellow! — This was Tan Jiaming, the top scorer in the college entrance exam last year who had directly entered the key cultivation college 211 Cultivation College with a super high score of one hundred and ninety-seven thousand marks! People had given him the nickname Five Stripes Leader!

At the time, he was all that the news media had talked about, because he had directly received a government subsidy of three super spirit elixirs! A whole three super spirit elixirs was definitely the best type of reward. The rumor was that this great leader had only needed to take one to break through to the middle Golden Core stage...

Standing on the dais, the leader shared his so-called secret study method; a spirit light glowed in his hand, and then he was holding a bottle filled with liquid. He then flashed the camera lens a V sign. "This is it! Mo Immortal Water! It's my secret study method!"

Wang Ling immediately knew that this thing was definitely that mutation potion! As he raised his eyes to take a look, he was surprised to find that it was actually an improved version! It clearly used to be black in color, but now it had actually become so colorful!

The most frightening thing of all was that following the great leader's promotion, the female broadcast host on the dais then showed off a quality appraisal document jointly certified by four experts!

These were the legendary four experts and giants among men who oversaw products in the healthcare industry!

The Chameleon God of Medicine, Liu Hongbin...

The Divine Diabetes Physician, Li Zhiming...

The King of Rheumatism, Wang Zhijin...

The Drug Emperor of Kidney Deficiencies, Gao Zhenzhong...

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 149: Shock! The Real Godly Weapon Is Actually...

It was pretty common for an education institution to sell healthcare products, but Wang Ling truly felt that Mo Immortal Castle had chosen the wrong place — they had neglected to take Lotus Sun into account. As the young miss of a pharmaceutical group, she was naturally highly sensitive to drugs. False advertising of healthcare products was a common occurrence nowadays in the market... Lotus Sun had never heard of any of the four experts who had been mentioned in the promotion video, so she was a little worried.

During recess, she gave her butler Lin San a call.

"Liu Hongbin? Li Zhiming? Wang Zhijin? Gao Zhenzhong?" On the other end of the call, Old Butler Lin frowned grimly. "Young Miss, are you sure it was these four in the video?"

Lotus Sun nodded. "Yes, it was them!"

Old Butler Lin was lost in silence. "...These four people usually appear on midnight healthcare programs, pretending to be experts. In fact, none of them have medical qualifications. People have given them the nicknames East Poison, West Lunatic, South Weakling and North Swindler."

"..."

Lotus Sun was a little vexed. "Doesn't that mean the quality of this Mo Immortal Water isn't guaranteed?"

Lin San: "It's far more than that! This type of product with false certification definitely carries other risks!"

"Then Uncle Lin, what should we do now?" asked Lotus Sun.

Lin San nodded. "Young Miss, don't worry. I'll call Headmaster Chen now, and use our privilege as director of the school board to ban this private tuition institution from selling this product in the school."

Needless to say, Lin San was very efficient. As soon as he ended the call with Lotus Sun, he straightaway went to work on this school-related matter.

Song Qingshu was agitated as he made a call to Headmaster Chen's office. "Headmaster Chen, you've already received our advertising fee, how can you back out now?"

Headmaster Chen's face was full of regret. "We've already played the promotion video in all our classes. But with regard to publicly selling Mo Immortal Water in the school, the director of our school board at No. 60 High School feels that it's very unreliable, and is afraid to take the risk. How about I return part of this fee back to you?"

Song Qingshu's expression grew dark. "I don't care! Give me the board director's phone number! I'll make a call to ask right now!"

Headmaster Chen was helpless. "Mr Song, it's best that you don't waste your energy... our board director is occupied with important matters, and your phone call won't go through. You'll probably be put on a waiting list, and looking at the duration, I'm guessing that you'll only get through to him in half a year..."

Song Qingshu: "Who is your board director?"

Headmaster Chen: "Oh... he's the CEO of Huaguo Water Curtain Group, Sun Kaiming. His daughter studies here, didn't you know that, Mr Song?"

"..."

After hearing this, Song Qingshu felt like crying but had no tears left to shed.

This school clearly had the CEO of Huaguo Water Curtain Group as their board director... and they still pretended to be poor!

Hello! Was that 110 1 ? He wanted to report someone here for swindling advertising fees!

...

Sometimes, people who had a run of bad luck would even get something stuck between their teeth when drinking water. Song Qingshu had just picked the most inconspicuous school based on high school statistical data from the city office. How could he possibly have known that the Young Miss of Huaguo Water Curtain Group was a student there?!

This was bad — there was no way Mo Immortal Castle could sell the potion in the school now, which meant that half his plan had already failed... but if he gave up here, he would have failed for good.

Song Qingshu was extremely familiar with the Lord of the Castle's ruthlessness. Over the years, many people had died under the Lord's hand and their souls turned into house pets. Whether it was veteran staff who had worked for Mo Immortal Castle for many years or newbies who had just joined the company, for those who didn't meet the performance standard or hadn't accomplished anything, there was only one ending for them — death.

However, Song Qingshu wasn't going to sit around and wait for his doom.

Before the mission was deemed a complete failure, he decided to run away first!

...

In Songhai city, Song Qingshu was sorting out his belongings inside a luxury apartment.

He had bought a plane ticket with a fake ID card, and planned to escape abroad. As he hadn't been removed from his position yet, it hadn't been difficult to get a fake ID made for himself. Furthermore, based on what he knew about Mo Immortal Castle's capabilities after all these years, they couldn't track him overseas to kill him... if everything went smoothly, Song Qingshu felt that his escape plan had an over eighty percent chance of being successful.

He checked his briefcase one last time and confirmed that he had all the fake papers required to hide his real identity. After that, he put them away in a separate wallet. Although all these were forged,

they could fully pass as genuine. He had asked his comrade in the City Cultivation Police's technology department to alter his online profile, so there wouldn't be any problems at all if his identity had to be verified online.

But there were really too many things in the apartment. Running out of time, Song Qingshu couldn't take everything with him. At least he didn't have to worry that he wouldn't have enough space, since it was much easier for cultivators to run off than ordinary people — a common spatial magic treasure could solve everything.

Apart from that wallet full of forged papers, his briefcase also contained clothes, magic treasures and some precious elixirs.

Song Qingshu assumed that after the Lord of the Castle found out that he had fled, the first thing he would definitely do would be to freeze all the bank accounts in his name. But drawing out huge amounts of cash in a short period of time would make people suspicious anyway, so after careful thought, Song Qingshu decided to leave with just the magic treasures and elixirs.

These magic treasures had just been lying around — after he was abroad, he could make a huge fortune by selling them.

When everything was ready, Song Qingshu picked up his small briefcase. But when he opened his front door, there was a tall woman with long hair down to her waist standing there in a black jacket and sunglasses.

The instant she saw him, her lips curved slightly and she laughed coldly. "Mr Song Qingshu, you really were going to run."

"You are...!" Song Qingshu was stunned. This woman had to be a killer sent by the Lord or Lady!

"I'm Ah Zuo and I work for the Lady of the Castle. She already knew you were going to flee." While she spoke, she played leisurely with her pretty, manicured nails. "Did you think you could hide your little scheme from the Lady? There really have been too many people who have attempted to flee over the years, and Ah You and I have had a hard time killing all of them."

Song Qingshu instantly broke out in a cold sweat. He could sense how formidable this woman was! She was at the Soul Formation stage at the very least, which was more than enough to kill him!

"Miss Ah Zuo, please let me go. I can give you whatever you want!" Song Qingshu hugged his briefcase to his chest and quivered violently as he spoke. His heart was filled with terror and also endless sorrow... in all his years as a Mo Immortal Castle executive, when had he ever been as humble as this?

He had never expected to be reduced to such a state today.

"Do you think what you can offer me is more than what I can get from the Lord and Lady?"

Miss Ah Zuo spread her slender fingers open, and Song Qingshu saw her blood-red nails emit a faint golden glow... this woman didn't carry any weapons on her because she had in fact refined her own fingernails into a magic treasure!

"My nails are on par with a seventh-class holy weapon." As the woman approached him slowly, that golden light surged violently. She looked straight at Song Qingshu from behind her sunglasses.

A seventh-class holy weapon...

Song Qingshu was utterly stupefied. A ninth-class holy weapon could already easily injure anyone with a realm under the Soul Formation stage.

If these nails with the strength of a seventh-class holy weapon scratched him, he would undoubtedly die!

Hu !

Brandishing her fingernails, Ah Zuo directly swiped at Song Qingshu.

He squeezed his eyes shut as her attack directly penetrated his briefcase, leaving five deep finger holes.

"Don't worry, it won't hurt..."

But after Miss Ah Zuo's nails pierced his briefcase, they seemed to be blocked by something and were unable to push in any further.

"What's going on?!"

She struggled as hard as she could.

And then, there was a " crack "...

Dumbfounded, she realized that her fingernails had unexpectedly snapped off!!

Following that, there was a massive backlash from Song Qingshu's small briefcase which directly sent this Miss Ah Zuo flying to smash into the wall behind her!

The unbelievably powerful impact forced Ah Zuo to cough up a mouthful of blood, and she gave Song Qingshu a disbelieving look. "What the hell do you have inside your briefcase?"

He promptly opened his briefcase to check...

Very quickly, he found a pair of glowing long johns!

Holding the long johns in his hands, Song Qingshu had a dumbstruck expression on his face — these were the long johns from the Wang family's small villa back then! When he had been sorting out his clothes previously, he had been in such a hurry that he had also packed the long johns.

The most frightening thing was that this pair of long johns had actually warded off the power of a seventh-class holy weapon and saved his life!

Chapter 150: God-Level Long Johns

In a luxury apartment at the elevator door on the seventeenth floor.

Ah Zuo leaned against the wall and gritted her teeth at the pain in her chest. She hadn't expected Song Qingshu's briefcase to contain such a powerful magic treasure; not only had it warded off her attack, a force several times stronger had also rebounded on her!

The backlash just now had directly fractured two of her ribs, and it seemed she had a slight concussion as she felt a little dizzy. "What kind of magic treasure is this..."

Song Qingshu raised his eyebrows, then grasped the glowing long johns as he looked tremulously at Ah Zuo. "...It's a pair of long johns."

Ah Zuo: "..."

Following that, Song Qingshu glimpsed the brand logo on it, and suddenly realized that these long johns had been made by Nokia 1 !

No wonder they were so tough!

"Do you think you can escape?" Ah Zuo clutched her chest. "Several years ago, there was a Nascent Soul person like you who thought that he was very clever and faked his death. He tried to take his physical body back after that, but unfortunately for him, the Lord of the Castle had put a brand on it. The brand prevents a person from using any type of method to take back the body. Everyone who joins Mo Immortal Castle has this brand, so you can't escape..."

Song Qingshu frowned, and lowered his head to look at the long johns in his hands.

These were from that small villa in the barren outskirts. At that time, the homeowner's frightening spiritual pressure had scared Song Qingshu's subordinate into directly pissing his pants, so the "kindhearted" homeowner had given him a pair of long johns to change into. After that, outside the villa, Song Qingshu had encountered that Great Death-Courting Senior, and he had also pissed himself with fright... which was why he was the one who now had the long johns.

At that moment, he lowered his head in deep thought.

He was surprised to realize that all of his failures seemed to have started with that unassuming small villa.

In addition, Great Death-Courting Senior had a close relationship with that family... Song Qingshu was beginning to believe more and more that the master of this villa was definitely not a common man.

Even a pair of long Johns could be refined into a magic treasure and release such astonishing power. If he had stolen a kitchen knife from the villa, wouldn't it be able to split the sky and cleave the earth?!

"Miss Ah Zuo, since you're wounded, I think it's best if you go back to treat your injuries! Let us never meet again!" Grasping the long Johns firmly, Song Qingshu grabbed his briefcase, now sporting five small holes, and turned to the corridor.

Even if this Miss Ah Zuo was wounded, Song Qingshu still didn't think he would be able to kill her.

She was the Lady of the Castle's competent subordinate; who knew what other kind of magic treasure the other party could take out?

However, just as Song Qingshu pulled the door to the corridor open and waved goodbye, this Miss Ah Zuo unexpectedly clutched her chest and slowly pulled herself up from the ground.

"You want to run?" At this critical instant, Ah Zuo straightaway took out a brightly colored pebble. In a flash, spirit energy poured out of the stone, part of it becoming a force which stopped Song Qingshu as he found himself unable to move forward!

"Wuji Stone!?" He recognized it at first glance.

"This is a magic treasure specially developed by the Lord of the Castle. Since you bear the Lord's brand, it's impossible for you to escape the Wuji Stone's punishment. I was worried something might go wrong, which was why I borrowed it from the Lady..." Ah Zuo had never expected that she would need to use the "Wuji Stone" to stop someone. She had thought that dealing with Song Qingshu would take just one scratch from her nails.

This Wuji Stone was like a very powerful magnet which held Song Qingshu firmly in place. He tried his best to resist its strength, but was unable to take a single step ahead.

The corridor was right there!

Just a little further, and he would be able to break away from this female devil!

But on the other side, with the help of the Wuji Stone, Ah Zuo was catching up behind him bit by bit. "I already told you, you can't escape!"

In the previous attack, the fingernails on her right hand had already all crumbled.

But she still had her left hand.

"I don't know how you managed to refine this magic treasure into a pair of long johns, but this time, I'm going to go all out and send you to hell in one blow!" Ah Zuo wiped away the blood at the corner of her mouth.

Enduring the excruciating pain of her broken ribs, she swiped mercilessly at Song Qingshu. The fingernails on her left hand glowed faintly with a golden light, and the power behind this scratch would be enough to pierce Song Qingshu's skin.

Song Qingshu really wanted to say...

This wasn't a long johns-shaped magic treasure at all! This thing was one hundred percent a pair of long johns!

But looking at this woman's relentless attack, Song Qingshu also got angry. Son of a bitch! This father wasn't going to run!

He had thoroughly tasted the power of the Wuji Stone. As long as he bore the Lord of the Castle's brand, there was no way he could flee! However, this Wuji Stone was like a magnet — it could only restrict his movements forward and not truly immobilize him!

There was no use in asking for mercy, and he couldn't run...

Song Qingshu could only grit his teeth as he looked at the woman in front of him and roared, "Then we'll die together!"

Ah Zuo's power this time was clearly far more ferocious than before as it kicked up a violent and destructive wind.

This was an ordinary attack which didn't rely on any sort of technique, and the wind it kicked up instantly shattered all the glass on this floor. Song Qingshu's face didn't feel like it was his anymore as it burned painfully like it was on fire, and his skin twitched spasmodically like in guichu videos... in the face of imminent peril, the only thing he could do was hold up the glowing long johns with trembling hands.

Boom !

There was the sound of an explosion on the seventeenth floor.

In the smoke and dust, Ah Zuo's all-out attack abruptly smashed into the long johns.

And unbelievably, it only sent up a shower of sparks... instead, her attack once again rebounded off this tough pair of long johns!

Boom !

It was the sound of yet another explosion!

The woman was sent flying by this force!

Staring at the man-shaped hole in the wall on the seventeenth floor, Song Qingshu's heart was still trembling with fear...

The ash and dust had settled after the fierce battle, but the entire seventeenth floor had suffered tremendous damage as if from a doomsday disaster. Luckily there was only one resident on this floor of this luxury apartment, otherwise Song Qingshu really couldn't imagine what it would've been like if innocent people had become involved.

"You downstairs! Why are you so noisy! Desplicable! Everyone else still has work tomorrow! I've called the property manager! Just you wait!" the Golden Core resident upstairs yelled angrily at the top of his lungs.

Startled, Song Qingshu came back to his senses and realized it was time to run away!

He immediately grabbed the briefcase on the ground and those body protection long johns as he fled down the corridor in a rush...

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On the other side, Ah Zuo, the killer subordinate who had been dispatched by the Lady of the Castle, had been blown out of the building by the sheer force of this backlash. She flew as far as a thousand meters before falling like a shooting star to hit a green belt near a highway.

Ah Zuo had been knocked out!

Her ribs were broken, both her hands were fractured, all her fingernails had snapped off and she was bleeding freely... however, she wasn't dead yet, and was just in shock.

Those long johns had been enhanced by Wang Ling, but she could survive two backlashes from it one after another...

If Wang Ling saw this, he would definitely think it was a miracle!