

Daily Life 261

Chapter 261: This Guy Was Doing It on Purpose!

Wang Ling stared blankly at this scene. He was sitting in the shade of a tree as he pretended to be resting. This should have been a very inconspicuous position. But Wang Ling had miscalculated, because this position happened to put him opposite Fang Xing, and they were actually quite close to each other.

As a result, Teacher Ye had barely finished speaking before Fang Xing had straightaway walked toward Wang Ling.

"This classmate, can you lend me your sword for a bit?" Fang Xing smiled with a natural and relaxed expression.

Deep down, Wang Ling in fact wasn't willing to do so. For a cultivator, their personal magic treasure was quite a private thing. And, most crucially, Jingke was very special to Wang Ling.

After Fang Xing made his request, neither of them moved. They looked at each other, separated by just a meter. It was also the first time that Wang Ling was face to face with Fang Xing. One person was sitting in the shade of a tree while the other was standing in the sun, creating a sharp contrast.

In the sun, Fang Xing's hair was slightly brown. He was still in the white short-sleeved shirt and the blue and white striped track pants. His face was so fair that Wang Ling felt that if he wore women's clothes, he would definitely be a beauty.

After a full minute of silence, Wang Ling finally handed Jingke to him.

Because he really couldn't stand the scorching gazes of the girls around them.

At the moment, Fang Xing was like the sun, shining brightly after having just arrived at No. 60 High School — he was really way too dazzling. In fact, Wang Ling could guess that if he refused Fang Xing's request, it was likely that he would become the target of more hate.

So even if he did lend Fang Xing his sword, he didn't quite like him.

It might not look like Fang Xing had deliberately set out to borrow his spirit sword, and it had seemed very natural, but Wang Ling had the feeling that Fang Xing had done it on purpose.

Of course, Wang Ling also had his own reasons for handing Jingke over. Jingke had its own consciousness; if there was something fishy about Fang Xing, Jingke would definitely be able to detect it with its strength.

Then, the PE class completely became Fang Xing's personal show.

No. 60 High School's performance in the district school sports meet had always been poor, which had always been a headache for Teacher Ye as the head of the sports team's teaching and research group. This year, several students talented in sports, including Super Chen, had joined the school's elite stream. Coupled with the sudden discovery of Fang Xing this young seedling, Teacher Ye felt that this was an opportunity that absolutely couldn't be wasted.

Holding Jingke, Fang Xing stood at the starting line and waited for Teacher Ye's direction to begin. When he had used the teaching spirit sword earlier, he had completed the ten laps with a good time of one and a half minutes.

With a normal spirit sword, the margin of difference was under thirty seconds, or two minutes at the most. Teacher Ye thought that No. 60 High School's chances in the sports meet's running event this year were pretty solid.

When Teacher Ye waved his hand, Fang Xing started to run along the track.

A cultivator's jogging pace was a lot faster than an average person's sprint. As soon as Fang Xing started out, he left a string of afterimages behind him, which instantly turned the girls around them into cheerleaders.

The girls were all cheering and the boys were all gossiping. As a transfer student, Fang Xing had really made waves, which made some of the boys unhappy.

But they could only contain this disgruntlement in their hearts, since anyone who decided to lock horns with Fang Xing at this critical juncture would definitely suffer bitterly for it; it was a given that the girls would view them with disdain. Furthermore, even if they tried to find trouble with him in private, there was a good chance that they still wouldn't be able to defeat him!

What was the saying... I like how you hate me but can't get rid of me 1 .

Wang Ling felt that this saying currently suited Fang Xing very well.

Unexpectedly, Fang Xing ran the first six laps easily as Jingke floated steadily in the air above his head.

When Wang Ling had passed Jingke to Fang Xing, he had already asked it to stay as relaxed as possible, and find a way to deplete more of Fang Xing's spirit energy.

To Wang Ling's slight surprise, Fang Xing was actually able to handle it.

On the seventh lap, sweat finally started to roll down Fang Xing's cheeks, and it was clear that he was slowing down. Of course, in the eyes of average people, he still looked like a string of afterimages. Teacher Ye was intensely focused as his eyes followed Fang Xing closely.

After teaching PE for so many years, Teacher Ye was actually very sensitive to this type of faint disparity in speed.

Wang Ling watched this performance from where he sat in the shade of the tree. He saw Super Chen put his hands on his hips as he looked on in amazement. "Classmate Fang Xing... is such a freak!"

To call Fang Xing a "freak" was in fact a great compliment. Super Chen's level was at the standard of first-class athletes at the Formation Establishment stage in Huaxiu nation, which very likely would have colored his appraisal of Fang Xing, so his words were already enough to prove that Fang Xing wasn't normal.

But since the beginning, Wang Ling had felt that Fang Xing was far from simple.

Wang Ling looked at the track. In just a blink of an eye, Fang Xing was already on his ninth lap. Unexpectedly, his previously slow pace changed, and to a burst of cheers from the female students, Fang Xing abruptly began to speed up.

On the tenth lap, he blew by Teacher Ye like a gust of wind, and in the end, the stopwatch stopped at one minute and thirty-one seconds.

"Too... too awesome!" Teacher Ye looked at the stopwatch and almost jumped up and down with how excited he was.

The difference was only one second when Fang Xing used a normal spirit sword!

Moreover, the most important thing was that the spirit sword which he had used belonged to Wang Ling; it wasn't his own personal spirit sword, nor had he made a contract with it. In a situation where they didn't share such a rapport, Fang Xing had actually obtained more outstanding results than the sports students... Teacher Ye instantly felt like he had unearthed treasure!

After the run, Fang Xing's face was a little red, and he was panting as he went to Wang Ling to express his thanks and return Jingke to him.

When he took Jingke back, Wang Ling could already confirm that Fang Xing's exact realm was far from being as simple as the Foundation Establishment stage.

What on earth was this person hiding?

Wang Ling didn't like this feeling of not knowing the exact situation.

Fang Xing lifted the bottom of his white short-sleeved shirt to wipe at his sweat, then smiled very brightly. "Classmate, thank you! Oh, by the way, what's your name?"

Wang Ling's deep gaze was hidden under his fringe.

For a second time, the two individuals looked at each other.

Before Wang Ling could open his mouth, Super Chen next to him interjected, "He's called Wang Ling and he doesn't like to talk much."

Super Chen had always gotten along with people, and would always take a liking to sports talents, so his impression of Fang Xing wasn't bad.

"Oh, so you're Classmate Wang Ling." Fang Xing nodded.

Suddenly, he looked at Teacher Ye next to him. "Teacher Ye, do we have all the people we need for the sports meet?"

Teacher Ye stroked his chin in contemplation. "The specific line-up has yet to be decided, but we want to become a key city high school this year, so we have to take this district competition seriously. Headmaster Chen wants me to create the strongest line-up possible. Speaking of our two elite classes, Student Super Chen's and your spots have already been confirmed."

"I see..."

Fang Xing grinned as he looked at Teacher Ye. "Actually, I think Classmate Wang Ling is pretty strong. Why not have him join us?"

"..."

Wang Ling could see it now.

This guy... was definitely doing it on purpose!

Chapter 262: Our Family Runs a Noodles Shop!

This was the first time that Wang Ling was experiencing the sensation of being set up.

Mystical events did happen sometimes, but while he believed that coincidences might happen in particular situations, if it happened once, twice or even more than that, he would begin to suspect that things weren't what they seemed.

Hence, the impression that Fang Xing gave Wang Ling was very special.

That moment when he had been feeling out Fang Xing, and their gazes had met when the other boy had looked out of the corner of his eye... coincidence or not, it made Wang Ling very wary of Fang Xing.

To guard against Fang Xing was one thing, but Wang Ling never expected the other boy to make the first move and set him up.

Teacher Ye was naturally very happy with Fang Xing's recommendation. But it wasn't like Teacher Ye didn't have an impression of Wang Ling. During the previous spirit sword exchange meet at No. 59 High School, he had felt that Wang Ling's luck was especially good. Maybe this time... he could also go into battle as a mascot?

"Student Wang Ling, will you join us?"

After Fang Xing's recommendation, Teacher Ye looked at Wang Ling with an expression full of hope and sincerity.

Wang Ling: "..."

He had actually heard Super Chen mention the district school sports meet before. But for a sports meet at this level, Wang Ling had felt that there was no way he would fill one of the limited spots as a school representative. He usually kept a low profile in school, and his PE grades were straight down the middle. Furthermore, there were quite a number of new Grade One students this year who were sports talents, including Super Chen.

Now that he thought about it carefully, Wang Ling felt like he had sold himself out.

What a strange flag he had raised 1 for himself!

In the end, Wang Ling agreed to do it...

Of course, he had been compelled to agree.

...

After school that day, Fang Xing walked out of the school gate still surrounded by a bunch of girls. Wang Ling was also leaving school at the same time. Anyway, he was quite a distance away from Fang Xing. For such an eye-catching person, Wang Ling felt that for the moment, the less contact they had with each other, the better.

Wang Ling could have initially chosen to teleport home, but it just so happened that the old man had come to town today to visit several of his disciples from when he had worked at that first-class hotel before, so he stopped by to pick up Wang Ling on Sheep the tricycle. The most curious thing was that Loopy Toad had also come along.

His gaze passing through to the zebra crossing in front of No. 60 High School, Wang Ling saw the old man waiting across the road on a recently serviced Sheep; with the addition of a green-furred akita lying about lazily and wagging its tail, this image really looked a little bizarre.

The old man had parked in quite a conspicuous spot, and was actually visible to a lot of people, so as soon as school was over, Wang Ling picked up his bag and immediately left the classroom; he wanted to leave quickly, conveniently avoiding Fang Xing.

"What's the matter, Ling Ling? Why do you look so panicked?" The old man thought it was a little strange.

Loopy Toad looked up at Wang Ling and blinked in surprise. It felt that its Little Master Ling didn't seem to be himself today. But very quickly, when it saw Fang Xing say goodbye to that bunch of girls on the other side of the road and then start walking step by step toward them, it instantly guessed what had probably happened...

This should have been Loopy Toad's first time seeing Fang Xing, but it felt it was very strange.

Fang Xing's aura felt indescribably familiar.

As if Loopy Toad had smelled it from somewhere before...

"Ling Ling, is this your classmate?" The old man stared at the approaching Fang Xing for quite a while.

Soon after that, he gave his first impression of Fang Xing: "Your classmate... has long legs!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Though the old man was getting along in years and had once had dementia, his sense of aesthetics was as sharp as ever. After Father Wang had taught him how to use video-on-demand, he had been constantly studying the otaku culture of today's youth; he could be considered a pretty trendy old man.

"Hello, grandfather. Are you here to pick up Wang Ling?" Fang Xing drew close and greeted him warmly.

Wang Ling saw the old man nod and raise his hand to give the "okay" sign.

Wang Ling: "..."

Fang Xing laughed brightly. "Grandfather, you're so interesting."

"You and our Ling Ling aren't in the same class, right? I don't think I saw you in the class photo taken at the start of the semester," said the old man.

"My name is Fang Xing. I'm new, and I only just enrolled here the day before yesterday," Fang Xing answered.

...So he was a transfer student!

The old man was enlightened... To suddenly transfer schools halfway through the semester, the connections and money behind this person most likely weren't a simple matter. Furthermore, the old man had already painted an image of Fang Xing's parents in his mind. He recalled a line from a skit: Big head and thick neck; if you're not a tycoon, then you're a chef 2 .

Hence, if this Classmate Fang Xing's parents weren't rich people, then they might be chefs!

Instantly, the old man felt that he had found common ground with Fang Xing.

"..."

Wang Ling already didn't know what to say about the old man's strange way of thinking.

"Student Fang, you're not in the same class as Ling Ling, but you're still schoolmates. I hope you'll take good care of our Ling Ling in the future." The old man looked at Fang Xing and smiled.

"Don't worry, grandfather. Classmate Wang Ling and I will be representing the school at the district sports meet in two weeks. I'll take very good care of him." While Fang Xing said this, he still had a harmless smile on his face and his eyes were creased into slits, deep with meaning.

But that was what was weird...

When Wang Ling read his mind, he couldn't find the slightest bit of ill intent in Fang Xing's head.

This was the strangest person that he had ever met...

After chatting with the old man for a while, Fang Xing suddenly noticed the food in the tricycle's freight; these were fresh meat and vegetables that the old man's disciples had forcefully sent him off with when he had left the hotel earlier. They filled up half of the tricycle; there were various types of vegetables and fruits, and even a large preserved ham, which was packed in a vacuum bag with the words "Specially Made By Kikkaro Restaurant" on it.

"Is grandfather a chef?" Fang Xing asked curiously.

"Yes, but I'm already retired. I'm old and quickly becoming unable to handle a ladle." The old man smiled.

"What a coincidence!"

When he heard the old man's response, Fang Xing looked pleasantly surprised. "Grandfather, do you know, my family actually runs a noodles shop."

"Oh? Noodles shop? What type of noodles do you sell?" The old man was suddenly interested.

Fang Xing: "All kinds of noodles! But the most famous noodles in our shop is the beef tendon noodles personally handmade by Lanzhou shifu . And we weave the beef tendon noodles into the shape of instant noodles and fry them at high temperatures so that in the end, they become crispy noodle snacks!"

The old man: "..."

Loopy Toad: "..."

Wang Ling: "!!!"

Chapter 263: The Phantom Sixth Man... Lie Mengmeng!

Wang Ling didn't know whether Fang Xing's appearance was a coincidence, but he had to admit that nobody had ever created such large waves in his life before. After school was over on Wednesday, the old man had only exchanged a few words with Fang Xing before they'd already become the best of pals... this made Wang Ling wonder deeply who the old man's real grandchild was.

It had always been said that food could bring people closer together. Wang Ling had always felt that this was a matter of debate. After all, not all milk was deluxe milk 1 , and not all food was so good it would make you want to tear your clothes off 2 .

Wang Ling maintained a very high level of calm, especially in front of Fang Xing.

He was amazed when he realized that this was the first time ever that he was able to keep his cool in the face of the sugar-coated bullet that was "crispy noodle snacks."

...

The old man went out early in the morning on the weekend on June 25th.

After their meeting on Wednesday, Fang Xing and the old man had exchanged contact information. Furthermore, Fang Xing had warmly invited the old man to visit his family's noodles shop on the weekend to compare notes on cooking and at the same time debate the art of cuisine from a theoretical point of view.

According to the old man, while it was Fang Xing's parents who ran the noodles shop, Fang Xing would usually help their noodles expert hand-pull the noodles on the weekends if he was free.

When he was about to leave, the old man even specially came to Wang Ling's room with the intent of inviting him along, but because he didn't want to come into contact with Fang Xing too much, Wang Ling chose to "play dead" inside his room. In the end, the old man knocked on the door for a long time without getting any response, and so left on his own.

Wang Ling watched the old man ride away on Sheep. When he left, Wang Ling got Loopy Toad to follow the old man in order to keep him safe.

Of course, there was another reason why Wang Ling had gotten Loopy Toad to go, and that was to have it feel out Fang Xing. People who harboured ill intentions usually had an evil aura, and Loopy Toad, who had once been a demon king, was pretty sensitive to this kind of aura.

After watching the old man disappear from view on Sheep, Wang Ling finally sighed softly.

When he opened his room door, he bumped directly into Lie Mengmeng.

It was obvious that Lie Mengmeng and Father Wang were pretty much done with going through the manuscript. Father Wang was now doing the final edit of the first three hundred thousand words of his new book, *The Live Streaming Life of the Immortal King*, which would be released directly online in a week. Following that, he was going to hold a guru press conference.

Lie Mengmeng had been constantly popping into the Wang family's small villa in the last few days, and he had spent most of the time holed up in the study with Father Wang as he tirelessly proofread the manuscript. Apart from that, Wang Ling hadn't seen him anywhere else in the house. Even at

mealtimes, it was Mother Wang who prepared portions for two people and delivered them to the study.

To be honest, Lie Mengmeng's presence was very weak, and in some sense, he was like the phantom sixth man 3 .

Lie Mengmeng had deep dark circles under his eyes, and his hair was a complete mess, sticking up all over the place like a hedgehog. That was because he had been up until very late last night proofreading the manuscript before directly falling asleep on the sofa in the study. He had just woken up, and saw Wang Ling as soon as he opened the door.

"Ah, Wang Ling... morning!" Lie Mengmeng yawned. He was around one hundred and eighty centimeters tall and had a skinny build. Furthermore, he had been staying up all night in the study with Father Wang several days in a row, which made Wang Ling wonder if this person was going to pass out any time now.

"Little Song, are you awake?"

Mother Wang heard Lie Mengmeng's voice, and hurriedly called for him from downstairs. "You've worked hard. Come down and eat first, you're probably hungry!"

"It's fine, it's fine, I'm just doing my job. Elder sister, I've really troubled you!"

Feeling very apologetic, Lie Mengmeng went downstairs to greet Mother Wang, and he even bowed repeatedly when he saw her, as bashful as when he'd first started coming here.

"How is it coming along?" Mother Wang came out with a plate of dumplings and put them in front of Lie Mengmeng.

Speaking on this, Lie Mengmeng perked up although he had just woken up. "Brother Situ's book this time is really awesome! It's definitely going to be big once it's released! I think it won't be difficult at all for it to surpass Release That Wet Nurse! "

He ignored the dumplings in front of him in favor of blathering on. "Although live streaming is an overused trope, it's still a main theme in light and easy series. Brother Situ has already accumulated a wealth of experience with Release That Wet Nurse , and is more skillful in handling the new book now! It plays around with a lot of gags, and also incorporates live streaming elements and parody.

Besides that, the plot is really super amazing! It's about the daily life of an invincible high school student!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"In order to keep a low profile, the protagonist chose a fairly ordinary high school, but due to a freak combination of factors, he wound up entering the ordinary high school's elite stream. During the Dao talismans lesson in the first week of school, he carelessly summoned a demon king, which the protagonist then subdued and made his pet. Just thinking about it now, I still find it very interesting!"

Lie Mengmeng laughed with immense delight. "Moreover, after some discussion with Brother Situ, I feel that we can use this subject matter to produce an unparalleled book series. When he writes his books in the future, each one will have an invincible protagonist. He'll write each of their stories in detail, then in the end write a final book which brings all these protagonists together as they compete for the Holy Grail!"

Wang Ling: "..."

The familiar-sounding plot made Mother Wang laugh hollowly. "...Ha ha, as long as the two of you are happy!"

Wang Ling already had no strength left to ridicule the situation. "..."

It was the first time that he had seen someone sell out their son so thoroughly.

...

Mother Wang had put forty dumplings in the pot, but Lie Mengmeng's stomach was unusually small. After just ten dumplings, he rubbed his belly, already feeling that he couldn't eat any more. He looked at Mother Wang. "Elder sister, should we call Brother Situ to come down to eat? He was still asleep when I came down earlier..."

Mother Wang sighed. "Let him sleep. He's been exhausted these last two days. I started the chicken stew just now; by the time he wakes up, it'll be pretty much done, and the both of you can have some then."

"Oh, okay, thank you, elder sister." Lie Mengmeng smiled, revealing a mouth full of big white teeth.

"You've been busy the last few nights, do you want to go wash up first?" asked Mother Wang as she looked at Lie Mengmeng's messy hair.

"Oh, I couldn't possibly impose on you further..."

"It's fine, it's fine. You've been here so many times, why are you still acting like a young lady?" Mother Wang put her hands on her hips and smiled a little helplessly. "There are new toothbrushes and cups in the bottom cupboard in the bathroom on the second floor; why don't you go look for them in a bit? You and your Brother Situ should be about the same size, I'll find you some clothes later."

Lie Mengmeng flushed. "Then... thank you so much, elder sister."

"You're welcome!"

Mother Wang waved her hand. "The weather is turning cold now. I'll give you a pair of long johns too, remember to put them on!"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 264: Who Says All Novel Editors Are Damn Fat Nerds?!

It was still quite early at around eight o'clock. While Wang Ling ate some boiled dumplings for breakfast, he skimmed through the group chat and noticed that it was very lively that morning. Dharmaraja had opened a can of worms by talking about Devil Valley.

Wang Ling had heard of this legendary secret land before, but it was unfortunate that it appeared very rarely. Additionally, this legend had basically come about through rumors in the cultivation circle, which in turn appeared most often in WeChat Moments. No one had ever seen it with their

own eyes, and according to reliable statistics, it had appeared fewer times than the Gate Between Worlds.

Wang Ling was thus very interested in this mystical land. At the same time, he was actually looking for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal in relation to another matter.

The giant troll arm which had been severed by the closing of the Gate Between Worlds during the joint military training exercise for the six schools a few days ago was still in his vision field. This was the limb of a demon king, and even in the vision field, it wouldn't decompose.

But honestly speaking, it wasn't of any use to Wang Ling.

Certainly, this demon king's arm would actually be very valuable to a cultivator. Unfortunately, however, neither Father Wang nor Mother Wang could enjoy it. Even if it was just one limb, the demon energy it contained was too dense. If an ordinary person ingested just one mouthful of it, they definitely wouldn't be able to withstand the impact of the demon energy, and their body would explode, resulting in their death.

Hence, Wang Ling thought it was best to hand it over to Grenade-Throwing for recycling as soon as possible.

The arm of a demon king troll, from tendon to bone, was priceless.

Fatty Luo could use the bones in refining weapons, and the remaining muscles could be ground into powder for Immortal Toya to use in medicine.

...

When Lie Mengmeng went upstairs to take a shower, Mother Wang cleared the table. Wang Ling was just about to go upstairs when he heard her voice from the kitchen. "Ling Ling, there seems to be an express delivery at the front door. Check and see if it's for you."

Someone had sent him something?

Wang Ling hesitated; he couldn't think of anyone who would send him something. And now... even the delivery person had come and gone like a thief, leaving as soon as they had put down the

package and without even asking for a signature to confirm the delivery. Just the thought of it was intriguing.

As expected, when he reached the door, Wang Ling discovered that an express delivery package had been left on the ground.

It was wrapped tightly enough that it could be described as airtight. It was a thin cardboard box actually wrapped in a black iron membrane that was in turn wrapped in a thick layer of plastic. In other words, only a cultivator, and not an ordinary person, would be able to open this express package.

Given the quality and durability of the black iron membrane, you had to be at the Core Formation stage at least if you wanted to open this package without using a magic treasure.

But... who on earth had sent this to him?

The sender's name on the package was a string of asterisks, so clearly it had been handled anonymously.

Wang Ling thought it was very strange and also a little suspicious, because he hadn't sensed anyone at all passing by the villa earlier. It was very clear that the delivery employee was likely an expert, and furthermore was very good at concealing themselves, so Wang Ling had been negligent, and had been caught unawares.

Wang Ling picked up the package. After listening for any sounds, he gave it an abrupt shake. The contents of the package had also been treated with extreme care, and there wasn't the slightest trace of movement inside. Wang Ling then opened his Heavenly Eye to look directly inside the package and confirm that it didn't contain anything dangerous like bombs.

It actually contained a very small USB drive.

After some contemplation, he used his fingernails to cut open the package as easily as if he was cutting through tofu.

"Elder sister, your water heater is so amazing! It actually uses a smart sensor thermostat! When I started feeling a little cold, it immediately warmed up!" As Lie Mengmeng came downstairs, he sang the praises of the smart water heater that had been developed through Wang Ming's research.

Lie Mengmeng was wearing a long-sleeved shirt and jeans which belonged to Father Wang; under the collar, Wang Ling could just see the bright red long johns which Lie Mengmeng was wearing inside.

"Don't be shy, make yourself at home," Mother Wang replied.

The water heater Lie Mengmeng was talking about was probably one of the very few things in the Wang family home which Wang Ling hadn't enlightened. The Wang family's small villa had three bathrooms, and apart from his own ensuite toilet, Wang Ling hadn't touched the others.

The water heater had been installed above the infrared heater in the bathroom. If Wang Ling had transformed this guy into a goblin with its own awareness, it would be weird to be stared at every day when you were taking a bath.

After his bath, Lie Mengmeng was in much better spirits. His eyes were so sharp that when he saw the USB in Wang Ling's hand, he recognized the logo on it at a glance, and his expression turned excited. "Isn't that the new game, Escape? !"

"..."

Wang Ling never expected that this USB would have just a game on it. He had initially thought that it would contain something like "educational videos" on human reproduction...

"I've seen the previews for this game. According to the deity lord in the game, once you complete each of the tasks given and survive the checkpoints, you win after reaching the last point!" Lie Mengmeng stared at the USB in Wang Ling's hand, his face full of envy. "But the game hasn't been officially released on the market, and whatever is being released now are all advanced editions. How on earth did you get it?"

Wang Ling looked at the USB in bewilderment, and seriously wondered if this game had been sent to the wrong person.

After all, he loved studying so much!

"A lot of people can participate in this game at the same time! Do you want... to give it a go?" Lie Mengmeng stared at the USB and swallowed. Wang Ling felt that if he didn't hold this otaku back, he would definitely eat this USB.

Looking at Lie Mengmeng's expression, Wang Ling suddenly recalled when Father Wang had once said that all editors were in fact damn fat nerds 1 ... but now, Wang Ling could see how Lie Mengmeng was different to other editors — it turned out that there weren't just damn fat nerds, but there were also damn skinny nerds!

Unable to withstand Lie Mengmeng's hot gaze, Wang Ling could only take the other man back to his bedroom, turn on the computer, and put in the USB.

In less than a minute, the game called Escape had automatically been installed onto the computer.

Once the progress bar was full, the game window popped up directly.

Normally, Wang Ling seldom played games, but he was still stunned by how refined this game was; after it loaded, the entire interface was directly projected from the computer screen as it enveloped the whole room, creating a holographic effect!

"This game is too awesome!" Lie Mengmeng was very excited. "The computer graphics are so well done. This USB is a piece of black technology!"

Wang Ling didn't say anything as the scenery around him fluctuated.

Then, a line of scarlet words suddenly appeared in the void in front of him.

"Want to understand the meaning of life? Want to live... a real life 2 ?"

"..."

For some reason, Wang Ling felt like he had heard these words before.

Chapter 265: Only Learning Can Make You Happy?

These scarlet words were projected into the void, and Wang Ling could even detect the real smell of blood from them. If this was just the game's special effects, then it was really too realistic!

He frowned, and had a vague sense of foreboding.

In contrast, Lie Mengmeng was clearly very excited, because the game's actual quality far exceeded his expectations. This kind of high-tech holographic technology which involved connecting a USB to a computer screen to directly create projections wasn't actually anything difficult to implement nowadays. However, to achieve this level of realism, Lie Mengmeng guessed that an advanced illusion spell must have been integrated into the technology.

Generally, ordinary people wouldn't be able to play this kind of game, which incorporated cultivation spells in order to make it more authentic. But Escape was different; from the latest game preview last month, it was currently the only MMORPG in the world to allow unrestricted participation.

Under the scarlet characters were two options, "yes" and "no."

Lie Mengmeng looked in the direction of "yes," and very quickly the game's loading screen started up.

A string of words appeared in the void.

"Do you think that only learning can make you happy?"

"Do you think that only studying every day will make you feel good?"

"Do you think that if you don't study for a day, you'll be completely miserable?"

"Completely wrong! ...Actually, there's nothing wrong with playing games!"

"In moderation, games are good for the brain, while it's game addiction that's harmful to your health..."

"..."

Staring at this slightly evasive warning about addiction, the corners of Wang Ling's mouth couldn't help twitching. After that, he saw the final loading image, which was a logo of two axes crossed together. Below it were the words: "Trademark of Fresh Hatchet Technology."

It was only when Lie Mengmeng saw this that he started to think it was a little strange; from memory, Escape wasn't produced by this games company... However, he was so drawn in by the game as it unfolded that he actually very quickly forgot about this issue altogether.

Following the plot, Wang Ling and Lie Mengmeng appeared in an ambulance that was on its way to an asylum.

"You are the second group of test subjects to have been sent to this world, and also the most outstanding batch." A voice came from the side.

Wang Ling turned his head to see an old man in a white coat staring at him. He looked to be in his fifties or sixties and had a thin figure. He was wearing a pair of spectacles, and a full string of syringes hung around his waist, which looked very odd.

Lie Mengmeng knew that this was definitely some type of Frankenstein setup. This was also his first time encountering an NPC 1 in a holographic environment, so he couldn't help reaching out to touch the man.

It was too realistic; this was too cool!

"Before I explain the mission..."

The corner of the old man's mouth twitched, and he couldn't help but look at Lie Mengmeng. "Please take this a little more seriously... can you stop pinching my face first?"

"Oh, sorry!" Lie Mengmeng hastily withdrew his hand.

"..."

The old man was silent for a bit as he looked at the two of them. "You must have already realized that you're under a very strong illusion spell. I'm sending you to an asylum, and the effects of this illusion won't wear off until you've completed the deity lord's mission. Your mission is to fight alongside the other team that will also arrive at the asylum and escape the place."

"An ongoing illusion spell?" Lie Mengmeng was a little surprised. Escape was indeed the only MMORPG in the world to incorporate spells in order to make it more realistic, but he never thought that the game would actually have a mechanism where you wouldn't be able to leave until you completed the mission.

"In other words, if we don't complete the mission, we can't quit the game, right?" asked Lie Mengmeng as he looked at the old man.

"That's right."

The old man's expression was enigmatic as he gave them a sinister smile.

"Then... what if your mom calls you to go eat?" Lie Mengmeng couldn't help ridiculing.

Wang Ling: "..."

The old man: "..."

"What if someone hasn't finished their homework?"

The old man: "..."

"If someone can't pass a checkpoint, will you still forcibly keep them inside? This mechanism is too unscientific!"

"..."

The old man broke out in a sweat and the expression on his face suddenly turned extremely fierce. "The game is the game! Before you complete it, don't even think of leaving! And let me tell you, in this illusion, you can feel pain, get hurt, and even die..."

"Die?"

When Lie Mengmeng heard this, he was finally stunned.

The old man chuckled. "How? Are you afraid now?"

Lie Mengmeng's next words almost caused the old man to vomit blood. "Damn! You even have a revival token mechanism in this game?"

The old man felt like he was going crazy. "..."

Suddenly, he pulled out a syringe and ruthlessly jabbed the back of Lie Mengmeng's hand. The cold needle pierced Lie Mengmeng's skin, making him feel a real stab of pain, and he yelled despite himself. "Hurts hurts hurts..."

He realized that his hand was actually really bleeding!

Seeing how Lie Mengmeng was bleeding and had clearly felt the pain, Wang Ling finally realized that there was something fishy about this game.

This illusion spell was very unusual!

Generally, an illusion would automatically fracture when a person felt pain, but this illusion spell was obviously more advanced, and was the kind that was able to penetrate deep into a person's consciousness.

Wang Ling was now utterly sure that this Escape absolutely wasn't the one that Lie Mengmeng had heard of... but was a deadly contest disguised as a game.

Thanks to that USB, whoever received this game would enter this illusion.

Was this a prank?

Wang Ling's eyes suddenly turned serious.

In just a short instant, he had already thought of a way to break the illusion and leave without any problems. However, he couldn't intervene for anyone else trapped in the game. He had to find a way to help Lie Mengmeng break the illusion spell.

Unfortunately, however, Lie Mengmeng was completely unaware of how serious the situation was. This damn otaku rubbed the place where the old man had jabbed him and asked, "What did you inject in me?"

"Hehehe, does it hurt?" The old man sneered and said, "What I just gave you is a neurotoxin, which will spread in twenty-four hours! If you make it to the final checkpoint, you'll get a hint about the antidote."

Wang Ling narrowed his eyes slightly. It was as he had expected... this toxin was real!

He could clearly see traces of the neurotoxin as it sank into the back of Lie Mengmeng's hand to enter his bloodstream.

"Hehehe, now then..." The old man finally turned his gaze to Wang Ling, and at the same time plunged the syringe ruthlessly into Wang Ling's hand. "It's your turn!"

But very quickly, he discovered a serious problem!

He realized... that his syringe couldn't pierce Wang Ling's skin at all!

It turned into an embarrassing scene...

Chapter 266: RuleBreakers

It turned into an embarrassing scene.

When the old man pulled the syringe back, he saw that the needle was bent. His face was as black as pickled vegetables in sauce.

When all was said and done, he was just an NPC, and was unable to consider matters beyond his realm of understanding... according to the game's script, he would inject neurotoxin into every person who entered the game world while they were in the ambulance, then drop this group of people off at an asylum, where they had to find a way to escape while being chased and hindered by a bunch of zombies, in order to finally find a cure.

Hence, the old man could only continue stabbing Wang Ling's hand with the syringe like Wet Nurse Rong 1 ...

In the end, the old man used up all his syringes.

"..."

When he looked at Wang Ling's long, thin fingers and at the clear and unmarred skin on the back of his hand, the old man finally gave up thinking.

Wang Ling: "..."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

...

Around five minutes later, the ambulance slowly drove through the iron gates of the asylum, which looked extremely rundown. It was now night in the game, and coupled with the rustling of trees in the shadows around them and the sound of strange cries, it gave the whole game a creepier atmosphere.

After the ambulance drove through the asylum's iron gates, Wang Ling and Lie Mengmeng noticed sheets of an old newspaper scattered next to the water fountain in the center of the asylum's courtyard. Based on typical game routine, this old newspaper would contain information related to

the plot. Initially, it should have been the old man who would explain these details after giving them the injections.

But because he hadn't been able to give Wang Ling an injection, the old man in the ambulance had "crashed" just like that.

At that time, Lie Mengmeng had been extremely stupefied.

He hadn't expected the game to actually have such a strange computer bug...

Lie Mengmeng picked up the newspaper to take a look, and was able to glean some useful information. "The plot should be the same as the main headline. This asylum has been infected by a biochemical agent, and all the patients have turned into monsters. What we have to do is collect relevant clues about the antidote, and as much as possible avoid the monsters that will be chasing us, before finally escaping the asylum."

Lie Mengmeng pointed at the asylum's main entrance. "After we enter from here, we should be able to find a night vision camera and some batteries in one of the wards. According to the deity lord's mission brief, when we complete each task, we'll get points which we can exchange for additional battery charges."

Hearing this, Wang Ling nodded his head.

It was actually quite a typical gaming plot, but the main point was that this wasn't an ordinary game, and players could get hurt or die in it. Thus, to break the illusion spell on everyone else, the key was to find the deity lord who ruled over the game.

Wang Ling quietly opened his Heavenly Eye, and saw the various types of nomological rules that had been woven into the game world.

This game had obviously been created by an Almighty. Above the Soul Formation stage were realms like the Ascension stage and the Void Refinement stage, and the people above these realms were collectively given the titles Perfected Being, Itinerant Immortal and True Immortal.

This world had been created by an Itinerant Immortal. Although they weren't on the level of someone like General Yi, they still couldn't be underestimated.

As for the deity lord, there were no rules concerning him that Wang Ling could glean. Under the camouflage of the game, it was very difficult to pin down the deity lord's true form. Wang Ling gave a silent sigh. The only option he could see right now was to wait for the deity lord to show himself before Wang Ling could make a move.

While he was thinking, another ambulance drove through the iron gates.

This was the other team which the old man in the ambulance had mentioned previously.

"Little sprout, what is this place?" Wang Ling saw a fat man clamber noisily down from the ambulance, followed by a young man in white.

When Wang Ling saw these two individuals, his eyebrows immediately drew together. He never expected that this team would actually be made up of Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal...

"Ah! Why are Brother Ling and Brother Song also here?"

The instant the young man in white saw Wang Ling and Lie Mengmeng, he immediately looked pleasantly surprised.

Because he had visited the Wang family many times before, Lie Mengmeng was quite familiar to him. This was the editor in charge of Great Senior Wang, whose real name was Song Zikai! It was impossible for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to forget him!

It was clear that these two were already half-friends. While they usually didn't exchange many words, they often ran into each other at the Wang family's small villa.

"How did you get here?" Lie Mengmeng asked curiously.

"In the morning, when I was at Fatty Luo's shop, he suddenly received an express delivery. We opened it to take a look, and then somehow found ourselves here." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal scratched his head and smiled. "An old man tried to inject us with something in the ambulance just now. Then, I just acted a little in self-defense..."

"..." Wang Ling took a look.

Then, he noticed the ambulance that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had ridden in on.

He saw that the old man in the back of the ambulance had also "crashed." Furthermore, his body was stuck full of needles.

Wang Ling: "..."

...

If the script developed in typical fashion, then as Lie Mengmeng had said, after the NPC old man in the ambulance injected them with the neurotoxin and sent them to the asylum, the plot should then move forward.

If they followed the script direction, after the old man injected them with the neurotoxin, the game would straightaway maneuver the ambulance to directly burst through the asylum's main doors... Most unfortunately, however, it had already been game over for the NPC old men one after another before the script could unfold normally.

In front of the asylum doors, Fatty Luo looked at their surroundings, a slightly gloomy expression on his face.

The instant that Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had entered the game, they had already known that it absolutely wasn't a normal one. It had been refashioned using the foundation of the original Escape game; even the game developer was different.

"I'm sorry to have gotten you involved. This was probably targeted at me." Fatty Luo's expression was a little downcast.

"Why is Brother Luo so sure?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought it was a little strange.

"Two days ago, I received a threatening letter, but I didn't take it seriously at the time." Fatty Luo laughed a little. "But I never thought that the other party would actually use this type of method to force me to come here. I heard previously that other people in the same smithing line of work also received the same letter, so I'm guessing that there are other people here besides the four of us."

"What's the other party's objective?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

"I'm not sure what their objective is, but one thing is for certain, and that is that they're looking for a smith. Anyone who has something to do with refining weapons has been caught up in this. You've been to my shop before, which is probably why you got pulled into it." Fatty Luo squinted. "This illusion spell is very powerful; we probably won't be able to get out with our strength alone, so for now, we can only follow the game's script and see how it goes..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked solemnly at Lie Mengmeng. "Don't worry, Brother Song, we'll protect you!"

However, Lie Mengmeng seemed unaware of the danger. This damn otaku stood at the entrance and gazed at the shut doors of the asylum as he asked, "So how do we get in? According to the script, it should have been the old man to maneuver the ambulance to crash directly through the doors."

"Er... is that the only way to set the plot in motion?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stroked his chin.

"In theory, yes." Lie Mengmeng nodded without hesitation.

Hearing this, Wang Ling had a relieved expression on his face.

Actually, doing it this way was better. And so, after Lie Mengmeng said this, he saw Wang Ling walk toward the ambulances behind them.

He saw Wang Ling pick up one of the ambulances with one arm and fling it straight at the asylum's main entrance like a baseball pitch...

Bang!

The asylum's doors were smashed open.

At that moment, Lie Mengmeng didn't know if it was just his imagination, but it seemed like he had heard someone say a faint "MMP" in the air!

Chapter 267: A Renminbi Player Has No Fear

The voice might have been his imagination, but it had felt faintly real, like someone breathing into his ear, and Lie Mengmeng shivered despite himself... Why had he heard someone say "MMP"?

Who on earth was it?

But Lie Mengmeng already had no time to investigate the truth, because the main doors of the asylum had already been smashed open with an ambulance. He knew Wang Ling was studying at a Foundation Establishment high school, but when he saw Wang Ling pick up the ambulance with his own eyes, the image still gave him an uncontrollable shock.

"Wow! Are all senior high school students at the Foundation Establishment stage this strong?!" It was very obvious that Lie Mengmeng knew very little about Wang Ling.

On the side, Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's lips twitched in unison when they heard Lie Mengmeng, because not all Foundation Establishment cultivators were this strong; it was just Wang Ling.

Although Lie Mengmeng wasn't an outsider and was also very familiar with Father Wang, it had already become an unspoken rule to not mention Wang Ling's true realm to the uninitiated. Both Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were very clear on this, so when the two of them had seen Wang Ling and Lie Mengmeng, they had addressed Wang Ling as Brother Ling.

After the main doors were successfully smashed open with the ambulance, the game's plot was smoothly set into motion. When Wang Ling and the others entered the asylum, they saw the back of a figure with dishevelled hair.

It looked like a girl who was still wearing the blue and white stripes of the hospital gown, but it was very obvious that there was something wrong with her mentally. She stood in one corner with her back to Wang Ling and the others, mumbling to herself.

It was quite a horrifying scene. This wasn't just a deadly game, but one combined with horror elements.

Even though Wang Ling hadn't thought that he would be frightened, this still made him a little uncomfortable.

In contrast, Lie Mengmeng was clearly a veteran, and he looked very excited as he directly rushed toward the girl. "She should be able to guide us to the room with the night vision camera. According to the script, once we find the camera, the last bit of power in the hospital will completely go out, and we'll only be able to rely on the night vision camera to move forward."

"This game is really troublesome!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed.

If they could only use that night vision camera to move the plot forward, then the Heavenly Eye wouldn't be much use in this vast environment.

"Next, we just need to touch the girl and the plot should move forward." Lie Mengmeng stretched out his hand to place it on the girl's frail shoulder.

In the next moment, the girl jerked and turned toward him as if she'd been electrocuted. Her messy hair parted, and Lie Mengmeng could clearly see her mad, distorted face.

Her face was completely blistered as if she had been burned. She shrieked wildly, and from this angle, they could clearly see this madwoman's jagged shark teeth.

Lie Mengmeng was already used to this type of jump scare in a game, but in this extremely realistic environment, it still made him gasp.

Frightened, he withdrew his hand, but the madwoman was quicker and grabbed his arm. Lie Mengmeng didn't expect such a frail girl to be so strong!

"Not good!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cried out in alarm. But it was too late. The madwoman already had a firm hold of Lie Mengmeng's arm, and she opened her mouth to bite him savagely with her bloody fangs!

However, there was a "galala" sound, and very quickly, the madwoman's eyes widened with shock.

Because there was a golden light wrapped around Lie Mengmeng's arm, and the moment she had bitten into it, the golden light had vibrated, then shattered her teeth.

In a flash, her teeth were gone...

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Fatty Luo: "..."

...

Even Wang Ling couldn't deny that sometimes, karma was a magical thing.

If Lie Mengmeng hadn't been going over the manuscript with Father Wang, he wouldn't have forgotten to bath for a few days, until Mother Wang had told him to clean up his messy appearance; if he hadn't cleaned up, he wouldn't have changed into the long johns which Mother Wang had given him; if he hadn't put those long johns on, the madwoman wouldn't have lost her teeth...

Fortunately, even if the madwoman's teeth were gone, the plot was still proceeding smoothly.

What kind of scene was this?

A toothless madwoman with a heartbroken expression led the way. This made Wang Ling sincerely feel that there was something mystical about this scene.

"So far, the plot is the same as the trial version I played!"

As Lie Mengmeng had said, the madwoman guided them to a small room before she left silently. "When we enter, we should be able to find the night vision camera that will move the plot forward."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. Worried that something unexpected would happen again, he took the lead in opening the door. However, nothing happened, and instead, it was unexpectedly calm.

Fatty Luo found the night vision camera Lie Mengmeng had mentioned on the floor, along with a medical evaluation report.

Having played the trial version of the game, Lie Mengmeng was very familiar with the contents of the report. "If I recall correctly, this evaluation report has to do with that madwoman. The story in the demo version was the abridged edition; now, I can finally have a good look at the main plot!"

"What does it say?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

"In short, according to the evaluation report, this madwoman had been admitted to the asylum after domestic violence caused her to develop a psychiatric disorder. Her husband used to beat her with a magic weapon, so trying to bite my right arm earlier was actually one way she resisted the abuse after she went insane." Speaking of this, Lie Mengmeng recalled that terrifying scene when the madwoman had bitten him, and he couldn't help shuddering. "There's also some information on her husband in the report. He's a professional gamer, but because he often lost competitions and had a bad temper, he developed a habit of beating his wife."

"Scumbag!" Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said with one voice.

"And in fact, this biochemical disaster in the asylum was caused by the madwoman's husband. After the media scandal, her husband was diagnosed with a manic disorder, so he was also sent here for treatment. But he repeatedly tried to escape from the asylum while he was here, and when he was hiding in the research laboratory, he accidentally overturned a box which contained a virus, thus causing this biochemical disaster."

Speaking up to this point, Lie Mengmeng suddenly looked surprised. "Eh? The evaluation report actually mentions the magic weapon which the man used to beat his wife?"

"What is it?" Fatty Luo was very curious.

Lie Mengmeng: "It's... Death Announcement 1 ?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 268: Like Squeezing a Pissing Beef Ball with One Hand

"Death Announcement? What's that?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought the name sounded a little familiar.

"This is a more well-known modern type of magic treasure, shaped like a keyboard..." Fatty Luo seemed to have heard of it. "It appears that you can upgrade your rage numbers by continuously hitting and breaking things."

"..."

Wang Ling already had no energy left to mock this plot with the woman and her husband.

However, no matter how the game's plot unfolded, before the game's deity lord revealed his true nature, there was no way for Wang Ling to directly track down the deity lord's original body when the other party was still just game data. At this time, he suddenly thought of the advantages of having Little Black around. It would have been great if Little Black were here; that way, they could coordinate inside and outside the game to capture the deity lord.

But now, the only way was to wait for the deity lord to get impatient and betray himself first.

After Lie Mengmeng picked up the night vision camera, the power was directly cut off throughout the entire asylum. Whether it was the rooms or corridors, everything was pitch-dark. Even if Lie Mengmeng was a veteran player in the world of damn otakus, he still couldn't help the few drops of cold sweat that formed on his skin. "Tch... it's a little creepy!"

"Brother Luo, can you sense anyone else?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

"Not at the moment." Fatty Luo frowned. "I suspect that we entered a different game space to everyone else. Although we don't know what the mastermind behind all this wants, to be able to set such a large trap, his strength definitely isn't simple."

"What should we do next?"

"The trial version I played before ended here. According to the script, we have to explore the rest of this place with the night vision camera, and look for clues in order for the next part of the plot to unfold. The evaluation report also specially mentioned the ward which that madwoman's husband was in; I think we can go check that out."

Lie Mengmeng sorted out his thoughts and said, "...From the trailer I watched, it seems like there'll be zombies everywhere now that we've obtained the night vision camera. There'll be some metal cabinets and oil drums scattered throughout the game, and it would be best to hide in them when we run into zombies."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Still want to hide? It's better to kill them directly!"

Lie Mengmeng: "...You can try."

...

Just like Lie Mengmeng had said, Escape had indeed arranged to use some zombies to hinder plot development.

The weakest were the minions with normal physiques, like the madwoman earlier; one level above them were the zombies whose bodies had already completely mutated into obese shapes, commonly known as the fatties; the final level were the lizard people, the type of zombies that could crawl rapidly on the walls. In the trial version, the players had also called them "Voldemorts"...

Holding the night vision camera, Lie Mengmeng walked down the corridor until he saw a metal cabinet, then stopped.

"Be careful, there's something up ahead..."

Although he was only a normal person, he had pretty sharp observation skills; when he saw this metal cabinet set up here for this scene, he immediately knew that the road ahead wasn't very likely to be peaceful.

In fact, Wang Ling had already sensed from afar that there were ten-odd "minions" in several of the rooms which lay ahead of the metal cabinet on the right side of the corridor; as soon as their group passed them, they would instantly rush out.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said lightly, "Brother Song, don't be afraid. I'll go and take a look."

He had barely stepped past the metal cabinet on the side when a mass of bodies burst out of the rooms, staggering toward them.

"Oh my god! So many! Should we hide in the cabinet? We should definitely hide in the cabinet, right?" This scene gave Lie Mengmeng a fright.

Sure enough, the shock of seeing a bunch of zombies rush at you on screen was completely different to seeing them advance on you in real life!

"Brother Song, don't panic. Watch me kill them straightaway!"

" Boom! "

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal flung a Skybomb Grenade at this group of zombies. Instantly the scene was enveloped in golden thunder and lightning as the horde of zombies exploded. But while they were badly mutilated, not all of them died, and those whose heads were still intact crawled forward on their arms inch by inch in the group's direction.

Even if they were just minions, their resilience was amazing. As long as their brains were intact, their bodies would be able to regenerate constantly. Before those zombies missing their lower torsos had crawled half a meter over, their new bodies had already started to come together.

Without saying a word, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal directly strode forward and with a swipe of his sword, cut off the heads of these remaining minions.

"Sure enough, if we want to defeat these things, we have to cut off their heads?" Fatty Luo smiled slightly before also joining the fight. He was more aggressive than Grenade-Throwing, and stretching out one hand to grab hold of a minion's head, he squeezed it until it burst directly.

A smith's average realm actually wasn't high; it could be said that there were a very rare few like Fatty Luo who could balance their realm and cultivation, so there were very few smiths who had the ability to protect themselves in difficult situations like this.

As Wang Ling and Lie Mengmeng watched from a distance, the heads of these minions looked extremely fragile in Fatty Luo's hand, as if he was squeezing pissing beef balls 1 ...

...

Because of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's Skybomb Grenade earlier, nearby zombies and minions also showed up after hearing the noise, and their numbers started to grow.

"It appears these are enhanced zombies, they regenerate very quickly!" After a period of carnage, both Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fatty Luo were starting to pant as they discovered a very serious problem! In this game space, combined with the illusion spell, their spirit energy wasn't being replenished!

They had been using spirit energy all this time, and without a way to replenish it, it would be exhausted sooner or later.

Because of the lack of spirit energy, Fatty Luo was obviously starting to feel a little weak... Suddenly, there was the sound of a massive shake up in front, and a figure swiftly approached them.

"A big one's coming!" Fatty Luo widened his eyes in disbelief.

It was a Voldemort, and its speed was awe-inspiring! Fatty Luo's eyes couldn't catch its movements at all!

Although he didn't know yet what this Voldemort's strength was like, based on its speed alone, its level was already above the Soul Formation stage.

After all, this was an illusion created by an Almighty at Itinerant Immortal level. This was an even trickier situation than Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had imagined.

"How about we hide in the cabinet..." Lie Mengmeng proposed once again.

But before he finished speaking, Wang Ling had already moved forward.

This Voldemort advanced on four brawny limbs, the tendons in its arms and legs as solid as qiulong . Its eyes had already become completely deformed, the corners completely torn apart to expose their whites, and its dark red pupils were fixed on Wang Ling as Wang Ling moved forward.

After a few seconds...

This Voldemort immediately started sweating like a fountain.

Then, it directly turned around, opened the metal cabinet behind it, and straightaway hid inside.

"???" When Lie Mengmeng saw this, the "black question mark" meme flashed through his mind.

Based on the mechanics of gameplay, shouldn't they be the ones to hide in the cabinet?

What kind of play was this?

Chapter 269: "Open Cabinet and Kill" Should Also Follow The Basic Rules!

As Lie Mengmeng had said, the zombies in the Escape game fell into three categories, from minions, to fatties, to Voldemorts as the highest level. As depicted in typical zombie movies, the zombies here lacked intelligence. The reason why Voldemorts were ranked top in the game wasn't just because they were extremely fast; the key point was that they had some intelligence and could gauge how dangerous a situation was.

Hence, the instant the Voldemort locked eyes with Wang Ling...

This Voldemort's thoughts started to spin, the images flashing continuously through its mind like a film roll. People often said, no matter your species, that your best memories would flash before your eyes before you died...

However, this Voldemort quickly came to its senses, and at the same time, it started sweating like a fountain as it avoided Wang Ling's gaze.

The other party was just a teenager and didn't seem deadly... but it instinctively felt that this teenager was very dangerous, and that it was going to die!

In that moment, the Voldemort felt an immense sense of oppression. Each step that Wang Ling took toward it was like invisible pressure, and it felt a phantom force wrapped around its neck... hence, in the next instant, the Voldemort made a decision — hide in the cabinet!

As for why it wanted to hide in the cabinet...

This was because the game was designed so that the cabinet was basically a safe zone in the early stages of the game, except when the game had set up a "open cabinet and kill" trap 1 as part of the plot.

Hence, the Voldemort thought it would be safe to hide in the cabinet.

But very quickly, it died...

Lie Mengmeng wasn't able to clearly see how it died.

All he saw was Wang Ling open the cabinet with spirit energy from two or three meters away and curl his hand into a fist, and with a " pop ," green blood had exploded directly out of the cabinet.

Although Lie Mengmeng didn't understand exactly what had happened, he could basically guess... this was probably the legendary "open cabinet and kill"...

But the plot seemed to have been reversed!

According to gameplay, wasn't it the zombies who were supposed to open the cabinet?

This "open cabinet and kill" should also follow the basic rules!

...

After dealing with this Voldemort, Wang Ling placed each of his hands lightly on Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's shoulders for just a moment, and the repercussions from depleting their spirit energy without realizing it wasn't being replenished instantly disappeared.

"Recovered!"

Fatty Luo squeezed his hand, and in his heart marveled at Wang Ling's prowess once again.

The circle had always called Wang Ling Perfected Being, but he had once questioned what Wang Ling's true realm was... now, speaking of true strength, Wang Ling was far from being as simple as a Perfected Being.

For the vast majority of cultivators, realm represented everything, but in truth, this wasn't right. Each cultivator had their own latent source of power which wouldn't be triggered ordinarily, but could burst out in crucial moments. As a result, legends about all kinds of trump battles flourished in the cultivation world.

As for how immense Wang Ling's latent power was... it was a mystery to both Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Wang Ling looked up ahead. The initially empty corridor was full of broken bodies, and the walls were stained with fresh blood from the explosion, which made for an incredibly shocking scene.

Lie Mengmeng didn't know exactly what had happened... he only knew that it seemed he and Wang Ling had gotten embroiled in some sort of trouble. Furthermore, it had to do with the cultivation world, which he wasn't a part of at all. But the main point now was that no matter what happened, they couldn't escape.

He frowned with a look of concern.

"Brother Song, just treat this as a game. Leave the rest to us." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal consoled him.

Lie Mengmeng swallowed, and his throat bobbed. He said, "We've cleared all the minions on the first floor. Let's check out that madwoman's husband's ward first and see if there are any other clues in there."

Both Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fatty Luo nodded, and led by Lie Mengmeng, the team headed toward the second floor.

Lie Mengmeng was the only person who had played the trial version of the game. Even though it had used an abridged plot, the game map was the same, so he was relatively familiar with the environment.

On the way, he somehow felt his steps becoming a lot lighter. As he walked, it felt like there was a force under his feet that was supporting him, and his steps had changed, and felt springy soft. Furthermore, he also noticed that the needle puncture on the back of his hand from when he had been stabbed outside the hospital had unexpectedly already healed.

The truth was that this was due to the sheen of protective light that Wang Ling had cast over him.

Lie Mengmeng had on the long johns, but his head, hands and feet weren't protected. Wang Ling didn't know what sort of accident could happen in their current situation, so he had simply and directly wrapped Lie Mengmeng in a layer of protective light.

As long as nothing pierced this membrane of light, there would be no need to worry about Lie Mengmeng's safety at all.

...

When they got to the top of the stairs on the second floor, Lie Mengmeng, who was holding the night vision camera, looked at one wall and thought it was strange; there was an ornamental circle on it, when the wall had clearly been white in the trial version.

"Hm... I don't think I've seen this before." He pointed at the design circle.

Fatty Luo also noticed it, and his eyes immediately narrowed slightly.

This was because this wasn't a simple design circle.

Wang Ling looked at it carefully, and saw that its seemingly disorderly design was actually an organized assembly of interlocking elements that came together to form an array pattern. This was a complex operation that was only used in setting up a large magic array.

He now understood the trick of this game combined with the illusion spell.

When that USB from before was plugged into a computer, the notion that a person passed into the powerful illusion reflected through the computer screen was just a camouflage; the real endpoint was this Taoist magic array which had been embedded in the game. This kind of array could turn an unreal world into an independent space.

So in other words, the game world which they were in now had actually become a real space after being altered by the magic array; it was similar to a small world, but its space architecture and nomological laws were simpler.

And based on this array pattern, Wang Ling could already confirm Fatty Luo's speculation.

They weren't the only ones who had been sucked into this game space.

This was a parallel space created by the array, and there were other people experiencing the same environment in a different space.

Wang Ling stared contemplatively at this array pattern while Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were also lost in deep thought.

Fatty Luo stretched out his hand to gently touch the array, feeling its uneven surface.

He frowned. "Where have I seen this before?"

Chapter 270: All Mensao People Like to Use Ellipses!

"Brother Luo has seen this array before?" asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. Actually, he also thought that it seemed a little familiar. There had been a photo in the news several years ago that seemed similar, but he couldn't quite remember it.

"Senior Immortal, do you still remember the Heavenly Host Primary School 1 incident twelve years ago?" Suddenly, Fatty Luo brought up a noteworthy subject.

On the side, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Lie Mengmeng suddenly understood; only Wang Ling still wore a blank expression. Heavenly Host Primary School incident? What was that?

Twelve years ago... he had only been four years old then.

"It was a major terrorist attack back then: a group of children were sent to an old abandoned primary school, and trapped in an illusion, they were forced by the array maker to kill each other..."

Fatty Luo frowned. "I'm certain this is the same array pattern as the one in the news back then, because the incident that year and today's one have something in common: the children involved back then either had a father or mother who was a smith. Moreover, Heavenly Host Primary School back then was also a famous training institute for smiths."

"Sure enough, all of this has to do with smiths." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed.

It seemed like Lie Mengmeng was listening to something very serious. He remembered that that incident had happened just a few years after his university graduation. "But there were survivors, right?"

"There was indeed one person who survived the incident back then, and it was the children's teacher. But based on the police investigation, the teacher was not a suspect in the case, but was also one of the victims," said Fatty Luo, stroking his chin.

"Then how did the teacher escape?"

"I heard that the teacher made a sword out of mud there and then, and with one slash, directly cut the space open. But it was a pity that she took too long to make the sword, and she wasn't able to save the children..."

Made a sword out of mud?

Wang Ling lifted his eyebrows slightly as he suddenly remembered the little girl Boss Tan had mentioned, who had made the stone ghost mask out of mud.

Could this be the same person?

...

On the second floor, Wang Ling sensed that there were clearly a lot fewer minions here compared with the first floor. This was probably because the Skybomb Grenade which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thrown during the intense fight had drawn the minions down from the second floor to the first floor, where they had then been killed in passing.

Though there were still three or four of them hidden in the dark on the second floor, they weren't a threat at all.

Along the way, Lie Mengmeng curiously observed their surroundings with the night vision camera to avoid missing any clues like the earlier array pattern.

As he watched Wang Ling walk silently ahead of them, he suddenly felt curious, and turned to approach Fatty Luo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and ask, "By the way, how do Brother Grenade-Throwing and this fat uncle know our Ling Ling?"

Fatty Luo's lips twitched. "My name is Luo Chuang... also, I'm actually the same age as your Brother Grenade-Throwing."

This time, it was Lie Mengmeng's lips that twitched. "... " Fatty Luo really looked too old!

Lie Mengmeng had thought that the gap between cultivators and ordinary people was actually a very large one, but after careful observation, he instantly felt that this wasn't true. Whether it was cultivators or ordinary people, you could always find someone who looked like a parent but was actually a student... he abruptly recalled his own salad days at school.

Sighing deeply in his heart, he corrected his address and asked again, "Then how do Brother Grenade-Throwing and Brother Luo know our Ling Ling?"

In Lie Mengmeng's eyes, Wang Ling was actually pretty aloof and anti-social; he wasn't the kind of person who made friends easily. Lie Mengmeng remembered when he had started going to the Wang family home in the beginning; he had taken the initiative to greet Wang Ling, but Wang Ling had always had on an expressionless face, which always reminded Lie Mengmeng of the impassive-looking statues of gods at the temple when he went to pray during the New Year — their expressions were exactly the same!

"Have you heard of the discussion forum?" They had known Wang Ling before the chat group had been formed, when the cultivation forum had just been set up, so it was quite a long story.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought for a bit. "I remember that when we founded the forum back then, it was huge on the Internet. Because we often had some big shots do some talks online, the forum attracted a lot of students. After that, there were schools that specially bought the rights to our conference lectures and turned them into teaching materials which they gave to the students directly. As time passed, there were many advertisers that wanted to sponsor our forum, and there was one small food manufacturer which sold crispy noodle snacks."

"I see..." Lie Mengmeng immediately understood.

When he heard this... or to be more precise, when he heard the three words "crispy noodle snacks," he already knew very well what had happened after that.

"Senior Immortal and Brother Ling are naturally very close; I only just made Brother Ling's acquaintance recently." Fatty Luo laughed as he looked at Lie Mengmeng. "By the way, what does Brother Song think of Brother Ling?"

"Him, hmm..."

Lie Mengmeng cupped his chin and pondered for a bit, then cupping his mouth, he whispered in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's ear. "Actually, I've always thought that he's a mensao 2 person. Usually when I look for him online, he always sends me ellipses... Brother Grenade-Throwing, do you think all mensao people like to use ellipses?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't agree more on this point, and nodded like a chicken pecking at rice.

At that moment, these two people shared a mutual understanding!

It was just as Lie Mengmeng had said; Grenade-Throwing felt that engaging in small talk with Wang Ling was an immense amount of effort!

Every single time, he had to guess Wang Ling's intentions from those ellipses...

"Apart from that, our Ling Ling is actually a pretty good kid. He's handsome, has long legs, and is quite smart. The most important thing is that you only need to provide for him by giving him a few packets of crispy noodle snacks. Raising Wang Ling at home is stress-free and saves on money. The only bad thing about him is that you can't touch him carelessly, otherwise you'll ruffle his feathers." Staring at Wang Ling's back, Lie Meng Meng heaved a deep sigh. "If only he were a cat, I would hug him every day!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Fatty Luo: "..."

After this speech, the scene clearly sunk into dead silence.

Roughly two minutes later, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also imitated Lie Mengmeng in cupping his mouth and whispering in his ear. "Hey... let me tell you something."

Lie Mengmeng: "???"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "We might be quite far from Brother Ling, but at this distance... actually, he can hear everything we're saying..."

"..."

Lie Mengmeng looked in Wang Ling's direction and abruptly realized that the latter had actually quickened his pace!

And the most mensao thing of all was that this guy had deliberately left six bloody footprints on the ground, perfectly forming an ellipsis...