

## Daily Life 401

### Chapter 401 Little Silver's Battle

Junior Brother Han thought that anyone who calmed down and used their brain to think it over would definitely realize that something was wrong. After all, it was indeed quite difficult to connect a third-class green-furred dog to a silver-haired young man, since spirit beasts in their human forms usually had something in common with their original bodies.

But in this current situation, Junior Brother Han couldn't get a word in edgewise.

It couldn't be helped... in addition to strength, the cultivation circle had always focused on seniority. Some old-timers just liked to direct from the top of the hill of "seniority," which made the juniors feel very helpless. These seniors who preferred to look at problems through their experience tended to be pedantic, dogmatic and stubborn.

Although Junior Brother Han thought it was a trap, he indeed couldn't think of a reason to disagree with his senior brother, because the notion of transferring a spirit marker truly was a little fanciful... and it indeed couldn't happen in theory.

Little Silver stood on the empty construction site; he had already confirmed that there was no one else here.

He could clearly sense the two cultivators from the Demon Hunters Association who had been tailing him standing outside the iron gates. One was at the Soul Formation stage and the other at the Nascent Soul stage.

After scouting out their realms, Little Silver instantly felt deeply disappointed — they were so weak it was embarrassing!

Generally speaking, in a situation with unequal realms, the most difficult thing to do was the legendary "show mercy," but apparently Little Silver didn't have to worry about this problem at all today... he recalled the instruction Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had conveyed earlier, and that was to kill these two elders of the Demon Hunters Association without revealing his identity.

This meant that he could exterminate them without worries.

As for whether they could use these two elders to lead them back to the president of the Demon Hunters Association, that had nothing to do with Little Silver.

So, how to kill these two in the most painful and wretched way possible?

Little Silver narrowed his eyes and smiled slightly as he cupped his chin and pondered.

News about the Demon Hunters Association had spread throughout the city in the last two days, so it was impossible that Little Silver didn't know what had happened. Besides, the reason why holy beasts had died out previously was due to the workings of organizations similar to the Demon Hunters Association which disregarded life for the sake of profit and viewed living things as mustard grass which they slaughtered indiscriminately.

This type of people deserved to be put to death.

While he was pondering, Little Silver's ears suddenly moved; a bright ball of light shot up into the sky like a firework outside the large iron gates.

In the next moment, rays of light extended out of the ball and turned into hooks that lunged at him.

"A trapper ball?"

Little Silver could tell what this ball of light was with one glance.

A trapper ball was a once-off magic treasure commonly used to capture spirit beasts. If it failed, then it would be nullified. Additionally, it was expressly stipulated by law that only qualified pet trainers were allowed to possess and use this type of magic treasure.

"Tch, want to catch me with a trapper ball?" Little Silver's face was as unruffled as the surface of an ancient well and he wore a long-suffering expression as he blinked, his delicate eyelashes sweeping down. Without even waiting for those hooks to latch onto him, he directly stretched out his hand to catch the trapper ball.

In the end, the old Taoist had barely sent out this trapper ball when Little Silver squashed it to death in the air before it could even do its thing.

The light of the trapper ball vanished, signaling a failed capture.

The two elders of the Demon Hunters Association had charged through the iron gates right after releasing the trapper ball, but Little Silver had really been too quick. As soon as they landed, they saw that the ball was already in the silver-haired youth's hands.

"What a spicy chicken..."

Little Silver sighed in his heart and directly crushed that trapper ball into powder.

The old Taoist was utterly stunned. "Impossible!"

This trapper ball was the best of its kind, and even had an eighty-five percent success rate of capturing a second-class spirit beast.

Little Silver curled his lip and didn't say anything.

Want to catch him with a trash ball... where did they get their confidence?

The old Taoist stared at Little Silver. "Very well, you green dog, it appears you do have some skill."

Little Silver: "Why am I a dog???"

The old Taoist: "Hmph! Don't think you can pass yourself off as a first-class spirit beast just by eating pills that can turn you into a human being... This old man is sharp, I saw through it already earlier on!"

Little Silver: "..."

Watching this scene from the side, this Junior Brother Han nearby was greatly shaken; for the young man to be able to catch the trapper ball so easily, it was already clear that he had an unusual identity.

"Senior brother, I think there's something odd about this person. How about we withdraw before we make a decision?"

The junior brother had good intentions in giving this reminder, but the old Taoist wasn't willing to listen. "Again! This time, I'll make sure he can't avoid it!"

As he spoke, the old Taoist performed some hand seals and launched another ball of light from his hand.

"There's no way I won't catch you this time!" The old Taoist smiled sardonically. This was an updated version of the previous trapper ball. It wasn't just faster and had a higher success rate of capture; more importantly, it had an "invisibility" effect.

This ball was obviously part of the old Taoist's collection, and he wouldn't use it so casually unless the situation was critical. The price of an ordinary trapper ball was a thousand immortal gold bars. As for this collector's item, Little Silver was guessing that it probably cost over ten thousand immortal gold bars.

Catching spirit beasts was also a game that burned money.

However, outside of the old Taoist's expectations, it wasn't even half a second after he had released the ball when this silver-haired youth actually caught it again.

The old Taoist was so alarmed he took one step back. "You..."

"Don't you have other techniques?" Little Silver looked at him with some disappointment.

This was definitely the least aspiring Soul Formation cultivator that Little Silver had ever seen. Relying on a once-off magic treasure and burning money in a fight was, in Little Silver's opinion, extremely hopeless behavior!

"Impossible! You're just a spirit beast! There's no other magic treasure more effective than a trapper ball for dealing with a spirit beast!" The old Taoist was so furious that he was trembling all over. "Junior brother! Take out our trump card!"

"Senior Brother Canglan..."

"I'll take responsibility for the loss!"

The old Taoist snarled; things had already come to this point, and he knew there was no turning back.

Then, the junior brother next to him helplessly took a trapper ball studded with crystals out of their storage bag. This was their last trump card. This trapper ball was also the most advanced of its kind — the master ball! It had a success rate as high as one hundred percent at capturing a first-class spirit beast!

"Go! Master ball!" the old Taoist roared!

Little Silver: "..."

A brilliant light burst forth from the master ball.

Then, with a sigh, Little Silver reached out again to choke this ball of light to death in the air...

"No way... that's impossible!" The old Taoist widened his eyes. This master ball was already their last and most powerful trump card! It had a success rate as high as one hundred percent at capturing a spirit beast – how could it be blocked so offhandedly?

Little Silver held the master ball between two fingers, and the corners of his mouth couldn't help twitching.

Indeed...

This master ball was very strong and very rare.

Even when it was used to catch a first-class spirit beast, its success rate was as high as one hundred percent.

However, the problem was that he was a holy beast... "Spicy chicken" is 'la ji' in Chinese, which is also a homonym for "trash."

#### Chapter 402 It Was Really a Sudden Death...

Little Silver had thought that it would be an interesting fight at first. Although the gap between their realms was certainly a little big, he could at least get a bit of a workout from it... However, this old Taoist was too weak! He had just been throwing trapper balls from beginning to end, which greatly disappointed Little Silver.

In the end, this was also because of the effect which the current era of peace had had on cultivators... they lived such easy and comfortable lives that they had no resolve at all to temper actual combat skills. In Little Silver's view, just possessing a realm was useless; actual combat skills and realm were equally important. In the past, if a Soul Formation cultivator couldn't throw a hundred punches in a second, he would be too embarrassed to let his realm out.

Of course, if you could perform a seckill with a single punch... you could totally ignore any and all criticism.

Although it could be said that there were many great cultivators in this era, you had to admit that the weakening of actual combat skills among modern cultivators had already become a trend, just like an aging population.

In the past, it had all been about spells and combat skills, but these had fallen to the wayside as more and more cultivators chose to use magic treasures... In short: more and more inferior cultivators were popping up.

In previous eras, the strong were honored and their strength was supreme.

But in this day and age, realm wasn't in fact the only criterion... From what Little Silver could see, if the criteria important to modern cultivators were ranked in order from the top down...

They would more or less be... intelligence, realm, then money...

Could you live without realm in this era?



Of course you could! You just needed to be an honest person and live a law-abiding life.

Could you live with money and no realm?

Of course you could! Money was omnipotent in any age, and would make the devil turn millstones. There were plenty of rich households nowadays who threw their money at all kinds of resources and treasures in order to enhance their children's physique. Lin Xiaocong, that famous second generation kid who previously had always been mentioned in high school circles, was a good example.

Then, the last question was: Could you live without intelligence...

Staring at the old Taoist in front of him who looked like he already had one foot in the grave, Little Silver couldn't help sighing in his heart.

If this old Taoist was half as intelligent as his junior brother, he wouldn't have fallen to this fate today.

Little Silver blinked; his eyelashes were very long, and people often mistook him for a girl just by his eyes. The moon shone on his long silver hair so that it glowed with radiance, and coupled with the white shirt he was wearing, he gave off a holy and pure air from a distance.

Then, in front of these two cultivators of the Demon Hunters Association, Little Silver started to release his aura...

The old Taoist who was the leader rubbed his eyes, and his expression quickly changed at this aura.  
"Be careful, junior brother!"

The spiritual pressure was like a great Demacian magic sword falling from the sky to directly pierce their heads!

These fellow brothers instantly couldn't withstand the boiling of their qi and blood, and Junior Brother Han who was slightly weaker directly vomited a mouthful of blood.

"He's going to do something big!" The old Taoist's face changed dramatically.

From his experience, a mighty spiritual pressure usually descended first before an ultimate move was released.

Hearing his words, Little Silver was speechless. This was nothing – he hadn't even released twenty percent of his qi!

"Both of you are completely unworthy of my ultimate move." Little Silver couldn't help yawning; this fight was too boring.

When all was said and done, there were too few people nowadays who could force him to unleash his intrinsic spirit field.

So even until now, Little Silver's battle with Wang Ling back then was still fresh in his memory.

He had lived for eight thousand years, and it was only in that one battle that he had distinctly felt a suffocating sense of suppression.

Holy beasts would never yield easily to humans, but because of that battle, Little Silver had taken the initiative to choose Wang Ling himself.

"Let's finish this." Thinking this, Little Silver's expression turned firm; he had no plans to continue playing with these two people.

Then, his pupils contracted slightly; the spiritual pressure in the air suddenly increased, and a fierce and massive wave rolled out from Little Silver at the center. The ground split open, and the bricks and roof tiles around the site floated up as if they were weightless.

As the pressure continued to increase, a silver symbol appeared between Little Silver's eyebrows.

"Itinerant Immortal Mark!" exclaimed the two fellow brothers.

At this moment, the old Taoist was bathed in cold sweat. The situation was completely out of his expectations; to be honest, he had already sensed that something was wrong when Little Silver had caught the master ball. He should have listened to his junior brother earlier. Maybe they really had the wrong person, and maybe the soul marker really had been tampered with...

Hence, it was likely that this young man was an expert who had switched places with the green-furred dog. His realm was perhaps higher than the Soul Formation stage, maybe even at the Void Refinement stage... But there was no way that the old Taoist could have expected the silver-haired young man standing in front of them at this moment to be an Itinerant Immortal.

There were other realms above the Soul Formation stage like the Ascension and Void Refinement stages, but at the same time, there were three main realm phases known as Perfected Being, Itinerant Immortal and True Immortal.

The moment the Itinerant Immortal Mark had blossomed, the old Taoist had already understood that this wasn't something that he, a Soul Formation cultivator, could contend against. Even if he had ten, twenty, a hundred trapper balls... in the end they would all be crushed!

"Goodbye, the two of you!" Little Silver smiled slightly. He didn't even use any spells, because he didn't need to at all.

His pressure alone was enough to force the old Taoist and his junior brother to their knees on the ground as they twitched all over.

"You're not a spirit beast?"

The old Taoist was unreconciled to this fact. He clenched his teeth, his expression both a little resentful and remorseful.

This was because even a first-class spirit beast could only cultivate until the Void Refinement stage at the most; there was absolutely no way it could become an Itinerant Immortal! Itinerant Immortal was the general term for the phase between the Fusion stage and the Ascension stage, so there was no spirit beast in this world that could ever cultivate to the level of Itinerant Immortal and consolidate the Itinerant Immortal Mark!

"Since you're going to die, let me show you something." Little Silver spread his hands; to let someone die with regrets was very shameful behavior. Since the two men were going to die, he thought that there was no harm in revealing his identity a little.

Then, in the next moment, old Taoist Canglan and his Junior Brother Han saw an image of a holy beast appear behind Little Silver: it was a white unicorn with outspread wings, poised for flight!

This image flashed in front of them for less than a second...

But the old Taoist already understood Little Silver's identity in that moment.

He widened his eyes in disbelief!

"Bzz!"

Little Silver increased his spiritual pressure.

Unable to withstand this overwhelming pressure, the old Taoist and his Junior Brother Han instantly bled from the seven orifices of their heads and died suddenly on the spot. The common Chinese gaming term to mean killing an enemy within seconds. Demacian Justice is a skill utilized by the character Garen in League of Legends, in which he falls from the sky with a magic sword.

Chapter 403 Little Silver is Arrested Once Again

While this battle seemed very long and tedious, Little Silver only took less than five minutes to defeat his opponents. In the end, the disparity in realms still couldn't be made up with magic treasures. This was in fact an error on the part of many modern cultivators, who believed that as long as their magic treasures were strong enough, they could forcibly outclass their opponents in a fight... But the truth was that if their realms weren't high enough, no matter how powerful their magic treasure was, it would be difficult to release even ten or twenty percent of its capabilities.

After successfully killing the two cultivators of the Demon Hunters Association, Little Silver sent a message to the chat group to explain that the matter had been resolved.

Dharmaraja replied almost a second later. "So fast?"

In front of his screen, Fang Xing couldn't help laughing. "This was a nuecaiju to begin with!"

This was a holy beast who could unleash an intrinsic spirit field! In a situation where Little Silver was allowed to fight, Fang Xing felt that apart from Wang Ling, he was the only other person in the group who could put up a fight against Little Silver.

However, the difference was that Fang Xing would have to use the two supreme spells "White Night Spell" and "Immortal Mode," just like in his battle against the Master of Immortal Mansion back then, before he could fight Little Silver, while it would be enough for Wang Ling to perform as he always did.

"Little Silver, remember to clean up the bodies; be careful when you're doing so, in case of any traps." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sent Little Silver a private message.

Little Silver nodded, hands on his hips and a very relaxed look on his face.

With two pu pu sounds...

He spat twice on the two corpses.

While this behavior looked pretty uncivilized and it wasn't recommended that anyone imitate it, the phlegm of a silver unicorn contained potent acidity, and was a natural corpse liquid. As long as the corpse's realm was below Little Silver's, it could be instantly dissolved.

Hence, disposing of these two bodies was no trouble at all for Little Silver.

Furthermore, there were no surveillance cameras around the site, so it could be said that he had perfectly dealt with the aftermath.

Just as Little Silver dusted his hands off, preparing to leave, there was suddenly the sound of police sirens from the nearby streets.

Little Silver wanted to leave, but it was too late. Several police cars sped into the construction site and surrounded him. A dozen headlights illuminated him, and he involuntarily lifted his hands to block out the piercing glare.

What was going on here?

Little Silver had utterly no idea why the police would have noticed this place.

Before making a move, he had clearly been very careful to make sure that there was no one around!

A captain got out of a police car, followed by a young man in a tie and suit who looked like an office worker and who trembled behind the captain.

The captain patted the young man on the shoulder. "Don't be afraid. Tell me what you saw."

Little Silver instantly started to sweat... He hadn't expected to be seen fighting just now! That shouldn't have been possible!

But if someone had really seen him kill the two cultivators of the Demon Hunters Association, he really would be unable to defend himself...

Little Silver raised his hands, an innocent expression on his face. "Police uncle, I didn't do anything!"

He knew that there were no surveillance cameras nearby... If this young man really had seen something, it would be okay as long as Little Silver denied it.

Right! That was right! He had the right to remain silent!

"Rubbish!"

The young man pointed at Little Silver and bellowed, his eyes showing extreme righteous indignation.

"..." Looking at this scene, the song Cold started to play in Little Silver's heart...

This young man's tone sounded very firm, as if he had proof.



If that really was the case, then that was bad...

The captain: "Calm down, sir. Just speak slowly."

"I'm a construction engineer at this construction site. When I was passing by after work, I noticed some activity inside..."

The young man pushed his glasses up, then pointed at Little Silver. "I went round the back and noticed that this man was deliberately wrecking things in the construction site! I definitely saw it! All the rubble and bricks nearby were floating in the air! And I also saw him..."

"..."

Hearing this, Little Silver secretly thought that this was bad; perhaps the young man really had really seen something.

"I also saw him..."

The young man trembled with anger as he spoke. "I also saw him... spit!"

Little Silver: "...Huh?"

After that, the weight finally lifted off the young man, and he breathed a sigh of relief. "Although I only saw him from behind when I was around the back, I definitely didn't see wrong! He did spit! Two large mouthfuls of phlegm, on the ground!"

Little Silver: "..."

After the young man finished explaining Little Silver's offenses, the captain's expression turned slightly heavy as he gazed at Little Silver. "Young lady, what are you doing in this construction site so late at night?"

Little Silver: "Cultivating... what's wrong with cultivating here?!"

It was indeed a little unscientific to show up in the middle of the night at a construction site that had been locked up...

"Cultivating here in the middle of the night?" The captain couldn't help the way his eyebrows twitched. "But that's not a good reason for you to deliberately wreck someone else's construction site. Furthermore, you even spat everywhere... You're such a pretty girl, why are you so uncivilized? Why did you spit?"

Little Silver: "When I was cultivating... I suffered an inner deviation... so I spat to get rid of some of the heat! Is there anything wrong with that?"

"..."

The police officers around him, along with the young man who had given evidence, were all stunned.

Unexpectedly, they couldn't find any damn hole in this perfect response, which was like Difaso.

The captain drew in a sharp breath and looked at Little Silver gravely. "Young lady, you spat and also deliberately wrecked someone else's construction site... According to public security administration regulations, we need to detain you for fifteen days. Please come with us!"

Little Silver: "..."

...

Seven o'clock at night, Anning District Cultivation Police Station, Songhai city.

Little Silver was in handcuffs in front of a police officer who was preparing to take his statement.

He had been in the interrogation room for about ten minutes before two police officers had pushed the door open and entered. When the police little brother responsible for taking down the statement saw Little Silver, they looked at each other in dismay and astonishment.

The corners of the police officer's mouth twitched as he couldn't help cursing. "Damn it! Why is it you again?!"

"..."

Little Silver also hadn't expected to actually run into an acquaintance here. He had specially memorized the name of this police little brother from the last time; he was called Gao Tian, Officer Gao.

Next was the standard interrogation process.

After the two police officers sat down, the officer responsible for the interrogation was the first to speak.

"Name."

"Little Silver."

"I'm asking for your real name..."

Next to him, Officer Gao couldn't help sweating. "His name really is Little Silver, he's been here before."

Little Silver couldn't help sighing. "It really is convenient to have an acquaintance..."

The two police officers: "..."

The corners of Officer Gao's mouth twitched. "Don't try to butter me up... Tell us, why were you cultivating on someone else's construction site?"

Little Silver laughed in his heart as he stared at Gao Tian. "I missed you."

Officer Gao: "..."

Next to him, the police officer who was originally in charge of questions couldn't help letting out a "Yooo"...A term used in RPG games which refers to an expert player torturing a novice player. From the 2017 Chinese TV drama 'Eternal Love' Difaso, or Dihua Zhixiu, is actually a Chinese haircare brand, but the word has become a meme used to mean that someone's behavior is awesome.

#### Chapter 404 What Fur

Thus, close to midnight today, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal specially went to the police station to bail Little Silver out. Song Qingshu, who had been serving as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's housekeeper after leaving Mo Immortal Castle, stopped the black car that he was driving outside the entrance. Actually, Song Qingshu knew more about the police station than Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

When he had been with Mo Immortal Castle, Song Qingshu's role as leader was to act as a liaison in his field of networks. Since Little Silver had just been detained, it would normally be completely impossible to bail him out at this time. However, Song Qingshu had taken care of it with his connections.

He might have already left Mo Immortal Castle, but over the years, he had planted a lot of spies in local agencies all over Songhai city; even Mo Immortal Castle was unaware of their existence.

Most importantly, these people were completely trustworthy because Song Qingshu had supported and helped all of them during their most difficult times; he had even saved some of them.

Hence, he wasn't a bad person fundamentally, otherwise it would have been impossible for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to let this person remain by his side to work.

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal brought Little Silver out, it had just gone midnight. The rear car door opened, and Little Silver directly dove headfirst into the car like a paralyzed geyou.

Today... was so damn tiring!

First was the inhuman exchange of four thousand milliliters of holy beast blood for twenty crispy noodle snack packets, and then he had become the target of people from the Demon Hunters Association on his way home, which was immediately followed by him being sent to the police station to give his statement... Why had so many things happened in just one day?

Lying on the back seat, Little Silver couldn't figure it out no matter how he puzzled over the matter.

Then he realized a very serious problem.

It was fine if he didn't go out, but when he did, he suffered disaster! And if it wasn't the hospital he ended up in, it was the police station...

"I definitely offended this year's taisui!" Little Silver suddenly sat up straight and shook his head bitterly as he lamented loudly.

In the front passenger seat, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal almost spat blood when he heard this.

Offending the taisui...

How can the taisui be older than you?!

"Come to think of it, aren't you a little too free every day, Senior Immortal?" Little Silver asked, hands clasped under his head.

"..." As the driver, Song Qingshu almost stamped on the brakes when he heard this question. Since he hadn't participated in the crackdown on Immortal Mansion, he didn't know Little Silver's real identity. However, he had a feeling that Little Silver was more than just Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's distant relative.

In the current cultivation circle at least, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was so renowned that there basically wasn't anyone who would dare ask him such an impolite question. Additionally, the term 'distant relative' was in fact quite vague...

Therefore, Song Qingshu had always been inwardly suspicious about Little Silver's real identity; he just hadn't dared say anything.

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal heard Little Silver's question, the corners of his mouth couldn't help twitching. "Brother Little Silver, why do you say that?"

Little Silver: "Look, every time I run into trouble, you'll immediately come rushing to the scene. Also, I've realized that you're very concerned about me. When I came out of the police station earlier, I heard people wondering whether you were my father."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took a deep breath. "...Brother Ling entrusted you to me."

Otherwise why would he care about all this shit! Who wanted to go running to the police station all the time...

Little Silver was startled. "Master?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's face was expressionless as he turned to look at Little Silver, as if his heart was exhausted. "Brother Ling felt that you don't know much about the ways of the world, and there are times when your words and behavior can easily cause misunderstandings. Especially when you're at the police station; if you're able to remain silent, then try your best to do so."

Little Silver looked puzzled. "Why?" He felt that Officer Gao at the police station was a very good man...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Think about it; if you say something out of place at the police station, it's very easy for them to assume that you're drunk or high on drugs, and they might drag you off to do a blood test."

"There's this kind of operation?!" Listening to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Little Silver immediately understood how serious his situation was.

If he was really dragged off to get a blood test done and they detected his holy beast blood, then everything was over...



After that, it was silent in the car for a while. Both Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Little Silver were well aware of the situation, and only Song Qingshu looked bewildered... Listening to what had been said, this incident had something to do with Senior Ling again?

However, this reinforced Song Qingshu's view of Little Silver at that moment.

This Brother Little Silver's identity was absolutely not simple, if he was connected to Senior Ling!

When the car was about to reach the villa, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal spoke up once again. "Finish what you have to do for Senior Ling as soon as possible."

Little Silver: "Okay..."

Little Silver knew that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was talking about giving blood; he still owed Master six thousand milliliters of holy beast blood...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "If your body is hurt in some way, remember to eat a packet of crispy noodle snacks; it'll bring out the maximum effect..."

Little Silver scratched his head in puzzlement. "What does that mean???"

"Exactly what I said."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. "You'll know once you eat one. This is something Senior Ling gave you... Of course, if you're willing to give me one, I have no complaints."

Little Silver sunk into deep thought at these words, and he recalled what that brawny brother Pen at the Wang family's small villa had said to him previously.

There were many times when three men talking would create a tiger... Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had done well for himself in the cultivation circle over the years. There wasn't any treasure that he hadn't seen, so why was he so attached to a packet of crispy noodle snacks?

Could it be... that the crispy noodle snacks which Master had given him really had magical effects?

Little Silver's attitude started to change from complete disbelief to mild skepticism.

"You want a crispy noodle snack?" Little Silver patted Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal on the shoulder and laughed.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's entire body shuddered. "..."

Little Silver: "How about this, I'll give you a packet. After all, I've been living at Senior Immortal's house, and actually I'm a little sorry about the inconvenience."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Really?"

"Of course! But I have a small request..." Little Silver said. "Tonight, I'll have to trouble Senior Immortal to please help me brew a pot of immortal mountain snow lotus tea; the best would be the

one that's six hundred years old... Remember to count up to two hundred and thirty-three seconds after the spirit water has boiled before filtering the tea – that's when it's at its most fragrant!"

Song Qingshu broke out in a sweat. Six hundred year-old immortal mountain snow lotus... This was the most expensive tea in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa, its value incomparable.

Even Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal himself wouldn't normally drink it...

But contrary to Song Qingshu's expectations, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal actually gritted his teeth and replied, "Fine!"

Little Silver stretched his legs out and crossed them as he sat facing forward, looking very pleased. "I'll have to trouble Senior Immortal to please massage my shoulders at night..."

The corners of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's mouth twitched. "Alright..."

His voice was trembling...

Song Qingshu was speechless. What kind of distant relative was this? This was just like taking care of a young master!

Little Silver hadn't expected Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to agree so readily.

It suddenly occurred to him that he hadn't taken a bath in a long while...

For a holy beast like him, taking a bath in his human form didn't work to clean him, so he had to turn back into his beast form.

Seeing how agreeable Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was, Little Silver said bluntly, "Lastly, when I take a bath in the evening, Senior Immortal, please brush my fur for me..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Song Qingshu was also directly stupefied.

Fur?

What fur... A reminder that Ge You is an actor who starred in a TV comedy sitcom called 'I Loved My Family.' A screencap of a scene where he's slouching down on a sofa low enough that he's almost lying flat became a Chinese online viral meme. 'Taisui' refers to the stars directly opposite the planet Jupiter in its twelve-year orbital cycle, which are personified as gods. It's believed that those who possess particular characteristics that clash with the taisui or god of a current year will encounter struggles or misfortune or die young in that year. When repeated rumor becomes a fact. Yes, horses have hair and not fur in English, but the word 'mao' in Chinese can encompass both.

#### Chapter 405 Carrying an Old Man Around

It was the 9th of July on a Sunday.

First thing in the morning, a young man in white with long hair down to his waist and a long sword on his back appeared at the entrance to the Wang family's small villa.

After getting the news about the Immortal's Treasure House, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been feeling excited all night.

When he had picked Little Silver up from the police station to take him back, he had been thinking about it the whole time.

For everyone in the cultivation circle, this was the mysterious trove of riches that Immortal Zhenyuan had left behind, and it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that this was the treasure which every single cultivator was madly pursuing.

After word of the Immortal's Treasure House had gotten out, cultivators both at home and abroad had been searching for clues to it. This was the wealth left behind by a Venerated Immortal, and everyone wanted a piece of the pie.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had barely stepped toward the villa's front door when a familiar light green figure came into view.

At that moment, Loopy Toad was breathing evenly as it sat cross-legged at the villa's front door. With the power of the Heavenly Eye, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could see incorporeal spirit energy circulating strongly and endlessly inside Loopy Toad's body.

It was very obvious that Loopy Toad's aura was completely different to what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had seen a few days ago.

To describe it with an illustration, if Loopy Toad's aura had been withered and dying before, it was now like the coming of spring when everything came to life.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little shaken in his heart. Just one immersion in holy beast blood had actually been able to produce such a huge change!

Brother Ling was in the end Brother Ling! His judgment was as sharp as always! The holy beast blood had had an effect!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed in his heart. He felt that this could even be incorporated into a research topic for today's cultivation science academies —"The Impact of the Degree of Rapport Between Soul and Body on the Engendering of Transformation in Realm."

This was a topic that was still being heavily studied to this day.

A long time ago, before the age of peace, the Body Possession Spell had been prevalent in the cultivation world. There were some powerful cultivators who, on their deathbeds, would choose to find young cultivators and, by casting the Body Possession Spell, extinguish their souls and possess their bodies.

However, there were a lot of limitations to the Body Possession Spell, and one of the most difficult ones had to do with the rapport between soul and body.

To use layman terms, the Body Possession Spell also had to pay attention to compatibility!

Of course, against the backdrop of the current Spirit Energy Information era, the Body Possession Spell had been classified as a forbidden spell. However, its use was permitted in related medical fields.

Every year, there would always be people who died from incurable conditions, and some would donate their bodies to medicine; these bodies would be used for research on the Body Possession Spell.

The spell carried risks, and the research that was currently still being carried out was focused on minimizing the risk as much as possible (maybe even eliminating it altogether!) while achieving maximum rapport between soul and body after the Body Possession Spell was cast.

If this difficulty was resolved, the spell could be used on those who had made outstanding contributions to humankind but were on the point of dying, thereby greatly improving their chances of survival!

For Loopy Toad to be able to fuse the soul of a demon king with the body of an ordinary akita to this extent... It was nothing short of a miracle to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

...

After waiting at the front door for a moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal detected further changes in Loopy Toad; he noticed its body was enveloped in a faint blue spirit light.

The blue spirit light condensed together after several seconds, then billowed out like layer upon layer of waves with Loopy Toad at the center.

After this happened a dozen or so times, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal then heard a soft hum, and the top of Loopy Toad's head glowed with light!

A second later, the light vanished, and Loopy Toad opened its eyes as it switched back to standing on all fours, a disbelieving expression on its dog face.

It... had actually broken through, just like that?

Loopy Toad was dumbstruck. When had it been that easy to advance from third class to second class? It had only been a few days!

Loopy Toad felt like it had cultivated some fake path!

"Sure enough, your prospects are bright when you follow Brother Ling!" Next to Loopy Toad, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing with admiration. This was indeed a godly speed of progress; if word of this got out, it would probably break the record for the shortest time taken for a third-class spirit beast to advance to second class.

"Come to think of it, I've only ever seen Brother Loopy Toad cultivate; do you have any relevant combat skills?"

The way spirit beasts fought was actually different to cultivators. Before cultivating human forms, spirit beasts tended to focus on cultivating their combat skills... In fact, there weren't many species of spirit beasts that could cast innate spells as attack support in line with instructions from their owners.

Furthermore, the toad clan's battle style was in fact pretty unique, and vastly different to that of dog-type spirit beasts with proficient combat skills.

In layman terms... the entire toad clan was actually fatan!



They could take a beating...

But actually, they weren't that good at beating others up.

At most, they could use a long-range spell to spit, and so on...

There were times, after careful reflection, that Loopy Toad felt that the reason that bunch of demon kings had urgently pushed it out of the Gate back then was perhaps because they had viewed its toad clan as fatan... but this was in fact a misunderstanding.

Fatan were indeed tanks, but this tank was in fact only in the body of a mage! No matter how tank a mage was, could it be more tank than a genuine fighter with a hundred million health?

At this thought, Loopy Toad couldn't help sighing and shaking its head. "I have yet to find one to my liking."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled. "I'll ask Brother Little Silver later to have a good think about it and come up with a list. Brother Loopy Toad can check to see if there are any suitable combat skills which you like in particular that you can practice."

Loopy Toad nodded. That would be good!

It had heard that the silver unicorn was eight thousand years old... he would definitely have experienced a lot!

But this matter would have to be put aside for now. Loopy Toad was well aware of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's reason for coming here today, and that was the Immortal's Treasure House.

But to be honest, even if the information about the Immortal's Treasure House as conveyed by Taoist Guang in the soul space was accurate, Loopy Toad still doubted that it existed in this world.

So many people wasted so many resources every year looking for it with not even a strand of hair to show for it... who knew whether this Treasure House was real or not.

But despite its skepticism, since they now had clues to the Treasure House, Loopy Toad itself in fact did want to hear what Taoist Guang had to say.

"Is the senior who has clues to the Treasure House inside now?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked as he followed Loopy Toad into the house.

He changed into slippers with the ease of habit, as familiar with the house as if it was his own.

"It's a little complicated..."

Walking to Wang Ling's bedroom, Loopy Toad said, "In short, that senior... is deep in my mind and in my dreams."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's complexion changed. "...What? Is carrying an old man around in your head starting to become a trend now? Shouldn't he be inside a ring?"

Loopy Toad: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing... Nowadays, he was beginning to understand trends in the cultivation circle less and less! Sure enough, he was getting old! This is the Chinese term used for game characters strong enough to resist any damage to themselves. The role of a tank character in League of Legends is not so much to kill the enemy, but to disrupt them and divert focus. They thus sacrifice the ability to do massive damage for exceptional crowd control. This refers to a trope in Chinese wuxia novels where a protagonist is inevitably instructed by an old, experienced mentor. This specific scenario might also be referencing the novel 'Battle to the Heavens,' in which the protagonist wears a ring which his mentor is trapped in.

Chapter 406 Ling Zhenren Learns to Refine Weapons in Ten Minutes!

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal followed Loopy Toad upstairs, he happened to see Father Wang come out of the study yawning as he walked toward the washroom; he guessed that Father Wang had probably stayed up all night again to write.

He was startled when he saw Father Wang's two panda eyes... Considering how high Senior Wang's realm was, for him to consume such massive amounts of energy to write this novel, it probably contained some sort of amazing philosophy!

Every online novelist had a fan club which attracted diehard fans. Last time, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had seen how the number of Father Wang's club members had dominated all others to climb to the top of the list with more than thirteen million fans, while the author in second place only had two million fans.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had specially read The Live Streaming Life of the Immortal King and bought a wave of gifts for the sake of finding something in common with Father Wang.

To be honest, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that this novel was well-written, and given the current mainstream trend, was commercially profitable! But there was something that he still hadn't figured out, and that was Father Wang's purpose in writing this novel.

Given his high cultivation realm, was he just writing this novel to make money?

There had to be some secret hidden in it that Father Wang wanted people to know!

It looked like he needed to investigate further...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal watched Father Wang enter the washroom as he pondered in his heart – he would definitely discover the secret in this novel! Perhaps it contained Senior Wang's cultivation secret!

Standing at the door to Wang Ling's room, the corners of Loopy Toad's eyes twitched when it noticed that the young man in white was slow to enter as he stared at Father Wang's back.

It knew that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's imagination was most likely starting to run wild again.

...

Wang Ling had already been waiting for quite a while inside the room.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thought about the Immortal's Treasure House the whole night, and naturally so had Wang Ling.

Given that cultivators all over the world had been doing all they could to look for clues to this Treasure House, but with nothing to show for it, this Taoist Guang might be the only person with inside information, and no one else except Wang Ling, Loopy Toad and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew of his existence.

This would be world-shaking news to any cultivator, and the young man in white was deeply aware that Wang Ling had been willing to tell him about this out of trust.

"Brother Ling, I've brought the thing." Entering the room, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal made himself at home and directly sat down cross-legged on the floor.

Then, he took out a red and black multifaceted crystal.

Wang Ling had specially asked him to bring this thing here; it was called a magnetic stone. Back when they had caused havoc at Immortal Mansion, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had plundered and taken a lot of uncommon materials, and this magnetic stone was one of them. It was far more valuable than the primordial black crystal that had been incorporated into the stone ghost mask back then, and was classified as an extremely rare type one material of the highest grade.

Wang Ling did have some knowledge about refining weapons; their grades could be divided into four types and five levels.

As a type one, first-class weapon, a magnetic stone was priceless.

But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still didn't know what Wang Ling wanted it for.

"That Senior Taoist Guang is currently sealed inside a soul space now, and I'm connected to it," said Loopy Toad.

Putting this together with what Loopy Toad had said previously, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly understood a little better. "No wonder Brother Loopy Toad said that that senior was in your dream. It appears that once you start to dream, your soul will enter the space."

Speaking up to this point, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little amazed; this was clearly a great technique that only a great senior would possess. This was enough to prove that this Taoist Guang's level wasn't low; he had to be a peak Itinerant Immortal at the very, very least, with strength that was very close to the Ascension stage.

"Since this Taoist Guang is inside a soul space, this confirms that his real form is actually that of a soul. His strength is probably weaker in this state, right? What realm is he at now?"

Loopy Toad felt there was nothing to hide. "True Immortal."

Despite his circumstances, he was still a True Immortal...

"This Taoist Guang is pretty powerful..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal judged almost immediately. True Immortals were truly rare; apart from General Yi, the people they'd run into during recent major events, like the Master of Immortal Mansion, were just Itinerant Immortals.

"You're not nervous?" Loopy Toad suddenly asked as it stared at the young man in white.

"Why should I be nervous..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was speechless. "In this villa, aren't Senior Wang and Old Senior Wang True Immortals?"

Hearing this, Loopy Toad almost sniggered...

As expected, this fanciful misunderstanding still persisted until now!

Looking at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's ability to make things up, Loopy Toad felt it would be pretty difficult to clarify this misunderstanding.

It had to be mentioned that it was because of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's wild imagination that broccoli had become extremely pricey on the market. Loopy Toad had even seen on the news previously that the City Bureau of Quality Supervision was looking for the culprit behind this price inflation... when Loopy Toad had seen this news, it had almost spat out the houseflies it had eaten that night.

"By the way, what on earth does Brother Ling want to do with the magnetic stone?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help asking as he saw Wang Ling rub the magnetic stone between his fingers while he flipped through reference books at his study table.

"Do you still need to ask? Magnetic stones are a rare source material and there is none other more suitable for refining a ring. That senior is currently still trapped in the soul space, so we have to move Taoist Guang's soul space into the ring!" Loopy Toad replied.

The corners of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's lips twitched. "...". After going around in circles, they still had to use a ring!

As expected, did the old man and the ring come as a pair?

Then when it rained... would the old man and the ring be even more of a match?

"That... what is Brother Ling looking at now?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal covered his mouth and asked in a whisper.

He was sitting cross-legged behind Wang Ling. After Wang Ling had taken the magnetic stone from him, he had turned around to look through his reference books, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't dare disturb him.

"Learning how to refine weapons," Loopy Toad said nonchalantly. "How can he create a ring without learning to refine weapons?"

When Loopy Toad said this, it hit Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal that Fatty Luo didn't know about Taoist Guang, so they couldn't ask him to refine the ring even though he was a weaponsmith.

For now, this was still a highly confidential matter.

"So Brother Ling is learning to refine weapons..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded his head.

But very quickly, he had a stunned expression on his face as he couldn't help turning to Loopy Toad. "Wait! Learning to refine weapons? Are you saying that Brother Ling hasn't learned this before?"



Loopy Toad: "No, he hasn't, which is why he's teaching himself now."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Loopy Toad: "Anyway, refining weapons isn't hard."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

As it spoke, Loopy Toad pointed at the pile of books on the table. "Little Master has read and grasped the knowledge in all these books."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal brought the books over and looked through them carefully. Every level of refining weapons was covered, from A Guide to Refining Weapons and Refining Weapons for Beginners to Bronze Weaponsmiths, Silver Weaponsmiths, Gold Weaponsmiths, and the last one, King of Weaponsmiths...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Did Brother Ling read all these last night?"

Loopy Toad shook its head: "No! Ten minutes ago!"

"..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal broke out in a sweat. Wang Ling had learned to refine weapons up to the level of a king in ten minutes... If Fatty Luo found out, who knew how long he would curse for. Referring to the Chinese novel trope of a protagonist having a mystical old mentor and carrying him around in some item, usually a ring. This is a random adaptation of a line used in a Dove Chocolate ad.

#### Chapter 407 Is Refining Weapons That Hard?

Seeing the resources on refining weapons piled up on the floor, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal slowly put down the books he was holding, then obediently sat down on the floor and took a deep breath.

Hm.

After careful consideration...

He decided to forget everything that he had seen...

He couldn't imagine how heartbroken Fatty Luo would be if he saw this scene.

When had it start to become possible to teach yourself to refine weapons as if it was a science? Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought it was extremely mystical. This was an art that had always been handed down through the generations in the cultivation circle, and which was as old as the skill of refining elixirs... Then, did that mean that Brother Ling could teach himself to refine elixirs?

At this thought, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal silently wiped at his sweat.

Of course, Wang Ling wasn't human!

It really seemed that nothing was impossible for him.

To be a weaponsmith at the level of a king after ten minutes of self-study... Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that once again, he had witnessed a historical moment.

After picking up this skill through self-study, he wouldn't need to look for someone to refine weapons for him in the future! — Learn bit by bit and pay nothing to refine a weapon.

"But why hasn't Brother Ling learned this before?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help asking.

He asked his question in a very soft voice so as not to disturb Wang Ling while he studied. He knew Wang Ling's habit, which was that no one could bother him when he was studying; it was like stroking cat fur in the wrong direction, which would make the cat puff up in anger.

Loopy Toad replied quietly, "Little Master Ling felt that he should focus his energy on his main concern."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What's that?"

Loopy Toad: "Weekly tests, monthly tests, midterm exams."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Loopy Toad: "Everything should be ranked in order of priority..."

Actually, there was a second half to its words which Loopy Toad didn't voice; it had initially wanted to say that Wang Ling usually spent a very limited amount of time on studying everyday – five minutes at most! After all, the art of refining weapons was a little more complicated than the courses in high school, so it should in fact take a little more time to learn.

Loopy Toad felt that for Wang Ling to spend ten minutes to study the art of refining weapons up to the level of a king was already enough consideration on his part.

...

Looking at the alarm clock in the room, Loopy Toad thought it was just about time...

As expected, after the second hand completed another round, Wang Ling closed the book.

All the resources Wang Ling was looking at were specialist materials for the professional weaponsmith entrance exam. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't resist taking a closer look at the book Wang Ling had just shut... What the heck, this book was even more specialized than King of Weaponsmiths; it was three-star king level!

In fact, Wang Ling could actually go even higher in level, but forging a magic ring to contain the soul space only required him to be at three-star king level, so he decided to stop here... If he needed to forge more advanced magic weapons in the future, he would just learn it then.

Spending a few minutes more on study was nothing, after all.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "...But Brother Ling, is this really alright?" He was dubious about how effective this outrageous type of studying was.

"No problem," Wang Ling transmitted telepathically. His voice was as indifferent as usual, and he nodded nonchalantly.

Among the Three Thousand Great Spells, there was originally one called the Great Weapon-Refining Spell, but Wang Ling hadn't been able to use it because back then, he'd lacked the theoretical knowledge behind refining weapons.

But now, Wang Ling's knowledge had directly advanced to the three-star king level in a short fifteen minutes... In some sense, his ability to refine weapons was now as advanced as his understanding of the theory behind it.

He had never used the Great Weapon-Refining Spell to forge any sort of magic weapon before; this would be his first attempt.

But Wang Ling was deeply aware that using the Great Weapon-Refining Spell to refine weapons also had its limitations; this spell focused on speed in refining a weapon... but quality would depend on luck.

Wang Ling held the magnetic stone in his hand. It was quite large, the size of an adult man's fist. If used carefully, it would be enough to create ten rings.

So the first step was to melt this magnetic stone down...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal didn't know how to refine weapons, but he knew the process involved. Looking at Wang Ling's actions, he knew that Wang Ling was preparing to start refining.

But after looking around Wang Ling's room, he was puzzled.

"Brother Ling, where's your furnace? Did you put it away?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

The first step in refining weapons was to smelt the material, he knew that much!

"Hm... don't need one..." Wang Ling shook his head.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was confused. Didn't need one? What did he mean?

Then, before his eyes, Wang Ling stretched out his hand, and a ball of spirit light appeared, sparkling and dazzling!

"The hell?! The legendary gold color?!" In front of this radiance, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was extremely alarmed.

Could it be?! Was this a legendary grade furnace?! Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart trembled with all kinds of emotions. To be honest, for Wang Ling to have a legendary grade furnace given his strength wasn't strange at all.

About ten seconds later, the golden light gradually faded to reveal a rectangular black box that looked a little familiar...

The shape of this furnace was a little unique!

"Brother Ling, have I seen this magic treasure of yours somewhere before?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little stunned.

Loopy Toad: "You've definitely seen it! It's our family's microwave!"

Realization dawned on Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Oh... so it's the microwave!" Come to think of it, when Old Senior Wang had been frying the broccoli in the kitchen back then, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had taken care to observe him attentively on the side in an attempt to comprehend the path of Dao as the old man fried the vegetable.

He recalled seeing a microwave which looked like this magic treasure at that time... Hold on! Shit! What magic treasure! This was clearly the microwave!

"But what does Brother Ling need this microwave for..." No matter how much Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought about it, he was still puzzled, and just when he was about to open his mouth to ask, he saw Wang Ling directly open the microwave and put the magnetic stone inside it.

"..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sucked in a sharp breath at this scene.

Wang Ling set the temperature to the highest setting and the time to the highest it could go and closed the door... he did all this very deftly.

And then, in front of Grenade Throwing Senior Immortal's eyes, Wang Ling turned the power on, and the microwave lit up with a hum.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Ling... what are you doing?"

In a rare moment, Wang Ling open his mouth to reply out loud, "Smelting."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was thunderstruck and so agitated he straightaway stood up. "With... with a microwave? What kind of operation is this?!"

A song suddenly came to mind: We're different... different.

At Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's feet, Loopy Toad was indifferent. "Senior Immortal, you've been here so many times already, can you not make a fuss over every little thing?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Loopy Toad: "This is a normal operation, sit down, sit down!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "...From the song 'We Are Different' by singer Da Zhuang.

Chapter 408 Eight Classes of Divine Weapons

As expected, this microwave had also been enchanted?



Perhaps the question instead should be: Was there anything in this villa that wasn't enchanted...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help wiping at his sweat; he had in fact seen a lot of transformed magic treasures here, from the fridge, the air-conditioner and the washing machine to the toilet, the wardrobe and the rice cooker... There didn't seem to be anything that had not been enchanted. As for the enchanted microwave, this was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's first time seeing it...

He didn't know whether these household items enchanted by Wang Ling were lethal or not, but they were definitely practical. Even if some of the furniture still looked like nothing more than decoration after being enchanted, they were like geoducks: they seemed useless but looked impressive!

Staring at the microwave that was on, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was lost in deep thought.

Then, very quickly, this train of thought was interrupted by a "ding" from the microwave.

What the hell?! It was done?

It hadn't even been two minutes!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help twitching his lips as he did his best to contain his urge to swear.

The metal which a magnetic stone was made of was one of the harder metals used in refining weapons. In order to smelt it in a furnace, it usually required a spirit flame at a controlled temperature of more or less fifteen thousand degrees, and would take roughly two hours.

In the end, Wang Ling had managed to do it by placing the magnetic stone in an enchanted microwave for less than two minutes.

If this leaked out, how many weaponsmiths would spew mouthfuls of blood in front of their furnaces...

Very good!

It was very scientific...

Opening the microwave, Wang Ling used a gravity spell to draw out the liquid metal of the smelted magnetic stone. After smelting, the liquid metal was a dusky gold in color and had a faint sheen to it.

Manipulating this liquid, Wang Ling had it coalesce into a ball and it hovered in the air.

"Brother Ling, what's the success rate of this refining method? What are the odds of it failing?"  
Very curious, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help but ask the question.

This method of refining was really too quick; at this speed, it would really be abnormal if its success rate could still remain high! It was like using up almost all your money in a game to buy twenty weapon upgrade scrolls, directly boosting your weapon twenty-fold in one go. In a normal situation, whether it was refining weapons or a power boost, it was all a matter of probability.

Just as there was a probability of success, there was naturally a probability of failure...

Back then, who knew how many times Fatty Luo had failed while he had been trying to create the pigskin armor.

"It won't fail."

Wang Ling replied telepathically, eyes fixed on the floating ball of liquid metal.

One hundred percent success rate?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sucked in another sharp breath at this; he already didn't dare reveal too much astonishment on his face, for fear of being ridiculed by the green-furred dog lying at his feet.

Actually, while the success rate of the Great Weapon-Refining Spell was very high, there was indeed still the possibility that it could fail. The reason why Wang Ling could be so confident that it wouldn't was because he still carried the effects of the Great Fortune Spell from a few days ago.

He had activated this spell when he had drawn the lottery for Father Wang, and its effects had yet to disappear.

Once activated, it could last for ten days. Because he wasn't really familiar with the spell, it had always been on the backburner until now.

It was a complete coincidence that he could use it in tandem with the Great Weapon-Refining Spell now.

With the two spells combined together, the success rate of refining a weapon had jumped to 99.99 percent – he couldn't fail even if he wanted to!

Unlike the normal weapon-refining process, there was a unique step in the Great Weapon-Refining Spell which was "modeling."

While other weaponsmiths refined weapons by hand, Wang Ling relied on meditation...

Next, standing in front of this hovering ball of liquid metal, Wang Ling did some hand seals.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw a ray of light spring forth from the seal and slowly blend into the ball of liquid metal.

"Brother Ling, what kind of ring are you forging?" Observing from the side, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very curious.

There were different types of magic rings, so there were different types of spaces built into them. With the magic rings currently sold on the market, if a ring didn't have an independent space set up inside, it would be embarrassing to call it a magic ring – it would be even rarer still if the ring could hold a person!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked on with an ineffable expression on his face as Loopy Toad took out a atlas on refining weapons with its paws.

It was a rather worn antique book that was impressively thick; it looked like those magic texts in the western world, with a leather cover and five traditional cultivation characters inscribed on it in gold lettering: Eight Classes of Divine Weapons...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also studied the cultivation classics, so he could read these old characters.

This was indeed a atlas on refining weapons, but it actually wasn't anything uncommon at all. It was on par with an encyclopedia in the weapon-refining industry or the Four Classic Novels in the literature circle: they were circulated widely, though no one could be sure who their authors were.

Since there weren't any copyright issues with this atlas, different versions had been published by major dealers and were sold in bookstores; it was the type of book that could be found in any random Xinhua bookstore.

Most importantly, although Eight Classes of Divine Weapons was an almost comprehensive record of all kinds of magic weapons which were described in detail, it was typically impossible to use this book as a reference to forge magic weapons.

Refining weapons was a complex art; one minor mistake could lead to failure. Although Eight Classes of Divine Weapons was comprehensive, it only gave an overview on how to forge the magic weapons and lacked exact details... To be blunt, it was an incomplete atlas.

Although every single magic weapon recorded down in it was very powerful, as far as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew, no one had ever been able to refine a weapon from the book.

But he thought it was a little strange. "Brother Loopy Toad, why does the cover of this book seem different to what I remember?"

Loopy Toad: "You don't know, but this Eight Classes of Divine Weapons is the original; it was Father Wang's fan who gave it to him. All the versions reproduced on the market are more or less incomplete, but this one is complete!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was astounded. "Old Senior Wang's novel fan?"

Loopy Toad: "That's right, this fan said that it was to give Father Wang source material for his novels."

"What kind of novel fan can give this thing?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal broke out in a sweat.

Nowadays, it was considered pretty good already if authors weren't receiving razor blades in the mail from fans! Or there were those that stirred up trouble by madly sending the authors gifts to make them update... nowadays, an author's liver was in a worrying state of suffering!

Loopy Toad: "This fan is awesome – he even sent Father Wang cigars that not just anybody can get their hands on."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Who is he?"

Loopy Toad: "Can't say, can't say..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "...This is a literal translation of which is an app for using cheats or modifying aspects in a game. China's largest bookstore chain.

#### Chapter 409 Just Poke A Hole Through the Middle

It was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's first time seeing the complete version of Eight Classes of Divine Weapons. It was indeed a very well-known atlas on refining weapons, but given how there were so many versions of it on the market, even if this copy got out, it wouldn't be considered strange at all.

But a complete version was incredible.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that it had to be some amazing senior fan who had given Father Wang this book, but after thinking about it again, he thought that it was pretty normal. Given Senior Wang's unfathomable realm, it was very normal for him to have fans who were big shots as well.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that this was also indirect proof of how extraordinary Senior Wang's novel was!

There definitely had to be some sort of cultivation philosophy in this new novel, otherwise how could it draw in that great senior, who had gifted Father Wang with the original Eight Classes of Divine Weapons?

"How much of the information is intact inside this original text?" asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Loopy Toad: "There are some additions, but it actually isn't very complete. Compared with those reproductions on the market, the original has complete information on magic weapons that don't appear in the reproduced versions."

As it spoke, Loopy Toad flipped through the book and quickly found the magic ring that Wang Ling wanted to forge. "Like this magic ring which Little Master Ling wants to forge, it doesn't appear in the copies outside."

Looking at the atlas, this was a pure black ring that looked pretty ordinary, but it had a very intimidating name: Soul Suppression Ring.

According to the description in Eight Classes of Divine Weapons, the Almighty who designed this magic ring had been inspired by the tribulation dreamscape.

At the bottom of this description, it was written that the main material required for forging the Soul Suppression Ring was the magnetic stone.

And then... there was nothing else...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal broke out in a sweat – this description was too short! The art of refining weapons was incredibly complicated; to refine one armed with just the knowledge of the main material required – there was no way it could succeed, right?

But while Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was thinking this, Wang Ling had already activated the Great Weapon-Refining Spell.

After Wang Ling completed the hand seal, this floating ball of liquid metal started to spin at high speed, and then it exploded with a brilliant light!

Roughly thirty seconds later, the glow faded.



Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw that the ball of liquid metal in the air had completely disappeared, and a series of black rings fell to the floor with clinks.

"Hm, forging complete."

With a nod, Wang Ling used the Gravitation Spell, and the magic rings on the ground flew into his hand one after one, ten rings in all.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's lips twitched. "... " This was too quick a slap to the face! It was a good thing he hadn't said anything, or it would have been extremely embarrassing!

To refine a weapon, the basic material was always the most important; any additional ones used were for helping to increase the success rate of refining the weapon. Thus, in a situation with a 99.99 percent success rate, as long as you knew what the principal material and the weapon design were, there was no need to consider the supplementary materials.

This time, they had obtained ten rings in total, and the quality seemed pretty good.

Wang Ling's view on the Great Fortune Spell had now changed slightly. The reason why he hadn't used it often was that it could be too eye-catching; in any given situation, lucky people would forever be in the spotlight. But this time, he found that using the Great Fortune Spell in conjunction with refining weapons or elixirs could pull out the maximum effect!

Without a buff from the Great Fortune Spell this time, the success rate and the quality would have been much lower.

Gazing at the ten rings in his hand, Wang Ling estimated that the overall quality of nine of these Soul Suppression Rings were third-class... holy weapons.

As for the last one...

Wang Ling's eyes lit up; he had never expected to actually be able to forge a Soul Suppression Ring of this quality.

As expected, the effects of the Great Fortune Spell truly defied nature – under normal conditions and given the grade of the magnetic stone, there was less than a one in ten million chance of him forging a ring of this quality.

But Wang Ling didn't directly give voice to this thought, in case Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was alarmed yet again.

"Brother Ling, what's the quality of these rings like?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly asked at that moment.

Wang Ling selected a second-class holy weapon-grade magic ring; he would use this Soul Suppression Ring as the medium to hold Taoist Guang's soul space.

Then, he picked out that last magic ring with the best quality and directly tossed it to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

"Brother Ling, this is...?" The young man in white looked overwhelmed when he received the ring.

Wang Ling said indifferently, "For you."

"Brother Ling, this is too much! How can I take this?!" Even as he said the words, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal directly put the ring on.

Wang Ling: "..."

Loopy Toad: "..."

The instant he put it on, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could feel a tremendous amount of spirit power! This magic ring was at the very least a holy weapon!

But Wang Ling was the only one to know that this magic ring wasn't so simple. Even if smith specialists like Fatty Luo were to appraise it, they probably wouldn't be able to determine its value. That was because the ring's quality was already far beyond current measurement standards – the magic ring Wang Ling had given Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could even save his life!

To be frank, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had actually helped him a lot in the past.

Wang Ling did have some understanding of the ways of the world. Luck had guided the creation of this magic ring, so giving it away to repay a favor could be considered karma.

Furthermore, he had always planned to give Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal something, such as crispy noodle snacks... but that would be asking too much of Wang Ling.

After that, he placed the remaining eight rings in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hands to give to the others in the chat group.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was incredibly excited. "Brother Ling, this is too much! Once the chat finds out, they'll definitely be very happy!"

Hearing this, Wang Ling lowered his head in silence before saying telepathically, "Don't tell them anything, just give them the rings..."

Although Fatty Luo wasn't used to the chat and hadn't even joined the group, once the rings had been given out, he would definitely get wind of it. This was what Wang Ling was worried about, and with his reminder, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also recalled this point.

That's right, just give them the rings... and say nothing...

If Fatty Luo found out that Brother Ling had taken less than five minutes all up to forge these holy weapon-grade rings, he might straightaway bury his ancestral store and offer sacrifices to his ancestors...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing. "To tell you the truth, Brother Ling, this is the first time I've realized that refining weapons can be that easy."

Loopy Toad said, "Actually, the key is what you're refining. With these magic rings, isn't it just a matter of poking holes through the middle? It's actually very easy."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help laughing. "Brother Loopy Toad, there are too many things with holes... once you cultivate a human form, I'll buy you one."

Some unsavory thoughts came to Wang Ling's mind. "..."

#### Chapter 410 Taoist Guang Sees the Light Again

In a normal situation, only cultivators with high realms were capable of soul space transference since the magic required was also considerably advanced. Normally, a Soul Formation cultivator could only use fifth-grade spells at the most, Perfected Beings sixth-grade, Itinerant Immortals seventh-grade and True Immortals could use eighth-grade spells.

The spell for soul space transference was an advanced eighth-grade spell.

However, there was still a risk of failure with this eighth-grade spell, and in the worst case scenario, it could even destroy the soul space. Thus, Taoist Guang had taken a huge risk back then when he had implanted the soul space into the heavenly fissure stone.

But Wang Ling could completely disregard this.

That was because the Three Thousand Great Spells were above the eighth level, and were classified as supreme spells; to be precise, Wang Ling reckoned that they were more or less at level fourteen or fifteen. Using one of the Three Thousand Great Spells to move the space would be vastly different... could an eighth-grade spell be compared with a fifteenth-grade spell? Of course not!

With the ring in his hand, Wang Ling stroked Loopy Toad's green head, ready to transfer the space into the Soul Suppression Ring.

There wasn't any seal to be seen, but Loopy Toad felt its head burn hot, though it was within a range it could still tolerate. Spirit light sprung up in Wang Ling's palm and enveloped Taoist Guang's soul space.

Taoist Guang waited calmly on his island. He had already waited for so many years, a little while longer was nothing.

Then, at that moment, he looked up at the sky.

A dazzling ray of light suddenly pierced through the clouds, swiftly suffusing them with color like the spread of golden ink. In a few seconds, the entire horizon of the soul space was covered in this light.

Taoist Guang was utterly shaken; what incredible spirit power! Even if he were to successfully pass through the Samsara Spirit Tribulation and reach his peak, it would be impossible for him to possess this level of power!

This senior was even more terrifying than he had imagined!

Just as Wang Ling's power had almost completely merged with the space, the head of a green dog was suddenly projected in the air.

Taoist Guang: "..."

Loopy Toad's voice resounded in the air, muffled as if it was the voice of Buddha. "Senior Pang, my master is currently moving your space. Please don't be nervous, just relax and don't resist it."

"Right..." Taoist Guang nodded his head.

He knew that the senior outside was creating a way out for him... even if Taoist Guang had been at his peak, he wouldn't have been able to resist or block this level of strength at all.

He was well aware of this point and he couldn't help sighing in his heart.

When all was said and done, this was an old senior who had grasped the essence of Dao, who was decisive and thorough in whatever he did, taking care to consider all the details... Taoist Guang felt that the gap between him and Wang Ling wasn't a small one.

After thinking about it carefully, he had already lost. Furthermore, it was a complete defeat; in terms of virtue, intelligence, physique, and a cultured mind, it appeared that there was not one aspect in which he could top Wang Ling.

...

Activating the spell this time took a little longer; it took Wang Ling a full ten minutes to implant the entire soul space into the Soul Suppression Ring. This was a True Immortal soul space, after all, so it would still resist slightly at being transferred.

Actually, this was already a hundred times faster than using a normal method of transference; the most important thing was that there truly was zero risk involved.

"You can come out, Senior Pang," Loopy Toad said as it stared at the Soul Suppression Ring in Wang Ling's hand.

The moment the soul space had been placed into the ring, Taoist Guang had already sensed the ring's power. His soul gradually started to emerge from the ring, and finally, his figure landed on the floor of Wang Ling's room.

Sweeping his gaze around the room, Taoist Guang saw a green-furred dog, a young man in white, and a young man with a ring in his hand.

"Many thanks, senior, for rescuing me!" Taoist Guang turned to Wang Ling at once, clasped his hands together, and bowed in thanks.

"Your turn." Wang Ling got to his feet and spoke telepathically in an indifferent tone.

He had done his part and would leave the rest to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal; it was good enough for him to just listen on the side.

Taoist Guang had obviously noticed that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling's relationship wasn't so simple, so he turned to ask, "This brother is...?"

"I'm Brother Ling's friend, Lei Mouren. My Taoist name is Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal answered, "Also, there are times when I moonlight as his secretary... Brother Ling, Ling Zhenren, usually doesn't like to talk, so Senior Pang will have to get used to it."



Taoist Guang nodded his head in understanding. "Of course; after all, given the realm of a capable person like Senior Ling, every single word he utters would be a mystery only known to the heavens! But having said that, why do you call him Perfected Being when Senior Ling has such a profound realm?"

"We're already used to this form of address. Brother Ling also doesn't mind, so we simply stuck to it. It's just a title, senior doesn't have to think too much about it," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said as he sat down on the floor.

Taoist Guang let out a sigh. "I was too particular. But on the other hand, I haven't come out in so long, and I don't know what today's social customs are like in the cultivation circle. I was sealed away for almost nine hundred years, I'm sure the world has changed a great deal since then."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Senior Pang's level is so high, I believe your ability to adapt is also very high; you'll get used to it very quickly."

Taoist Guang hmphed before he couldn't help asking, "One last question: what kind of thing is this magic ring holding my soul?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied, "This is a Soul Suppression Ring forged by Brother Ling."

Soul Suppression Ring?

Taoist Guang looked a little absent-minded.

"Does senior know the origin of this ring?"

"No... It just reminded me of something..."

"So let's get started. In exchange for our help, Senior Pang agreed to tell us what you know about the Immortal's Treasure House."

"Mm... I will definitely tell you every—" But before Taoist Guang finished speaking, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal unexpectedly saw his soul directly disappear with a flash.

He turned to Wang Ling. "Brother Ling, what's going on?"

Loopy Toad: "Ran out of power???"

Wang Ling cupped his chin and thought for a bit. He guessed that there hadn't been enough spirit power contained in the Soul Suppression Ring when Taoist Guang's soul came out of it for the first time, which was why his soul had been pulled back inside. And in a situation where the soul was bound to the ring, if it couldn't come out, then there was no way to communicate with it.

The Soul Suppression Ring was initially a magic weapon for preserving souls, while the one on Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hand was of a higher quality and thus had other unique effects compared with the holy-level Soul Suppression Ring.

It would take a very, very long time for the Soul Suppression Ring to be fully recharged with spirit power...

"Brother Ling, do you have another way?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal broke out in a sweat at Wang Ling's telepathic analysis.

After all, a True Immortal's soul was sure to consume massive amounts of spirit power, but to be pulled back into the ring like this each time without being able to say more than a few words... this was a real headache.

"Send a computer into the ring," Wang Ling said telepathically after thinking for a while.

"There's this kind of operation?"

Both Loopy Toad and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were stunned when they heard this.

Wang Ling felt that they didn't have any other option now. Since he had been able to set the soul space in the ring, he could also send other things into the ring as well... If they could send an electronic gadget like a computer or a cell phone into the ring, Taoist Guang would be able to chat with them even if he couldn't show up.

In addition, since the soul space had been planted in the ring, Loopy Toad wouldn't be able to enter it through its dream again because of the change in location.

Although the ring and the old man were indeed a perfect match, after careful consideration, it wasn't like they couldn't send a computer or a cell phone into it.