

Daily Life 151

Chapter 151: Studying Medicine Won't Save Cultivators!

A powerful Soul Formation cultivator had gone directly into shock from two backlashes — it was really hard to imagine how violent that power must have been.

In the evening, Director Li received yet another call from his superior about a patient coming through the green passage for him to handle.

As Director Li made his way there, his assistant reported the situation to him.

"How is the patient now?"

"The primary diagnosis is shock caused by a concussion..."

Director Li was stupefied. "... How could it be another damn concussion... were the brains of cultivators nowadays so fragile?!

"What was the cause?"

"From what the cultivation police could see from the traffic cameras on Starfish Road, the patient fell from the sky and happened to hit the green belt. The reason for it is still being investigated," the assistant replied. "But the initial assessment is that this patient's injuries probably had nothing to do with the long drop, as she already had had the concussion before she fell. The cultivation police dispatched Officer Wang, an officer experienced in criminal cases, to investigate. Based on his analysis, he feels that the real reason for the patient's injuries might be linked to an explosion at a luxury apartment a thousand meters away."

Director Li nodded. "Hm, I see. I'm on the way. Follow up on the situation, and once you've learn the cause of the patient's injuries, make sure to tell me at once... the city office has given me a do-or-die order that this person's life must be preserved."

Assistant: "Don't worry, Director; Officer Wang is rich in experience and he's doing his best to investigate this case! He's just finished watching a whole season of Detective Conan !"

" ... "

For some reason, Director Li felt like crying but had no tears to shed.

Sure enough, studying medicine wouldn't save cultivators 1 !

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It was about ten o'clock at night when an uninvited guest showed up at the door of the Wang family's small villa.

Song Qingshu stood at the front door; he was carrying a briefcase with five holes in it under his left arm while he gripped a pair of long johns in his right hand.

If Song Qingshu had followed his original plan, he should have been on the supersonic plane to Mixiu nation by now. However, at the last moment, he had been afraid.

Not only had he fled as he tried to break away from Mo Immortal Castle, he had also seriously wounded the Lady of the Castle's competent subordinate, Ah Zuo. The Lady was bound to mobilize all her power to track him down and get rid of him. Song Qingshu felt that there was no longer a way out for him. Even if he fled overseas now... he would still feel that he was in danger!

What on earth should he do?

He had been lost in thought for a long time in the small garden under his apartment building as he quietly looked back on his life. He felt that from a young age, whenever he had done something evil, it had almost never gone smoothly...

Once, he had purposely betrayed his teammates in a qualifying Glory match, but in the end they had encountered a young man with exceptionally fast hand speed who had called himself Ye Xiu 2 . The

man had used a hero character to thrash the five members on the rival team, accomplishing over thirty penta kills until the other side had finally surrendered directly.

On another occasion, he had snatched a lollipop from the kid next door, but had been beaten up instead; that kid had not only claimed that he was a Shaolin disciple who had learned qigong under qigong master Wang Lin, but that he had also learned the S-style Libo snakeskin movement 3 .

And on yet another occasion, he had peeked at a young girl showering, and had almost been caught and hammered flat like a geoduck by her boyfriend. That man had called himself the school beauty's personal bodyguard, but he also had had countless other girlfriends who all f**king got along with each other 4 !

While Song Qingshu had been pondering his life, the cultivation police cars with their sirens and the fire trucks with their flashing red lights had driven dramatically through the gates of the residential area... in that instant, it was as if a laxative drop had dribbled into Song Qingshu's brain, and he had immediately figured it out!

With things as they were, he had nowhere else to go. If he had to come up with a place, the Wang family's small villa was his only option.

However, what kind of reason could he use to look for the senior in this villa?

Song Qingshu had looked at the long johns he was holding that had saved his life twice, and had firmly gritted his teeth.

And so, he was now standing at the door of the Wang family's small villa.

At around ten o'clock, no one in the villa was asleep yet. Mother Wang was upstairs watching a TV drama with a facial mask on, Father Wang was in his study working hard for the sake of his readers, and the old man was downstairs watching a new moral and angsty drama epic, Old Driver, Give Me a Ride Please 5 . This TV show was about an injured but ambitious retired driver who, in order to achieve his dream of becoming a champion racer, brought his two daughters drag racing with him on Mount Qiuming; in the end, he was able to nurture them into becoming champion racers.

The old man was absorbed in the show when the doorbell suddenly rang. He was old and quite deaf, and the bell rang quite a few more times before he noticed it. At the same time, on the second floor, Wang Ling also expanded his vision for a look.

"Who is it?" Hands crossed behind his back, the old man slowly walked to the door. He opened it to find a wretched-looking man standing there. From his appearance, he was over thirty years old. He looked a little haggard, and was unshaven and a little slovenly.

The old man narrowed his eyes. "You are...?"

Song Qingshu lightly sent out his spiritual senses, and discovered that the old man standing in front of him seemed to be just an ordinary old man who didn't possess any spirit energy. But despite that, Song Qingshu didn't dare to dismiss him in the slightest.

What if the old man was just deliberately hiding his strength?

"Senior..." He cringed as he looked at the old man, but after a moment, he finally took a deep breath, stared at the old man in front of him as if he was mustering up courage, and held out the long Johns in both hands. "I... I'm here to return these long Johns!"

Old Man Wang was a little startled when he realized that these long Johns really did belong to them — he was the one who'd bought these long Johns from the textile market. Back then there had been a big sale in the market, and he had bought a dozen or so of them at once. With one touch, he recognized this familiar texture.

"It's our long Johns." The old man nodded his head, then asked Song Qingshu, "Are you in trouble?"

Even though it had been more than an hour since Ah Zuo's assassination attempt, Song Qingshu's hands were still shaking and he had no words, not knowing what to say.

The old man was a person rich in experience, after all. When he had gotten mixed up in a gang in his youth, he had encountered all kinds of people. After working as a chef for decades, he had seen all sorts of diners; when they frowned, he was like a parasite in their stomachs that could tell what they were thinking about.

The old man had seen that Song Qingshu's real purpose definitely wasn't as simple as returning the long Johns, but was something else. Furthermore, it was so late and obviously an unusual time to pay a visit.

Heaving a sigh, the old man patted Song Qingshu on the shoulder. "Young man, come in first... if there's something troubling you, you need to say it. How will I know what it is if you don't say anything?"

Chapter 152: People with Slit Eyes Are Monsters!

Song Qingshu slunk through the door with a guilty conscience. After all, he had come here several times in order to grab the stone ghost mask and had even sent his subordinates to take it by force... but now he fully understood that the true strength of this household wasn't something that he could contend against; a pair of long johns could send the Lady of the Castle's competent subordinate, Ah Zuo, flying. How frighteningly strong must the senior be, to be able to create such a magic treasure?

The old man poured Song Qingshu a glass of water, placed it on the coffee table and pushed it in front of him. "Is there anything you want to say?"

The old man had always been a very easygoing person; when he smiled, in particular, his eyes would crinkle into slits and make him look very kindly. However, Song Qingshu didn't dare let down his guard in the least. Although he couldn't sense even the slightest bit of spirit energy from the old man, there was a good saying... people with slit eyes were monsters 1 !

Maybe this great senior was sounding him out?

And this glass of water...

Could he drink it? Should he drink it?

Or was this a test?

Song Qingshu stared at this glass of water, lost in endless thought... this scene was exactly the same as the one at the dining table back then, when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been confused as to whether or not to eat the broccoli which Grandfather Wang had given him.

Song Qingshu had been feeling a little queasy since arriving at the Wang family's small villa; for some reason, he felt like someone was staring at him from behind. At first glance, this villa couldn't

be any more ordinary — it wasn't even equipped with a spirit array, so he didn't understand why it felt like his soul was being stifled here.

After taking ten minutes to calm down, and feeling like a kid who had been caught copying homework by his teacher-in-charge, Song Qingshu finally confessed to the old man.

Because he had so much to say as he told the old man almost all the ins and outs of the whole story, the old man was slow to react given his advanced age. After struggling to sort out the main points, he then said slowly, "Oh, so you wanted to buy that mask in the beginning? But Little Lei took it away with him..."

Little... Little Lei?

Song Qingshu felt that his three views had been overturned.

Nowadays, how many people would dare address Great Death-Courting Senior like this?

Instantly, Song Qingshu became even more in awe of the old man! Even if he had carefully checked him inside out and still couldn't sense any spirit energy, he had nonetheless already acknowledged this old man as a great senior in his mind! He didn't have the slightest doubt, moreover, that this old man was a big name at the level of a living fossil!

"Because you didn't manage to buy the mask for your boss, he's now coming after you, is that it?" The old man sighed; young people nowadays were really too rowdy. It was just one mask and they made such a big deal out of it, even to the point of being ready to kill for it.

The old man felt that his abilities weren't enough to help Song Qingshu; after thinking for a bit, he stretched out his leg to prod at Loopy Toad's little butt to get it to bring Wang Ling downstairs.

Loopy Toad was a little irritated at its sleep being disturbed.

Song Qingshu looked at this strangely-colored akita; he had thought it was a domestic soul pet, but when this guy was kicked by the old man, it unexpectedly gave Song Qingshu an angry look.

Song Qingshu felt like he had seen this expression somewhere before.

This definitely wasn't an ordinary dog. For some reason, in the instant when Song Qingshu and the dog's eyes met, he saw a demon king standing on the top of a cliff as it commanded thousands of demons below it. It had sharp eyes and was full of vim and vigor. With a wave of its hand, it could destroy an entire world...

Song Qingshu was stunned.

An illusion?

The old man: "Our Wang Ling brought this dog home from school; leaders were paying the school a visit, and it couldn't be kept there. But the little fellow is very loyal and very easy to care for."

"So that's it..." Song Qingshu sighed at the old man's explanation. "Senior, if I may be so bold as to ask, who is Wang Ling?"

"Wang Ling is my grandson, he's still in high school."

Still in... high school?

Song Qingshu felt his three views being refreshed once again.

What the heck was up with this family?

Song Qingshu: "Which high school is that?"

The old man: "No. 60 High School."

Song Qingshu: "..."

Under normal circumstances, the old man would be exuberant whenever he mentioned his grandson. The pride of the old generation in their grandchildren was forever endless and inexplicable. But it was not right for him to say too much. He had never wanted to become embroiled in matters between cultivators. For the old man to be able to sit here and listen to Song Qingshu's long-winded confession for such a long time was purely in the name of neighborly spirit.

If it had been a couple's quarrel, the old man thought that he might have been able to be like Bai Wanqing 2 and act as mediator, but when it came to cultivation, the Wang family could only rely on Wang Ling.

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Still on the second floor, Wang Ling had actually already heard Song Qingshu complaining to the old man.

He was being hunted down by Mo Immortal Castle and wouldn't necessarily be safe even if he escaped abroad, so he had come to the Wang family for help.

In fact, Wang Ling had originally wanted to ignore this, but just as he had decided to pay it no attention, this damn eyelid began twitching violently once again.

It had been a long time since his eyelid warning had made an appearance... if he ignored this matter, the consequences would be even worse.

After deep contemplation, Wang Ling slowly went downstairs. He was dressed in big white bunny pajamas, his cute and soft attire in sharp contrast to his unsmiling, poker face.

When Wang Ling went downstairs, the old man had already returned to his binge-watching on one side, leaving Song Qingshu by himself.

Song Qingshu was a little nervous and also a little puzzled... he wondered what this great senior meant by leaving the matter to his grandson who was still in high school.

But when he saw Wang Ling approach him, clad in pajamas that completely clashed with his appearance, Song Qingshu was utterly stunned!

Because even if this person turned to ash... he would never ever forget him!

He was sure that this was the youngster in white who had shown up at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa and who had caused Great Saint and Second Saint to die by backlash when they had gone to seize the stone ghost mask!

This teenager had not only caused Great Saint and Second Saint's deaths, he had also caused Third Saint to defect... the crucial thing was that he had a close relationship with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Either way, this teenager was responsible for the fact that he had fallen to this point.

Song Qingshu could never have imagined that he had finally come full circle, and that the person whom he had found to help him would actually be this teenager!

He was furious!

But he now already had his back up against a wall. There was no one else who could help him except this youngster.

On the side, Loopy Toad gave Song Qingshu a look, then quietly dropped its head and walked up to him to stretch out its claws and pat him comfortingly on the leg.

No matter how angry you were, you still had to struggle to keep a smile on your face — Loopy Toad understood this feeling the most!

Chapter 153: You Need a Bag of Laundry Detergent

Wang Ling called Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal over from Wenxian Garden to deliberate the matter of Song Qingshu's request for help.

After receiving the message, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately sped over on Sheep. It took him less than five minutes to reach the Wang family's main entrance.

After Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had taken Sheep back with him, he had entrusted the tricycle to a brother who specialized in magic artifacts to repair it. After hearing that Wang Ling was looking for him that night, he had taken the opportunity to bring the tricycle with him.

At the gate, he saw that the front door of the Wang family's small villa was slightly ajar; Wang Ling had used air pressure to crack it open.

What Song Qingshu then saw was this Great Death-Courting Senior and a pink-haired lolita in a pair of blue lace suspender shorts and wearing a little gray coat enter the house. The lolita looked like she was only six years old with meatball-shaped buns on her head. She blinked as she looked around.

Noticing that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was holding the lolita by the hand, Song Qingshu's heart couldn't help jumping... he had never heard that this Great Death-Courting Senior had a daughter, so where had this lolita come from?

After coming in, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal immediately saw that Grandfather Wang was binge-watching Old Driver, Please Give Me a Ride , which was the hottest show on at the moment. He didn't dare disturb the old man, but at this moment, he had already secretly decided that when he returned home today, he would watch this TV series from beginning to end... maybe he could gain some enlightenment from it!

Mm... there was a reason for every move that great senior made!

Leading Sheep to Wang Ling by the hand, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was straightaway dumbstruck when he saw Wang Ling's pajamas: Damn, Brother Ling, aren't you a little cute today?!

Following that, he clasped his fists in salute and said to Wang Ling in his big white bunny pajamas, "Brother Ling, I bring Sheep back to you..."

Wang Ling stared at the lolita and raised his eyebrows.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal rubbed the lolita's head. "Brother Ling, are you relieved now?"

Wang Ling cupped his chin and nodded. This already wasn't the first time that Sheep had transformed, but in her previous transformations, her clothes and accessories had really been too

tragic a sight because of the rust and flaking paint on the tricycle. It was certainly much better now after the maintenance!

Sheep pointed at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, her face full of excitement. "This uncle asked someone to help paint, wax and grease me! It felt really nice!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

"..." Somehow, Wang Ling felt that her remark sounded a little dodgy!

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After listening to Song Qingshu explain the whole story, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at him and laughed. "It turns out that you were the one who sent that bunch of people to fight us for the stone ghost mask back then. Now that you've been abandoned and reduced to being hunted down, you've come to us for help? If you knew today would happen, why did you do all that at the beginning?"

Song Qingshu sighed with a deeply bitter and resentful expression on his face. "Given the current situation, I have no other option. I can only turn to both seniors for help. If both seniors can help me, I can help you get what you want..."

"Let's hear it first then." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal leaned back against the sofa, drawing Sheep down to hug her from behind. Sheep wriggled and wrenched herself free in disgust.

Staring at Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Song Qingshu said, "I know that seniors have been looking for information on the maker of the stone ghost mask..."

Hearing this, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes lit up. "You have a lead?"

Song Qingshu nodded solemnly. "Yes!" The head of Green Gang, Zhou Jie, had given him this piece of news, and it was over ninety percent reliable.

Actually, Song Qingshu knew he didn't have any sort of bargaining chip at all. Cultivators nowadays could use plenty of ways to extract memories, and given the strength of these two, it would take them no effort at all to read his memories.

But he was not stupid... long before he had come to the Wang family's villa, he had magically locked down this particular memory. If the spell was broken forcefully, the memory would disappear altogether. He was well aware that this was his only bargaining chip. Even then, he still wasn't sure if Wang Ling had other ways of prying into his memories.

After all, this was the great senior capable of transforming a pair of long johns so that it could kill a Soul Formation cultivator by backlash!

"Smart of you to use a spell to lock down your own memory." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's pupils flickered with light as he looked at Song Qingshu. This was the Heavenly Eye at the Soul Formation stage. Although it was far less strong than Wang Ling's, it wasn't difficult to pick out clues.

But very quickly, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frowned when he discovered a black blotch on Song Qingshu's soul. He was shocked. "Soul brand?" He had seen many soul brands before, and the more sinister the brand, the darker its color. For example, Song Qingshu's soul brand was so black it had f**king turned into black fungus!

Song Qingshu dropped his head and sighed. "Anyone who works at Mo Immortal Castle has their soul branded by the Lord of the Castle like this..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cupped his chin, lost in thought. There were many ways to get rid of a soul brand. However, Song Qingshu's soul brand was too deeply entrenched, and would be hard to get rid of via general means. This brand tied to Song Qingshu's soul was now like a ticking time bomb. Not only was there a risk of it exposing his position, the person in question was also extremely vulnerable to long-range curses.

"Does Brother Ling have any way to wash off this soul brand?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked with a frown.

Wang Ling nodded, then stood up and went to the bathroom on the first floor of the Wang family's small villa. He then took out a red-colored bag from a cupboard.

On the side, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Song Qingshu who saw this familiar bag were both dumbfounded. "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "...Brother Ling, what's this?"

Wang Ling pulled the bag open.

Inside it, pure white granules emanated a golden light, and the scent of honey locust suffused the air.

This was a bag of OMO laundry detergent which Wang Ling had already blessed...

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At the same time, a woman approached the Wang family's small villa outside. She was dressed in a cheongsam and a pair of red heels.

She had followed Song Qingshu's soul brand and tracked it down here.

"This is the place... did you think the Lord wouldn't know that you were hiding here?" The woman sneered as she had already smelled Song Qingshu's scent.

"Song Qingshu, come out and face death! On orders from the Lady of the Castle, I have come to take revenge for Ah Zuo!" The woman had yet to make a move, but her deafening and wrathful voice went straight to the heart.

But most unfortunately, this shout didn't get any reply at all...

"Damn it! Song Qingshu, if you'd rather be a tortoise and hide in your shell, this old mother is going to break in! I swear I'll kill everyone in this villa!" The woman in the red cheongsam flew into a rage.

Just as she was about to take the next step and launch an attack on the villa, the front door of the Wang family's small villa opened...

A teenager in big white bunny pajamas slowly came out...

Chapter 154: Senior Wang's Home is Full of Treasure

It had been nearly midnight when Song Qingshu had come to the Wang family for help.

To be honest, Mo Immortal Castle had moved quicker than he had expected. He would have just reached the airport at this time, and might have been captured on the spot before he could fly... he was now a little glad for the choice that he had made. With Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and this Senior White Rabbit who possessed an unfathomable realm, he would definitely be completely protected!

Song Qingshu had given Wang Ling this nickname White Rabbit for the time being.

At this point, the big ancient pendulum clock on the first floor of the Wang family's small villa struck twelve times; it was midnight exactly.

Wang Ling approached the gate in just a pair of pajamas.

The woman in the red cheongsam stopped shouting and sneered as she looked at Song Qingshu behind Wang Ling. "So you finally came out?"

"Miss Ah You, you shouldn't have come..." Song Qingshu came out from behind Wang Ling. Maybe it was because of Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's presence, but his confidence had risen quite a bit.

"You severely injured Ah Zuo and attempted to desert Mo Immortal Castle. This is already a capital offence," Ah You snarled.

At the same time, the bones in her right hand popped and twisted together at a bizarre angle, like a bundle of tough beef tendons, and finally started spinning at a high speed like an electric drill!

This woman had unexpectedly turned her right hand into a magic weapon.

Song Qingshu was well aware in his heart that when it came to realms and overall quality, this Ah You could absolutely seckill 1 him. Their realms were not on the same level; crushing someone of a lower realm than you was as simple as killing a chicken or a dog. In a normal one-on-one situation, it was impossible to kill someone with a higher realm than you.

But he wasn't the slightest bit nervous as he slowly moved into position and stretched out a hand in a beckoning gesture. "Come on then."

Compared with that Ah Zuo, the attack by this Miss Ah You was obviously more violent. Her right hand electric drill was like a supreme magic weapon that could crack open earth and sky. Bathed in a dazzling light, this Miss Ah You straightened her back and lunged forward like a mighty dragon crossing the river as she swiftly launched an attack.

From Ah Zuo's fingers to Ah You's entire right hand, even Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had never heard of this method of turning a body part into a magic weapon. This Ah You's attack was clearly more aggressive than Ah Zuo's; when she was still airborne, she thrust the lightning whirl of her right hand forward.

In the face of this poisonous lightning dragon drill, Song Qingshu didn't use any gaudy tricks, and only crossed his arms in front of his body; he couldn't even see Ah You's attack trajectory.

This was what the gap in realms looked liked; the woman's movements were too fast for him to follow at all with his eyes.

In a flash, she collided with him, and the air around them surged up in a roar.

The poisonous lightning dragon drill was extraordinary; it hit the precise point where Song Qingshu's arms were crossed, and its power was so tremendous that the ground collapsed little by little until Song Qingshu's entire body was pushed down into it like a rivet.

However, when the woman had attacked, his arms had glowed with a golden light.

Boom !

That golden light exploded on the scene, and the woman's right hand was badly mangled as she was directly flung back, light as a scarecrow, to smash through a thick old tree behind her. She flew for several hundred meters more over the ground before she finally stopped.

This scene was familiar... it was the backlash from this golden light before that had caused Ah Zuo to suffer heavy injuries.

Conversely, except for a little ash on him, Song Qingshu wasn't hurt in the least.

He climbed out of the pit, dusted himself off, and couldn't help turning to Wang Ling to give him a thumbs-up and a grateful look. "Senior! Your long underwear is really useful!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Ah You's cheongsam had already been shredded. She slowly climbed up from the ground barefooted on shaky legs. Her entire right arm had turned to pulp, the flesh practically falling off the bone and bleeding profusely.

The only reason she could still stand was because of her superior realm; an average cultivator in the same situation would have already long died from the unbearable pain.

Song Qingshu swiftly approached the woman, covering a distance of several hundred meters in less than a few microseconds.

Enduring the excruciating pain, Ah You looked at Song Qingshu. "With your realm, there's no way you can have such speed..."

"I used a magic weapon." Song Qingshu pointed to the ground and flexed his big toes a little.

Ah You was stunned when she realized that it was, unexpectedly, a pair of flip-flops...

"I had come to ask Senior Wang for help, and we had a good chat at his house. I didn't expect you to suddenly come here, and I didn't even have time to change out of my house slippers," said Song Qingshu.

This competent assistant of the Lady of the Castle, Ah You, stared disbelievingly at this scene. "...What kind of joke is this?"

As he spoke, Song Qingshu pushed his outerwear aside to reveal a whole set of red long underwear. "Look... these long johns are also from senior's family. It's these two magic treasures that stopped your attack, otherwise I would have died already."

Ah You refused to accept this result and directly spat out blood.

Are you kidding me?!

Song Qingshu said darkly, "Senior Wang is very generous and doesn't want to interfere. But you've been bothering this great person persistently... go back and tell the Lord that Senior Wang has already promised to protect me, and he should be careful — if he wants to live a few more years, it would be best if he didn't simply stir up trouble."

"..." Wang Ling felt that after Odd Zhuo, he was being coerced again.

"You actually dare to threaten the Lord? Let me tell you, I was already prepared before I came today... I'll kill you even if I can't go back!" The woman stared fiercely at Song Qingshu, but then her expression quickly changed into one of alarm. "Why... why can't I sense your soul brand?"

"Want to kill me with a curse?" Song Qingshu laughed slightly. "Very regretfully, Senior Wang already helped me wash it clean with laundry detergent before you arrived."

"Laundry detergent..." Ah You was dumbfounded.

Reasonably speaking, the soul brand which the Lord of the Castle had marked Song Qingshui with had already reached the point where it could no longer be cleansed. What the hell kind of laundry detergent was this... could it really get rid of ninety-nine kinds of stains? Damn it!

"Do you have any last words?" Song Qingshu asked.

"You have no idea how much trouble you've stirred up! Ah Zuo and I work for the Lady, but we were also hired by her; we don't really belong to Mo Immortal Castle, but to Immortal Mansion! If you dare go up against them, they'll never let you go." The woman sneered as she stared at Song Qingshu. "Besides, even if I'm injured, as long as the other two people don't make a move, do you think a Nascent Soul person like you can kill me?"

Immortal Mansion?

Hearing this, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes narrowed slightly.

"Is that all you wanted to say?"

Song Qingshu completely dismissed her words. He had been hunted by Mo Immortal Castle and had been on edge for so long... now, he was delighting in their reversed situations.

In his hand, he had a toothpick which he had taken from the Wang family's small villa.

When he was done speaking, the toothpick flew out, propelled by spirit energy, and directly pierced the woman's forehead.

The woman died resentful. The skull of a cultivator at Soul Formation stage was so tough that there was nothing in the world which they feared at all; the woman completely hadn't expected that in the end, she would die because of a toothpick.

The spirit energy in the toothpick then exploded in the woman's brain, and this tiny toothpick directly blasted a bloody fist-sized hole in her forehead.

Hands shaking, Song Qingshu stared at this hole in the head which he had caused. He couldn't calm down for a long time after that from how excited and carefree he felt.

Chapter 155: A Lewd Female Cultivator

Everything came to an end for the moment.

Ah You had been killed and for the time being Song Qingshu could rest easy.

However, Mo Immortal Castle's revenge had in fact only just began. Song Qingshu was well aware that since he had badly injured Ah Zuo and killed Ah You, the Lady of the Castle wouldn't let him

go so easily. More powerful killers would probably appear after this, but he already no longer had anything to fear... after all, he was a man with long johns!

Besides, his soul brand had been washed clean with Senior Wang's house OMO laundry detergent, so it would be more difficult than Mo Immortal Castle had expected to find him now.

"It seems like I've never been able to do anything bad successfully since young. If I'd known sooner, I would never have joined the dark side." Song Qingshu sighed in his heart, then took out a bottle filled with a purple liquid. This was a bottle of body-dissolving fluid.

He poured all the fluid over Ah You... a pungent odor filled the air and the shredded red cheongsam on the corpse started to disintegrate. The cheongsam was originally a body armor immortal treasure, but it still couldn't resist the powerful corrosive effects of the body-dissolving fluid. Nonetheless, the fluid also had its limits — it was able to eat through the cheongsam, but the body remained completely intact.

Song Qingshu was bewildered. The body-dissolving fluid could instantly break down even the bodies of Nascent Soul cultivators, but unexpectedly it was of no use on Soul Formation cultivators.

Sure enough, the disparity between the bodies of Nascent Soul cultivators and Soul Formation cultivators was too great even though it was only a difference of one realm level.

Thinking about how he had been stuck at his realm for a long time, Song Qingshu couldn't help lamenting in his heart.

"Is there any more body-dissolving fluid?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked when he saw the situation.

Song Qingshu held up a bottle. "There's only one left..."

"Give it to me." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took the bottle, then opened it and sprinkled some fine powder inside before shaking the bottle to mix it in.

Song Qingshu's face was full of surprise. "Senior... may I ask, what is that powder?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Of course it's your Senior Wang's home OMO washing powder."

Song Qingshu: "..."

After the washing powder had completely dissolved in the body-dissolving fluid, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal poured the liquid over the corpse once again. This time, the woman's corpse straightaway turned into spirals of vapor that quickly started to evaporate. Furthermore, that pungent odor also disappeared to be replaced by a soapy fragrance!

Song Qingshu couldn't help giving Wang Ling a thumbs-up; Senior White Rabbit Wang was really awesome!

Senior Wang, does your family's toilet cleaner have the same effect?

Can your insecticide directly poison a Soul Formation cultivator?

Wang Ling: "..."

The three people stood over Ah You's corpse and waited for it to completely vanish. At the same time, spirit light suddenly flickered next to the corpse and several items appeared.

These items had originally been hidden in Ah You's earring storage space, but after the body-dissolving fluid had corrupted the storage space, the things inside it had dropped by the body, like the items dropped in video games.

Perhaps because it had been a short-term assassination assignment, the woman hadn't actually brought much with her.

Among the items was a black and unusually shaped weapon: it looked like a magic sword with a hilt, but the body was very strange as it was made up of seven black balls linked together.

Song Qingshu had a stupefied look on his face as he held this black magic sword. "Are Soul Formation female cultivators nowadays so lewd that they will even carry vibrators on them?!"

Wang Ling: "..."

It was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who recognized it. "...This is the Seven Stars Sword."

"Seven Stars Sword?"

"I saw it in an old book. It's a first-class holy weapon, and one of the three magic objects which Immortal Zhenyuan used, along with the Purple Gold Gourd and the Golden Canopy Rope. I would never have thought that this person would have it on her," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Immortal Zhenyuan...

Hearing this name, Song Qingshu couldn't help but pull his neck in.

This was a legendary figure from the same era as the legendary Devil Emperor Gua Pi. The first time that the Gate Between Worlds had come to Earth and the human cultivators had fought valiantly against the massive invasion of the demon race, it was Immortal Zhenyuan who had found a way to shut the gate.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cupped his chin as he pondered. "Legend has it that the Seven Stars Sword has the ability to move mountains, and can direct the strength of the earth for its own use."

Song Qingshu: "Then why didn't she use it?"

"A first-class holy weapon is already extraordinary in itself; for Soul Formation cultivators to be able to use a fourth- or fifth-class grade holy weapon is already their upper limit," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "It's worth investigating why this woman had this Seven Stars Sword on her."

As they spoke, the both of them looked over the other items that had dropped on the ground.

Apart from the Seven Stars Sword, there were some unfamiliar elixirs as well as a bottle filled with a purple potion.

This purple potion was the body-dissolving fluid. The woman's original plan had clearly been to deal with Song Qingshu and then directly destroy his corpse. Most unfortunately for her, she had not expected an ending like this.

Eyes sweeping over the ground, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw that there were no other valuable items. Losing interest, he returned his gaze to the Seven Stars Sword as he picked it up and studied it carefully.

The Seven Stars Sword was the only unexpected bonus.

After asking for Wang Ling's opinion, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't hesitate to directly pocket it.

Wang Ling paid no mind to these insignificant first-class holy objects — his body had long become holy itself, and there were almost no magic weapons in the world that could harm him.

However, among the things scattered on the ground, there was still one object which Song Qingshu and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had ignored, but which had drawn Wang Ling's attention.

He crooked his finger, and the object flew straight into his hand.

It was a palm-sized bronze medal that was only as thick as a coin. The medal was engraved with a lotus flower, which Wang Ling thought probably symbolized the woman's identity or the actual organization she belonged to.

He remembered the woman yelling that she was from Immortal Mansion...

Was this Immortal Mansion's token?

Wang Ling didn't dare to assume that this was the case. It was a pity that the woman was already dead; Song Qingshu had been too heavy-handed and had caused her brain to directly explode. Otherwise, Wang Ling could have used his Memory Probe Spell to look for clues.

Staring blankly at the the bronze medal in Wang Ling's hand, Song Qingshu asked them, "Do both seniors know what kind of organization Immortal Mansion is?"

Wang Ling frowned; he had a hunch that this organization wasn't so simple...

Besides, his sixth sense was always right.

"I think I've heard of this organization before; if I had to make a guess, the reason why this woman has the Seven Stars Sword is very likely closely linked to this organization." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal narrowed his eyes. "I'll investigate this in more detail. But before that, I would like to ask Brother Ling..."

Wang Ling: "?"

"Do you have more long johns? As your brother, hurry up and give me two pairs!"

"..."

Chapter 156: I Don't Want This Gift!

It was June 2nd on Wednesday in the sixth week of the semester.

After a busy night yesterday, Wang Ling had thought about a lot of things.

Song Qingshu had used a lead on the maker of the stone ghost mask as a bargaining chip in order to forcefully hug their thighs. Wang Ling really loathed this type of behavior because he always felt it would be very troublesome.

In fact, he had been opposed to it from the very beginning.

However, his eyelid warning had persistently reminded him that if he dismissed this issue, even bigger problems would arise.

Hence, everything he had done in the end was just out of sheer helplessness.

Whether he accepted the situation or not, either option was troublesome. Given this was the case, the only choice Wang Ling had was to cut his losses in order to prevent the situation from becoming worse.

And the other thing was this Immortal Mansion...

Wang Ling had very limited knowledge of the powers present in the cultivation world because he had never bothered at all to learn about these trivial matters. It was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who had told him a lot about how the forces were distributed.

The cultivation world was currently split between the light and dark forces.

The light forces were sects with business licenses. In addition to accepting disciples and receiving tuition fees, these sects also had an independent spirit grass cultivation base so that they could be self-sufficient as well as sell for profit. Of course, the light forces also acknowledged the Huaxiu government's central authority, and the sects were open and transparent about their state of affairs. Disciples were only accepted into the sects after they had completed their compulsory state education and had cultivated independently for at least a hundred years. At a basic level, there hence was no conflict of interest between the government's Education Department and the light forces.

As for the dark forces, to sum them up in one phrase... they were unlicensed sects. Huaxiu nation's attitude toward such powers had always been to crack down hard on them and punish them severely.

As the owner of the cultivation forum and cultivation chat group, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was in contact with every single light force. He was well aware of how the powers were distributed, so if it was a power he had never heard of before, it had to be one of the dark forces.

Ah Zuo and Ah You had been hired by the Lady of Mo Immortal Castle as mercenaries. Perhaps they weren't crucial existences in Immortal Mansion's chain of power. Yet these two peripheral figures had Soul Formation realms. Furthermore, they were able to refine parts of their own bodies into magic weapons.

It could only be said that, as an unlicensed dark force, the power behind Immortal Mansion was truly incomprehensible.

After dealing with the items scattered on the ground, Song Qingshu had followed Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal back to Wenxian Garden. For the time being, he would work as the latter's assistant to investigate this issue. After Third Saint, he was the second person to betray Mo Immortal Castle.

After they left, Wang Ling had looked at the time — it was nearly three o'clock in the morning, but he still had had quite a few exercise sheets which he had yet to finish!

The biggest headache was that the content of these exercises as prepared by Teacher Pan was not covered in the syllabus! Wang Ling had had to spend five or six minutes previewing the material before he could get his pen and eraser gremlins to help him finish the homework!

As a precious sixteen-year-old baby, he really felt very tired in his heart!

...

...

When Wang Ling arrived at class in the morning, for the first time today, there was nobody copying homework. Even Super Chen and Hero Guo, the two damn nerds who always played games together all night, handed in their homework on time.

There was definitely something fishy going on. Given what Wang Ling knew about these two people since meeting them, something was definitely wrong for them to suddenly become so diligent!

He read their memories and found out why.

Lotus Sun hadn't come to school today.

This was because the Grade One students at No. 60 High School would be participating in the military training in the middle of this month, and when No. 59 High School had heard this, the two headmasters had discussed it and then decided to simply have their military training together and conveniently promote friendship between the two schools. Thus, Lotus Sun had been sent to No. 59 High School for the time being as a way of fostering links between the two schools beforehand.

In exchange, No. 59 High School would also send a student to No. 60 High School as an exchange student to experience the difference in culture between the two schools.

The two headmasters had completely decided this themselves first without notifying anyone else. It was only at the teachers' morning meeting yesterday that everyone had been notified, so most of the students were still in the dark about it.

But as a class representative, Dopey Guo was often in and out of the teacher's office, and thus had learned about the situation first... this was also the reason why two people in particular hadn't copied homework in class this morning.

Because, they had heard that the exchange student from No. 59 High School was also its school beauty. It would be too disgraceful if they were caught copying homework by this school beauty!

"I wonder who No. 59 High School will send..." Super Chen cupped his chin as he stared at the classroom door, eagerly awaiting the person of his dreams to show up.

There were not a few school beauties in No. 59 High School. Though they didn't have Lotus Sun's lethal magnetic field that could draw in passerbys, the male students in Grade One, Class Three had actually grown a little too used to Lotus Sun after being exposed to her for so long. Most critically, Lotus Sun was too far away for them... this was a girl whom they had no hope of being with at all.

In contrast, the ordinary school beauty from No. 59 High School might be more their type.

It wasn't long before they heard Teacher Pan's footsteps in the corridor.

"She's here, she's here!" Dopey Guo's pupils contracted slightly.

From afar, he could perceive that there were two auras next to Teacher Pan...

Was this... two exchange students?

Teacher Pan paused when she reached the classroom door, and turned to address the two exchange students. "Don't be nervous, our Grade One, Class Three students are very friendly; from now until the military training, I hope your time here at No. 60 High School will be a rewarding one."

After that, Teacher Pan walked straight into the classroom.

And stepping into Grade One, Class Three behind her were the two students from No. 59 High School.

Super Chen and Dopey Guo almost flipped their desks — it turned out to be two male students!

F*ck!!! We used our top school beauty in No. 60 High School in the exchange! Why do we get just these two things?!

As for these two male students, they could be considered old acquaintances of No. 60 High School and were even associated with Wang Ling...

Standing on the dais, Teacher Pan happily introduced the two students from No. 59 High School. "Students, let me introduce them to you. On the left is Student He Bufeng. On the right is Student Tang Jingze... let's give them a round of applause!"

Papapapa...

After a moment of token clapping, Dopey Guo couldn't help asking doubtfully, "Teacher Pan, these two students don't seem to be Grade One students... is that really okay?"

"It's like this... due to personal reasons, Student He Bufeng has never participated in the school military training before, so he'll be taking part in the military training with the Grade One students this time round. As for Student Tang Jingze..." Teacher Pan pushed up her glasses. "Because we sent Student Lotus Sun to No. 59 High School, Headmaster Jin felt that it wasn't good to have just Student He Bufeng come as the exchange student, so he sent Student Tang Jingze together with him..."

There was dead silence in Grade One, Class Three... because based on Teacher Pan's words, this guy was a freebie!

Wang Ling: "... What damn freebie!

"Student Tang Jingze's grades are excellent. If there is anything any of you don't understand, you can ask him to teach you." Teacher Pan cleared her throat and pondered over what she was going to say next, a slight flush on her face. "Furthermore, Student He Bufeng's family operates a men's hospital, and he's brought a gift for the exchange at our No. 60 High School... for the next six months, all No. 60 High School male students can enjoy fifty percent off on circumcision services at the hospital when they present their student IDs."

"What about the girls?" Feather Lin raised her hand and asked.

Teacher Pan: "Hair removal."

Everyone in Grade One, Class Three: "... I don't want this gift!

Chapter 157: A Large Roulingzhi in the Air!

In the heart of the city stood a magnificent building.

The office of the Lord of Mo Immortal Castle's secretary, the Lady of the Castle, was on the top floor. The huge French windows offered a panoramic view of the city, and especially in the evening, the night lights in the city's central district could make a person feel nostalgic.

It was eight o'clock in the morning.

A woman with her hair pinned up and wearing black old-fashioned attire stood in front of a window, her eyebrows knitted and her gaze a little blank.

Upon reaching the office, the Lady had received bad news — her subordinate Ah You's life sign had disappeared!

Everyone who worked at Mo Immortal Castle had their souls branded by the Lord, which allowed them to be monitored using a unique life detector. If a life sign suddenly disappeared, it meant one of two things: either the soul brand had been cleansed, or the person was dead...

The Lady of the Castle had been well aware of Ah You's plan since it had been her idea to send Ah You to take revenge on Song Qingshu.

In the end, both Song Qingshu and Ah You's soul brands had disappeared!

Just because of one Song Qingshu, she had actually lost her two beloved generals...

The Lady of the Castle found it hard to accept this result.

Furthermore, she didn't dare assume that Song Qingshu was truly dead.

According to the life detector, Song Qingshu's soul brand had vanished, but they couldn't rule out the possibility that this guy might have found a way to remove it.

While she was pondering this, the clear glass of the French window turned hazy. Seeing the black shadow that appeared in the window, the Lady's eyes widened and she bowed slightly with some trepidation. "Lord!"

As the black shadow spoke, its voice echoed repeatedly as it seemed to come out of an ethereal void. "I see that Song Qingshu's soul brand has disappeared. Is he dead then?"

Lowering her head, the Lady of the Castle solemnly answered, "We have yet to confirm it."

"This time, because of a mere foot soldier, we've again lost two top generals. You must reflect on this..."

"Yes, Lord."

The Lady clasped her fists in a salute to the black shadow. "This subordinate will uncover the truth as soon as possible. I'll personally bring people to investigate right away. If Song Qingshu is truly dead, we should be able to find traces of the body-dissolving fluid at the coordinates where his life sign vanished."

"Actually, I had always suspected that there was someone supporting him behind the scenes. The deaths of Great Saint and Second Saint back then, as well as Third Saint's betrayal, is a warning to

us. You must be very careful this time. From now on, no more mistakes are allowed in my Mo Immortal Castle..."

"Lord, please rest assured. Even if there is someone behind Song Qingshu, not just anyone can shake Mo Immortal Castle's current foundations — given the Lord's strength, as long as we can find the stone ghost mask, it'll only be a matter of time before you conquer the world."

The Lord nodded. "Mm, the matter of the stone ghost mask must be clearly investigated as soon as possible."

Just then, the black shadow of the Lord on the French window unexpectedly shuddered, and then there was a miserable "Ah!" cry in the void. Right after that, the black shadow didn't even say farewell before directly dissipating into nothingness.

The Lady of the Castle was completely dumbfounded!

Had the Lord come under attack?

"Lord? Lord?"

The Lady tried to call him twice.

After about ten seconds or so, the black shadow reappeared on the French window, and she heard the voice of the Lord in the void once again. "...It was nothing, just a little accident. My long range projector ran out of battery! The newbie forgot to charge it last night, and he even spilled coffee on my pants! Fortunately, they're waterproof!"

The Lady: "..."

...

Considering the relationship between Headmaster Jin of No. 59 High School and Headmaster Chen of No. 60 High School, both of whom were from the same sect, the relationship between the two schools was actually quite close. It was just that over the last few years, the students had started to become more competitive with each other. However, since the last spirit sword exchange meet, the relationship between the two schools had improved significantly.

Somehow, Wang Ling felt very strange seeing He Bufeng and Tang Jingze again.

In No. 59 High School back then, one had been the fearsome Senior Buliang, and the other was the president of the student union who had always been able to find fault with others. After the four-day spirit sword exchange meet, both their bad dispositions had similarly disappeared. Since then, they had embarked on the study road day after day, sticking to the path of cultivation core values.

The first two classes in the morning were Teacher Pan's Dao talismans course.

The pace of study in both schools was pretty much the same. There was no pressure for He Bufeng to learn at all, while Tang Jingze was an old senior who was about to graduate, and so knew the high school curriculum like the back of his hand.

"After the first few weeks of study, I believe everyone has an appropriate understanding of the four main talismans. The focus of the midterm exam will be the guiding talisman, which is a function-type talisman. Today, I'm going to talk to you about utilizing the extended functions of talismans."

At this point, everyone basically already knew that Teacher Pan was going to start teaching outside of the class syllabus again.

"What I'm going to talk to you about today is the meditation talisman."

Hearing this, Wang Ling couldn't help raising his eyebrow. This was a talisman that was very difficult to make. Meditation could project something relevant from the future into the air and help a person gain some enlightenment on what would be in store for them. But the chances of succeeding in this was extremely low due to the high degree of difficulty involved in making the meditation talisman.

After mixing cinnabar and spirit water together, Teacher Pan spread open the yellow talisman paper and began to conduct a preliminary demonstration. She focused her spirit energy into the writing brush and furrowed her brow as she carefully wrote on the yellow paper to ensure that there was no mistake in the sigils — the slightest error could directly lead to the meditation talisman not working.

After about three minutes, Teacher Pan put the brush aside and injected spirit energy into the yellow talisman. "Everyone, watch carefully..."

A moment later, the yellow talisman danced in the air and projected the image of a pretty, colorful skirt, which was a little out of sync with Teacher Pan's solemn and staid style...

She pushed up her glasses. "This is a magic skirt that I bought on Moubao 1 a few days ago."

The demonstration had been successful, but what did the pretty skirt symbolize? Even Teacher Pan herself wasn't very clear on what kind of story would happen around the skirt. The meditation talisman could show key things of the future, but a person had to use their imagination to guess what they represented.

After that, Teacher Pan distributed a set of tools for making talismans to each student. "Now, students, try it for yourselves based on the earlier procedure."

The classroom erupted in activity once again.

The spell for the meditation talisman was intricate and really tested a person's finesse at writing; if the thickness of the written sigils was just a little different, the spell could fail.

Even Tang Jingze, the old senior from No. 59 High School, had wasted several sheets of yellow talisman papers, and he couldn't help but frown; this was too difficult!

But in an inadvertent attempt, the yellow talisman on Dopey Guo's desk suddenly hummed and gave out a burst of light.

Master of Dopey looked at the floating yellow talisman in disbelief. "Did... did I do it?"

Everyone's eyes were fixed on the air... a brief moment later, a faint image appeared.

"What's this?"

Feather Lin stared curiously at the object that had appeared; it looked a lot like a mushroom fungus with a head on both ends. The top was shaped like a mouth, while there was a small hole in the bottom, and the entire thing looked very glossy...

"..." When all the boys saw it, they were immediately stunned.

Master of Dopey coughed. "Do you know the taisui mushroom? This thing is our family's ancestral roulingzhi 2 !"

Wang Ling: "... I cannot f*cking believe you!

Chapter 158: Where Does the Power of Forgiveness Come From?

It was incredibly difficult to create a meditation talisman. Apart from Master of Dopey who had inadvertently completed one, everyone else's had ended up being failures. Of course, Wang Ling had been pretending, and had deliberately made a mistake in the last step of writing the sigils.

Most of the talismans that were produced were failures, so there was no way he would make himself stand out here; that would be way too eye-catching.

In fact, Wang Ling's sigils were far more uniform than Teacher Pan's. But for him, this was all just for fun; the meditation talisman wasn't of much use to him. When it came to warnings about impending disaster, his eyelid warning system was far more straightforward.

Generally speaking, this talismans lesson had been a fairly harmonious one, apart from the little disgusting episode with Master of Dopey.

Dopey Guo had successfully completed the meditation talisman by accident, and even he himself didn't know why such a large roulingzhi had appeared...

For one moment, the scene had been deathly awkward.

Dopey Guo could only smile apologetically to alleviate the tense atmosphere.

However, Teacher Pan was, in the end, Teacher Pan. As the lead teacher at No. 60 High School and a teaching pioneer whom students were proud of, she had recognized the true meaning of this roulingzhi at one glance!

She frowned as she abruptly remembered that Student Dopey Guo was often absent-minded, both in his expression and thoughts... sometimes when she was on patrol, she would even see from the back window of the class this silly student slumped over his desk, asleep! This was clearly the result of using the roulingzhi too often!

Even the meditation talisman had projected this kind of thing, which was enough to prove how lethal this roulingzhi was to teenagers... how could the flowers of the motherland indulge in this kind of strange thing?!

No amount of awkward smiles or chitchat would be able to help this situation.

Teacher Pan directly called Dopey Guo's parents to come in, with the intention of discussing the roulingzhi issue.

This was really very embarrassing.

After class was over, Dopey Guo returned from Teacher Pan's office and slumped over his desk, feeling exceptionally weary.

At the same time, he was howling in his heart: M y reputation, my whole life! It's ruined!

Super Chen couldn't help patting Dopey Guo on the shoulder. "That, Brother Guo, we're all men, we understand... there's actually nothing to worry about! Our class is very united, no one will tell the other classes about it!"

"At least it ended fine." Little Peanut comforted him to one side.

Tears were already gathering in the corners of Master of Dopey's eyes, and he simply wanted to cry. "What fine... my parents were called in!"

Little Peanut: "When I delivered the homework to Teacher Pan just now, I heard the teachers in the office discussing your dad..."

Master of Dopey: "My dad?"

Little Peanut: "They were discussing whether or not your dad is a botanist."

Master of Dopey: "..."

...

It was coming up to noon, and the atmosphere in the classroom was a little heavy, which made the two fellows from another school, He Bufeng and Tang Jingze, feel very awkward. They completely didn't understand what was going on.

After careful inquiry, they found out that Mother Juan was going to deliver lunch today!

Every time everyone thought about her black-style love bento, they shuddered despite themselves.

"Doesn't Mother Juan only make bentos on Friday? Why today..." asked Super Chen.

"Mother Juan heard that there were two students from No. 59 High School today, so she decided to make the bentos earlier, and she'll bring them here in a little while..." Little Peanut answered weakly.

Hearing this, He Bufeng and Tang Jingze felt a bit moved in their hearts...

They had long heard that No. 60 High School was hospitable. Sure enough, the kitchen auntie was too considerate! Not only had she specially made the bentos, she was also delivering them to the classroom herself!

In contrast, their No. 59 High School's attitude toward No. 60 High School back then had been simply terrible!

He Bufeng and Tang Jingze felt deeply ashamed in their hearts.

Wang Ling: "..."

These two people clearly weren't aware of how serious the problem was!

Even Wang Ling couldn't deny that in No. 60 High School, Mother Juan was a unique lady in the world of kitchen aunties.

For some reason, he felt that her identity wasn't simple. Furthermore, she had disciples practically everywhere; he had already seen the shadow of Mother Juan's cuisine in too many places, the most famous of which was the heavenly silkworm potato strips. Most people now also had the impression that this was her specialty — this was probably her highest rated dish after she had said goodbye to communal meals and turned to specialist study in new cuisine.

Last time, in a campus star interview in the school magazine, there had been a segment at the end where she had generously shared her insight in making heavenly silkworm potato strips; that was, don't fry the potatoes all the way through in one go! Halfway through frying them, transfer the potatoes into another pan; this would change their taste!

It was nearly twelve o'clock when the silence in Grade One, Class Three was broken at this moment by the sound of a trolley, its wheels squealing over the floor.

Mother Juan had come...

She pushed open the classroom door, still wearing a light yellow apron, still wearing a snow-white chef's uniform, and no other accessories on her plump figure. When she smiled, there were faint wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. "I've made everyone wait, it's time to eat!"

Saying this, light flowed from her hand in every direction, and the delicately wrapped lunchboxes on the trolley were instantly dispersed to settle in each student's hands.

With an assertive air, she put her hands on her hips. "Today's bentos were specially made to welcome the two students from No. 59 High School. The menu is also different!" She knew that the relationship between the students from No. 60 High School and No. 59 High School was actually quite tense, so for this afternoon's love bentos, she had painstakingly racked her brains over them. At last, she had been struck by inspiration!

Except for Tang Jingze and He Bufeng, the rest of Grade One, Class Three sucked in cold breaths... damn it! Even the regular heavenly silkworm potato strips in the love bentos had been changed! They were really going to die this time!

Everyone took deep breaths and opened the lunchboxes...

The first thing they saw was fried green peppers with mushrooms that were still giving off steam. However, the mushrooms were a bit strange in shape, and looked a little like miniature horses. Super Chen ate a mouthful, and the taste of mushroom exploded on his tongue. He couldn't help asking, "Mother Juan, what's this..."

Mother Juan quickly answered, "This is a particular mushroom that's very nutritious! Its elk velvet antlers! And see this jellyfish salad?"

"Yes..." Super Chen nodded.

Mother Juan slowly explained, "It's called the pine jellyfish, and lives on the sea pine! I went to the Frozen Sea and directly jumped into the water to catch it, so it's very fresh! If you eat this with the elk velvet antlers, it will give you the power of forgiveness! I hope that everyone can live more harmonious and pleasant lives after eating these two dishes!"

Little Peanut: "Then this soup..."

Mother Juan: "Mm, this is white lily soup, simply called Bai Baihe 1 soup."

Everyone: "..."

Chapter 159: The Daily Life of Loopy Toad

It was June 2nd on Thursday in the sixth week of the semester.

This morning, Loopy Toad had once again pulled out its little notebook from under Wang Ling's bed to continue writing about its observations on humans. It had already been fully several months since it had thoroughly accepted the reality of its dog body.

Loopy Toad was now quite good at human writing; even writing with claws, its handwriting was very neat. If it ever died again, it would definitely be forever remembered for its current calligraphy skills.

As a literate dog, Loopy Toad felt that its current intellect was almost on par with that of a human university student; it could be called a prodigy among dogs.

After learning to write an observation diary, it had recorded a lot of things, big and small.

Apart from observations on human behavior, the diary also contained observations on certain events.

Ever since the evil incident with Mother Wang being groped, Loopy Toad had realized how powerful the humans' network was. The rapid development of the Internet could enable humans to quickly band together online; a water army's commander-in-chief, moreover, could gather hundreds of thousands of people, whether to attack or to defend a particular issue.

Loopy Toad felt that the ultimate reason for the demon race's failure to invade the human world all these years was related to this.

The humans' information technology was really too advanced!

As it was on the Internet, so it was in reality!

This had been especially true in the fight against the invasion of demons from the Gate Between Worlds, when there had been nothing that the humans couldn't handle with a single phone call; once they had shared their location coordinates, cultivators nearby who were able to help had immediately rushed over. In contrast, the demon race still used the primitive method of sense perception to gather their forces; by the time reinforcements arrived on the front line, they had already lost!

In a nutshell, there were still many things that the demon race could learn. Loopy Toad was now also able to operate cellphones and smartwatches; they were really too convenient! In contrast, the demon world was still using talismans to pass on information — this standard was really too low!

Finished writing in its diary, Loopy Toad closed the notebook and pushed it back under the bed, then flung open the second-floor window and jumped down outside the villa.

The weather forecast for Songhai city today was once again crazy. It wasn't as humid as they had said it would be on TV; conversely, there was a gentle breeze blowing, and the sun on Loopy Toad's green fur was refreshing.

However, Wang Ling wasn't around, and Loopy Toad somehow felt in its heart that something was missing. It stared blankly down East Huang Road, and seemed a little lonely.

Little Master Ling usually didn't like to talk, but after being with him day in and day out during this time, Loopy Toad basically understood what his personality was like. Honesty was the key with Little Master Ling; he didn't like stirring up trouble or other people trying to curry favor with him. If you compared Little Master Ling to a cat, the best thing to do was stroke his fur; if you caused trouble by ruffling it, he would fly into a fury.

When Loopy Toad had first come to the Wang family home, it had been scared witless. After being here for so long, however, it had gradually relaxed. Sometimes, Wang Ling would even help brush its fur when he was free.

Though it had become a dog, it hadn't slacked off in its cultivation.

It had been thinking of a way to return to its prime in this body.

Wang Ling brushing its fur was actually a great help!

A boss at the level of an Immortal King personally brushing its fur... what kind of special treatment could this be? Moreover, Wang Ling's brushing had the effect of unblocking its meridians and stimulating its acupuncture points. After being brushed over so many times, Loopy Toad realized its waist was no longer sore and its legs no longer hurt, and its cultivation had become even more vigorous!

Standing in the yard outside the villa, it went over the familiar "Demon King Heart Sutra." For the sutra to work, it required demon qi. But there were no sources of demon qi in the human world which Loopy Toad could draw on, so Wang Ling had helped it revise the "Demon King Heart Sutra" by replacing demon qi as its source with spirit qi.

At the moment, as it used this cultivation technique, it could feel the spirit qi coalesce into overflowing existential insight.

This was the way of Tao, which emulated the rules of the natural world...

Loopy Toad had never experienced a feeling as profound as this before.

It was now far stronger than it had ever been before; its current body was already on par with that of a Nascent Soul cultivator, and a common Core Formation cultivator wouldn't be able to do anything to it. After all, it was a demon king that had been renowned in the demon race and which back then could take on five Soul Formation cultivators at the same time!

Standing in the sun, Loopy Toad slowly opened its eyes, and a bright blue light shone in their black depths... it could feel its demon king soul being gradually restored.

At the same time, its sensitive sense of smell caught wind of the scent of strangers...

Staring in one particular direction, it sensed the presence of strangers near the Wang family's small villa.

...

The Wang family's small villa was on the east side of East Huang Road; to the west was a commercial zone that had yet to be developed. According to the original plan, a large shopping mall of imported goods was supposed to come up here. Unfortunately, they hadn't even gotten halfway through the project before the boss had run off with his own sister-in-law. Hence, the building materials that been delivered here, such as the concrete, bricks, glass and timber, had been abandoned after all this time.

The place where Ah You had died was right under an old locust tree in this commercial development zone.

While the lot was usually empty, at this moment, two men in suits carrying sophisticated equipment on their backs had appeared.

They were looking for signs of the body-dissolving fluid. Generally, a high quality body-dissolving fluid wouldn't leave any signs, but the body-dissolving fluid manufactured by Mo Immortal Castle

contained a special kind of substance which could be detected by Mo Immortal Castle using a special gas detector.

Each man held a cylindrical object, and a long tube was attached to one end. When they approached an old locust tree, the instrument instantly beeped in warning.

One of them quickly turned on his wristwatch to report their finding to the Lady of the Castle. "Leader, we've found Ah You's location based on the coordinates where her soul brand disappeared. Furthermore... we detected traces of the body-dissolving fluid."

On the other end of the phone, the Lady of the Castle asked solemnly, "What about Song Qingshu? Have you found his location?"

From where they were, the two men quickly determined the location where Song Qingshu's soul brand had disappeared. Finally, they both looked at a building to the east. "Found it, Lady! It's a villa. Song Qingshu's soul brand vanished inside this villa!"

"A... villa?"

The Lady of the Castle was a little surprised. This was in barren countryside; there were actually people still living there?

Her expression darkened slightly. "If that's the case, infiltrate this villa and investigate the situation!"

The two men in suits hesitated for a bit, then said, "But, Lady, there's a dog at the entrance. Wouldn't it be too obvious?"

"It's just a dog, just stew it for dog meat! It'll be something special to eat, isn't that wonderful?"

"..."

Chapter 160: Loopy Toad Is One Hundred and Eighty Centimeters Tall Today

The area around East Huang Road was low-cost, undeveloped land. Except for transport trucks carrying goods to the city, very few vehicles passed through here, and this place could really be described as "wild mountain countryside." So when the two men in suits saw a villa here, they weren't just a little astonished, they also thought it was a bit strange.

After the housing bubble burst, house prices were no longer so outrageous; even small white-collar workers could buy a house several hundred ping 1 in size on their salaries. If the space wasn't enough, they could also get the construction workers to expand it using the Space Expansion Skill.

After all, technology was pretty advanced.

So, what kind of family was this?

The two men wearing suits felt strange in their hearts, but the Lady of the Castle had already given the order, so they could only obey it.

Both men stuck on invisibility talismans, and there was a bright-colored light before their bodies turned completely transparent. This kind of invisibility talisman enabled a person to become invisible and hide their aura, and its use was actually prohibited; generally, only certain Huaxiu government branches were allowed restricted use of it.

The talismans which the two men in suits were wearing had been privately created by Mo Immortal Castle. This was actually already breaking the law, and if they were caught, they would be arrested and detained straightaway.

As they crept closer to the villa's entrance, they relaxed subtly.

Because after some probing with their spiritual senses, they couldn't detect any spirit energy in the villa.

"Is this an ordinary family?"

Both of them were a little confused.

However, since it was an ordinary family, then things were much easier.

"The window on the second floor is open. Let's check that out first." After discussing it together, the two men leapt lightly up to the window.

Wang Ling's bedroom was quite big. As they entered one after another, they began to look around.

In deep thought, they walked to the door.

And then... a furry green tail, one that was way too thick and solid, suddenly dangled down from the ceiling.

The two men were immediately startled, and they hurriedly jumped back before looking up.

This time, they saw a large green akita hanging upside down from the ceiling and staring at them with hostile eyes!

This was the dog that had been at the villa's entrance!

The two men recognized it at a glance; they had thought that there was something off with the dog, and it turned out that they weren't wrong!

Also... wasn't this dog too big?! With one look, anyone could tell that this dog wasn't natural!

Actually, what surprised the two men the most was this dog's insight... they were still wearing the invisibility talismans, but the dog had sensed them, which proved that its true strength was no less powerful, and might even far surpass theirs.

"What do we do? This dog seems strong... should we withdraw?"

"We're here already! It would be a shame to leave now! We're both late Golden Core stage cultivators, why should we be afraid of a dog?"

Late Golden Core stage?

Loopy Toad jumped down from the ceiling and sneered. Even when it had been so weak back then in No. 60 High School, it had still never been afraid of Golden Core cultivators, much less now.

Now that their identities had been exposed, the Mo Immortal Castle cultivators felt that there was no need to hide anymore.

Spirit light flaring in their hands, they summoned immortal swords, and one man lifted his to point it at Loopy Toad. "We just wanted to investigate something and we mean you no harm, but if you insist on obstructing us, don't blame us if we stop acting polite!"

The two men worked their spirit energy swiftly as they kept pace with each other; even their sword movements were in sync.

It was very obvious that the people who worked at Mo Immortal Castle underwent standard swords training. The advantage of this was that a lot of people could be trained to become proficient in swordsmanship in a short period of time, but the downside was that their movements were too repetitive, and anyone who had studied swordsmanship even a little would be able to predict their moves after a few rounds.

That was why when people from Mo Immortal Castle attacked on a mission, it was with the intent to kill. They were bent on settling the fight in the shortest time possible, since a prolonged fight could result in them making mistakes.

To Loopy Toad, however, it felt like these two people were moving so slowly that it could fall asleep waiting for them.

It thought back to its time in the demon world, when it would enjoy pleasant chats with the Sword Demon King Hua Laishi 2 — these two brats probably hadn't even been born then.

Two bright flaming swords interrupted its thoughts.

Its eyes met the points of two swords, and before they got any closer, these two swords jerked to a stop like a car braking, and were unable to advance forward any further.

"Aura-Freezing Spell!"

The two cultivators were stunned!

In a conflict which involved completely unequal realms, the demon race had a well-known way of fighting which relied on just aura — the Aura-Freezing Spell! This involved releasing special qi to counteract the spirit waves generated by magic weapons or the edge of a sword. This was a fairly advanced spell! The reason why the demon kings that had descended from the Gate Between Worlds back then had been a real headache for the humans was because of this "Aura-Freezing Spell"!

For a demon king of the demon race, the Aura-Freezing Spell acted more like a shielding spell which prevented them from being harmed by the cultivators' magic weapons.

Six years ago, Loopy Toad had thought itself absolutely pathetic because its Aura-Freezing Spell hadn't been of any f**king use against Wang Ling! At that time, Little Master Ling had pierced it with just one single punch.

Now that part of its strength had returned, it could finally cast this spell again.

It couldn't help but sigh; if it thought about it carefully, it felt like it had waited a lifetime for this moment.

The expressions of the Mo Immortal Castle cultivators finally changed. They were completely terrified as they realized that there was no way they could fight this dog! It actually knew a demon race spell... what the hell kind of dog was this?!

"Retreat!"

They both turned to leave, but then found that their bodies weren't listening to them, and that they couldn't move at all!

Following the length of their swords, the Aura-Freezing Spell had actually ensnared their bodies... they were completely frozen!

"You shouldn't have come here." Loopy Toad spoke in human language as its gaze swept lazily over the two people. It withdrew its spirit energy and its body shrunk back down, the bright blue light in its eyes fading. It didn't know if it was because it had been around Little Master Ling for too long, but it wasn't as intent on killing as before, where previously, when it had still been in No. 60 High School, it had devoured the soul of a Shadow Stream killer.

But now, faced with the delicious souls of these two late Golden Core stage cultivators, it wasn't the slightest bit interested...

"What should we do with them?"

At this moment, there was a voice behind the men in suits.

These two Mo Immortal Castle cultivators turned pale with fright; they hadn't expected there to be someone else in the room!

Then, two massive shadows loomed over them — these were precisely those two brawny brothers, the monster pen and goblin eraser.

Loopy Toad lay prone on the floor and wagged its tail as it gave the two brothers a lazy look. Then, it glared at the two Mo Immortal Castle cultivators, and raised one paw to draw a claw across its throat...