

## Daily Life 331

### Chapter 331: You Have to Act Based On the Expression in His Eyes!

Loopy Toad slipped and fell when it heard this crisp electronic voice. It was fortunate it wasn't eating something at the moment, otherwise it might have sprayed out a large mouthful of dog food.

The creepiest thing was that the electronic voice was coming from Killer Taoist's belly; this was his Great Ventriloquism Technique. Furthermore, in keeping with the times, this guy had even added some electronic effects to his technique!

The dark blue spirit energy sparks of the Four-Fingered Gatling Gun shot out with fierce and astonishing momentum.

With these dense spirit energy balls that Killer Taoist had swiftly gathered around his fingers, plus the aura tracking skill discharged by that electronic voice, a person was guaranteed to get hit by this machine gunfire.

Wang Ling sighed before his movements sped up. He had thought that it would be enough to just evade these spirit energy balls, but now every ball would pursue him until he was hit.

As a result, Wang Ling had to start using high-speed teleportation to evade them. If he used his protective golden light in this situation, the spirit energy balls wouldn't be able to do anything to his body. However, he wasn't wearing any Taoist robes or long johns now; he was just wearing pajamas that he had yet to consecrate.

The main thing was that he had just bought this set of bunny pajamas less than two months ago!

It had cost him the equivalent of two boxes of crispy noodle snacks out of his pocket money!

He had saved this pocket money under Father Wang's iron heel!

Spoiling this set of pajamas, which he had bought himself, in a petty scuffle wasn't worth it.

There were times when Wang Ling reflected on how you truly never thought twice about using someone else's money, but you would especially cherish it when it was your own...

After that, Loopy Toad saw Wang Ling flicker in and out in the abandoned construction site as he was chased by those spirit energy balls.

The baldie couldn't help smiling at Wang Ling's swift movements. "Little brother, if you're scared, ask Ling Zhenren to come out. This technique of mine is difficult to handle!" Once this tracking spell was put on you, there was no way to escape it, no matter what body movements you used. This technique was especially hard to deal with in close combat, and was extremely troublesome.

"..." Wang Ling narrowed his eyes.

Actually, he didn't think this technique was that amazing... but it did consume a lot of energy.

If Killer Taoist could continue using up energy in this manner for half an hour, that would be considered pretty good already. Also, this spell's energy consumption severely tested the resilience of a person's meridians. This was because spirit energy would be continuously pumping through them, possibly wearing them out after extensive use; this was a common cultivators' ailment.

Thus, while Wang Ling was dodging the spirit energy balls, he couldn't help sighing in his heart. Senior cultivators nowadays cherished their bodies less and less!

In the middle of dodging, Wang Ling finally saw an opportunity. He stretched out one hand, and dense spirit energy welled up in his palm to unexpectedly trap the spirit energy balls. Those inexhaustible balls then merged with the flood of spirit energy in his palm!

The baldie was dumbstruck by the sight of those dense spirit energy balls being absorbed into the flood of energy in this youngster's hand. The whole thing then seemed to freeze, suspended in the air and unable to move an inch!

At that moment, the sky had already turned dark. With just one hand, Wang Ling rolled this spirit energy into a ball. Then, with an elegant and languid wave, he sent a torrent of energy up into the sky!

In the blink of an eye, a huge hole opened up in the dark clouds, and starlight poured through to illuminate the abandoned construction site and the Wang family's small villa.

The initially dark sky had actually been torn apart by this torrent of spirit energy, instantly revealing tens of thousands of stars.

The baldie was amazed, and he couldn't help feeling delighted at this turn of events. "You really are Ling Zhenren!"

He had initially already suspected the youngster's true identity, which was why he had executed that type of killer move; it had been for the sake of forcing Ling Zhenren to reveal himself.

The baldie went on to add, "Only Ling Zhenren would have been able to ward off an attack of this level!"

"..." Wang Ling was already too lazy to refute; any one of the enlightened "goblins" in the villa would in fact have been able to launch such an attack, including Loopy Toad.

As long as Loopy Toad focused on cultivating for the few years using the technique which Wang Ling had modified for it, it would be so easy for it to parry such an attack.

However, Wang Ling didn't want to rattle this legendary killer's confidence, so he remained silent.

There were times when making comparisons could hurt a person's feelings, and striking someone's confidence a blow was actually quite merciless. Hence, most cultivators with unfathomable realms were generally disinclined to compare themselves with others or flaunt themselves. Since ancient times, most cultivators who were praised as kings, emperors or saints had in the end chosen to retire to the remote countryside with their families.

This principle was also reflected in real situations. For example, after taking an exam, there would always be a few top students who would throw their draft papers on the ground and yell: Shit! I screwed up again! In the end, when the results came out, they would have scored ninety-nine points!

Those true-blue supreme masters had a different worldview.

Wang Ling had always felt that a true expert wouldn't establish their image through flaunting themselves or shaking other people's confidence... Acting so pretentiously would have been deadly!

The baldie clasped his fists in a salute to Wang Ling. "I have truly failed to recognize a compatriot; this junior caused you so much offense earlier!"

Looking into the distance, Wang Ling noticed the old man on Sheep at the end of East Huang Road. It was mealtime, and after taking a stroll around the block, the old man was ready to return home to cook.

Killer Taoist also noticed this. "May I ask, who is that?"

Loopy Toad: "Ling Zhenren's grandfather."

Shaken, the baldie nodded his head. He recalled that the intelligence which he had purchased had indeed mentioned this small villa's Senior Wang.

The information had stated that though this old man had the aura of an ordinary person, his strength was unfathomable, so since the beginning, the baldie had been highly on guard against him. Ling Zhenren was already so formidable; this old man who lived out of the spotlight was most likely then already a cultivator at the level of a living fossil!

He would have to find an opportunity later to greet him!

The baldie gazed far into the distance as he pondered this.

As he was musing this, he suddenly seemed to think of something, and he stared at Loopy Toad, startled. "Wait! You can actually talk!"

Loopy Toad: "...My Little Master Ling doesn't like to talk, so I have to do the explanations. What choice do I have? I'm also in despair!"

The baldie: "..."

At that moment, he noticed Wang Ling giving him a glance before walking off to the villa by himself.

This act puzzled the baldie.

Loopy Toad looked at him. "What are you waiting for? Follow him!"

The baldie: "Can I?"

Loopy Toad: "You have to act based on the expression in his eyes!"

The baldie was dumbfounded. "..." Did dead fish eyes have any damn expression in them?!

#### Chapter 332: There Is a Traitor In Our Midst

Loopy Toad directed the baldie to follow after Wang Ling. Everyone who came to the Wang family's small villa for the first time would be a little reserved, and Killer Taoist was no exception. This was because all of them had almost the same thought: that the old man in this villa was a warrior at the level of a living fossil who had withdrawn from the world. Whenever anyone considered this, they were overwhelmed with strong reverence in their hearts.

When Wang Ling reached the villa and opened the front door, he suddenly heard Loopy Toad ask the baldie an interesting question behind him.

Loopy Toad looked at the bald man. "How did you find this place?"

Wang Ling also felt that it was strange; because of the Great Shielding Spell, he had never worried that outsiders would be able to find any information on the Wang family's small villa. Generally, people didn't know that the legendary "Ling Zhenren" actually lived here; not even a legendary killer like Killer Taoist, with his formidable intelligence network, could have known. Hence, after excluding the possibility of an external crime, Wang Ling's first reaction was that he had been betrayed by one of his friends!

The baldie said: "I bought this information on the cultivation forum; it cost me eight thousand gold bars."

The corners of Loopy Toad's eyes twitched. "Gold bars?"

The baldie nodded his head. "Mm... genuine gold bars made by hand out of immortal gold."

"...F\*\*k! Immortal gold!" Loopy Toad was dumbfounded because immortal gold was extremely pricey!

It had studied the current monetary system, and knew that HNY was the standard currency used in Huaxiu nation. In an age of national cultivation, even ordinary families traded with cultivators in HNY. However, cultivators were more used to the old way of doing things among themselves, and immortal gold was the commonly used standard.

One immortal gold bar, created from the essence of heaven and earth, was roughly the price of a toilet within Jinghua city's fifth ring! It was priceless...

With eight thousand immortal gold bars, Loopy Toad estimated that it could buy four houses in the fifth ring, three houses in the fourth, one house in the third, and perhaps put a down payment on one in the second 1 ...

Loopy Toad: "Who on earth gave you this information?"

The baldie: "I think he's a big shot in the industry. He gave me the information anonymously, but when he sold it to me at the time, he also gave me enough homegrown vegetables to fill a car."

Loopy Toad: "Vegetables?"

The baldie nodded seriously, and his hand flashed with spirit light... an instant later, a large broccoli appeared in his palm.

Loopy Toad: "..."

Wang Ling: "... That profiteer!

...

While the old man was preparing dinner, Wang Ling led the baldie upstairs. He had no intention of inviting him to eat dinner; there was an order to everything, and after all, he wasn't that close to this legendary killer. Even from the chat group, only Dharmaraja and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been invited to dinner before.

After being shown to Wang Ling's room, the baldie forthrightly sat down on the floor and crossed his arms, a profound expression on his face.

Sitting in his chair, Wang Ling held Loopy Toad in his lap and patted its butt, directly getting it to speak for him.

Loopy Toad stared at the baldie. "Tell us what's going on."

"I believe Ling Zhenren will have heard a lot about the Shuigou Sect issue recently." The baldie came straight to the point as he fixed his eyes on Wang Ling. "Actually, the person behind Shuigou Sect is my shishu 2 , Taoist Taotie..."

Hearing this, Wang Ling arched his eyebrow as he remembered Old Antique recounting the events to do with Taoist Taotie and Gorgeous Itinerant in his theory of history class.

Loopy Toad: "So your shifu is Gorgeous Itinerant?"

"That's right."

The baldie let out a sigh. "All of this stems from a grudge between them. I'm still investigating the details, but based on current leads, my shishu' s reason for establishing Shuigou Sect was for revenge. Back then, my shifu accidentally killed my shishu' s adopted son, Black Gauze."

Loopy Toad licked its fur. "Was he a killer as well?"

The baldie shook his head. "No, he wasn't. I've gone through everyone on the ranking list of killers, and I've never seen his name. Furthermore, I only learned about this matter when I fought my

shishu recently; this is most likely the reason for why they parted ways and then withdrew from the assassination circle."

Loopy Toad: "Then why did he establish Shuigou Sect?"

The baldie furrowed his brow and said, "Shuigou Sect is currently researching and developing a kind of fruit which can trigger the potential of Foundation Establishment cultivators in a short period of time. From the information I obtained, there is an incubation period after the fruit is eaten. Once it ends, the energy inside the fruit is released... But it's difficult to keep this energy suppressed purely by relying on a Foundation Establishment physique, which then ultimately results in a spirit explosion."

A spirit explosion? Loopy Toad trembled, and even Wang Ling's pupils contracted.

If this was the case, then the reason why Shuigou Sect had returned those twelve missing students was obvious: It was the same as placing twelve human bombs in the schools.

A spirit explosion contained the same amount of power as a mini nuclear warhead. Generally speaking, the higher a cultivator's realm, the more powerful the spirit explosion would be, since a cultivator would have amassed tremendous amounts of spirit energy in their body. Now that those missing students had eaten fruit that could trigger their spirit potential, once they became unable to contain it, they would blow up on the spot one after another.

The baldie sighed. "Initially, I had planned to mediate this matter, but in the end I was too weak and unable to persuade my shishu ."

Loopy Toad: "Even you failed? Aren't you a legendary killer?"

The baldie's lips twitched. "In the murder industry, the lowest-ranked killers are divided into three classes, from third to first; middle-ranked killers are divided into advanced and peak classes; and top-ranked killers are divided into legendary and epic classes... A legendary killer like me can't beat an epic killer."

Loopy Toad: "If I may ask, what is the difference between the legendary and epic classes?"

The baldie: "Hm... it's the difference between a village novice's wooden bench and a dragon-slaying sword."



Loopy Toad: "..."

"Also, there are only two acknowledged epic killers in the assassination world: one is my shifu Gorgeous Itinerant and the other is my shishu Taoist Taotie."

Speaking up to this point, the baldie paused. "Of course, there is actually another great ancestral figure... that is my shifu and shishu's shifu, Numinous Mother with the Magic Hands."

Loopy Toad and Wang Ling were both startled by this name.

Great ancestor?

And so, Wang Ling pinched Loopy Toad's butt to indicate it should keep asking questions.

"..."

Loopy Toad: "Is this person very strong?"

"I've never traded blows with her, so I don't know." The baldie shook his head, then said, "But she was the one who wrote a compendium of all the martial arts in our assassination circle. Do you know the One Thousand Years of Death 3? She was the one who came up with it!"

Loopy Toad: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 333: The Great Ancestor of Killers

Killer Taoist: "In assassination circles, One Thousand Years of Death is recognized as the most powerful assassination technique to use in close combat. If you use it just right, this technique can

kill an enemy in one strike... But it also has a drawback; it's hard to find an opportunity to use it, and in most situations, it needs to be paired with the use of soap."

Wang Ling: "..."

Loopy Toad: "..."

The baldie said solemnly, "Of course, apart from this high-level assassination Taoist technique, Numinous Mother also introduced many original things in the field of assassination. My shifu and shishu learned most of what they know from her."

"Have you met her before?" asked Loopy Toad.

"No." The baldie shook his head. "Only shifu and shishu have ever seen her original form, and she comes and goes like the wind; only those at epic level are able to see her. Given my current realm, I probably need to cultivate for one thousand years more to catch up to my shifu and shishu before I can see her... This is one of the biggest regrets in my life.

"However, I was lucky enough to read Great Ancestor's original Self-Cultivation for Assassins . Great Ancestor wrote this in exercise books, and there are ten of them in total, filled with her neat handwriting. It was my shifu who showed them to me! But the originals all disappeared in the end. It was said that Great Ancestor confiscated them!"

The baldie sighed. "At that time, shifu only let me take a look for thirty seconds, but I really benefited even just from reading the title page alone. Great Ancestor is indeed Great Ancestor, so awesome!"

Even without Killer Taoist's explanation, Wang Ling could imagine how powerful this Numinous Mother was. According to the strict ranking system in assassination circles, gaining the rank of legendary killer was as difficult as scaling the heights to heaven, while epic killers like Gorgeous Itinerant and Taotie Taoist only appeared once every ten thousand years.

Rank among killers wasn't based on credentials but on true competence. In fact, Killer Taoist didn't have as many abilities as some of the top killers in the list, but he had a renowned shifu . Coupled with his innate talent, he managed to climb to the rank of legendary killer despite his youth, and became the new guardian envoy of the list.

As the only great ancestral killer in the assassination world, needless to say, Numinous Mother with the Magic Hands had to be truly formidable.

The crucial thing was that this name felt a little familiar to Wang Ling, who didn't know where he might have heard it before.

Speaking up to this point, the baldie couldn't help sighing. "My shifu and shishu were truly lucky to pick up that ancestral martial arts text."

Loopy Toad was startled again. "They picked this up?"

"That's right." The baldie nodded. "There was a sentence on the title page of that text — Whoever finds this book is deemed to have joined Numinous Mother's sect ."

The corners of Wang Ling's lips couldn't help twitching when he heard this. "... Did masters nowadays all recruit disciples this casually?

"My shifu and shishu' s luck was truly extraordinary," the baldie said. "Although I became a legendary killer at a young age, it's not that great being an assassin nowadays. Look at my hair loss; no matter how many elixirs I use, it won't grow back. If I had known earlier, I would have started using Bawang shampoo 1 long ago."

Wang Ling: "..."

Loopy Toad: "...So why are you here?"

Hearing this question, the baldie suddenly patted his head; after blathering on for so long, he had almost forgotten his business for being here!

Hands on his knees, he stared at Wang Ling. "This Shuigou Sect incident stems from resentment between two epic-level killers, and as a junior, I have no power to persuade them... so I hope that Ling Zhenren can mediate this conflict for us!"

After that, he got to his feet to prostrate himself before Wang Ling. "Please! Ling Zhenren!"

Wang Ling: "..."

This was an assassination circle matter, and Wang Ling didn't actually want to get tangled up in it at all. However, this Shuigou Sect incident had still impacted his peaceful high school life recently, so Wang Ling was of two minds about getting involved.

Loopy Toad: "What's in it for us?"

At this time, the baldie laughed, and with a flash of spirit light, a gold card appeared in his hand. "Ling Zhenren, do you know the old crispy noodle snacks flagship store on Spirit Creek Road? This is its gold card, and it's good for one hundred years. Apart from being able to try the latest crispy noodle snack flavor every month, you can go in every week and eat as much as you want until you're full!"

Wang Ling: "!!!"

Loopy Toad: "..."

And so... Wang Ling happily decided to take part in this endeavor.

He felt that he had given it serious consideration; furthermore, he had made this decision after three rounds of deep thought... Mm, he hadn't been sloppy about it at all!

...

Mother Wang and the old man had already returned home, and were cooking in the kitchen by the time the baldie was about to leave; right up until he got to the front door, he didn't have the courage to go greet the old man. Wang Ling felt that with every new visitor to the Wang family's small villa, their impression of the old man had continued to build until he had now become thoroughly deified...

First time stranger, second time friends — he would have the opportunity next time!

As he was leaving, the baldie consoled himself with this thought.

"I will have to trouble Ling Zhenren with this matter... If you truly can't mediate, it's fine to just beat them up and teach them a lesson, especially my shishu — if you can beat him until he's paralyzed, even better! He's ugly anyway; he shouldn't be going out to scare people." When he said this, the baldie looked like he was screwing up immense courage, and his face and tone were slightly dejected when he said, "...I'll look after him for the rest of his life after that!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Ling had heard a lot of rumors about Taotie Taoist in these two days, and he was curious to know exactly how ugly he could be.

"The resentment between the two of them wasn't something that happened in one or two days... There's something I forgot to tell Ling Zhenren. This time, it seems that my shishu has come to an agreement with Mo Immortal Castle."

Wang Ling nodded slightly; it had to be said that he was very familiar with this Mo Immortal Castle... however, he had never paid attention to it since the beginning because it was so weak.

In fact, it was still a little unexpected when the baldie mentioned it.

"Do you know what their objective is?" asked Loopy Toad.

"If my assumption is correct, it was Mo Immortal Castle which gave Shuigou Sect all the intelligence for its operation against the high schools this time, including information on the twelve missing students and on my shifu after he withdrew from the assassination circle. I've investigated this organization, and while its strength is average, it has a lot of gossip," the baldie said. "They were the ones who provided my shishu with leads, and in return, he'll help them retrieve a supreme weapon in my shifu's possession."

Both Wang Ling and Loopy Toad's expressions perked up. Gorgeous Itinerant's supreme weapon?

"I've followed my shifu for so many years, but I've never heard of this supreme weapon... Surely it has to be a mistake." The baldie looked completely puzzled.

After saying this, he suddenly recalled something. "Oh, that's right, there's another thing — my shifu Gorgeous Itinerant looks completely different now after retirement."

As he said this, he took out a picture and thrust it into Wang Ling's hand. "This is his photo, please have a look."

"..."

Wang Ling couldn't help being taken aback when he looked at the image.

He couldn't be more familiar with the person in the photo... It was a fatty eating latiao !

Chapter 334: The World Is So Damn Small

To be honest, Wang Ling would never have been able to guess Old Antique's true identity without this photo from Killer Taoist...

Although he had known since the beginning that Old Antique's identity definitely wasn't simple, there was no way he could have connected the legendary Gorgeous Itinerant to him. But many things now certainly made sense.

First of all, Old Antique's considerable skill at shooting chalk. Back then, he had shot dead a Golden Core killer in the school office with a piece of chalk in order to protect Lotus Sun. On the surface, it sounded like it was easy to do, but the most critical point was this chalk! An ordinary piece of chalk could never pierce a Golden Core cultivator's body unless it was enhanced to the max with some spell or technique.

Secondly, at the beginning of the semester, Wang Ling had discovered a memory that had been sealed away in Old Antique's mind, but he hadn't tried using forceful measures to unlock it for fear of damaging the man's brain. It was obvious that this sealed memory had something to do with Taoist Taotie's adopted son, Black Gauze.

And the last thing was that after the recent theory of history class, Dopey Guo had seen with his own eyes Old Antique in the toilets looking at himself in the mirror with a face full of melancholy. It was obvious that he had been recalling his past appearance.

Now that Wang Ling knew his true identity, he was really incredibly curious to know what on earth this man, who had been widely recognized in cultivation history for his gorgeous looks, had gone through to become like this.

...

It was July 2nd, the tenth Sunday of the semester.

Ever since Father Wang had messed with the head of Kitchen Knife Sect, Jiang Haifu, at the school gate, it could be said that they had become pretty close after that. Jiang Haifu had taken two full days to finish reading Father Wang's old novel *Let Go of that Wet Nurse*, and was full of admiration for him. A lot of this in fact had to do with Jiang Haifu's limited education. Although Kitchen Knife Sect was doing pretty well now, as the person helming the sect, he had always longed for an education, and he highly revered educated people.

Although Father Wang had never graduated from Foundation Establishment middle school, he had been expanding his knowledge on all kinds of things while he had been holed up at home all these years. Even if he didn't know everything inside out, he at the very least possessed some knowledge on various subjects.

As a professional web novelist, the most important thing about his job was being able to bluff his readers... it could be said that Father Wang was very confident in this regard, and it was a piece of cake to sway an unsophisticated fellow like Jiang Haifu.

Two days ago, Father Wang had kept his word and sent the cigars to Jiang Haifu. While he had only sent two, Father Wang could imagine how the other man would definitely quiver with excitement at receiving them. After all, not everyone could whip these cigars out.

In return, Jiang Haifu had sent back ten quality black jade kitchen knives. These knives were made from first-class materials with the finest workmanship especially for restaurant kitchen master chefs; they were so sharp that they could cut through bone like mud. Even if they weren't used in the kitchen, they were also valuable as collector's items.

The ten kitchen knives had arrived just that morning. When Wang Ling came downstairs for breakfast, he saw the old man praising them lavishly as he held them in his hands.

Having worked in a kitchen for many years, the old man was actually very strict about the kind of knives he used; for him to commend them to this extent, their quality was evident!

"Nice knives! They're really good!"

The old man stroked the blade of one black jade knife and flicked his finger against it so that it pinged crisply.

Holding his coffee with two hands, Father Wang smiled. "As long as you like them, dad!"

"Mm." The old man nodded his head. "I've rarely seen this type of kitchen knives throughout my entire career. These are the kind of top quality goods you might only see once in a lifetime. Did you say that they're from Ling Ling's classmate's father?"

Father Wang sipped his coffee and nodded. "Yes, but they're not in the same class."

The old man laughed. "Then that's such a good relationship! Bring that kid and his father over next time, I want to compare my cooking skills with his father's!"

Father Wang couldn't help smiling. "Forget it, dad... He's the head of Kitchen Knife Sect, he would have at least several centuries' worth of experience."

Father Wang's words were actually pretty cryptic. Even Wang Ling felt that there was nothing to compare in this matter. Jiang Haifu's Kitchen Knife Sect had only existed for several hundred years, but looking at the scale of its growth, it was already a leading name in the food and beverage industry. The most important thing was that the Kikkaro Restaurant where the old man had worked before belonged to Kitchen Knife Sect. Father Wang found it funny when he thought about the retired old man wanting to compare cooking notes with his boss.

"What you said doesn't sound right." The old man narrowed his eyes and smiled as he waved his hands. "We'll just be comparing skills, not realms, and it'll just be for fun. I'm pretty confident in myself. Unless he's the best in the nation, even if he's a master chef, I can still win."

Father Wang: "Dad... sometimes, you need to be a little more modest. I tell you, if you really want to compete with that person, he'll definitely go easy on you."

The old man: "Before he comes, you can tell him that if he dares throw the match, I'll have Ling Ling's grandmother haunt him at night!"



Father Wang and Wang Ling: "..."

The old man had always had confidence in his culinary skills.

It was only chatting about it today that Father Wang realized that he actually knew very little about the old man's experiences as a chef when he had been younger; he only knew that his father had indeed reigned in Kikkaro Restaurant for a very long time back then. In the eyes of his similarly retired colleagues, the old man was a legend, the type that could turn into an idol to be worshiped.

"Alright... I'll let him know later and set a date."

Unable to talk the old man out of it, Father Wang in the end could only laugh and agree, treating it as giving the old man something fun to do in his retirement.

"Good! Let me know later when he'll be coming, Sheep and I will go buy the ingredients! I should also send my knife for maintenance." The old man was instantly pleased, and he took out a flat object from the box of knives which Jiang Bai's father had sent.

Only then did Father Wang and Wang Ling realize that the box had actually contained a gold voucher for one free kitchen knife maintenance service.

Wang Ling glanced at it out of the corner of his eye and saw, written at the top of the gold voucher, the words "Fatty Luo Metalware"... Instantly he exclaimed in his heart: The world is so damn small!

## Chapter 335: A Decent Fatty Becomes Bent Just Like That

It was only later that Wang Ling would find out that Fatty Luo's metalware store and Kitchen Knife Sect had a close partnership. Kitchen Knife Sect's F&B business covered the entire country; they had more than one hundred establishments in Songhai city alone, and almost all their table knives had been bought from Fatty Luo.

Then, the old man assigned Wang Ling a task: to take his kitchen knife, preserved for many years, to Fatty Luo's metalware shop for maintenance. It just so happened that the Heavenly Materials sword which Wang Ling had given to Fatty Luo to research was still there, so he could also pick it up at the same time. In the process of making this sword, the Master of Immortal Mansion had happened to synthesize the material that could restrict Wang Ling's strength. Hence, Wang Ming had recommended that Wang Ling take it back as soon as possible and entrust it to him.

When he was about to leave, Wang Ling didn't forget to tuck the voucher for free maintenance into his pocket. Even though he didn't think Fatty Luo would ask him to pay, Wang Ling didn't like to owe people favors without good cause since relationships could change easily. Moreover, this fatty was a sly businessman; owing someone like him a favor often meant going bankrupt in the end...

Since he had already been to Fatty Luo's store once before, Wang Ling already roughly knew its location, so he could just teleport there directly.

When he appeared in the store, Fatty Luo was carefully inspecting an ancient jade with a wearable magnifying glass; he was utterly absorbed in it, his face suffused with a radiant pink blush. Only then did Wang Ling recall that apart from being a smith, Fatty Luo was also an antiques collector.

Looking at Fatty Luo's focused expression, the man most likely had dredged up some worthwhile treasure.

Wang Ling didn't disturb him, and just waited on one side. He had teleported in without a sound, and Fatty Luo hadn't noticed his presence in the slightest.

About ten minutes later, Fatty Luo picked the jade up with two fingers and held it up to the ceiling light as he lavished it with praise. "Nice! I really hit the jackpot this time! If only Ling Zhenren was here, he would definitely be interested in this."

Wang Ling: "..."

After another thirty seconds, Fatty Luo took off the wearable magnifying glass, and then saw Wang Ling standing in front of him with a kitchen knife in hand...

Fatty Luo: "..."

He was so frightened that all the hair on his body stood on end; who asked Wang Ling to be so good at concealing his aura? Fatty Luo hadn't sensed him at all — but when had Wang Ling arrived?

"Ling... Ling Zhenren, why are you here..." Fatty Luo asked. He wasn't in the mood to think about it as he wiped at his cold sweat and settled his nerves with great effort.

Wang Ling just silently gave him the gold voucher and the kitchen knife.

Fatty Luo instantly understood, and nodding, he accepted the kitchen knife. "Don't worry, Ling Zhenren, leave this knife to me. You get VIP service; I'll work around the clock tonight and send it to you in the morning tomorrow!"

"Mm." Wang Ling nodded with satisfaction.

Fatty Luo very carefully placed the knife in a magic weapons case. This case was also a type of storage space treasure, but unlike the others, there were a lot of smaller spaces inside. Fatty Luo used this case especially for the repair or maintenance of objects. Whether it was for one or the other, the object needed to be washed clean first, and this case actually had an in-built wash function.

After Fatty Luo placed the old man's knife in one of the spaces inside the case, Wang Ling saw him pour a scoop of gold powder into the case before locking it. Instantly, the sounds of a washing machine came out of the case...

Fatty Luo: "I designed this magic treasure case based on the washing machine! It's very useful! The only problem is that I forgot to include a noise reduction function when I designed it in the beginning."

Wang Ling: "..."

After putting away the kitchen knife, Fatty Luo patted his head as he suddenly remembered the Heavenly Materials sword. "That's right, I'll give you back the sword you left with me to analyze its material composition." After saying this, he opened the cabinet on the right and took the sword out; he had already wrapped the whole thing up. Wang Ling had been worried about the detrimental effect the sword substance would have on him, and he had let Fatty Luo know earlier on, which was why this Heavenly Materials sword was now wrapped up tightly like a mummy.

Are you done with your research? Wang Ling took the sword and asked telepathically.

Fatty Luo shook his palm-leaf fan and waved his hand. "Ever since meeting Lord Jingke, all the other spirit swords I've seen are invariably mediocre and dull. The materials used in this Heavenly Materials sword are indeed precious, and it even contains a substance I've never heard of before. But that's all there is to it... Furthermore, this sword doesn't have a sword spirit, and there is no meaning in researching a sword without one."

Wang Ling nodded in agreement with this view; that was true.

Once he mentioned Jingke, Fatty Luo turned starry-eyed, and even the way he spoke turned passionate. "A spirit sword must spawn a sword spirit to be deemed valuable. This sword spirit has to be stronger or cuter than Lord Jingke... otherwise it'll never catch my attention!""..."

Hearing this, Wang Ling sighed in his heart: A decent fatty had become bent just like that....

Wang Ling stored the Heavenly Materials sword in his vision field.

This instantly made Fatty Luo recall the scene of Wang Ling blowing up Immortal Mansion's spatial wall with his Heavenly Eye.

Ling Zhenren's Heavenly Eye had to be of a very high grade, right?

He didn't know exactly what level Wang Ling's Heavenly Eye was at. There actually hadn't been any clear-cut upper limits to the Heavenly Eye since ancient times. After opening the Heavenly Eye at the Soul Formation stage, cultivating it depended on two things: one was talent, the other was luck.

If Ling Zhenren looked at that jade with his Heavenly Eye, perhaps he could pick out something unusual about it!

At the thought of this, Fatty Luo abruptly came up with a bold idea.

Gazing at Wang Ling, he took out the ancient jade which he had been examining earlier and passed it to him. "Ling Zhenren, would it be possible for you to take a look at my ancient jade with your Heavenly Eye?"

What was this?

Wang Ling accepted the ancient jade, his brow knitted.

Fatty Luo: "I bought this with three immortal gold bars from the secondhand cultivation antiques mart. There's no middleman involved, so sellers keep all the profits and customers can save some money; the mart leads in trade volume by a mile 1 !"

Wang Ling: "..."

Fatty Luo said truthfully, "The old man who was selling it didn't know anything, but I thought that this ancient jade was very unusual. After my cursory inspection just now, I think I might have discovered a heavenly fissure in it... I hope you'll be able to help me take a closer look."

Heavenly fissure?

Wang Ling was instantly startled when he picked up the jade... Was this thing a freaking fragment of the Xuanyuan Sword?

Chapter 336: Ai, Wait! Don't Go Offline!

Of course, Wang Ling was just kidding; he naturally knew what a heavenly fissure was. Precious stones which contained heavenly fissures were also called heavenly fissure stones. According to ancient texts, they were produced from the cremation of a True Immortal after his death, similar to the sarira pearls left behind after eminent monks were cremated. Heavenly fissure stones contained immense latent spirit potential; as long as one knew how to use it, a person didn't have to be at True Immortal level to be able to directly create nomological laws with it!

Heavenly fissure stones had been very rare since ancient times. Under normal circumstances, True Immortals in their final years of life usually wouldn't ask to be cremated and their ashes scattered in the ocean; True Immortals would usually think of a way to preserve their bodies in an auspicious and treasured place.

As long as they managed to endure the Samsara Calamity, they could return to their bodies, and after another two thousand years, they could strike for the next realm.

This was why under normal circumstances, True Immortals wouldn't choose to cremate their bodies and leave heavenly fissure stones behind.

The most direct way of appraising a heavenly fissure stone was to use the Heavenly Eye and check how many black fissures there were inside it. Each fissure represented a nomological law produced by the stone's owner during their lifetime. The more heavenly fissures there were, the more valuable the heavenly fissure stone was. However, mere mortals weren't able to see such minute fissures; only those who cultivated their Heavenly Eye to a particular level would be able to do it.

That was why Fatty Luo couldn't properly evaluate the jade even after examining it for so long; his Heavenly Eye was too weak, and even with all the appraisal magic treasures in his metalware store, he couldn't pick out heavenly fissures accurately.

Whether this ancient jade was something that had been washed up in the cultivation antiques mart or was a legendary heavenly fissure stone, Wang Ling wouldn't be able to tell for certain without his Heavenly Eye.

But if this was a genuine heavenly fissure stone, then Fatty Luo would have hit the jackpot.

Holding the jade, Wang Ling opened his Heavenly Eye, and his pupils instantly blossomed into three golden petals each.

Stunned, Fatty Luo could feel dense spirit energy pour out of the Heavenly Eye!

This vision power penetrated the jade, and it was as Fatty Luo had said; Wang Ling discovered a black fissure inside it.

Because of his vision power, Wang Ling could clearly see even the sawtooth pattern along the edges of the fissure. Suffused with the vision power, this long black fissure looked like a bottomless abyss when taken in all at once.

Wang Ling narrowed his eyes; he felt that with his vision power, he could directly infiltrate further and search the depths of the fissure.

In the next moment, the scene in front of him transformed into a blue sea and sky... he was actually on some unknown island!

Was this a fantasy realm?

Standing on the beach, Wang Ling felt the refreshing sea breeze caress his cheeks. He scooped up some sand, and as it ran through his fingers, he realized that this landscape was actually real.

In that case, it probably wasn't a fantasy realm. Wang Ling guessed that it was likely his vision power which had triggered this hidden space inside the heavenly fissure.

Vision power at the Soul Formation stage would never have been able to reach this space.

Wang Ling had the vague thought that someone had set the space up here deliberately.

While he was puzzling over this, he suddenly heard a gust of strong wind behind him. Stepping to one side, he saw that it was actually a coconut that had flown at him.

Dong !

It didn't smash into Wang Ling, and instead landed heavily in the sea with a mighty splash.

Looking in the direction that the coconut had been thrown from, Wang Ling saw an old man in white approach him slowly, a coconut in one hand.

"You could actually dodge this old man's secret weapon... looks like you're a formidable junior!" the old man exclaimed.

Wang Ling was taken aback. "... So this coconut was a secret weapon? Were you kidding?! Why use a coconut? Even a piece of chalk was more reliable!

Who are you? Wang Ling gazed at the old man with narrowed eyes as he asked his question telepathically.

The coconut old man looked at him. "My surname is Pang and my name is Guang..."

Wang Ling: "...Pang ...Guang 1 ?"

The coconut old man: "Don't be alarmed, I won't hurt you even though I'm a True Immortal."

Wang Ling: "..."

The coconut old man: "But even if I won't hurt you, you're too much!"

Wang Ling: "???"

The coconut old man: "Can't you show a little more astonishment when I say that I'm a True Immortal?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Seeing that Wang Ling's poker face hadn't changed from beginning to end, the coconut old man sighed and simply gave up. "Ai, whatever. I don't feel like arguing with a rude junior like you... But you should rejoice; you're the first person to come here since I set up this secret space in the heavenly fissure."

For some reason, Wang Ling didn't feel lucky at all when he heard this...

After a moment of silence, the coconut old man looked at Wang Ling and suddenly asked, "Little brother, do you know about the Samsara Calamity?"

Wang Ling frowned.

"Don't worry, I just want to tell you about it." The coconut old man laughed lightly. "The Samsara Calamity is the only way for a True Immortal to break through to a higher realm. But since ancient times, there have been very few people who have succeeded. There are also various types of calamities. True Immortals who want to undergo the calamity preserve their bodies, and their souls enter the Reincarnation Gate to endure the torture of the Thunder Calamity. Once their souls pass



through the Reincarnation Gate and successfully return to their bodies, the Samsara Calamity is almost complete. Those who successfully overcome the calamity gain another two thousand years of life, which paves the way for them to aim for Venerable Immortal level.

"But few people know what the true essence of the Samsara Calamity is. With everyone going through the calamity, this old man chose the most difficult way. As long as I succeed here, I'll be able to directly transcend reincarnation and become a Venerable Immortal."

Wang Ling was suspicious but also a little curious.

"Destroy in order to build — I deliberately incinerated my own body and entrusted someone with refining my soul and sealing it in this heavenly fissure. There will come a day when the fated person will appear in this heavenly fissure and who will set up nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-one statues, and recruit ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-one disciples on my behalf — that is when I will have passed through my Samsara Calamity!"

Speaking up to this point, the coconut old man looked excited. He tossed the coconut aside and grasped Wang Ling's hands. "Little brother, you are that fated person!"

Wang Ling: "..."

The coconut old man laughed loudly. "When I advance to Venerable Immortal level, you will be my inheriting disciple!"

His expression full of distaste, Wang Ling pulled his hand back and sighed... Where had this idiot come from? What a real pain in the ass!

The coconut old man fixed his burning gaze on Wang Ling. "If you don't agree, I won't let you out! You can cry until you grow hoarse, no one will come to save you!"

However, he regretted the words as soon as he said them...

Because he realized that Wang Ling's figure was gradually becoming transparent.

What?! This was a space he had set up himself; how could a junior escape it so easily?

He watched as Wang Ling turned transparent, and just before he disappeared, the old man let out a petrified shout. "Shit! Little... little brother, wait! Don't go offline! We have a lot of things to talk about! Listen to me..."

## Chapter 337: No Zuo No Die

Like the coconut old man had said, there were various ways to undergo the Samsara Calamity, and many of the souls that entered the Reincarnation Gate went the conventional route with the Thunder Calamity. Naturally, it carried the least risk. While it was painful, it was still better than some other peculiar ways... like the coconut old man setting up this space in the heavenly fissure, waiting for a disciple to come here before the person went on to build statues of him all over the world; he might as well wait until hell froze over.

Leaving the space, Wang Ling recalled his Heavenly Eye and tossed the ancient jade to Fatty Luo.

Fatty Luo stared at him expectantly. "Ling Zhenren, is it real?" Wang Ling nodded his head.

Fatty Luo had indeed discovered treasure.

Wang Ling hadn't had a lot of time, so he hadn't been able to determine what kind of nomological law was contained inside the heavenly fissure stone. Hearing Wang Ling's reply, Fatty Luo's smile grew as wide as Vileplume's. "I can't believe that this thing I simply bought would turn out to be such a treasure!"

Fatty Luo was naturally happy, while Wang Ling wasn't happy in the slightest... He had just wanted to help the other man verify whether the heavenly fissure stone was genuine or not. Who would have ever thought that there would actually be a sealed True Immortal space inside. While that coconut old man didn't look like he was a bad person, Wang Ling didn't want to have anything to do with someone like that at all.

Actually, this was the beginning of Wang Ling's doomed fate...

A heavenly fissure stone contained boundless spirit potential. For those who could harness it, it would be equal to possessing the strength of a True Immortal. Also, the stone could help a person advance in realms; it was a priceless treasure that was hard to come by. But a priceless treasure usually led to the misfortune of being killed.

Wang Ling lowered his eyes and gave Fatty Luo a meaningful glance as a sign of caution; this could be considered a kind reminder.

Fatty Luo immediately understood.

Putting the heavenly fissure stone away properly, he smiled widely. "Ling Zhenren, rest assured, I have no need of this ancient jade at this time; at the most, it's just a collector's item."

Wang Ling nodded his head and straightaway turned around. Fatty Luo saw his body turn transparent, and then directly disappear in front of him.

He couldn't help exclaiming with admiration in his heart at this scene.

This was probably the legendary teleportation spell, right?

His heart was full of envy; Ling Zhenren's realm was truly too high... Even if Fatty Luo devoted all his time to chasing him, he probably still wouldn't be able to catch up even after several thousand years.

...

Back home, Wang Ling lay on his bed and thought about that coconut old man from earlier.

He never thought that there were actually people in this world persistently chasing after the Venerated Immortal realm. For most people, this was an unreal level, and there were very few ancient texts that described the individuals who had attained this realm. The only one that was recorded to some extent was the legendary Immortal Zhenyuan. The rumor was that he was a Venerated Immortal, but in fact, there was no basis to this rumor, and no way to verify it in the texts.

Wang Ling clenched his fist. The purpose of the talisman seal stuck on his arm was to better control his aura and suppress his spirit energy so that he could live a normal life. When he needed to, he could still wield an astonishing amount of power. For example, when he had shut the Gate Between Worlds with one hand, he remembered that he had already released power on par with the level of a True Immortal without needing to remove the seal.

Then, if he were ever to remove this seal... even Wang Ling himself didn't know what would happen.

After lying on his bed for a while, Wang Ling's eyelids suddenly twitched violently and he actually felt a little sleepy. That was strange – since young he had always had one shortcoming, and that was that he didn't like to sleep. He could even count the number of times he had ever felt sleepy in his entire life on his fingers.

...Had he consumed too much energy when he had used the Heavenly Eye earlier?

He didn't know that using the Heavenly Eye to examine a heavenly fissure would actually consume so much vision power. But after thinking it through, Wang Ling felt that that shouldn't have been enough to make him sleepy. Instead, the most likely reason was the amount of vision power that had been consumed when he had used the Heavenly Eye to leave that old man's space.

In that island space back then, he remembered the coconut old man solemnly vowing that Wang Ling would never be able to leave the space.

Unfortunately for the coconut old man, that wasn't something for him to decide.

Wang Ling had initially planned to do a light review for the next class after delivering the old man's kitchen knife to Fatty Luo for maintenance. But given his sleepiness now, he didn't want to move, and he stuck to his bed like cotton candy. Staring at his desk a few meters away, he stretched out one hand, but it slowly dropped down...

Maybe this was the legendary "Cancer of Laziness."

Forget it... sleep for a bit, he could do the review later.

Looking at his study table, Wang Ling had already given up resisting.

Before he closed his eyes, he sent a message on his watch to Wang Ming.

He had retrieved the Heavenly Materials sword from Fatty Luo; Wang Ling felt that it was still safer for Wang Ming to come get the sword himself rather than rely on express delivery, even with insurance. Given the materials contained in the Heavenly Materials sword, if the delivery company really lost it, selling off the entire company still wouldn't be able to compensate for it.

After writing up the message and sending it off, Wang Ling turned onto his side on the bed and slowly closed his slightly aching eyes.

Wang Ling seldom dreamed; under normal circumstances, he wouldn't dream when he slept, though he would occasionally have precognitive dreams.

After four minutes or so, he could confirm that he had entered dreamland...

In front of him was a boundless ocean, and he was actually standing on an island...

Wait a minute...

There was something familiar about this scene!

The corners of Wang Ling's mouth twitched. Turning around resolutely to look behind him, he happened to see that coconut old man from before, gazing at him with a crafty smile. "Hehehe! Little brother, I told you, you can't escape!"

Wang Ling: "..."

The coconut old man said proudly, "I already set up a soul binding agreement in this space earlier on. The first person to enter this space will automatically form a contract with me. From now on, whenever you dream, you'll dream of me! Isn't that nice? Exciting? Amazing?"

...

In the next moment, Wang Ling woke up with a start.

Was it because he hadn't slept for so long that his sleeping pattern had been thrown off?

He looked at the time and realized that despite being in the dream for such a short time, he had actually slept for twenty whole minutes.

What kind of feeling was this...

If Wang Ling had to describe it, it was like being startled awake on your deathbed after holding your girlfriend, only to realize that she had a third leg 1 ...

[0] 'Zuo' means 'do,' so the phrase reads as 'no do, no die,' and means that as long as you don't do something dumb, it won't come back to haunt you.

## Chapter 338: The Reason for Father Wang Dragging His Feet

Wang Ling thought he had had a nightmare because it had been a very long time since he had last slept.

He closed his eyes and inspected his body inwardly; even after checking his soul inside out, he couldn't find that soul contract which the coconut old man had mentioned.

So... maybe he was just overthinking it?

Wang Ling breathed a sigh of relief; actually, if what the coconut old man in his dream had said was true, he should have felt the soul binding take effect as soon as he had entered the space.

Although his life was now a little turbulent, he could so far still accept the overall situation. Currently, it was too early for him to come into contact with Venerated Immortals; Wang Ling didn't want to become entangled with some random person, much less have anything to do with the so-called old seniors in the cultivation circle – that would only bring him even more trouble.

Frowning, he raised one hand, and his room window opened.

What was supposed to be a pleasant weekend had in the end been screwed up by that coconut old man, making Wang Ling feel somewhat distracted.

As the cool breeze from the window caressed his cheeks, his restless and agitated heart calmed down a little.

...

After reviewing his classwork for a bit upstairs, Wang Ling closed the textbook. Through the window, he saw the old man and Mother Wang go out on Sheep. Mother Wang was holding Loopy Toad as she sat in the back of the tricycle while the old man pedaled. It looked like they were going to buy groceries while at the same time take Loopy Toad out for a ride.

Cupping his chin at his desk, Wang Ling watched the old man ride the tricycle off into the distance on East Huang Road. When they were tens of meters away from the Wang family's small villa, he actually saw Loopy Toad pull down the corners of its eyes with its claws as it made a face at him, making Wang Ling's own face twitch... He truly felt that Loopy Toad's life was far more comfortable than his own!

It was a rare, idle weekend. Wang Ling brought up Father Wang's novel on his watch, and was surprised to find that Father Wang actually didn't have any new chapters up today.

Skimming through the website, Wang Ling saw that the comments section for The Live Streaming Life of the Immortal King was full of complaints, as expected.

Book friend "Newbie Is Too Much": Is Guru Wang Situ updating today or not? Tell us if you aren't, waiting for updates is too painful! Book friend "Wounds/Dream Of War": Shock! Some particular web novelist actually hasn't updated so far. Is this warped morality or a lack of humanity behind this? Book friend "Golden July": Previously, I was following a book by an author called Three Days and Two Nights. Now I've realized that this author I'm following has become Three Days and Two Updates... Uncle Wang Situ, you must hold on! Book friend "Lock The Writer In A Small Dark Room To Type": Everyone, be mindful of your behavior! Scolding others is not the right way! In my opinion, why don't we find two individuals to wait outside the front door of the author's house, and when he comes out, put him in a sack and "execute" him! Book friend "GGsbada": Is it going to be only one update a day from now on... OH! NO! ...

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Ling's impression of Father Wang was that he wasn't someone who would often drag his feet. Furthermore, from his general understanding of Father Wang's rules for novel updates after all these years, there usually wouldn't be a delay or break in them.

However, when Father Wang burst with inspiration and finished writing a week's worth of drafts in the space of one day, it was possible for him to exhaust all of it after that. The bottom line was that Father Wang was just an ordinary person, and inspiration was an abstract thing that couldn't just be conjured up whenever you liked. After an explosion of inspiration, Father Wang would without fail sink into a state where his brain felt like it was empty.

There were times when you really couldn't rush writing.

Sometimes, the more you wanted to write, the more aware you became of how empty your mind was when you tried to put pen to paper.

For veteran web novelist Father Wang, his reasons for delaying or taking a break from updates had to do with time, for example when he had to cooperate with the website and do offline promotions for his novels. Of course, sometimes it had to do with the plot. Father Wang had been writing for so many years, and Wang Ling didn't believe that his dad wasn't able to write a single word. But if he forced himself to write when he was in this frame of mind, he wouldn't be able to justify the chapter's quality to his readers.

Quantity or quality: this was a problem which many writers faced.

After all, you couldn't have your cake and eat it too.

So when Wang Ling went downstairs, he saw Father Wang leaning back against the sofa with a hopeless expression, his hands under his head as he smoked. Father Wang's normal method of looking for inspiration was to watch the live streams of female broadcast hosts, but his favorite female host Little Xuan wasn't online at the moment, which made him especially twitchy.

Seeing that Wang Ling had come downstairs, he turned his head slightly to look at him, then patted the sofa. "Ling Ling, come and sit!"

Wang Ling knew that this was Father Wang's second main method for finding inspiration, and that was to frantically look for people to chat with him.



Usually, it would be Mother Wang who would accompany him in this role, but now that she had gone shopping with the old man, Wang Ling was once again surprised to realize that he had actually become the "fallback guy"!

"Little Ming is coming over tonight, so your mother and grandfather went out grocery shopping." Father Wang flicked away the ash from his cigarette as he spoke to Wang Ling.

Wang Ling replied obligingly with a "Mm."

During the sporadic times that Father Wang lost his inspiration, even his expression was different; it was full of dejection, which made Wang Ling feel a little unsettled.

Father Wang cast a sidelong glance at him. The corners of his mouth instantly couldn't help twitching when he realized that Wang Ling was sitting two spots away from him. "This kid... why are you sitting so far away from me?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Father Wang then directly stretched out his hand to pull Wang Ling in to lean against him. "You stuck to me so much when you were younger; have you forgotten that?"

Wang Ling took a deep breath and decided not to argue. "...". The most vivid impression he had of his childhood was probably Father Wang's mustache; this thing was really unbearably prickly.

Suddenly speaking of when Wang Ling had been young, Father Wang seemed to be remembering a lot of stories, and he couldn't help smiling. "Do you know? Your mother actually wrote novels before."

Wang Ling looked at him curiously. "Huh?"

Father Wang: "We were childhood friends, so I'm crystal clear on what she likes to do. When she was young, she actually published a book, and her writing was pretty good! At that time, many publishing houses got in touch with her to write a sequel. She had even drafted the main outline and had decided to start anew with a different pen name... but in the end she became pregnant with you."

Wang Ling: "..."

### Chapter 339: Stay There and Don't Move

"Afterwards, she discussed it with me, and she stopped writing in order to become a full-time housewife to take care of you." Father Wang was still leaning against the sofa with a cigarette in his mouth, but the gloom in his eyes had already disappeared, replaced with the happiness of recalling beautiful memories.

After thinking about it carefully, Wang Ling felt that this was the first time he had heard his dad talk about the past. He had also never expected Mother Wang to have written novels before he had been born; furthermore, it seemed that her writing had been pretty good.

What's the book called?

Curious, he couldn't help asking the question telepathically.

Father Wang cupped his chin and thought for a moment. "Back then, your mom's pen name was One Man One Dick. She wrote a cultivation romance light novel called Half-Immortal Summer Lady which was published."

Wang Ling: "..."

"Unexpectedly, this book sold well after it was published, but many readers wrote to the publishing house to complain about her pen name. After that, your mom decided to change to a new one before she started writing her new book. But even after she had finished writing her main outline, she wouldn't tell me what her new pen name was going to be. It was supposedly going to be a novel about the cultivation world, and I looked forward to it for a very long time."

When he said that, Father Wang ground his cigarette butt into the ashtray and couldn't help smiling. "I reckon if you ask Little Ming about this, he might know."

Wang Ling: "???"

Father Wang: "Do you know what a time capsule is? When your mom decided to put her writing away, she sealed all her drafts in a capsule and gave it to Little Ming. At that time, the papers your mom wrote her drafts on were very rough in texture, and Little Ming said this method could prevent them from becoming damaged. I'm guessing that when he picked up the drafts and outline then, he probably read them."

Hearing this, Wang Ling couldn't help twitching his lips. If other people couldn't resist reading them, then Wang Ming... indeed, he would probably do it. Furthermore, Wang Ming actually enjoyed reading novels. He couldn't cultivate, but he would frequently imitate the plot of a cultivation novel and end up doing something mad.

Wang Ling's curiosity was aroused again. Wang Ming was coming by later anyway; he just had to pull him upstairs later and ask him about it. Wang Ling really wanted to know what that unfinished work was like.

As he was pondering this, he heard the villa's front door open. Looking out of the corner of his eye, he saw that Lie Mengmeng had let himself in easily. The Wang family's small villa used fingerprint access, and as Father Wang's exclusive editor-in-charge, Lie Mengmeng's fingerprint had been inputted into the door's system by Father Wang around two weeks ago.

Father Wang had yet to update his novel today, so it was easy for Wang Ling to guess that Lie Mengmeng was most likely here to prompt him to do so.

Generally speaking, web novelists didn't enjoy this sort of treatment where their editors-in-charge would pay them a special visit to urge them to post updates.

"Hi! Wang Ling! You're home!" Lie Mengmeng grinned as he greeted him, but his face instantly turned gloomy as he stared helplessly at Father Wang. "Brother Wang... why haven't you posted an update today? Don't you already have a lot of drafts on hand?"

Father Wang sipped unhurriedly on his coffee and answered, "Mm, I've used all of them up."

The corners of Lie Mengmeng's mouth twitched. "I recall there were two hundred thousand existing words."

Father Wang: "Mm, all used up."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Father Wang sighed. "Recently, a nouveau riche reader said that for every new chapter I uploaded, he would reward me with ten thousand HNY. I couldn't resist, so I uploaded all of them at once."

Lie Mengmeng buried his face in his hands. "Brother Wang, control yourself! Finishing too quickly isn't nice!"

Father Wang and Wang Ling: "..."

Lie Mengmeng: "Go upstairs, I'll help you sort out the rest of the plot."

Father Wang shook his head. "It doesn't have to do with the plot this time. There's a new character in the novel, but I'm not sure how to depict this person. The best would be to find someone to act it out; I've already prepared all the stage props."

"New character?" Lie Mengmeng rested his chin on his clasped hands as he gave it some thought, and after a while, he nodded. "Then I'll be the one to act it out for you as usual. What's the character's style?"

Father Wang: "A gothic Lolita."

Lie Mengmeng smiled. "No big deal, it's just cross-dressing, and it wouldn't be my first time anyway."

Wang Ling: "..."

Father Wang: "There's candle wax involved!"

"..."

Father Wang: "I want the most realistic reactions! Only in this way will readers feel its authenticity!"

Tears welled up in Lie Mengmeng's eyes. "Come on then! I'm prepared to sacrifice myself for the organization!"

Wang Ling: "..."

So... what on earth kind of PLAY was this?

...

Wang Ming came early in the afternoon even before the old man and Mother Wang had come back from buying groceries. When Wang Ling opened the door, he saw Wang Ming standing there with a depressed expression, Zhai Yin close behind him.

Last time, Wang Ling had locked Zhai Yin outside because Mother Wang and the old man had happened to be cooking inside at the time, and thus hadn't seen him. But now that they had yet to come back, leaving Zhai Yin standing outside the door wouldn't be too good, so he grudgingly let him in.

To be exact, this was Wang Ling and Zhai Yin's second time meeting face to face.

In some sense, Wang Ming thought that they were pretty similar: they had the same facial paralysis. The difference was that Wang Ling had been born with his, while Zhai Yin's poker face was probably a result of being disillusioned by his life experiences.

After he had sent Wang Ming back the last time, Zhai Yin had actually started to secretly investigate Wang Ling, but most unfortunately, everything he had checked out was all covered in mosaic tiles.

This time, Wang Ling had directly let him in, naturally because he had his own reasons. Once Wang Ming stepped inside, Wang Ling fixed his eyes on Zhai Yin behind him.

This gaze straightaway froze Zhai Yin in place.

However weathered a veteran he was, this deeply imposing manner frightened Zhai Yin into breaking out in a cold sweat. It felt like some tremendous pressure welling up from the depths of the soul.

It was very obvious that this was a warning.

Wang Ming pulled Wang Ling behind him and stared at Zhai Yin. "I don't care if you follow me around outside, but this is my younger brother's home, and it's also like my own. If you dare cause trouble here, I'll have President Qi dismiss you."

Zhai Yin's eyes turned deep with emotion. "Try if you can."

Wang Ming crossed his arms and sighed. He forgot that this guy might be persuaded but couldn't be forced!

Then Wang Ming simply stretched out his hand and tugged Zhai Yin to the sofa in the living room. "Sit down! You can watch TV or sit here and cultivate, it's up to you."

After saying that, he suddenly smiled craftily to himself as he looked at Zhai Yin. "Stay there and don't move, I'll go get you a tangerine 1 !"

Wang Ling: "..."

"?" Before Zhai Yin could react, the two brothers had already swiftly gone upstairs.

## Chapter 340: Magnificent Immortal's Depository of Buddhist Texts

Spending time with Zhai Yin felt like being possessed by a ghost... another way to put it was that this Zhai Yin was harder to deal with than a ghost. Now that Wang Ling had given him a warning in the Wang family's small villa, he didn't follow them upstairs. But in fact, after leaving the villa the last time, Wang Ming had personally raised the issue with President Qi. If it hadn't been for President Qi's directive, it was likely that Zhai Yin might have continued to be bull-headed about following Wang Ming everywhere.

As soon as they got back to the room on the second floor, Wang Ming flopped onto the bed as if it was his own; he truly felt utterly drained.

The most troublesome part was that Zhai Yin wasn't afraid of Wang Ming complaining about him to President Qi at all; this was obvious in his attitude after he had entered the villa. When all was said and done, it was President Qi who had roped him in with much difficulty, and he couldn't just dismiss Zhai Yin at will. At most, Wang Ming could only submit his complaints.

This was the so-called "easy to invite a spirit in, but difficult to get rid of them."

Of course, there were a lot of complicated factors involved. One of them was that Wang Ming was someone under state protection, so in theory he couldn't reject whoever they had arranged to protect him. As a state researcher, he couldn't get away from Zhai Yin's "protection," not even when he was just doing everyday research. That feeling of being stared at all the time was truly painful.

"Ling Ling! I want to die!"

Wang Ming grumbled on the bed. "Do you know, this guy is from the Magnificent Immortal Special Army Brigade."

Wang Ling's expression couldn't help twitching at this name. Since encountering No. 60 High School's school guard Old Li, he had privately started to find out about the structure of the national special combat forces. The Magnificent Immortal Special Army Brigade stood on top of all these special forces and was a leader's division that had direct jurisdiction over many special forces. Compared with the Magnificent Immortal Special Army Brigade, Old Li's Seven Stars was just a small branch.

Anyone who came out of Magnificent Immortal was an expert with strength that was definitely not ordinary.

"Now you probably know the reason why President Qi pulled him in and can't dismiss him so easily, right?" Wang Ming looked at Wang Ling and sighed helplessly. "Also, this guy has a special identity..."

Wang Ling: "?"

"Magnificent Immortal has the largest depository of Buddhist texts in the whole of Huaxiu nation. It has many secret martial arts manuscripts that have been handed down since ancient times. In order to safeguard this depository back then, the country established a special force to guard it round the clock. That was the beginning of this Magnificent Immortal," Wang Ming said. "Do you know the sweeper high monk 1 ?"

"..." Wang Ling nodded.

"This guy's identity is similar to the high monk's; he used to watch the depository, and his position was like that of a librarian. What kind of idiot would let themselves be dragged over here by Old Qi..."

Wang Ling: "..."

...

Perhaps it was because he had been tormented relentlessly by Zhai Yin during this period, but Wang Ming spent half an hour upstairs venting his pain before he was able to release the stifling grievances in his heart. He knew that Wang Ling's bedroom had a soundproof barrier, thus he completely wasn't afraid of Zhai Yin hearing him.

It had been pretty good when no one had followed him around before, but now that Zhai Yin was always with him, even checking his phone messages from time to time, it really got on Wang Ming's nerves.

But even though he was spouting all these complaints, Wang Ling actually knew that Wang Ming had his own motives.

Since he couldn't drive Zhai Yin away, he would make full use of him. Apart from protecting Wang Ming, there was actually another large potential that could be exploited here... In some sense, Wang Ming thought that Zhai Yin's brain was also a fine rarity which wouldn't lose out to his most powerful brain. After all, Zhai Yin had been at the depository of Buddhist texts for hundreds of years – his whole being was now a walking depository!

Wang Ming: "Ling... given the huge amount of knowledge Zhai Yin has, do you think there are any records in the depository that might help me to cultivate?"



Wang Ling's lips twitched. "..."

What crazy thoughts was this guy having...

Since young, Wang Ming had been unable to cultivate because of his physique, which wasn't something that could be changed easily. Of course, if he really wanted to cultivate, it wasn't like he couldn't. Wang Ling knew a forbidden spell which involved an equivalent exchange. However, Wang Ming's most valuable asset was his brain – exchanging it for the chance to cultivate... in Wang Ling's eyes, this would be an utterly stupid trade.

If you didn't even have your brain, what kind of freaking cultivation could you do?!

"There are a lot of things inside Magnificent Immortal's depository which you would never have heard of or seen before. Who knows, it may have a technique to help you contain your aura so that you won't need to use the talisman seal anymore!"

Wang Ming cupped his chin and looked at Wang Ling seriously. "Ling, how about you knock Zhai Yin out, then I can cut his head open to study his brain?"

Wang Ling: "...". Who on earth would consider this scary thought so seriously...

Ignoring Wang Ming's wild imagination, Wang Ling directly opened his Heavenly Eye and took out the Heavenly Materials sword from his vision field to give to Wang Ming.

Wang Ming patted his head. It wasn't until he saw this sword that he remembered his real business!

"I'll take this sword back and study it." Wang Ming nodded his head as he put it in his storage ring. The ring was charged with spirit energy, otherwise Wang Ming, who lacked spirit energy, wouldn't be able to operate the the storage space at all. When the ring ran out of spirit energy, he would recharge it; a full charge could last up to roughly a week.

This was Wang Ming's specialty: researching and inventing cultivation magic treasures which were fused with black technology.

"Oh, that's right; Lingzi, I have something to give you."

He took out an egg-sized object the size of his palm from the storage ring and handed it to Wang Ling.

"You probably don't know, but this is auntie's time capsule. Before you were born, all of auntie's novel drafts were placed in this capsule. At that time, uncle and auntie asked me to store them, so I took them back to my lab and created a time capsule." Speaking up to this point, Wang Ming looked embarrassed. "However, there was a small accident at the time..."

"?" Wang Ling had a puzzled expression on his face as he held the capsule in his hand.

"Back then, when General Yi was pursuing the old devil, he planned to activate the power of the Stone Gate and send the surveillance chip which I'd developed back into the past. But before that, that bunch of people decided to test it out first with something else."

Wang Ling: "..."

When he said this, Wang Ming covered his face helplessly. "I don't know which dumbass then sent this time capsule back into the past – it was only sent back here recently..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Ming: "So, I think it's still better if you hold on to it."

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Ming had felt apprehensive the entire time that the time capsule had been missing; now that he had delivered it back into Wang Ling's hands, he could finally sigh in relief.

"Oh, that's right, that unpublished novel which auntie had been working on under her new pen name before she stopped writing is also inside the capsule. If you're interested, you can take a look, it's pretty good!" Wang Ming sat cross-legged on the bed as he looked at Wang Ling and said excitedly, "Also, her new pen name was pretty impressive!"

What was it? Wang Ling asked.

Wang Ming: "Numinous Mother with the Magic Hands!"

Wang Ling: "..."