

Daily Life 391

Chapter 391 The White-Faced Girl

Taming and training a holy beast was in fact a rather long process...

It was like a mini simulation game, the first part of which was similar to a romance game Wang Ling had found to be popular among the girls in school. The girls jokingly called the game "Keeping Men"; one wrong move would lead to a tragic ending... For Wang Ling, it was far easier to raise a holy beast at the level of a loyal dog than for the girls in class to keep four men in their phones!

July 8th was the eleventh Saturday of the semester.

That morning, a silver-haired young man showed up in front of the Wang family's small villa; he was in a white shirt and a matching pair of skintight jeans with holes in them. Because of the outfit Grenade-throwing Senior Immortal had given him the last time, Little Silver had gone to the mall himself to buy a similar set.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had initially wanted to come with him, but after the Demon Hunters Association had been exposed, the dramatic increase in the number of new posts on the cultivation forum overnight had directly overloaded the system and in the end crashed the server. At the moment, he was sorting out the data and doing server maintenance.

Little Silver remembered that before he had left, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had released an official apology: We apologize; the server has crashed due to technical issues. Right now, our technicians are doing everything they can to resolve the problem. Once maintenance is complete, friends whose posts have disappeared will receive a head of broccoli as compensation. Thank you for your cooperation!

...

"This should be it, right?"

Little Silver glanced at the location Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had sent him.

The Wang family's small villa was actually in quite a remote location and hard to find; Little Silver had had to take quite a winding route in particular to get here.

But once he reached the entrance, his expression became much more serious.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had always treated this villa as a holy place. Based on what he had said, there were some seniors living in seclusion here who had strength even more terrifying than Ling Zhenren's!

At that moment, Little Silver stood nervously in front of the main door with his heart pounding.

His face was very white; on one hand, it was because of fright, and on the other, he had given up two thousand milliliters of blood last night, which left him feeling a little weak.

Seniors more terrifying than Master...

What on earth kind of existence was that?

It was completely unimaginable to him.

All of a sudden, a deep sense of powerlessness overwhelmed Little Silver. He recalled how in his youth he had directly charged into sects with ten thousand members seven times over... But now, he had to summon up all of his courage just to even ring the bell...

The world really had changed!

Why were there so many monsters among the race of human cultivators?!

While he was hesitating, the villa door suddenly opened, and a woman bent down to place a plate of leftovers next to the door.

Although the villa's surroundings were a little remote and desolate, there were stray cats around, and Mother Wang would always feed them leftovers.

Just as she opened the door, Mother Wang saw a silver-haired youngster with a face as white as a foreigner's standing there.

She stared at Little Silver, startled. "This white-faced girl, who are you looking for?"

Little Silver: "..."

Then, she carefully looked Little Silver up and down before she smiled knowingly. "Are you looking for Ling Ling?"

Little Silver nodded. "Yes..."

To be honest, it wasn't like Little Silver didn't understand why Mother Wang had mistaken his gender. The human form he cultivated had always been more neutral-looking; along with his long silver hair, it was very easy for people to misunderstand.

While he was wondering whether to explain or not, Mother Wang suddenly stepped forward to pull on his hand. "Young lady, you don't have to say anything! Auntie understands!"

Little Silver: "..."

Then, she directly pulled him inside with a radiant smile on her face.

Just like this, he had actually entered what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal viewed as a holy place?

When Mother Wang pulled him inside, Little Silver felt a little muddled, as he had completely never expected the seniors in this villa to be so easygoing.

But why was the fluctuation of spirit energy from this senior so weak?

Hm! She had to be hiding her spirit energy!

That had to be it!

Mother Wang led Little Silver to the sofa in the living room and then passed him a cup of tea, her face wreathed in smiles. "This young lady, what's your surname?"

Little Silver sighed in his heart and answered, "My name's Little Silver..."

He had already decided he wasn't going to explain it; doing so in this situation would be even more embarrassing. As long as senior was happy, it was fine!

Mother Wang glanced at Little Silver again.

Hm... this girl had quite a good figure, but some parts were indeed a little small.

But this didn't curb Mother Wang's enthusiasm. "Most of the people who've dropped by the villa were Ling Ling's boy friends."

Little Silver: "!!!"

Mother Wang: "Don't misunderstand, young lady. I mean male friends."

Little Silver: "..."

She clasped Little Silver's hands excitedly. "Today, a girl has finally come!"

Little Silver: "Senior, I..."

Mother Wang: "Don't call me senior. Call me auntie!"

Little Silver was taken aback. "Can... Can I?"

From his understanding, this was a very intimate address! This was the holy place where mysterious great seniors resided! Nowadays, where would you find such a powerful "auntie"?!

"Why not, it's just a title." Mother Wang couldn't help laughing. "By the way, Miss Little Silver, where do you live?"

"My clan is more used to living in caves... we usually sleep standing up."

"No wonder you're in such good shape, it's because you stand!" Mother Wang couldn't help exclaiming in surprise.

As for living in caves, Mother Wang didn't think this was strange. Nowadays, there were people interested in this; the richer a family was, the more interested they were in broadening their horizons. Moreover, there were a lot of stories on TV nowadays about the rich specially digging out caves deep in the forest and transforming them into luxury residences... This was proof on the side that this girl's family background was probably pretty good! It also explained why her skin was so fair!

Mother Wang thought that this white-faced girl had obviously benefited from a natural influence!

"If you don't mind, how about staying for a quick lunch?" Mother Wang smiled.

"Ah? Wouldn't... wouldn't that be troublesome for you?"

"It's fine, it's fine, just make yourself at home."

Mother Wang stoop up joyfully. "I'm going to go prepare the ingredients. If you want to look for Ling Ling, he's in the first room on the left on the second floor."

"Auntie, where are the other seniors..."

"They're out today, it's just the three of us this afternoon," Mother Wang said.

"Oh, okay, auntie... then I'm going upstairs first."

After saying that, Little Silver rushed upstairs; he had never expected that he would actually be asked to stay for lunch!

Mother Wang followed Little Silver's back with her eyes as he went upstairs, a good-natured expression on her face.

From their chat just now, she was pretty satisfied with this white-faced girl!

Although she was a little small in some parts...

When Little Silver had gone upstairs just now, Mother Wang had noticed that this white-faced girl had a pretty big butt! Big and perky!

How did the saying go?

– A big butt was good for bearing children!

Chapter 392 Moving the Orange Trees Daily is Very Tiring!

At the moment, Little Silver looked very nervous as he sat cross-legged on the floor of the room.

Wang Ling was still reviewing his lessons at this time, and no one could interrupt him. Although Little Silver had been invited in, he was being strictly monitored by Pen and Eraser these two brawny brothers.

Unlike humans and spirit beasts, transformed goblins were different in that they had unique energy fluctuations which were generally hard for cultivators to sense. But as a holy beast, Little Silver's sixth sense was very acute, and it didn't take long for him to realize that the two brothers sitting cross-legged behind him and gazing at him weren't ordinary people...

Apart from that, the rest of his attention was on Loopy Toad, who was sleeping at Wang Ling's feet. Little Silver could feel that the waves of spirit energy emanating from this green-furred akita were also unusual.

All in all, he noticed something observing his surroundings in Wang Ling's room.

He abruptly realized that there wasn't a single normal person in this entire room!

But saying this might seem a little ambiguous.

Did it mean that Ling Zhenren couldn't be considered human?

– Of course he couldn't!

He was so strong!

So cool!

He was clearly a god!

...

Little Silver looked at the time; roughly five minutes after he had entered the room, Wang Ling finished studying, and he closed his book.

Then he swiveled around in his chair in Little Silver's direction. "Did you bring it?"

Wang Ling spoke telepathically as always, but while the sound was clear and crisp as usual, Little Silver found it surprisingly pleasant to listen to!

Light flashed in Little Silver's hand, and a red crystal appeared in his palm. "...Four thousand millimeters of holy beast blood have been condensed into this blood crystal. When Senior Ling wants to use it, just drop it in an equal amount of water."

Picking up this blood crystal with two fingers, Wang Ling could already sense the vibrant power which emanated from it.

As Little Silver had said, the blood crystal contained four thousand millimeters of holy beast blood.

After examining it, Wang Ling went into the bathroom and filled a wooden bucket with four thousand millimeters of water, using his Heavenly Eye to measure it out.

Not a drop more and not a drop less.

Then, Little Silver watched Wang Ling throw the blood crystal into the bucket...

"What is Senior Ling doing?" Little Silver stared blankly.

"See that plump green-furred akita? That's our Lord's pet, Loopy Toad."

Pen said, "Now, we're going to give it a bath."

A bath?

Bathing in holy beast blood...

Little Silver couldn't help twitching his lips – this was too extravagant!

He had collected so much blood yesterday without stopping to rest, but had never expected that it would in the end be used for a bath!

For some reason, he suddenly felt his liver hurting!

Before he could figure out Wang Ling's exact intention, Little Silver saw Wang Ling cut his hand through the air, and the oblivious sleeping green-furred akita was suddenly floating.

After that, Wang Ling crooked one finger.

Little Silver heard a "putong" as the dog was directly dumped into the wooden bucket just like that...

On the side, Pen explained, "Our Lord's pet suffers from severe narcolepsy for some reason; once it falls asleep, it's as if it's lost consciousness. In order to thoroughly deal with this condition, our Lord is using an ancient art to treat it, and the most important component of this art is holy beast blood; ancient texts say that holy beast blood has magical effects in treating narcolepsy!"

"Ancient art?" Little Silver was a little surprised. As he pondered this, he gnawed his finger out of habit.

This was a bad habit he had acquired in his human form; he would gnaw his finger at every little thing.

He never did this at all in his beast form, since there was no way he could gnaw on his hooves!

"My impression is that there are very few detailed records on using holy beast blood in the healing arts!"

"Do you know Immortal Doctor Kang Nuo?" The Pen explained, "He left this art behind in an ancient medical text. In addition to the Immortal Doctor's book, our Lord also has texts by Holy Doctor, Demon Doctor, King Doctor, Emperor Doctor, Monarch Doctor and Bitch Doctor..."

"..."

When he heard this, Little Silver immediately had a curious look on his face. "But what on earth is Senior Ling doing?"

As a genuine holy beast, there was no one here who was more familiar with the properties of holy beast blood than Little Silver; he had no way of knowing if it could cure narcolepsy, but he knew that just soaking in holy beast blood wouldn't be any use at all.

While he was engaged in scientific discussion with Pen, Little Silver saw that Wang Ling was about to do something else.

After placing the dog into the wooden bucket full of holy beast blood, Wang Ling swiftly took out a spirit grass which looked a lot like a "Chinese green onion."

The moment Wang Ling took it out, Little Silver could immediately sense dense currents of overflowing spirit qi; this green onion contained a terrifying amount of spirit power!

Wang Ling broke this green onion up and scattered it like chopped onion pieces inside the wooden bucket.

Little Silver was dumbfounded; this was a spirit grass he had never seen before. "This spirit grass that looks like a green onion – what is it?"

Pen: "Allow me to clarify: this spirit grass that looks like a green onion, is actually a green onion."

Little Silver: "..."

Motherf**ker! This green onion was overflowing with spirit power! It wasn't a proper green onion at all!

Pen: "The difference is that our Lord personally grew this onion, so it has extraordinary effects."

Little Silver: "..."

After putting the dog in the bucket and scattering the green onion pieces, Wang Ling actually found a lid and then covered the whole bucket.

Finished with that, Wang Ling crossed his arms on the side – the only thing he could do now was wait.

Little Silver was a little confused. "Excuse me... what is the point of this step?"

Pen answered pragmatically, "This wooden bucket looks very ordinary, but it's something which our Lord personally transformed, and it has the ability to heat up once the lid is put on. Now, we just need to wait for it to heat up."

Little Silver somehow felt that there was something wrong with this method. "..."

Hold on!

Put in holy beast blood, add dog, scatter green onion pieces, cover with a lid, heat it up...

These series of actions seemed a bit familiar!

Seeing the silver-haired young man's alarmed and pale expression, Pen explained earnestly, "What you are seeing is the 'Instant Noodles Treatment' recorded in Immortal Doctor Kang Nuo's ancient text, carried out perfectly!"

Little Silver: "..."

It was his first time hearing that holy beast blood could be used in this way!

– What damn "Instant Noodles Treatment"!

The Second Battalion Commander was already very tired from holding the noodle bowl!

Moving the orange trees around daily was very tiring!

Giving out awards everyday was very hard on Mr Chen Duxiu!

Swinging a forty-meter broadsword around was arm-breaking!

Dihuazixiu's liquid hand soap had increased in price!

The trophy had been rubbed so much the paint had come off!

So please, don't show off anymore! This bunch of random sentences generally have the sentiment or word 'xiu' in common, which can mean 'refined,' 'performance' or 'show,' and while they come from different Chinese media contexts, they can be used online to express disbelief or admiration in reaction to someone doing something outrageous or amazing.

Chapter 393 Trapped Senior Pang

"Is this really okay? It won't suffocate?" Little Silver looked suspiciously at the wooden bucket.

"It's fine." Pen shook his head and said, "Before my Lord dumped it into the bucket, he sealed all its acupuncture points and cleared its meridians so that spirit energy can circulate through its body smoothly."

Little Silver nodded his head. "I see."

He had only seen Wang Ling dump Loopy Toad into the wooden bucket, and didn't know what else he had done. Spirit energy itself carried oxygen, and this "spirit energy internal circulation" method was actually quite common for connecting meridians together; it was an advanced version of the turtle-breathing skill, but could last for longer.

When the "spirit energy internal circulation" technique was in effect, a cultivator could go without breathing for seven to ten days; the higher the cultivator's realm, the longer they could maintain this situation.

"Is this really useful..." Little Silver rubbed his head; he was really very curious about how effective it really was.

After all, nowadays there was an abundance of hereditary folk remedies for curing psoriasis... who knew what was real and what was fake.

Little Silver raised his eyebrows. "How long does it have to soak for?"

Pen: "Heat up and simmer for eight hours."

"..."

Little Silver still felt this wasn't right somehow!

...

When Wang Ling had dumped Loopy Toad into the wooden bucket, its acupuncture points had been sealed and the "spirit energy internal circulation" had been activated.

It was quite a strange feeling for Loopy Toad to be immersed in warm holy beast blood.

It felt a little like sleep paralysis, which was when you were asleep but your consciousness was clearly awake; your body was still in a state of deep sleep, so you couldn't even open your eyes.

This was a typical symptom of narcolepsy.

However, it didn't take long for Loopy Toad to notice that something was wrong; it abruptly realized that the scene in its mind had changed.

Then, it fell onto an island...

The cool sea breeze ruffled its green fur. Loopy Toad lifted one paw and touched the sand on the beach – it was real!

What was going on?

Wasn't it currently being treated?

Loopy Toad collected its thoughts and pondered for a bit.

It could only come up with one explanation for this situation: its soul had been brought to this space by some mysterious force!

But who on earth had done it?

While it was thinking about this, Loopy Toad saw an old man in white appear in the middle of a grove of coconut trees up ahead.

Loopy Toad was instantly on guard.

This wasn't any ordinary old man; his aura ran deep, and his clothes fluttered despite there being no wind. Spirit potential rolled and formed an incorporeal shield with a radius of five feet around him.

Looking at this imposing manner, this old man was at the very least a True Immortal.

Loopy Toad watched him approach slowly step by step. The old man was trying his best to suppress his aura, as if he was afraid of scaring Loopy Toad off.

"Brother Dog, don't be frightened... This old man won't hurt you..." the coconut old man said.

Loopy Toad fixed its eyes on the old man in front of it and made sure to maintain its distance.
"Senior, who are you?"

"My surname is Pang and my first name is Guang. You can also call me by my Taoist name, Taoist Guang." This coconut old man placed his hand next to his mouth and answered so gently that his voice almost blended with the sea breeze.

Loopy Toad: "Senior, can you act a little more normally..."

In the end, this Senior Pang dropped to his knees on the ground and sighed deeply. "This is because your master is too powerful..."

"..." Realization suddenly dawned on Loopy Toad.

It turned out that this guy had been intimidated by Little Master Ling before!

It had left a shadow on his heart!

No wonder!

Loopy Toad: "You've seen my master before?"

"Yes... twice..."

Upon saying this, Taoist Guang, Pang Guang, already looked close to tears. "This is a space I personally set up – in the end, your master just came and went as he pleased like it was nothing... He really didn't give me any face!"

Lying down with his butt up in the air and beating the ground with his fists as he complained tearfully, he didn't have the manner of a True Immortal in the slightest...

Loopy Toad was silent at this scene.

It appeared that it had been quite a heavy blow to him... You have to calm down! Senior! Ants have been in a footrace for ten years!

As Senior Pang sobbed, Loopy Toad more or less learned the whole story.

Previously, Little Master Ling had helped Grandfather Wang bring his kitchen knife to Fatty Luo's store for maintenance, and had happened to see that Fatty Luo had a heavenly fissure stone. Thus, Little Master Ling had helped Fatty Luo to appraise it with his Heavenly Eye. The result was that he had been unexpectedly sucked into this hidden space inside the heavenly fissure stone, and had met this Taoist Guang, Pang Guang, who was now standing in front of Loopy Toad.

Taoist Guang: "At the beginning, I wanted to take him in as my disciple and my believer so that he would help me set up nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty-one statues all over the world, as well as find ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and eighty-one disciples... Only in this way can I successfully overcome the Samsara Spirit Tribulation and pass beyond True Immortal and advance to Venerated Immortal. But who would have thought that your master would turn me down!"

Loopy Toad: "... " It would have been absurd if he had agreed!

Taoist Guang heaved a sigh. "When I established this space, I set a rule that the first person to enter the space would automatically form a soul contract with me. After my first attempt ended in failure, I was going to draw on the power of the contract to invade your master's dreamscape to look for him..."

Loopy Toad: "And then?"

Taoist Guang: "Then... I was blocked..."

Loopy Toad: "... "

Loopy Toad wasn't sure how anyone else would have dealt with this situation, but listening to this Senior Guang say this, this indeed felt like something that Little Master Ling would do!

Blocking the contract to stop it from generating power might be very difficult for anyone else, but for Ling Zhenren, it was a piece of cake!

Taoist Guang felt like crying at this point. "If I hadn't formed a contract with your master back then, I'm afraid I'd be trapped in this space for the rest of this life."

Loopy Toad: "..."

Taoist Guang drew in a deep breath, then said, "This time, I came looking for Brother Dog to ask if you would be able to help me pass on a message to the senior outside..."

So he had been waiting for Loopy Toad here?

It couldn't help laughing inwardly when it heard this.

It smelled... a business opportunity...

"What's in it for me?" Loopy Toad stared at the old man.

"A blueprint of something that absolutely no one can resist... even I feel that trading this blueprint in exchange for the slightest chance to win my freedom is a bit of a loss for me," said Taoist Guang.

"What's the blueprint of?" Loopy Toad's interest was aroused.

Taoist Guang couldn't help laughing. "Before that, I want to ask Brother Dog a simple question..."

Loopy Toad: "???"

Taoist Guang: "Do you know what your master's true strength is?"

"You want to scout out my master's realm?"

Loopy Toad looked up at him. "It's still better for Senior Pang to judge it for yourself, but I can tell you how my master cultivates."

Taoist Guang: "Oh? Tell me!"

"He keeps up with radio gymnastics and eye exercises everyday, in addition to doing exercises in On Talismans and Five Three."

"..."

"What is Five Three?"

"Five Years of College Exams and Three Years of Simulations."

"..." This is a homonym of the line "Mother has been gone for ten years," which actress Ouyang Nana said too quickly in a live skit.

Chapter 394 The Truth About the Gate Between Worlds

This Taoist Guang couldn't help sighing when he heard this.

It wasn't like he couldn't understand – after all, that senior outside was at a level where he could even come and go as he pleased in a True Immortal's soul space; he could even actively block the space contract that Taoist Guang had set up...

And so, he had in fact already come up with his own theory earlier on: the senior outside was at the very least a Venerated Immortal...

In the entire history of cultivation and since the beginning of the Spirit Energy Information era, the number of Venerated Immortal Almightys recorded in historical texts could be counted on fingers. This was the upper realm which every True Immortal dreamed of.

For many cultivators at the Foundation Establishment and Golden Core stages, true cultivation only started at the Soul Formation stage.

Likewise, Soul Formation cultivators felt that true cultivation only started once they entered the True Immortal realm.

But the thing about realms was that they were forever without limits. It was only after you stepped up to a higher level that you became aware of the vastness of the world and the mysteries of the universe – in the minds of most True Immortals, the Venerated Immortal realm was the beginning of the path of Dao.

All realms under Venerated Immortal were nothing!

Inside the soul space, Taoist Guang stood on the island he had created as he welcomed the sea breeze, his gaze on the boundless horizon as he pondered endlessly.

Every cultivator in pursuit of the Venerated Immortal realm had something called "vision" inside them.

"The senior outside must have a very large world in his heart; he likely has a vision that ordinary people can't begin to imagine..." Taoist Guang was suddenly deeply moved, and he looked at Loopy Toad and said, "I guess this senior must be making preparations to break through to the next realm."

Loopy Toad stayed silent. "..."

It didn't know whether Little Master Ling had this vision Taoist Guang was talking about.

The only thing it was sure of was that the thing Little Master Ling was chasing definitely wasn't as exaggerated as Taoist Guang was imagining.

Ling Zhenren was indeed making preparations...

He was preparing for the upcoming midterm exams...

"I know senior's identity isn't simple. Every senior has their own unique cultivation method, and would never let other people know about it so easily. It's fine if you don't want to tell me. As long as you agree to help me pass on my message, I'll still give you the blueprint." Taoist Guang sat down cross-legged on the ground. When he spoke to Loopy Toad, it was with a gentle tone, and didn't sound like the voice of an old senior at all.

"You haven't told me what the blueprint is of." Loopy Toad wagged its tail.

"You won't turn it down." Taoist Guang was very confident on this point.

"Don't tell me it's a blueprint of a divine weapon?"

Loopy Toad looked at him with contempt. "As far as I know, divine weapons are created naturally and cannot be manufactured. If this really is a blueprint of a divine weapon... senior, you can save your breath. You can fool other people, but I'm not stupid."

Taoist Guang burst into laughter. Wasn't this that senior's dog after all? It understood so much.

"Don't worry, I'm not giving you a blueprint of a divine weapon; however, nowadays, this thing is worth just as much."

He waved his hand, and when he raised it, a jade scroll suddenly appeared in his palm.

At its appearance, Loopy Toad instantly sensed that this wasn't a simple thing.

There was a very familiar smell to it. What was more, leaving the blueprint aside, the jade scroll itself was an invaluable treasure! It contained spirit power so dense it was extraordinarily terrifying!

"Actually I have quite a few priceless things on me. Back then, I sealed them all in this soul space. This was an invaluable item I collected back when I was all-powerful." Taoist Guang gripped the scroll tightly as he introduced it. His words were proud but also begrudging.

But in exchange for freedom and Ling Zhenren's help, he had no other choice.

"What on earth is it?" Loopy Toad stared at the jade scroll, slightly lost in thought.

"You've probably heard of the Gates Between Worlds?" All of a sudden, Taoist Guang changed the topic to the one thing that Loopy Toad was most familiar with.

Loopy Toad nodded its head; of course it was familiar with the Gate... Back then, it had been pushed out of the Gate as a vanguard by the other demon kings!

And then, it had kicked the bucket!

Taoist Guang started to talk about the Gate Between Worlds.

"As everyone knows, the Gate Between Worlds is a door between the demon world and the human cultivator world. Most people think that it was specially built by the demon race in an attempt to invade the human cultivator world, but this isn't the case.

"There are a lot of vital raw materials in the demon world which cannot be found in the cultivation world nowadays, and the demon world has an abundance of rare minerals. In order to create stronger magic treasures, a lot of weaponsmiths back then had looked for ways to enter the demon world. It was after that when the first version of the Gate Between Worlds was created... Thus, the Gate you see now was in fact built by a cultivator."

Taoist Guang continued, "You may have heard this creator's Taoist name. It is precisely that legendary Immortal Zhenyuan, who already stepped into the Venerated Immortal realm a long time ago."

Immortal Zhenyuan again?

Loopy Toad was amazed; it had never heard this story before.

Loopy Toad actually didn't know much about Immortal Zhenyuan's origins, but after listening to talk from all sides and reading the information available, it felt that this was an experienced and knowledgeable person skilled in refining both weapons and elixirs, and who could be said to be a master Almighty among cultivators.

Furthermore, the famous magic weapons treated as the "Three Auspicious Treasures" in the cultivation circle — the Seven Stars Sword, the Purple Gold Gourd and the Golden Canopy Rope — had all been created by Immortal Zhenyuan.

Loopy Toad had already been incredibly astonished when it had heard about this at the time, but now, it was even more so!

It had never expected the Gate Between Worlds, which it was pretty familiar with, to have actually been personally built by Immortal Zhenyuan! And the most crucial thing was that this Immortal Zhenyuan's whereabouts was a real mystery; all this time, he was spoken about in legend, and no

one had ever seen his true appearance... he was as mysterious as Little Black and Dopey Guo's uncles.

"Shocking, right?" Taoist Guang noticed Loopy Toad's stunned and pale expression, and couldn't help laughing. "When I found out the truth back then, it also took me a very long time to accept it."

At this moment, Loopy Toad latched onto a key issue. "I seem to have heard senior say the first version of the Gate Between Worlds... what do you mean by the first version?"

"It's the literal meaning."

Taoist Guang replied honestly, "The first version of the Gate Between Worlds was made out of crude materials. After its first appearance, and each time it appeared after that, it would be reinforced and upgraded. Because it was already connected to the demon world, Immortal Zhenyuan started using raw materials from the demon world to refurbish and repair the Gate."

Loopy Toad: "..."

Taoist Guang: "Hence, the latest Gate Between Worlds is probably the twentieth version as reinforced by Immortal Zhenyuan."

Loopy Toad: "..."

"By the twentieth version, the Gate Between Worlds was completely made out of materials from the demon world, which is why later generations of cultivators mistakenly thought it was created by the demon race. And in fact, until the appearance of the twentieth Gate Between Worlds, diagrams of the array for summoning the Gate were dispersed in the cultivation circle."

Taoist Guang said, "If my calculations are correct, it was Immortal Zhenyuan who released this array-summoning diagram... and before the twentieth version appeared, the twenty times before that when it descended were probably Immortal Zhenyuan carrying out performance tests."

"..."

Loopy Toad suddenly felt a twinge of fear.

Speaking up to this point, Taoist Guang gazed at Loopy Toad with the jade scroll in his hand. "The jade scroll in my hand is the blueprint of the first Gate Between Worlds designed by Immortal Zhenyuan!"

Chapter 395 Immortal's Treasure House

Eyes fixed on the jade scroll, Loopy Toad felt extremely shaken.

It had actually made a lot of guesses about the blueprint, but had never expected it to be of the first Gate Between Worlds; even more unbelievable was that it had actually been personally built by a human Almighty.

This was a door which connected the two worlds together. Since it was something that had been created, it should probably be classified as a magic treasure. But it was very obvious that the Gate Between Worlds couldn't be considered just any ordinary magic treasure.

Strictly speaking, the Gate Between Worlds had already completely surpassed the level of a first-rate holy weapon and was a man-made, world-class magic weapon!

There were in fact written accounts of world-class magic weapons in the current known history of cultivation. These were the magic weapons that cultivators had been able to ultimately create solely through their own strength. They were also the only weapons created by cultivators that could contend against the "divine weapon magic treasures" created by nature, and were called "world-defying magic weapons" in short.

In the face of these world-defying magic weapons, first-rate holy weapons were nothing but scrap metal; they couldn't withstand continuous attacks from spirit power, and would just shatter like glass as soon as they were taken out.

Loopy Toad had thought that it was just a legend that human cultivators were able to create world-defying magic weapons... Because even the top demon gods had been unable to make them.

This was because creating a world-defying magic weapon required the power of a particular kind of world, and it was nothing like the small worlds in ordinary magic weapons. Take the Purple Gold Gourd for example; it could already be considered a first-rate holy weapon, but the small world inside it still couldn't compare with the world inside a world-defying magic weapon.

In Taoist Guang's words, the vision was too small.

According to historical texts, forging a world-defying magic weapon thus necessitated the creation of a great world as its foundation. One great world was equal to ninety-nine small worlds, but for a genuine world-defying magic weapon to be called as such, it required ninety-nine great worlds at least.

But Loopy Toad felt that the truly frightening part of all this was the person who had been able to create a world-defying magic weapon.

If Immortal Zhenyuan had really created the Gate Between Worlds, then he was simply a monster!

"Brother Dog, you should now know how much this scroll is worth," Taoist Guang said as he looked at Loopy Toad.

Loopy Toad naturally understood his meaning; this scroll was no longer simply a blueprint of the Gate Between Worlds, but of a world-defying magic weapon!

A blueprint was quite an important part in forging a magic weapon. Theoretically speaking, a magic weapon which was produced based on a blueprint couldn't be considered a fake.

Those imitation magic treasures on the market only resembled them in appearance; they didn't have cores at all.

This blueprint was of a magic weapon core.

The significance of the scroll in Taoist Guang's hand was too much!

If it was taken out and studied, it might overturn the world and stir up great waves, maybe even cause bloody wars...

At that moment, Loopy Toad's heart trembled as it instinctively felt fear. This was something even demon gods couldn't touch; even if Loopy Toad had been at its peak, it was still just a demon king, on par with a human Soul Formation cultivator.

Taoist Guang couldn't help breaking into laughter when he saw this green-furred dog's expression. "Brother Dog, you don't have to give me a reply right away; you can think about it. This isn't just a deal between you and me, but also with the senior outside."

Although he was smiling, the seriousness in his words was plain to see.

Loopy Toad suddenly understood a little now the reason why Taoist Guang had said earlier that he had wanted to keep this thing sealed forever with him; it was indeed too weighty.

If news of it got out, war between nations wasn't impossible.

But to Taoist Guang, none of this mattered at all

The most important thing to him was rebirth and freedom.

He sighed. "I've already waited so many years; a little more is nothing. To leave this space, I have to pass through the Samsara Spirit Tribulation. Unfortunately, when all is said and done, I tried to take a side route, and I'm missing one piece in my plan."

Loopy Toad: "So senior's meaning is...?"

Taoist Guang: "I have a feeling that the senior outside definitely has a way; no matter what method he uses, as long as he lends me a hand, I'm willing to tell him a great secret."

Loopy Toad was curious. "About what?"

Taoist Guang's expression lit up. "The Immortal's Treasure House! This is the great world which Immortal Zhenyuan established back then. It contains all of his riches, and I know where the entrance is."

Loopy Toad was gobsmacked once again. "By any chance, did senior find this blueprint at the Immortal Treasure House?"

"No..."

Taoist Guang shook his head. "I was lucky to have bumped into him before... although I didn't see his face, I can probably confirm it was him."

Loopy Toad: "Rumor is that Immortal Zhenyuan travels around the world and no one knows his whereabouts, so how can senior be sure?"

Taoist Guang spoke slowly, "About a thousand years ago, I was part of a special price tour for Foundation Establishment cultivators traveling to Snow Village. I wanted to go and appreciate the meaning of Dao in nature; I hadn't reached the True Immortal realm back then, and I was impatient to do so. Moreover, in order to join the tour party, I sealed my acupuncture points to fix my realm at the Foundation Establishment stage before I went out."

Loopy Toad: "Special price tour..."

Taoist Guang: "Mm, food, accommodation and a tour guide were all included, all for just one immortal gold bar."

Loopy Toad: "..."

"After we got on the tour bus, the guide gave each of us an immortal snow rice cake and said that it was a specialty of Snow Village."

Loopy Toad: "And then..."

"And then, there was nothing after that. The bus drove us to the Snow Village public toilets, because all of us had diarrhea."

Loopy Toad: "..."

"Do you know what was the most terrifying thing in all this?" Taoist Guang's expression revealed a trace of lingering fear when he said this.

"This old man... didn't bring any toilet paper!"

"..."

"A potent spirit grass laxative had been mixed into this immortal snow rice cake. Without an antidote, we would continue to have diarrhea, and without toilet paper to wipe ourselves clean, it was unbearably itchy.

"Then, the tour guide threatened us – if we wanted toilet paper and the antidote, each of us had to give him two thousand immortal gold bars, otherwise he would ditch us there. That was true suffering for this old man back then..."

Loopy Toad: "So, senior gave in?"

"No way!"

Taoist Guang hmped. "If I hadn't sealed my realm so that I could only exert strength at the Foundation Establishment level, I could have killed that dishonest tour guide with one blow of air from my mouth!"

Loopy Toad: "In the end, what happened?"

Taoist Guang: "Back then, I'd rather die than give in, so the tour guide left me behind. Luckily, I had a detoxifying spirit drug on me. Even though it couldn't completely cure my condition, at the very least it staved off my persistent diarrhea. However, I was still badly in need of toilet paper..."

Loopy Toad: "..."

"It was at that point in time that my luck changed. An old brother in the next cubicle passed me a roll of toilet paper..."

Loopy Toad: "But what does this have to do with the blueprint of the Gate Between Worlds?"

Taoist Guang: "That toilet paper is this jade scroll that you're looking at now..."

Loopy Toad: "What the hell..."

Chapter 396 What Use Are Crispy Noodle Snacks

The story sounded a bit odd, but it was indeed true. When Taoist Guang related what had happened in Snow Village, crystal tears even trickled out of the corners of his eyes...

In life, nothing was more painful than a lack of WiFi when you wanted to surf the Internet, a lack of toilet paper while you were using the toilet, a lack of condiments when you were eating instant noodles, or being unable to finish spending your money before you died.

"Brother Dog, just take this thing. You only need to convey my request to the senior outside," Taoist Guang said to Loopy Toad.

He had already been mentally preparing himself; the Venerated Immortal realm was something that most people might aspire to but were unable to attain.

While Taoist Guang had already been looking for unconventional ways of passing through the Samsara Spirit Tribulation in earlier years, it had taken him five hundred years to figure out the least dangerous way of getting through the calamity. Furthermore, a very important point was that he needed to have a good person to help him.

Therefore, Taoist Guang had been thinking about this issue since meeting Wang Ling.

But was Wang Ling really the lucky star he was destined to meet?

Before leaving the soul space, Loopy Toad didn't stand on ceremony, and directly swallowed the blueprint using the "Space Swallowing Spell."

After leaving the space, Loopy Toad regained consciousness. As soon as it opened its eyes, it saw a silver-haired youngster taking its measure as he gazed at Loopy Toad curiously.

Little Silver stared at Loopy Toad and made a huge fuss. "Wow, you really woke up! Just now there was the smell of meat coming out of the bucket, and I thought you had already been cooked."

Loopy Toad: "..."

"How do you feel?" Wang Ling stared at Loopy Toad and asked telepathically.

Loopy Toad closed its eyes and cycled spirit energy through its body. It could clearly feel an unusual spiritual power working inside it, and it felt refreshed.

After having bathed in holy beast blood, it indeed felt like brand new. Spirit energy flowed through its meridians more smoothly than before, and could be said to be utterly unimpeded. Not only that, Loopy Toad could even sense something wonderful in the depths of its soul...

This was a manifestation of the increased rapport between the soul and body.

Loopy Toad nodded. "I do feel a lot better." The holy beast blood had definitely sped up the integration between its soul and body.

But Loopy Toad then realized a very serious problem!

Its dog fur had actually turned red!

"Why did my fur turn red?" Loopy Toad was already used to having green fur, and it was really very unaccustomed to this red fur which not only looked ugly, but would also easily cause misunderstandings since from afar, it would look like a leg of Jinhua ham!

Little Silver said with a smirk, "After soaking in holy beast blood, this color will only disappear in a month at the very least."

Pen: "It's not a problem, we have OMO in our house!"

Little Silver: "What's that..."

Pen: "It's a bag of laundry detergent personally enchanted by Little Master Ling. It can turn Africans into Europeans."

"..." Little Silver once again felt that his three views had been dealt a heavy blow.

Wang Ling was greatly relieved to confirm that holy beast blood was indeed effective. However, a single treatment wasn't enough to completely solve the problem of narcolepsy. He speculated that it would take at least three more immersions before Loopy Toad was completely healed.

And so, Wang Ling cupped his chin in his hands as he began to look Little Silver up and down.

The expression on his face made Little Silver quiver a little.

Judging from the eyes, there was some warmth mixed into this indifferent gaze, along with a bit of "kindness"... this was the kind of smile that hid malicious intent!

"..."

Little Silver already had a bad feeling.

He saw Wang Ling wave his hand, and a square box appeared out of thin air.

Then, holding the box carefully, Wang Ling took a deep breath... He seemed to be trying to control some sort of agitation as he did his best to remain calm before he handed the box over to Little Silver and said blandly, "Your reward."

Holding this box of crispy noodle snacks, Little Silver sunk into deep thought. "... He had thought that the reward of twenty packets of crispy noodle snacks had been a joke; he had never expected that in the end, it really was crispy noodle snacks!

It was fully four thousand milliliters of holy beast blood!

Little Silver felt his liver ache, but very quickly he noticed that Wang Ling seemed to be in more pain than his liver... Who could tell him why Wang Ling's eyes were glued to the crispy noodle snacks, and what the hell was up with that brokenhearted expression?!

Pen: "This is the reward my Lord promised you, and he's paying in advance. Mr Silver has yet to provide a further six thousand millimeters of holy beast blood – when will it be convenient for Mr Silver to bring it over?"

Little Silver: "..."

This was really the first time that Little Silver felt so wretched since he was born!

He cradled the box of crispy noodle snacks, his face full of grievances.

Crispy noodle snacks...

What the hell could crispy noodle snacks do?

Could they improve blood circulation and nourish one's appearance like the youth-retaining elixir?

Could they clear the meridians like the essence-clearing pill?

Could they replenish vitality and invigorate qi like the Da Huan elixir?

Could it help someone who was dying recover like the soul-returning pill?

Could it promote a breakthrough in realms like the advancement elixir?

It was very obvious... no!

What was more, the advancement elixir was just a legend; there was no way it existed. Although there indeed were related written accounts in historical records, no one had been able to produce it up to now. Little Silver had long heard that the Xiao clan had spent a lot of money to gather over a thousand of the top alchemists in Huaxiu nation and establish a research lab with the elite alchemists of the Xiao clan as its core.

But after several decades, they had yet to even figure out the basic formula for the advancement elixir.

Holding the box with a whole twenty packets of crispy noodle snacks inside it, Little Silver pondered...

When it came to the matter of realms, the highest level among spirit beasts was first class; if first-class spirit beasts wanted to advance to the level of a holy beast, it would be like cultivators undergoing tribulation: it required a tremendous amount of time and a heavy price.

But there were only a few cases where spirit beasts had become holy beasts as a result of going through this late-stage cultivation – Little Silver's understanding was that there weren't more than two cases in history.

Apart from late-stage cultivation, another kind of holy beast relied solely on the bloodline inherited from a pure, native holy beast.

Little Silver belonged to the second kind.

However, pure, native holy beasts were also divided into various levels. Little Silver thought that in the ranks of holy beasts, he was probably in the top tier, and was a sixth-class holy beast. When he was born, he had just been at ninth class; cultivating to reach sixth class had taken him six thousand years.

That meant two thousand years per level.

He was now eight thousand years old, which was still a "baby" in the eyes of holy beasts. It was just that for holy beasts, improving their realms was really too difficult.

Furthermore, holy beasts were almost extinct in the world now. Perhaps there were still other holy beasts around, but they had probably all gone into hiding.

At least, in the last century, Little Silver hadn't sensed the aura of any other holy beast.

Therefore, Little Silver thought that it was likely that he was the only remaining holy beast in the world right now.

I'm so rare... why can't you cherish and love me a little?

When he thought this, Little Silver suddenly felt a little sad.

Seeing how the silver-haired youngster had a wronged expression on his face as he cradled the crispy noodle snacks, Pen couldn't help sighing in his heart: some people just didn't recognize their fortune when they saw it...

"Brother Little Silver, these crispy noodle snacks were all personally enchanted by our Lord; they are invaluable." Pen couldn't resist reaching out to pat Little Silver on the shoulder. "Many people want them but can't have them – you struck the jackpot!"

"Huh?"

Little Silver was stupefied at these words.

Chapter 397 Stiff Face, Kind Heart

Full of doubts, Little Silver left that night with the box of crispy noodle snacks.

In theory, he didn't think a mere few packets of crispy noodle snacks would be anything useful. But the monster pen's words to him before he left the villa clearly hinted that these crispy noodle snacks were indeed invaluable. Little Silver could only wait until he got home to slowly study their exact effects.

Although he was a holy beast, it wasn't like he had never heard of crispy noodle snacks.

For many people, it was a childhood snack that was hard to forget, but as they got older, many of them didn't go out of their way to especially buy crispy noodle snacks anymore. Many people ate them when they were kids in a bid to collect the Water Margin cards inside the packets; once they collected all the corresponding generals, they could claim a prize.

So why were card games so popular now? It was because the kids who had bought crispy noodle snacks to collect cards back then had grown up.

Although Little Silver was still only a "baby" in terms of the age of a holy beast, there was no way he would open a crispy noodle snack packet and eat it out in public on the streets. Based on age alone, Little Silver had actually lived for a very long time. The cultivation calendar started with the founding of Huaxiu nation, but Little Silver was born long before that.

Hence, he had witnessed a lot of history.

Nowadays, many holy beasts had vanished into hiding, and holy beast numbers had long suffered a devastating blow... it was just Little Silver who had survived strongly up to now.

Sometimes when he reflected on it, he felt that it really hadn't been easy for him.

When he thought about it carefully, this was probably the first time in his long life that he was in such close contact with human society. He was now living in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's house, which could be considered pretty safe. Furthermore, he had also accepted Wang Ling as his master... Although this master was a little stingy, his strength was absolutely beyond question and he could completely protect Little Silver.

Holy beasts lived very long lives – it was so long that even Little Silver didn't know how long he could live for.

He now had three wishes. One was to find other surviving holy beasts in his lifetime.

The second was to cultivate hard and break through to become a fifth-class holy beast.

The last wish was to take good care of Ya Xuan and help the girl figure out her origins. This girl wasn't just naturally muddle-brained, her memories were also scattered and she couldn't remember a lot of things.

Back when she had been severely poisoned, Little Silver had made the mistake of taking her to Immortal Mansion to look for a cure, but had wound up being controlled by the Master of Immortal Mansion. Fortunately, Wang Ling had appeared in time, otherwise Little Silver thought he might have died.

Ya Xuan had saved him before, so he had to repay the favor.

On the way home, Little Silver suddenly missed Ya Xuan a little. He didn't know how she was doing at Cailian Zhenren's place.

...

It was only after Little Silver left that Loopy Toad talked to Wang Ling about his dream of entering Taoist Guang's space while it had been soaking in the holy beast blood. This was the agreement it had made with Taoist Guang – without Taoist Guang's consent, it wouldn't be very good if other people knew about this matter, even if Loopy Toad didn't really see Little Silver as an outsider; after all, the other person had given so much blood to alleviate its narcolepsy.

But an agreement was an agreement, so before things were worked out, it would be better for it to talk personally with Little Master Ling first.

To be honest, Loopy Toad didn't know where to start.

After thinking about it carefully, it felt that this Taoist Guang was actually quite pitiful. For the sake of pursuing a realm, he had sealed his soul inside the space to look for the predestined person. Now, he was appealing to Little Master Ling to help him find a way to gain his freedom.

The world changed, and you couldn't get everything you wanted.

In this world, every time a person needed to make a choice, it would be difficult and they would be extremely hesitant, because most people suffered from acute indecision.

Loopy Toad felt that Taoist Guang wasn't a bad person.

A spirit beast's sixth sense was always very accurate. This kind of sixth sense wasn't limited to perceiving danger and detecting an enemy's aura and realm level, but could also judge a person's nature.

When it had been in the soul space, Loopy Toad had felt a sense of closeness with Taoist Guang. Therefore, though it felt that this senior was a little silly and didn't have much integrity, he wasn't a bad person fundamentally.

Considering how serious this matter was, Loopy Toad raised its head and wore a rare serious expression. "Wang Ling, I have something to say."

Wang Ling's mind was instantly awl at this look – this was the first time since he had brought Loopy Toad home that it had called him by name, and it had such a serious expression on its face as it wanted to discuss something.

Wang Ling's thoughts instantly started to run wild...

After all, he was only sixteen years old, and in a sense, he had inherited the gene for writing novels from both Mother Wang and Father Wang; thus, his imagination was even more colorful than that of his peers.

What on earth did Loopy Toad want to say with such a serious face on?

Moreover, there seemed to be a trace of nervousness mixed in with this seriousness, as if Loopy Toad didn't know how to open its mouth; it was just like a normally honest and well-behaved child suddenly returning home to say that he had a girlfriend, and that she was pregnant!

— Wait a minute!

Preg... nant?

Wang Ling couldn't help sucking in a sharp breath of air between his teeth before he asked in a low voice, "What did you do to some other house's female dog?"

"Pu!" Hearing this, Loopy Toad almost spat out a mouthful of blood... How could it simply go look for a female dog! Whatever happened, it was going to wait until it had cultivated a human form before going to look for a busty sister!

The most disturbing thing was that Little Master Ling had spoken telepathically... and not just telepathically, it had also been in a very low voice.

That was how afraid he was of someone else finding out...

Loopy Toad thought that this was the legendary "don't air your dirty linen in public."

But in a way, it was actually quite happy. At the very least, this proved that it had already integrated into this place and also into Little Master Ling's heart, and that it was truly regarded as a family member.

In fact, after being around Wang Ling for a long time, Loopy Toad had already discovered a lot about Ling Zhenren's temperament. He might look like he had facial paralysis, but he had the fiery passion of youth inside him. Loopy Toad called this: stiff face, kind heart.

Although Wang Ling usually didn't like to speak, Loopy Toad was certain that Little Master Ling's mind was undoubtedly very colorful. Unfortunately, it couldn't learn the "Mind-Reading Ability," otherwise it would be very interesting.

To put it bluntly, Little Master Ling usually kept people at a distance; he was wary of outsiders, and only associated with people he was familiar with.

Loopy Toad suddenly thought of the astrology successor Song Cai whom it had come across during the combined military training for six schools.

Song Cai was well-versed in astrology.

Loopy Toad didn't really believe in this thing at first...

But looking at this matter now from a different angle, Little Master Ling indeed seemed to have the facial paralysis syndrome that was characteristic of Capricorns!

Chapter 398 Big Shots Eat the Same Thing

Taoist Guang's story was actually a little complicated to explain. There were too many secrets involved, so there was no way to explain it in a few words. Moreover, if Loopy Toad repeated its dream of its soul entering Taoist Guang's space from beginning to end, there was the dubious possibility that it might add something unnecessary to it.

Hence, Loopy Toad simply jumped directly onto the table and placed Wang Ling's hands on its head with its paws as it remained relaxed. Loopy Toad knew that Wang Ling had the ability to retrieve memories, but there were limitations to it. For instance, the direct retelling of an incident by an involved party would definitely be clearer than whatever small news a person might have heard on the grapevine.

Therefore, Loopy Toad had chosen this crude but simple way of directly copying and pasting its memory to send to Wang Ling. Searching and retrieving a memory, and copying and pasting it were actually part of a particular technique that regular cultivators would find difficult to learn. However, this didn't mean that Loopy Toad also couldn't learn it – whatever the case, Loopy Toad used to be an awe-inspiring demon king.

Wang Ling watched Loopy Toad's series of actions on the side without a single expression on his face, and it was only after Loopy Toad's memory had been completely transmitted over that his expression changed slightly.

He had no idea that so many things had happened during the time Loopy Toad had been soaking in the bath.

Previously, Taoist Guang had been heavy-handed in forcing Wang Ling's soul to form a contract with his space without his permission. This had made Wang Ling unhappy, so he had blacklisted the old man.

Wang Ling hadn't expected that this Taoist Guang would seize any opportunity available to him, and had found Loopy Toad through Wang Ling's soul contract with it.

It could only be said that an old-timer was in the end an old-timer.

There was no doubt that Wang Ling was very strong, but in the end, he was only sixteen years old. He actually had a long way to go in his cultivation, and at the same time, he lacked a lot of experience.

Even Wang Ling himself couldn't solve the problem of his lack of experience; this was something that would only come with time. To be frank, his inability to contain his realm was also a problem of time... His realms grew too quickly. Normal cultivators all felt bitter at being unable to break through to the next realm; Wang Ling was the only one who was bitter that he didn't have enough time to adapt to each new realm.

But he never forgot how to contain his power.

Like his idiot big brother Wang Ming had said, his body was gradually becoming familiar with the special material inside the Dao talisman seal. When he had touched this substance at the very beginning, he had directly blacked out in the most serious instance. Even after regaining consciousness, he had remained weak for a very long time.

But now, it could be said that this material was become less and less lethal to him.

Wang Ling thought that this could probably be blamed on his immortal physique.

The "Immortal Mode" supreme spell which Fang Xing had used previously was a kind of technique that could gather the spirit energy of heaven and earth and transform an ordinary physique into an immortal one for a short period of time. However, this technique consumed a tremendous amount of energy and lasted for a very short time... but when used in a real fight, it was actually very phenomenal.

That was because a person with this physique would be able to freely adapt to their surroundings. Once this spell was cast, a person would be able to fight freely in any type of environment. And the best part was that this was an industry-certified orthodox spell without any side effects. As long as a person had sufficient spirit energy, they could continue to use it at any time; the only drawback was that it was difficult to learn.

Therefore, from a certain perspective, Wang Ling's situation was even more phenomenal... he had been born with an immortal physique.

As for the reason why he was starting to resist the "Anti-Wang Ling Matter" which Wang Ming had discovered, Wang Ling guessed that it was because an immortal physique probably went through a period of growth: the older he got, the stronger his body grew in its ability to adapt. And it was obvious that Wang Ling's current immortal physique had probably already succeeded in breaking through the kindergarten stage and was entering the primary school stage – this was also the reason why that substance's restraining effect on him was growing weaker and weaker.

Wang Ling knew that this wasn't a long-term solution.

He had to think of other means.

He didn't know how much longer the effect of the Dao talisman seal would last for... As it stood right now, he would be thankful if it could last until his high school graduation.

Therefore, when he learned what that Senior Pang, whose Taoist name was "Taoist Guang," had told Loopy Toad in the soul space, what Wang Ling was interested in wasn't the Gate Between Worlds itself, but rather the Immortal's Treasure House that Taoist Guang had mentioned.

Rumor was that this was where Immortal Zhenyuan had left all his riches; it was the "One Piece" of the cultivation world!

Back then, Immortal Zhenyuan had made two bold statements which had spread all over the cultivation world.

First: he would personally appear to the person able to collect the genuine three items – the "Seven Stars Sword", the "Purple Golden Gourd" and the "Golden Canopy Rope"– and take them as his disciple as well as give out clues to the Immortal's Treasure House.

Second: In addition to the clues, if a fated person found the whereabouts of the Immortal's Treasure House, they could inherit all the riches it contained.

These two bold statements had in fact been around for a very long time and had already been circulated widely before Wang Ling was born... It was an ancient signpost, but until now, no one had found the place.

Wang Ling thought that there might be something inside this place that might be able to help him.

For the sake of the Immortal's Treasure House, Wang Ling thought he might as well have a good chat with Taoist Guang. But given this Taoist Guang's identity as a wily old bird, Wang Ling felt that it was better to be cautious when dealing with this kind of person.

Thus, Wang Ling immediately put together a text message and called out another wily old bird in the current cultivation circle, one that brimmed with justice...

He had barely sent this message when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied almost in a second. "Brother Ling, you actually have clues to the Immortal's Treasure House?"

On the other end, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been completely shaken after reading Wang Ling's message.

If this kind of news got out, the entire cultivation circle would tremble at its core.

There were times when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that this Brother Ling of his was very mystical... Why was he always able to speak so lightly about such big matters with a straight face?

Additionally, there was one thing that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very curious about...

According to what he knew of Wang Ling, Wang Ling usually wouldn't bother to get involved in something as big as this. Firstly, he liked to keep a low profile and didn't like to show his face in public. Secondly, he felt it was very troublesome.

But this time, he had actually mentioned the Immortal's Treasure House of his own accord, and had invited Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to go over and discuss it with him.

Something was definitely fishy...

Out of curiosity, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sent a message and asked, "Brother Ling, why are you suddenly interested in the Immortal's Treasure House?"

On the other side, Wang Ling looked at this message and was silent.

The matter of his aura being suppressed was something that only his few family members knew about, and no matter how familiar he was with Grenade-Throwing, there was no way Wang Ling would tell him about it – this was his biggest secret.

Seeing that Wang Ling hadn't replied, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal made a quick guess and swiftly sent another message.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Can it be... that the Immortal's Treasure House has a repository of crispy noodle snacks?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was utterly stupefied and couldn't help clicking his tongue; he had completely never expected that even Immortal Zhenyuan would like crispy noodle snacks...

As expected of big shots... they even ate the same thing. A reminder that this is a reference to the pirate manga series of the same name.

Chapter 399 Suffer Because of a Lack of Culture!

A lot happened that night...

Elsewhere, Little Silver's lonely journey back to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa was in fact not very peaceful.

Somehow it felt like someone was following him. A holy beast's sixth sense was sharp and they were a hundred times more sensitive to danger than first-class spirit beasts. This group of people following Little Silver harbored ill will toward him, as the auras their bodies gave off stank. This was the "evil qi" specially given off by this bunch with bad intentions.

After sensing that he was being followed, Little Silver quickened his pace and headed for a place with a lot of people as he tried to shake them off.

He wasn't afraid of them, but he was afraid that his real identity would be exposed. If people found out that his true form was that of an eight thousand year-old silver unicorn... Little Silver couldn't imagine what the consequences would be. Therefore, what he was really afraid of wasn't people, but that his real body would be found out and become the target of malicious intentions.

Moreover, this bunch of people was very patient and had been tailing him for a long time.

Little Silver calculated that this group had started following him from the moment he had taken the spirit bus to the subway.

He didn't know which force they belonged to or their purpose... but the other party's target was very clear. In the subway station with so many people streaming by, they had been able to lock onto him precisely.

What should he do?

Find a deserted place and take action?

Little Silver was conflicted.

Because after the Immortal Mansion incident and before Wang Ling had taken him out, they had made a provisional agreement that Little Silver wasn't allowed to make a move without permission. If he was ever exposed, it would all be over.

Given the situation, it was better for him to ask for advice.

Thinking this, Little Silver started to take a crazy winding route around the block to buy himself time to text the chat group; Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had only pulled him in recently, and he had just learned to type not long ago. Usually when he was at home, Little Silver preferred to use the voice function, which was more efficient.

But he was on a noisy block at the moment; it was so noisy that he couldn't even hear himself clearly, let alone use the voice function.

Little Silver had just tried it, and realized that anything he said became a string of electronic notes, which made it impossible to communicate normally.

So the only thing he could do now was type... The point was that because he had only learned to do so recently, he was extremely slow!

Besides, this keyboard was really too small; Little Silver felt that typing was very inconvenient.

It might as well transform into a giant screen so that he could change back into his real body and stamp on it with his hooves!

After going around the block for more than three minutes, Little Silver finally painstakingly finished typing out six words: "Someone, following me, what to do?"

Soon there was a string of responses from the group.

Cailian Zhenren: "Beat him up!"

Dharmaraja: "Electrocute him!"

Bulang Blade Immortal: "Chop him up!"

Immortal Toya: "Poison him!"

Little Silver: "..."

Only the few who had been involved in the Immortal Mansion incident knew of Little Silver's true form. When he had dragged Little Silver into the group, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had

told the others who hadn't been involved that Little Silver was a distant relative of his, thus keeping the secret properly.

Although everyone in the chat were comrades whom Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had strictly vetted, the fewer who knew about Little Silver being a holy beast, the better. Thus, no one in the group would publicly announce his identity, and they just considered him a new brother in the group.

And newcomers to the group would usually be teased...

Little Silver was anxious. He had spent three minutes typing six words... but this group of elder brothers and one elder sister actually hadn't taken him seriously at all!

How should he respond in this event?

Keep explaining?

But it seemed that time was running out; the group behind him were watching him very closely. He had been going around the block over and over again as he typed, and they would definitely be suspicious.

But if he sent emojis, those oldies in the group would take it even less seriously...

Fang Xing was also in the group. He hadn't expected Little Silver to run into trouble at this time. "Seniors, don't play around with Little Silver. After he lost the bet back then, he promised Ling Zhenren that he wouldn't make a move so casually." This was Fang Xing's reminder to the people

who knew of Little Silver's true identity. At the same, he firmly turned the agreement between Little Silver and Wang Ling into a bet for the sake of those who weren't in the know.

This was the script they had agreed upon before Little Silver had joined the group.

It was clear that Cailian Zhenren, Dharmaraja and the others were roused by Fang Xing's reminder. To be honest, they would have forgotten if it hadn't been for this reminder: as a holy beast, Little Silver couldn't freely take action without approval. Now that he was being tailed, this was indeed a thorny problem.

In front of the screen, Little Silver was moved by Fang Xing's reply — his good impression of Fang Xing increased by 10086!

Cailian Zhenren: "Where are you now, Brother Little Silver?"

Little Silver looked around and found a road sign that read — Bing Xian Da Xian Yan Road.

Little Silver was instantly overcome with despair.

MMP! — What the f**k kind of road name was this?!

He was already slow at typing, but the point was... he couldn't read these words at all!

At this time, Fang Xing spoke in the group once again. "Brother Little Silver has just learned to use the chat software, so he's slower at typing. Brother Little Silver, open the settings in the chat

interface; there's a location tab in there. Click on it, and it'll send your location, so we'll know where you are."

Seeing this message, Little Silver was so moved his tears spilled out... Brother Fang Xing knows me well!

Following Fang Xing's instructions, Little Silver quickly sent his coordinates, and it just so happened that the road name was displayed in the group's chat window.

Seeing the road name, the people in the group suddenly understood.

Cailian Zhenren: "Oh... you're there."

Dharmaraja: "I know this place. It sells tuning magic weapons and is incredibly noisy. In this neighborhood, anything you say will turn into electronic notes."

Immortal Toya: "...What do the characters say?"

Cailian Zhenren: "Don't know."

Dharmaraja: "Don't know."

Little Silver was stunned. "... A bunch of cultivators were suffering together because they lacked culture!

Fang Xing: "It seems close to my place. How about I go take a look..."

But just as Fang Xing said this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly came online.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Fang Xing, you don't have to go. Brother Little Silver, you can act without worries; Ling Zhenren has already given his consent. Special cases need special responses. The group that's following you is from the Demon Hunters Association. It's very likely that they're high-level elders on the run. The best would be for Brother Little Silver to lead them to a secluded spot and get rid of all of them without exposing your identity."

Little Silver and everyone in the group sighed with relief when they saw this message.

Nevertheless, Little Silver still thought it was very strange. Why was this Demon Hunters Association targeting him? He had nothing to do with them at all! Even if this group of elders were looking for revenge, it didn't make sense to seek him out.

But Little Silver was already unable to deal with that much for now.

Now that Wang Ling had already consented to him taking action, he wouldn't be polite with this bunch behind him anymore.

He had been feeling incredibly stifled these days!10086 is China Mobile's Customer Service Hotline. The joke here is that the road name is made up of multistroke characters that are ridiculously hard to write.

Chapter 400 Loopy Toad's Status in the Harem

After conveying the message to Little Silver in the main group, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal instantly opened a private chat window. His chat partner wasn't just anybody, but was Wang Ling.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal swiftly typed out a question. "Brother Ling, why do you know who these people are, and why are you so sure that the Demon Hunters Association are after Brother Little Silver?"

Wang Ling was silent at this question, because he felt it was a little complicated. It had actually all started when Little Silver had sent blood over.

When Wang Ling had been about to soak Loopy Toad in the holy beast blood, he had suddenly discovered that someone had planted a soul marker on it. It was a very sophisticated trace method, and stronger than what Mo Immortal Castle had used to track Song Qingshu. The most impressive thing about it was how discreet it was; it couldn't be detected easily without careful inspection.

Loopy Toad had always been at home before, and the only people who would have had the opportunity to put this type of marker on it was the gang from the Demon Hunters Association.

Wang Ling guessed that it was Strong Zuo who had secretly planted this marker. However, Strong Zuo couldn't have created this kind of soul marker with his ability alone. Wang Ling thus speculated that there had to be an expert helping them out behind the scenes.

Then, when Wang Ling had dumped Loopy Toad into the bucket, he had transferred the marker to Little Silver in passing...

After understanding what had happened, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wiped at his sweat as he looked at the screen. "Brother Ling... Did you plan this from the beginning? But may I ask, why Little Silver?"

In fact, Wang Ling had considered this problem carefully.

First of all, this lot running over for revenge were elders who would naturally be stronger than Strong Zuo that piece of trash. Secondly, Loopy Toad's narcolepsy hadn't been fully cured; it would be a serious problem if it collapsed in battle. And finally, the soul pet contract's remote assistance option also had a cooldown period.

Thus, Wang Ling's answer was very simple: What if Loopy Toad gets hurt?

Sitting in front of the screen, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sunk into deep thought at this reply.

Somehow, he smelled a whiff of indulgence...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart suddenly ached a little for Little Silver.

Come to think of it, he suddenly recalled that while Little Silver had accepted Wang Ling as his owner, it seemed that they hadn't formed a contract yet... Moreover, just by looking at Wang Ling's attitude toward this incident, it was already clear to see how much space Little Silver and Loopy Toad each took up in Wang Ling's heart.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help but sigh – Little Silver had a long way to go before it could truly obtain a position in Brother Ling's harem.

Wait a minute...

Had he somehow been fed a mouthful of dog food?

F**king dog food!

...

This block was actually very close to both Fang Xing's and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's houses; it was just that Little Silver had never been to this road with the weird name before. If he hadn't received Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's instructions, he really wouldn't have known what to do with the gang of people behind him.

After receiving clear instructions, Little Silver was greatly relieved and he deliberately slowed down.

There weren't many people following him, just two individuals.

They followed Little Silver closely and finally arrived at a factory which was still under construction. It was supposed to be a modern food processing factory, but it had yet to be finished. Work had stopped for the night and all the workers had gone home, so no one was there. Furthermore, the construction site inside was very spacious.

The two elders of the Demon Hunters Association who had been tailing Little Silver the whole time stopped in front of the iron gates to the construction site, which were shut, and saw the silver-haired young man jump inside.

Most likely they had been discovered.

"It stopped moving..." An old Taoist in a grey Chinese gown stood at the entrance. He held a compass in his hand which showed the location of the soul marker.

After the silver-haired young man had leapt inside, the soul marker which had originally been moving on the compass had stopped, thus confirming that the young man had stopped moving.

"This beast has guts; it actually dares to challenge us." The old Taoist snorted.

"Senior brother, do you think we may have the wrong target?" the man next to him couldn't help asking; he had a tear-shaped birthmark on his face and looked somewhat feminine.

In addition to secretly planting the soul marker before being arrested, Strong Zuo had in fact also delivered a hidden order; after decoding, it turned out to be a description of the enemy — in addition to a youngster, the main force was a green-furred dog of the akita breed.

And based on the decoded hidden order, Strong Zuo explained that while the dog was estimated to be third class, it had a very strong owner behind it. It was precisely because this owner had mobilized the soul pet contract to boost the dog's strength that Strong Zuo's group had been completely defeated.

But the problem was that the target they were now chasing wasn't a dog!

As a junior brother, the feminine man strongly suspected that they were mistaken.

However, the issue now was that the two brothers had different views as the old Taoist holding the compass refused to believe it.

The old Taoist squinted and snorted. "The soul marker contains the president's power; you and I both have seen his strength for ourselves. There is absolutely no mistake; without a doubt, the young man inside is that dog!"

"But senior brother... Even in human form, it's definitely first class. But Strong Zuo's hidden order shows that the dog is third class." The junior brother was in a daze. This whole situation felt unreliable; there were too many points of doubt!

Besides, as a green-furred dog, even if it took human form, its hair should at the very least be green, right? Too many things didn't add up!

"Senior Brother Canglan... do you think it's possible that someone has tampered with the soul marker?" this junior brother surmised.

"Tampered with it?" The old Taoist couldn't help laughing. "Junior Brother Han ah, Junior Brother Han, you're still young and inexperienced."

Junior Brother Han: "But..."

"No 'buts.'" The old Taoist pinched his beard. "Once something has been engraved with a soul marker, it can only be washed off through soul purification. What's more, the president's skill at soul marking is superb, and he's very good at hiding the soul marker; forget tampering, it's hard to even detect it. Junior Brother Han, you say that someone has tampered with it, but how?"

Junior Brother Han said in a very soft voice, "I'm guessing that someone may have transferred it..."

When he said that, the old Taoist burst into laughter. "Junior brother, your imagination is too wild! On this earth, how can there be anyone capable of moving the soul marker? No such technique exists!"

Junior Brother Han: "..."

"Unless he is the reincarnation of the Immortal King!"

The old Taoist waved his hand and laughed. "If there is such a person, I, Canglan, swear by my Taoist name that my whole family will die out in a matter of days!"

Junior Brother Han: "But Senior Brother Canglan... aren't you an orphan?"

The old Taoist: "We two brothers, you and I, have relied on each other for many years, making a living through hunting spirit beasts... I, this senior brother, have long regarded you as family!"

Junior Brother Han: "...This means to be subjected to PDA.