

Daily Life 431

Chapter 431 Happy Barbeque Festival, Everyone!

It was a little late after school today because the people who had been watching Taoist Guang's live stream with Dopey Guo in the morning had all gotten detention. Not only that, they had gotten the whole class into trouble. Because of the main instigators Super Chen and Dopey Guo, these two cheek gods who advocated that "being cheeky is good for your health," Teacher Pan had held an hour-long meeting after school to castigate them.

Only one person had been exempted by Teacher Pan and let off early, and that was Lotus Sun...

The students in class did actually understand that Teacher Pan couldn't afford to offend this Young Miss at all... What Wang Ling found most impressive was how Teacher Pan's smiling face as she sent Lotus Sun off instantly changed when she returned to the classroom – she flipped faces faster than flipping through a book.

Moreover, Teacher Pan even specially explained why she had let Lotus Sun leave. "Student Lotus Sun always gets good grades, is sensible and never makes trouble! Her parents personally gave me a phone call to explain the situation. Otherwise, I wouldn't have let her off so easily, even if it was Student Lotus Sun! Am I, Pan Shengcong, the kind of person to bow and scrape to others?"

This time, Wang Ling heard everyone speak in unison in their hearts: YES!

...

The days were very long in July in Songhai city. Wang Ling left school close to half past six, but the sky was still bright and it wasn't even sunset yet.

He followed behind Super Chen and Dopey Guo, and could hear them grumbling as they walked.

Dopey Guo: "This Old Pan didn't give us any face at all. In all of my sixteen years of school, she's definitely the worst teacher-in-charge I've ever seen! Now that she's taken our phones away, we might never get them back..."

Super Chen laughed. "It's just over ninety marks in every subject, so what? I can do that."

Dopey Guo's jaw dropped. "When did you become so motivated?"

Super Chen: "Actually, after thinking about it, Old Pan does have her flaws, but her job isn't easy. She's taught so many elite classes but none of them have placed very well in the district ranking. People in and outside school badmouth her behind her back, but she doesn't care at all, and still persists in being the first person to arrive at school every morning."

When Super Chen said this, Dopey Guo was silent for a bit. Everything the other boy had said was the truth, and there could be no doubting Teacher Pan's professional dedication.

Super Chen: "Also, think about it, during the Shuigou Sect incident, Old Pan was busy contacting parents the whole time, and for so many days, but she never complained. She might be too intense usually... but she also has her good points."

Dopey Guo frowned slightly. "What you say does sound reasonable."

Behind them, Wang Ling was a little startled; he had completely never expected to suddenly hear the two "cheek gods" in class, who usually complained about Teacher Pan the most, actually discuss her merits.

Tch...

Maybe they had drunk fake wine or taken fake medicine...

Just as Wang Ling walked out of the school gates, he saw that Super Chen had already arrived at the crossing up ahead. As if he had been jerked out of a nightmare, he was sweating profusely and gasping for breath. "Holy shit! Scared me to death!"

Dopey Guo: "???"

Super Chen: "When we left the teaching building just now, did you feel Old Pan's gaze focused on your back?"

Dopey Guo: "No..."

Super Chen spoke in a whisper, "People at the Golden Core stage have very sharp ears! But usually it's safe once you're outside the school..."

Dopey Guo: "So what you said just now..."

Super Chen rubbed his jaw. "Mm, it was to ease the conscience – half of it was true!"

Looking at them from a distance, Wang Ling then saw an elegant and beautiful lady with long hair and fair skin wearing high-heeled shoes who was standing next to them.

The corners of Wang Ling's lips twitched: "... Wasn't this Teacher Pan's second form?

Because of school regulations, teachers weren't allowed to wear heavy makeup or take any youth-retaining medication; in school, Teacher Pan usually looked like a middle-aged auntie.

However, Wang Ling had seen this youthful form of hers before!

Back then, Teacher Pan had used this form when she had paid him a home visit! The memory was still fresh in Wang Ling's mind since the old man had made her a meal of "sweet and sour spare ribs."

But after more than half a semester in Senior Grade One... Wang Ling was still the only person to have ever seen her in this form.

...

Teacher Pan pretended not to recognize Super Chen and Dopey Guo as she stood next to them on the roadside while she secretly listened to their conversation.

Dopey Guo: "No wonder you were praising Old Pan so excessively when we were inside the school, like you'd taken bad meds."

Super Chen tsked as he hooked an arm over Dopey Guo's shoulder. "You! We've been coming to school early in the morning everyday to swap and copy homework for so long, why hasn't your sense of vigilance increased? But maybe it's because my seat is closer to the door, so I'm usually more on guard..."

Dopey Guo burst out laughing. "Tch, maybe you're just paranoid?"

Super Chen: "To be honest, even now it feels like Old Pan is next to us."

Next to them, the corners of Teacher Pan's lips twitched. "..."

...

When Wang Ling got home, he found Sheep in especially high spirits today.

Sheep was dressed in a new set of clothes: it was a purplish black gothic dress which even came with a small lace parasol.

Today, Wang Ling had gotten Sheep to deliver that tattered Taoist robe to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. After that, the latter had directly taken her to Fatty Luo's shop for brush-up maintenance. The clothes Sheep wore in human form had a lot to do with the paint on her framework. The better the paint quality, the purer the color, and the prettier her human clothes would be.

As for that lace parasol, it was a freebie from Fatty Luo.

It was just that the material used seemed a little familiar to Wang Ling...

Back in his room, Wang Ling texted Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to let him know that Sheep had already returned home, and in passing asked about progress on the space assessment.

About five or six minutes later, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal replied, "Hahaha! Good that she's home! The space assessment is still in progress; activating the instrument takes time, and we need to investigate the data. Don't worry, Brother Ling, I'll keep an eye on it! By the way, Sheep should be very happy today, right? Fatty Luo specially made that white lace umbrella!"

Wang Ling couldn't help asking, "What's it made of?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "The hair which Little Silver dropped at my place."

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "I heard that last time, Little Silver was played by Brother Loopy Toad, and the blow from getting its heart broken was especially heavy."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 432 Loopy Toad is Dreaming Again

This white lace umbrella had actually been made from Little Silver's holy beast hair...

Wang Ling broke out in a sweat. This could be considered making the fullest use of Little Silver's value; in the end, a holy beast's entire body was a treasure.

But it was plain to see that Fatty Luo hadn't put too much effort into making this white lace umbrella; from the beginning, he had regarded it as a decorative magic treasure while making it. But in spite of that, thanks to Little Silver's holy beast hair, this casually thrown together lace umbrella was still an eighth-class holy weapon...

If they had specially plucked Little Silver's hair to make this umbrella, then that would have been too much!

Wang Ling put his bag on the table and took out a thick pile of review materials. The moment he had approached the table, Pen and Eraser these two goblins had already appeared on each of Wang Ling's sides like a pair of door gods.

At this scene, Sheep very consciously left the room, holding the lace umbrella.

No one could interrupt Ling Zhenren when he was studying. This had already become the most important commandment for all the transformed goblins in the Wang family.

When Wang Ling pulled his chair out, he discovered Loopy Toad lying under the table; it had nodded off while playing on its phone.

He glanced at the screen and found that it had actually been watching Taoist Guang's live stream. At this point in time, however, the live stream room was already dark, which indicated that Taoist Guang had already gone offline.

Wang Ling looked at the number of Taoist Guang's live stream room subscribers.

In one short day, Taoist Guang's live stream ID "Lord Island" already had eight hundred thousand fans, and the number was still rising.

Even though the live stream room was dark, these eight hundred thousand "Light Chasers" were still cheerfully discussing the content of Lord Island's live stream today in the room.

Wang Ling had heard of the game 'eating chicken' but had never played it. But he had personally taken part in real-life 'eating chicken' during the military training for six schools previously. Logically speaking, Taoist Guang's performance when playing this type of online game for the first time definitely wouldn't be great, but from the bullet messages that flew across the screen during the live stream, it seemed that the audience was very satisfied with it.

Wang Ling's lips twitched; in light of the increasing number of fans...

He felt that what Taoist Guang had mentioned before about setting up nine thousand nine hundred and eighty one statues plus recruiting ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and eight one disciples as the task quota for the Samsara Spirit Tribulation didn't seem difficult... On the first day alone, eight hundred thousand people had already become "Light Chasers"!

It was just that creating statues would be slightly more complicated...

But if Taoist Guang could win the support of a group of faithful diehard fans, nothing was impossible.

Sitting at his desk, Wang Ling very curiously opened his chat app. There were no new messages in the three-person chat group, but Taoist Guang had sent him a string of private messages. The earliest one had been sent after ten o'clock last night.

Wang Ling remembered that he had still been thinking about things at the time and hadn't seen the message at all. He seldom received private messages, and it took a very long time for him to notice them unless someone @'ed him or used the "vibrate" function.

Of course, there were two exceptions: one was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and the other was Wang Ming; they were both in Wang Ling's "Special Attention" list.

[Messages received at 10:03 last night]

The first one: Senior Ling! I've opened a live stream, remember to cheer me on when you're free...

The second one: Damn! Why so many people? When I first started, there were only two or three people in the live stream room! I used my spit to crack a coconut open, then suddenly there were more than a thousand people!

Wang Ling: "..."

[Messages received at 00:06 today]

The third one: F**k! Senior Ling... it's over one hundred thousand! I just used the "iron crotch technique" to crush two coconuts, I never thought it would attract so many subscribers...

[Messages received at 1:15 today]

The fourth one: Senior Ling, there are more and more people... this old man suddenly feels that if it continues like this, collecting believers and setting up statues don't seem too hard to do...

Wang Ling: "..."

[Messages received at 17:02 today]

This was the latest message, which Taoist Guang had sent after his live stream.

Taoist Guang: Senior Ling, you may not believe me when I say this, but I already have eight hundred thousand fans. I asked them during the live stream just now whether they would be willing to help me set up statues... In the end, this group of people asked me if I was asking them to make model figurines. Senior Ling, what are these? How do you make them?

"..."

Reading this message, Wang Ling was stupefied.

...

Loopy Toad lay at Wang Ling's feet. This time, it had fallen into a dreamscape naturally and not because of narcolepsy.

Members of the toad clan seldom dreamed, so every time it had a dream, Loopy Toad would remember it very clearly. However, there was one type that felt especially real.

"A prophetic dream..."

Having experienced it once, Loopy Toad was already used to it.

It was able to maintain a clear sense of consciousness in the dream.

In the dream this time, its line of sight was fixed on something in particular and it was completely unable to move.

But Loopy Toad was extremely familiar with the scene in its dream!

This was the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan's Hall of Valor, where statues of all the previous leaders were set up.

— Wait.

So... had it become a statue?

All of a sudden, Loopy Toad was struck by something.

Out of the corner of its eye, it looked at the statue next to it. Although it didn't have a clear view, Loopy Toad could already confirm that it was the ninth demon king of the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan, the ninth generation leader.

The ninth generation of the clan was also the most unique one. Loopy Toad had only just been born when the eighth generation leader had died, into a clan without a head.

As an official who had assisted the eighth generation leader, the ninth generation leader had been crowned following tremendous public pressure.

And so it had become the demon king of the ninth generation of the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan.

Later, another demon clan had invaded, and the ninth generation leader had died very tragically on the battlefield.

Since it had inherited the eighth generation leader's bloodline, Loopy Toad remembered how it had been pushed onto the throne back then after the death of the ninth generation leader, thereby becoming the tenth generation leader... For a very long time after that, after the ninth generation leader sacrificed his life in battle, the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan hadn't suffered another invasion.

It was an elder in the clan who had told Loopy Toad stories about the ninth generation leader and its own father, the eighth generation leader. This elder had once served its father as an official, and later had overseen civil matters when the ninth generation leader took charge of military affairs. Furthermore, in the current Sky-Swallowing Toad clan, it was the most senior elder, so the whole clan called it Elder Wen.

In the dream, Loopy Toad recalled many things.

All of a sudden, it opened its eyes.

If the statue next to it was the ninth generation leader... then the statue it was currently in was actually of itself?

It was at that moment that the dreamscape changed once again.

The initially empty Hall of Valor was now filled with tens of thousands of toad clan officials.

"This is the prayer ceremony?" Loopy Toad felt like it had seen this scene before, and it involuntarily recalled seeing the prayer ceremony when it was young. It was the same Hall of Valor, and similarly there were tens of thousands of important core officials kowtowing to several massive stone statues.

Loopy Toad watched as Elder Wen, standing right at the front, recited the clan's incantation...

Only members of the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan understood this incantation; it was like a hometown dialect, and every demon clan had its own "dialect."

Loopy Toad had never forgotten it.

As it watched Elder Wen, it suddenly jerked awake!

Under the desk, its dog fur was matted with cold sweat.

If it hadn't heard wrong, the incantation Elder Wen had been reciting wasn't a prayer... but a cry for help! wen guan' means 'civil servant.'

Chapter 433 Types of Internet Trolls and Their Traits

The prophetic dream felt as real as the last time, so much so that it felt like an out-of-body experience for Loopy Toad. When it woke up, it was stunned to realized that it had sweated so much that the floor was utterly wet. But for the fact that this sweat didn't smell at all, people who saw this would definitely think that Loopy Toad had pissed itself!

The moment it had fallen into the dream, it felt that it had really become a statue.

Mn, perhaps it was already a statue now!

Six years had passed and the clan officials should have already confirmed Loopy Toad's death. In six years, they could pull down several statues and build new ones, let alone set up one extra statue in the Hall of Valor.

Agitated, Loopy Toad scratched its head. It never expected its second prophetic dream to be about the clan...

Every word of Elder Wen's cry for help couldn't be any clearer to Loopy Toad and was like a thunderclap in its ears.

After Loopy Toad's death, the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan hadn't enthroned a new king for a very long time, and was on the verge of war with an enemy clan, the Nine Nether Python clan.

Loopy Toad knew that a clan without a leader to guide them and an ongoing lack of morale would without doubt lose in battle.

Taking large gulps of air, it lifted its head and saw that Little Master Ling was doing his homework, so it quietly lay back down on the floor.

Honestly speaking, Loopy Toad didn't know how to bring it up... In theory, given its current form, it already no longer had anything to do with the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan, but it clearly remembered every word that Elder Wen had uttered in the Hall of Valor in its dream.

Six years and no new king...

As the most senior official in the clan, Elder Wen had all along firmly believed that it was still alive.

This was hard for Loopy Toad to believe, and its heart was suddenly a tangled mix of emotions, though it couldn't tell whether it was regret or emotional sentiment.

It had to work something out!

If it really couldn't think of a way... it would just look for Wang Ling and sell meng...

...

It was a rare, tranquil night, and nothing was happening in the chat group.

Taoist Guang was occupied with researching live streaming and garage kits, Wang Ling was busy doing revision and reading books. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was at Wang Ming's lab studying the sword qi on that Taoist robe, and Little Silver was struggling to walk out of the shadow of getting his heart broken...

Meanwhile, Father Wang was racking his brains in his study for the words to use as he launched a new round of attack against keyboard warriors.

Originally, Father Wang's daily battle against the keyboard warriors took place on his phone while he was on the toilet. Now that Mother Wang had forcibly switched to thermal toilets, Father Wang couldn't sit for more than two minutes before he had to stand up – if he sat for too long, he'd only need a dash of cumin to become teppanyaki.

So he could now only sacrifice some of his time watching female live streamer Little Xuan to clear the comments section of his book and do battle with the Internet trolls.

Father Wang had a lot of fans, but a lot of fans also meant a lot of trolls.

There were always trolls, no matter how well-written a book was.

Father Wang remembered when he had first started out and wasn't that popular yet, and had encountered one or two trolls. He had enjoyed using his author account to directly fight them. Now that he was well-known, he would pick particular keyboard warriors to fight.

Mostly he randomly trash talked the trolls on the official website. As for the ones he suspected of being water army trolls, Father Wang had already long stopped replying to them, and directly

banned them permanently and deleted their comments! Out of sight, out of mind! As long as it was within his authority, he did whatever he wanted!

After grinding the mill for so many years in the online novel circle, Father Wang had gradually identified some of the traits of these Internet trolls.

Firstly, they were generally pirate users who weren't subscribers.

When they were unhappy after reading a novel on a pirate website, they would start to disparage it. And then, as if afraid the author wouldn't see it, they would specially register for an account on the official website to continue slamming it.

So every time Father Wang saw these troll side accounts that didn't subscribe to any books and had an overall total of zero fan contribution points, he would sigh with regret: Why were there so many bored people in the world? Ultimately, it was the teachers who gave them too little homework!

Secondly, trolls generally liked to talk about their experiences.

This bunch of trolls were a bit stronger than those who only knew how to talk trash. They especially liked to use quotes or provide examples to demonstrate that they had read a lot of books and possessed great wisdom. They thought they were very clever and liked to make random comparative deductions in which they stepped on the author they were criticizing and praised the one they liked... Little did they know that the authors in the circle all had good relationships with each other! They gave each other gifts and engaged in cheerful banter.

Father Wang's conclusion about this type of Internet troll was: these guys probably had their brains switched with placenta at birth, leading to stunted intelligence. Only their bodies had matured, not their brains. Truly smart and experienced people were very low-key and would never show off.

Thirdly, trolls generally didn't finish reading the whole book before they started commenting on it.

Actually, Father Wang saw this type of troll a lot. He felt that if you wanted to comment on a book, you had to at the very least read the official version, and finish reading seventy to eighty percent of it before giving your opinion! If you paid for it, and felt that you had bought a bad product, leaving a negative review was your prerogative. But if you didn't pay for the book and only read a meagre few chapters before starting to leave groundless comments, Father Wang felt that this type of people were losers in life.

Father Wang had seen a lot of anti-fans and Internet trolls over the years, and in fact they no longer surprised him. If he could directly ban them, he would; there was no need to trade nonsense with them. In instances where he couldn't wield his authority, mobilizing his fans to report them also wasn't a bad strategy.

Every time he saw someone forward a troll comment in the official readers groups, he would tell his fans not to get agitated and not to hurl abuse at them: everyone sending a smiley was good enough.

People were forever people, monkeys were forever monkeys; it was stupid trying to debate with monkeys.

Of course, there was one exception, and that was when Father Wang encountered trolls that not only attacked him but also his readers.

Whether a person read official or pirated copies of a novel was actually related to the current state of a nation. But no matter what kind of readers they were, Father Wang didn't want his readers to be willfully attacked and trod upon by these trolls.

This was Father Wang's bottom line...

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In front of the screen, Father Wang lit a cigar and puffed on it.

He had just read a very interesting long comment in a readers group. It had been forwarded by a loyal official reader from some pirate app. The ID of the troll who had posted this comment was "Three Vats of Meng Po Soup."

This troll perfectly encapsulated all the traits mentioned above: not only had he slammed the work and the author, he had even roasted the fans. He thought that the fans who read Father Wang's works were fourteen- to sixteen-year-old teens whose three views had yet to be formed. The most ludicrous part was when this troll voiced his suspicions at the bottom of the post that Father Wang might have brushed up his reader numbers on the pirate app!

Standing next to Father Wang, Lie Mengmeng couldn't help exclaiming after he finished reading the post, "This guy has rocks in his head! What author would brush up reader numbers on a pirate app?"

Father Wang laughed. "This is already more than this guy's brain being switched with placenta at birth; when he was born, his mother probably abandoned him and raised the placenta in his place..."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

"Are you going to return fire?"

"Return fire? Of course!"

Attacking him was fine, but to attack his fans – that was unforgivable!

Father Wang raised his eyebrows and his fingers flew over the keyboard.

After thinking up a Chinese couplet, he posted it.

The first line: Keyboard Big Shot Criticizes A lot

The second line: Pirate Hero Teaches Fish to Swim

The horizontal scroll: M! D! Z! Z!

Lie Mengmeng: "...MDZZ is an online Chinese buzzword for 'dumbass.' The set-up referred to below are two vertical lines of characters separated by a horizontal line of characters. When online users are paid to post specific content online. 'Keyboard warrior' is a Chinese colloquial term to describe online users who have no qualms about judging or attacking other people online, but are not brave enough to do it in real life.

Chapter 434 Ling Zhenren Wishes Everyone A Prosperous New Year!

Father Wang's operation actually wasn't very surprising as it was already a common occurrence for Lie Mengmeng. However, he hadn't expected Father Wang to actually respond with his author account this time. This troll seemed quite full of himself to Lie Mengmeng... this time, he might truly "never be forgotten."

He felt that to be a fan of Father Wang's was a blessed thing.

But a response from Father Wang was just one thing. After all, these trolls would write thousand-word comments on pirate websites and attack Father Wang's works and the fans who liked them. Usually, the only way to stop them was to mobilize the power of official readers and report these trolls.

But even before Father Wang rallied them, fans in the group were already riled up as they spontaneously launched organized "attacks" one after another in reporting the situation to customer service.

On the side, Lie Mengmeng gasped in admiration at this operation, which demonstrated the unity among fans. Given Father Wang's status as a top guru on the website, the solidarity in his fan group was naturally indomitable.

Father Wang looked at his watch. After around five minutes, he refreshed the website and saw that all the troll's comments, including that long commentary, had disappeared.

Lie Mengmeng wiped at his sweat. "That... it's all gone?" Too fast!

He suddenly felt a little sorry for this troll. This guy had a low IQ to begin with, and had rummaged through primary school language books to painstakingly write a thousand-word negative review. He thought no one would notice and he could do whatever he wanted by posting it on a pirate app; in the end, it was reported as soon as it was posted and then deleted.

Father Wang smiled unperturbed and puffed on his cigar. "It's not over yet. Believe it or not, he's going to post again."

"That's looking for trouble; does he have so much to write about...?"

Thinking carefully, Father Wang chuckled. "I'm guessing that he might even use what he learned from Peppa Pig when he was a kid."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

After another half an hour, Father Wang refreshed the website again.

Mm... very good...

Sure enough, this troll had once again written two hundred words with difficulty.

The reply as below:

"Firstly, I really can't afford to buy every book; rent in a first-tier city is too expensive, and I can only select which books to buy. It's unrealistic to buy all of them, but I will buy real copies of good publications. I would never disclose the fact that I read pirate copies, but you say the author called me out? May I ask, how does he know? Does he also use the pirate app? Or was it a "true love fan" using the pirate app who ran crying and complaining to the author? If it's the first case, what right do you have to criticize me? If it's the latter, then I can only say that the author is really Lu Dongbin!"

After reading it, Lie Mengmeng scratched his head. "What does he mean by this? Why does it feel like the logic is contradictory?"

"Hey hey hey, let me analyze it for you!"

Pointing at the screen, Father Wang laughed as he analyzed each individual section. "Look at his first sentence... he said: 'I really can't afford to buy every book; rent in a first-tier city is too expensive, and I can only select which books to buy.' The implication is: 'Rent is so high, how can you blame me for reading on pirate websites? I scrimp and save and choose which books to read; I've read all the Four Great Classic Novels.'"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Father Wang: "Now look at this second part, he said: 'May I ask, how does he know? Does he also use the pirate app?' The implication is: 'Aiya, I wasn't careful and was actually found out. I thought no one would see me post trash talk. Since this book fan is part of a water army, the author is definitely a pirate user!'"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

"Mm... the following third part is actually the most hilarious one: 'If it's the latter, then I can only say that the author is really Lu Dongbin.' The implication: 'I am a dog.'"

Lie Mengmeng couldn't help laughing.

After he was done analyzing the comment, Father Wang couldn't help tscking. "This troll is really short on brains."

After saying this, Father Wang directly picked up the cell phone on the table and started to scroll through the address book.

Lie Mengmeng: "Brother Wang, who are you looking for?"

Father Wang answered lightly, "A doctor."

Lie Mengmeng: "Why?"

Father Wang burst out laughing. "Don't you need a vaccine after getting bitten by a dog?"

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

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On the other side, at the Cultivation Academy of Science, preparations had already been made for the space assessment.

Standing in front of a huge egg-shaped glass dome, Wang Ming and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could clearly see an infinitesimal space fissure inside it.

This fissure hadn't been caused by magic; instead, modern technology had been used to break down the space, thereby creating this minute fissure.

"Brother Wang Ming, will this work?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked curiously.

Hands in his pockets, Wang Ming nodded confidently. "No problem, this machine has already been tested several times and meets all performance requirements. However, it does take quite a while to warm up, so there's still room for improvement."

After that, Wang Ming picked up that tattered Daoist robe which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had brought over. But just as he was about to approach the glass dome, Zhai Yin blocked him.

"Let me do it."

Zhai Yin drew in a breath; her voice was as cold as usual.

"I've already done so many tests, there won't be any problems..." Wang Ming really wanted to refuse, but his attitude wasn't as resolute as before as he tried to speak as evenly as possible

After putting on a bold face when he had used the Heavenly Materials sword previously to save that group of students in the hospital, and coupled with him overusing the Brain Deduction Technique before that, he had fallen into a coma for several days.

Although he didn't want to admit it, it was indeed Zhai Yin who had looked after him during those few days.

Wang Ming wasn't stupid; he of course knew that Zhai Yin was interested in him. But he really couldn't understand how he had managed to attract the attention of this female Bodhisattva.

"No!"

Zhai Yin said decisively, "Even if it's just a small space fissure, if anything goes wrong, you will instantly be cut into pieces!"

Wang Ming: "That's an exaggeration..."

Zhai Yin crossed her arms and looked at Wang Ming. "Either you listen to me or you terminate the experiment!"

Wang Ming didn't feel like continuing to argue and straightaway chose to give in. "Fine fine fine, I'll listen to you, big sister!" Saying that, he gave Zhai Yin the tattered Daoist robe.

Perfectly satisfied, she accepted it and then operated the machine with practiced ease.

On the side, the young man in white was shaken at what he had heard. "Big big big... big sister?"

Wang Ming nodded, his gaze on Zhai Yin's back. "That's right. This person who looks like a man is in fact a big sister. Shocking, right? In our nation's study of gender, there is no gem rarer than this big sister!"

Zhai Yin's lips twitched when she heard this. "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked in a whisper, "Brother Wang Ming... what is your relationship to her?"

"Relationship?"

Wang Ming couldn't help laughing. "Brothers, of course!"

Zhai Yin couldn't help shaking when she heard what he said!

Behind her, Wang Ming cupped his chin and gazed at this scene with immense satisfaction, with an "I like watching you get angry, and you can't do anything about it" air... This is from a Chinese two-part allegorical saying: 'A dog bit Lu Dongbin, a good man's kindness is disregarded.'

Chapter 435 Cooking Inspiration

It wasn't like Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't heard of Wang Ming, but it was his first time meeting him.

From quite a while back already, he had heard Wang Ling mention him several times during their chats; each time he did, moreover, there was always some sort of unspoken resentment in his words.

It was hard to describe this tangled type of love and hate.

To be honest, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought that Zhai Yin was being a little excessive... This was Brother Ling's cousin! Even though his cultivation wasn't as high as Brother Ling's... how big could the gap be?

Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't sensed any aura on Wang Ming either, he felt that anyone who had a connection to Brother Ling wouldn't be so simple! Just look at the old seniors in the Wang family's small villa; even a broccoli contained insight on the Heavenly Dao! Put simply, these were people who had been cultivating for several thousand years, and it wasn't hard to see whether they were strong or not.

And so Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was a little unhappy at Zhai Yin's attitude. But he couldn't say anything, because he felt that these two right now were like a pair of lovers flirting with each other!

Standing behind Wang Ming in the research institute, it strongly felt like there was some unexplainable asura field between them... too scary!

He didn't even dare speak; in fact, he was a little afraid that a fourth person might scuttle out at that moment to loudly proclaim something like "I was clearly here first."

But Wang Ming and Zhai Yin were already used to this type of situation.

Taking Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's presence into account, Wang Ming finally, for the first time ever, chose to alleviate this seemingly embarrassing atmosphere.

He explained the space assessment process. "There's no need to doubt this machine's performance, I carried out several tests. Do you see that fine thread-like electrical line on the outside of the glass dome? I call it a dimension line. Once it's linked to the Daoist robe, you can obtain rough data related to it as well as use the leftover sword qi on it to accurately determine the related dimension coordinates."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gazed at the dome with a slightly amazed expression. Actually, it wasn't like he had never heard of space tracking technology, but he had thought that it would still

be another century before it was possible! But Wang Ming was far more incredible than he had thought! In theory, it would take at least several hundred years to invent this scientific apparatus, but Wang Ming had actually already developed a prototype.

Although the machine did indeed take a long time to warm up, this was a small flaw that still couldn't outweigh Wang Ming's groundbreaking contribution to scientific research.

...

On the other side, Wang Ling was done reviewing his homework for the moment, and including the times when he hadn't been able to resist checking the news on his wristwatch, it had taken him slightly under ten minutes. He had memorized the key revision points for the midterm exams which Teacher Pan had mentioned in class today.

No matter what, study was always the most essential thing... There were even times when Wang Ling felt that the monthly tests were more important than the Three Thousand Great Spells.

The reason was very simple...

It was because man only cherished what was acquired through great effort. For Wang Ling, the Three Thousand Great Spells had been with him since young and had taken shape as he grew and his brain cells developed – the actual time he spent on cultivation was probably less than preparing for the monthly tests.

Putting down the review materials, Wang Ling took a look at the news; whether it was the private chat window or the group chat, there was nothing.

After all, Daoist Guang's tattered Daoist robe was very old, and Wang Ling didn't think that using a scientific apparatus to trace the leftover sword qi on the robe back to the corresponding space coordinates was an easy task.

But Wang Ling still had faith since he knew that Wang Ming had already developed a pertinent instrument for assessing space, even if it might not be completely perfect and was just a prototype.

But Wang Ling believed that if Wang Ming couldn't do it, then no one else on earth could!

...

After Wang Ling was done with his homework, Grandfather Wang called him to come downstairs. Previously, Grandfather Wang and the head of Kitchen Knife Sect, Jiang Haifu, who was also Wang Ling's yearmate Jiang Bai's father, had arranged to compare their culinary skills in a match.

Since the stipulated date was quickly approaching, the old man had been working as fast as possible these days to whip up a lot of new dishes as he planned to showcase his skills in front of Jiang Bai's father. He had thus called for Wang Ling to come and sample his new dishes. This time, he had invented two brand new dishes!

The old man was actually quite a dedicated person, especially during his younger days, when he would give his all to become champion in any cooking-related event!

After living for so long, he had never been defeated in any cooking competition he had participated in to date!

At his emphatic request, Wang Ling, Father Wang, Mother Wang as well as Loopy Toad gathered together.

"Jiang Haifu is the head of Kitchen Knife Sect and one of the biggest names in the food and beverage industry; Kikkaro Restaurant is his family business... Dad, will you be alright?" Father Wang sat obediently at the dining table as he hesitantly voiced his doubts. He had been happily battling the troll earlier, and after cursing out the other party's family, had been planning to curse out eighteen generations of his ancestors when the old man had called him to come downstairs.

The old man rapped the table with the metal ladle in his hand. "What? Looking down on this old Kikkaro Restaurant employee? In any case, I was the head chef at their flagship restaurant for over thirty years, I created a lot of their dishes!"

Father Wang was silent. "..."

Then, everyone watched as the old man lifted the lid off the first dish on the table...

It was a rich meat broth with a very clear soup; furthermore, it was overflowing with spirit power, and the aroma could lift the spirits.

Father Wang could hardly wait to ladle a spoonful to drink! His fatigue was actually swept away in a flash!

"What's this, dad?" Father Wang stared at the old man like he had performed a miracle.

The old man pinched his whiskers and smiled. "To deal with an exceptional person, you naturally need to use exceptional means! You might think this is just a pot of broth, but the meat inside is

actually spirit monkey guts and organs! I've been looking for this since before, but I never thought that my friend would be able to help me find it."

When she heard this, Mother Wang drank a mouthful of the soup, then sang its praises. "Ai? It's really good!"

"Amazing, amazing!" Father Wang couldn't help giving a thumbs up. "Dad, where did you get the inspiration to create these dishes?"

The old man looked at Father Wang. "Actually, cooking is similar to you writing novels, it draws from life. Wasn't there a live streamer called Baboon who was banned two days ago? That was where I got the inspiration for this dish. I call it Baboon Head Soup."

Wang Ling: "..."

Father Wang: "Then the inspiration for the second dish..."

Grandfather Wang: "My inspiration for the first dish was from the program Man vs. Wild: Rise of the Planet of the Baboons! And I got the idea for the second dish from the second season, Man vs. Wild: Hit The Snake At Seven Inches!"

Mother Wang and Father Wang: "..."

Grandfather Wang: "That's why I call the second dish Snakeskin Soup!"

Wang Ling: "...The asura is a Buddhist mythical being that at one point in tales was focused on war. The term 'asura field' is used to describe a wretched battlefield. This refers to hitting a snake where its heart is located, thereby guaranteeing a kill. This is a line from the Japanese anime 'White Album 2' based on a Japanese adult visual novel.

Chapter 436 Evil Sword God Steps Into the World

Space assessment required a certain amount of time. About ten minutes after connecting the Daoist robe with the dimension line, Zhai Yin separated them and returned the tattered Daoist robe to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Because he had always thought that Zhai Yin was a man, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wasn't used to changing the way he addressed her. "Brother Zhai Yin..."

"Hm?"

Under Zhai Yin's fixed gaze, the young man in white couldn't help wiping at his sweat with the tattered Daoist robe. "That... Miss Zhai Yin... What about the assessment result?"

Zhai Yin replied indifferently, "The dimension line has finished extracting sword qi data from the Daoist robe, but it will still take time. The assessment report will come out in twenty-four hours."

She stared at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "You can leave for today. I'll let you know if there's anything."

On the side, Wang Ming frowned and couldn't help grumbling, "Twenty-four hours? So long? That shouldn't be..."

Zhai Yin's gaze froze. "I said twenty-four hours, so it's twenty-four hours. Any more nonsense from you and I'll break the machine."

The corners of Wang Ming's mouth twitched. "Did you eat the wrong kind of meds?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Somehow Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt a very strange malevolent aura around these two people... But actually, the young man in white could roughly guess why this Miss Zhai Yin was so angry.

At this time, there was no one else in the research institute except for Wang Ming and Zhai Yin. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal seemed to have heard Wang Ming mention before that all the other experts in the research institute had been dispatched to do fieldwork all over the place this week and would only be back in two or three days.

So there was only one truth! — He had become a lightbulb!

As Great Death-Courting Senior in the cultivation circle, the reason why so many people admired him, in addition to his chivalrous sense of justice, was because of his high EQ.

Even in modern cultivation society, people without emotional intelligence couldn't survive. In this circle, learning to "read the situation" was a very important thing.

Looking at these two people's expressions, something was definitely wrong between them...
RBQRBQ...

Believing that he had interrupted their "happy time," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could only force a smile. "Then Brother Wang Ming, I'll take my leave first for today and go back to wait for news."

Wang Ming: "Will that be alright?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal shook his head and said, "It's fine, it's fine, the matter between Brother Wang Ming and Miss Zhai Yin is more important..."

Wang Ming: "Ah?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal patted Wang Ming on the shoulder with the expression of one who had seen through everything. "I won't bother you any longer, but Brother Wang Ming, when you act, you better be careful..."

Wang Ming: "???"

Speaking up to this point, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took Wang Ming aside and said in a very low voice, "I had a friend who lost control of his power before when he was doing it, and directly caused a magnitude ten earthquake... at your realm, Brother Wang Ming, it's better to be careful when you're playing around in the institute..."

Wang Ming: "..."

Zhai Yin: "..."

...

Standing at the entrance to the institute, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help heaving a long sigh.

He recalled how Great Senior Wang had put a broccoli in his bowl at the dining table in the Wang family's small villa... At that time, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had already sensed how unusual the broccoli was by analyzing the expression in Great Senior Wang's eyes!

And this time, he had been able to detect the unspoken secret between these two people through their expressions... Damn! He was actually a little genius!

...

At the same time, in an unknown space somewhere...

This was a grayish-black world; the clouds were all a deep gray and it was dark everywhere.

On a craggy mountain top, a young man with long black hair sat upright on a large black rock.

Thick eye shadow lined the corners of his eyes, and sinister bluish-green lines spread out from his cheeks to the back of his neck, giving him a very evil air.

"Immortal Zhenyuan, you can't trick me! The entrance to the Treasure House is here. I also know you're here... So? Won't you come out to meet this junior?" The evil young man closed his eyes and sneered.

His voice couldn't be considered loud, but it was so penetrating that it echoed throughout the whole world. This was a powerful sonic spell. Cultivators below the Soul Formation stage would be unable to withstand this burst of spirit power, and would directly explode and die.

The young man clearly knew that there weren't any living things in this space, but had still done this on purpose.

This was a provocation!

And most crucially, the young man felt that creating an echo as he spoke would make him look very cool! He felt that he, Evil Sword God, was a grand Almighty, so his words had to have momentum!

After a long time, however, there was no response.

He was very sure that Immortal Zhenyuan was here; even if the latter himself wasn't in this world, he was definitely keeping a very close watch on it.

About a minute later, the young man felt spiritual pressure fall from the sky, accompanied by a restraining force, and he realized that his sonic spell had been suppressed.

"Immortal Zhenyuan... do you think with this, you can suppress my echo..."

"Can suppress my echo..."

"Suppress my echo..."

"...press my echo..."

"My echo..."

"Echo..."

Immortal Zhenyuan: "..."

...

About five minutes later.

In the next moment, Evil Sword God opened his eyes and looked at the sky as he couldn't help sneering in his heart. "There is actually a junior in this life who dares to try and use sword qi to track me down? Too ridiculous!"

Since mastering the power of Sword Dao, Evil Sword God could clearly sense the underlying pattern of sword qi; he had a very clear picture of this massive web-like grid in his mind.

"Sword, come!" Evil Sword God roared in his heart. He waved his hand, and with a boom, countless light particles converged in the air and coalesced into a purplish-black spirit sword in his hand — this was the sword at the top of the spirit sword power rankings, Heaven-Cleaving!

Sword in hand, Evil Sword God slashed lightly at the air. Spirit power whistled in the primal chaos of the space, and a gap suddenly appeared.

This was a space fissure which Evil Sword God had forcibly created using the power of Sword Dao. He used it as a transmission gate, and after using sword qi to create an opening in a particular place, he could freely visit it again whenever he wanted.

He looked up and laughed loudly at the air. "Immortal Zhenyuan, after I deal with this rude junior, I will look for you again!"

"...Junior, I will look for you again!"

"I will look for you again!"

"Will look for you again!"

"Look for you again!"

"For you again!"

"You again!"

"Again..."

After that, Evil Sword God stepped into the space fissure with his sword.

Immortal Zhenyuan: "Psycho..."RBQ is a derogatory term for women who are treated as sex objects.A 'lightbulb' in colloquial Chinese has the same meaning as 'a third wheel.'

Chapter 437 Cheat Diviner Reed's Divination Skill

After leaving the institute, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal tossed out the spirit sword that was on his back as he planned to fly home on it.

This sword which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal carried on his back was known as Brilliant Victory, which meant "ever-victorious and brilliant."

Fatty Luo hadn't made this sword; instead, it was a sword that was handed down from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's forefathers. Usually it was in a secured state, wrapped in layers of seals like a dumpling. But this didn't impact on its ordinary use – at the most, it just looked a little unsightly.

A bigger pain in the ass was that the spirit sword had been forged by a weaponsmith elsewhere, so when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had gotten it... its sword plate number wasn't a local one! Thus, there were flight restrictions on it during morning and evening peak hours everyday!

But the time now was just right; if he took the spirit bus home, it would waste a lot of time.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal jumped onto his spirit sword and was just about to leave when he got a phone call.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the caller ID: Cheat Diviner Reed... (he had read that correctly)

Huh? A call from Cheat Diviner?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stared a little blankly at the screen. After his visit to Immortal Toya's Chrysanthemum Island, he had secretly found this diviner friend of his, Daoist Reed, who was nicknamed Cheat Diviner Reed because his divinations were so accurate it was as if he used cheats!

Like Fatty Luo, he wasn't part of the chat group, but was one of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's very good friends.

There would always be mavericks in any era, and there were countless weirdos in the cultivation circle. Some of them didn't take part in chat groups, and forcing them to join didn't make sense.

In the end, it was up to each person. Perhaps one day they would start to feel lonely, and want to join a group to chat every day, like Daoist Guang.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal pressed the answer button.

Cheat Diviner Reed's voice, which had a slight regional accent, sounded from the other end of the line. "Hello? Senior Immortal? Is that you?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Yes, Brother Reed, it's me..." As soon as he spoke, the young man in white couldn't help stamping his feet. Every time he talked to Cheat Diviner Reed, his own accent would also come out!

After composing himself, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked, "Brother Reed, is there any news with the divination I asked you to perform?"

After leaving Chrysanthemum Island, he had asked Cheat Diviner Reed to do a reading on Immortal Toya's marriage prospects.

However, Daoist Reed hated marriage divination the most; it wasn't just time-consuming, but every person who had wanted a marriage divination done would develop a mysterious confidence once they knew what their path to marriage was like.

Why were there so many douchebags, guys and girls alike, nowadays?

Daoist Reed thought that half of it might be his fault.

Hence, he wouldn't do this type of divination at all, no matter how much more he was paid, unless you were one of his especially good friends.

Daoist Reed said, "The marriage divination... you still have to wait a bit; it's not easy to calculate, but once it's done it'll definitely be very accurate."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Then why did Brother Reed call me today?"

Daoist Reed: "Senior Immortal, do you remember how you gave me your birth data when you came to me for fortune-telling before?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. "Mm... it seems that was the case..."

Having said that, that had been at least several hundred years ago!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal remembered that back then he had wanted to know what his fortune was like, so he had left his birth data with Daoist Reed.

And Daoist Reed had a habit of keeping the information of regular customers for later use.

Daoist Reed: "This time before I helped perform a divination for your friend, I used the wrong data, and accidentally used yours. I didn't realize it until I had finished the divination..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frowned slightly. "Wrong?"

This was quite a low-level mistake, and it was basically impossible for a veteran diviner like Daoist Reed to make such a mistake. Generally, accidentally using the wrong data for fortune-telling was the type of situation that foreboded something.

Daoist Reed had pretty much the same thought as Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "I thought that this mistake might be some kind of omen, so I helped you divine your luck."

"What was the result?"

"It shows that a bloody disaster is going to befall you."

"Very inauspicious?"

"Wrong! Extremely inauspicious!"

"..."

"It looks like it's about life and death!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal broke into a sweat. "Did you divine wrong?"

On the other end of the phone, Daoist Reed shook his head. "Impossible, I did it three times! I was also doubtful at first and wondered if there was something wrong with that round since I had helped you divine your fortune once before that, and it showed that you would be blessed in spirit and body for the next one thousand years. Thus, logically speaking, it's indeed very unlikely for an inauspicious divination to appear now. Moreover, when I did the second and third divinations, I even used my imperial divination magic device."

Daoist Reed was very confident in the accuracy of his divination. "This divination device is outstanding, and I've never made a mistake when I use it."

"What kind of magic device is this?"

"It's a magic sword called Fortune-Evading Sword!"

"..."

"This sword foretells bad, not good luck. If it's a smooth and auspicious divination, the sword won't move at all... but the bleaker the divination, the more the sword trembles! When I tested it out for you today, this sword was like a vibrator on the highest setting!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Then Brother Reed, do you have any way to dispel it?"

Daoist Reed sighed and looked a little troubled. "If it's very inauspicious, I still have ways... but this is extremely inauspicious... Senior Immortal, brother, I have something I don't know whether to say or not..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Brother Reed, feel free to say it."

Daoist Reed: "Please pay me for the divination right now! Then just wait to pass away in peace. I'm afraid that if I wait any longer, I won't get it..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

After hanging up the phone, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gazed at the screen as he fell into deep thought for a long time.

To be honest, it wasn't like he didn't understand the implications of an extremely inauspicious divination; this was a divination of imminent death and was the kind of divination that wasn't any different to a hospital's notice of terminally ill patients.

But no matter how Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought about it, he couldn't understand why he was suddenly in danger of an imminent death.

This wasn't good...

If this was the case, he couldn't go home now! An extremely inauspicious divination came true within twenty-four hours of the prediction! Furthermore, the bad luck would bring disaster to everything around him... If he went home now, even Little Silver might suffer!

What should he do?

Go look for Brother Ling?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was about to make a phone call when, with a whooshing sound, sword qi unexpectedly attacked him from afar at that moment!

This sword qi acted as a warning. It was extremely fast and brushed past Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's ear, taking off a few strands of his black hair.

Who was it?!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked in the direction that the sword qi had come from.

In the moonlight, he saw a very evil-looking young man, standing high above on a street light, who was staring at him with a gloomy face.

The young man gave a sneer and said calmly, "I, am Evil Sword God..."

"Sword God..."

"God..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Psycho..." This is a homophone of the name of the Chinese TV presenter Bi Fujian.

Chapter 438 Long Johns Save His Life...

On the street light, that very evil-looking young man introduced himself in a very chuuni tone, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help directly blurting out 'psycho' when he heard it... There was something very wrong with this guy – maybe he was a mental patient who had escaped from some mental hospital?

Senior Immortal's imagination ran wild; he didn't dare take this lightly. Though the young man was about ten zhang away from him, he already felt oppressed by that evil aura!

The young man in white subconsciously grasped his "Brilliant Victory sword," and realized that his hand was actually trembling...

He couldn't help the cold sweat that ran down his cheeks – this was the first time he felt the shivers all the way down into his soul!

Letting this type of mentally ill patient run wild on the streets was bound to cause chaos!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that he should probably take this person back to the hospital.

But very quickly, he suddenly recalled the Daoist name that this evil young man had introduced himself with.

Hm...

Evil Sword God...

Sword God...

God...

"F**k! This guy is Evil Sword God!"

Because of the evil young man's spastic self-introduction, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's neurons had taken a long time to process it before he was finally struck with realization.

But why had Evil Sword God suddenly shown up here?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal grit his teeth and looked up again at the street light that Evil Sword God was standing on. But at that moment, Evil Sword God had already disappeared!

The next moment, there was a hand on Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's shoulder, and a voice that inspired terror in the depths of the soul asked, "Looking for me?"

This speed... Was this a teleportation spell?

Shocked, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal tilted his head, but could only see half the evil young man's face and the sinister smile on it. "Bold junior, you have the guts to try and track sword qi back to me? I'll get rid of half your shoulder first..."

The next moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt a great pressure on his right shoulder as a ball of demonic energy coalesced in Evil Sword God's hand.

At the same time, a voice resounded in Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's mind. "This ball of spirit power contains the Sword Dao qi of my Heaven-Cleaving sword; anyone under Itinerant Immortal level will be permanently wounded, and not even divine medicine will help."

After that, with a loud "bang," the ball of spirit power which contained evil sword qi exploded.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was directly thrown off his feet by the explosion, and he flew several kilometers before hitting the ground from the violent attack.

Contrary to expectations, he wasn't bleeding; the ball of spirit power had unexpectedly only burned a hole in the outside Daoist robe of this young man in white.

"Hm?"

Evil Sword God stared at this scene from a distance. The situation was a little outside his expectations.

"That was dangerous..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was sweating a little. His white Daoist robe had been destroyed... This was the latest in high fashion from Armani! Because it was too expensive, he had only bought two sets and had planned to regularly switch them out!

But one of them was now directly written off!

When he shifted, the basketball-sized hole in the shoulder of his white Daoist robe revealed the long johns that Mother Wang had given him.

These long johns had obviously been enchanted by Wang Ling!

Had it not been for the power it contained, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was well aware that he would have been severely injured by such an explosion.

At that moment, the young man in white could also already guess why Evil Sword God was looking for him.

Since they could use the Daoist robe which Daoist Guang had left behind to track the remnants of the sword qi on it back to Evil Sword God, then naturally, he could also use it to find them.

Previously, the Daoist robe had been sealed away, and Evil Sword God had already thought that Daoist Guang was dead, so he had stopped hunting him.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't expected Evil Sword God to be alerted by the reverse tracking of sword qi.

In the end, he was the one who had been careless!

Evil Sword God had currently already mastered the power of Sword Dao, one of the Three Thousand Great Spells, and was especially sensitive to Sword Dao. He could even clearly grasp sword qi as an intangible form.

Thinking back carefully, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal recalled that when he had been at the research institute earlier, he had apparently used that tattered Daoist robe to wipe at his sweat...

It was most likely at that moment that his body had become contaminated with the residual sword qi!

"A single slip, a lifetime of regret!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt extremely remorseful.

Looking at the situation, he already knew he wasn't strong enough to fight back, so he could only think of a way to look for Wang Ling first.

Thinking this, he immediately stepped onto his Brilliant Victory sword and flew at heaven-defying speed in the direction of the Wang family's small villa.

Evil Sword God's technique was too strong. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had barely stepped on his sword when he realized that all the electronic equipment he was carrying on him had been destroyed by the other party's overflowing sword qi.

It wasn't just that; actually, when Evil Sword God had put his hand on Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's shoulder just now...

The instant he had discharged the spirit power, all the street lights had instantly gone out, turning everything pitch black.

All the electronic equipment in the nearby area, including cars driving on the road, instantly stopped working, completely wrecked by the evil sword qi!

...

In the darkness, Evil Sword God opened his eyes, and his pupils glowed a faint purple, creating a very mystical air.

Interesting... Evil Sword God sneered. He hadn't expected the young man in white to actually be unharmed by his move earlier. This proved that the armor that the young man was wearing under his Daoist robe wasn't of inferior workmanship.

Evil Sword God looked in the direction that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had escaped, and his eyes focused on the spirit sword under Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's feet.

Although the sword was wrapped in layers of seals, it gave him a very familiar feeling.

The reason why his shizun Fan Rui, who was also called by his Daoist name Heavenly Sword Immortal, had towered famously for thousands of years in Sword Dao, was because of his dual sword technique! And he had had the two swords that were widely acclaimed by the people as great divine swords!

One was called Heaven-Cleaving, which topped the spirit swords power rankings, and which was also the sword that Evil Sword God had seized and now wielded.

The other was called Brilliant Victory, which topped the spirit swords defense rankings; it was extremely strong at parrying attacks and had powerful defensive attributes.

After he had murdered his shifu back then and snatched Heaven-Cleaving from the latter's hand, he had been looking for Brilliant Victory ever since...

Even though Brilliant Victory's aura was wrapped in layers of seals, he had still been able to detect the scent it emitted when he had gotten close to it earlier.

"That's definitely it..."

Evil Sword God stuck out his long pointed tongue and licked his lips.

Originally he had just wanted to come out to teach the junior, who had the guts to track his aura through sword qi, a lesson, but who would have thought he would have inadvertently discovered Brilliant Victory sword's whereabouts.

But... why was the Brilliant Victory sword in this person's hands?

Evil Sword God let out a sinister laugh.

Forget it, catch this person first!

No one could escape from him...

Chapter 439 Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's Death?

It would take less than fifteen minutes at top speed to reach the Wang family's small villa in a straight line.

But now, it was impossible for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to take this type of direct route. Considering Evil Sword God's brutal nature, he didn't want to get innocent passersby involved. Thus, he took the long way round and steered his Bright Victory sword through sparsely populated areas.

But in doing so, he would only reach the Wang family's small villa in forty minutes.

Whether he lived or died today would depend on this forty minutes.

At that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal only hoped that he wouldn't be pulled up by the traffic police; he was already over the speed limit given how fast he was flying. Being waylaid by the police and getting demerits, a fine or his driving license revoked were all small things, but if Evil Sword God interfered, more innocent people would suffer.

From beginning to end, Evil Sword God didn't make a move. The demonic purple light in his eyes started to glow. This was a technique he called "Looking at the Horizon with One Eye," which was also a move in the Purple Investigative Demon Eye style.

Back then, after killing his shifu with his own hands, his second stop had been the Tang Sect, which had had a good relationship with his shifu. He had found Tang Shijiu, the master disciple of the nineteenth generation of the Tang Sect at the time, and had plucked out his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes before fixing them in his own eye sockets as if he was changing cosmetic contact lenses.

With this pair of magic eyes and this "Looking at the Horizon with One Eye" pupil technique, he could see very far away.

"Headed where there aren't a lot of people? Good idea. Unfortunately, it's useless." Evil Sword God sneered in his heart. Standing in place and with one hand behind his back, he slashed at the air with his other hand.

"Interesting fellow. But in my eyes, you're still just a mongrel cultivator."

Opening the space fissure, he calculated Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's escape route and then stepped into the gap before disappearing.

Speeding through the air, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal instantly felt nervous. He thought he had already fled far enough, but the pressure which Evil Sword God had been exerting all along had yet to disappear.

It was as if a pair of eyes were boring into his back.

He had to hold on! Until he got to Brother Ling!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gritted his teeth, turned around, and threw out a number of black grenades in succession as he recited a spell: "Skybomb Grenade, Enhanced Version!" In a flash, there was the sound of explosions, and in a split second, the sky was filled with smog for thousands of miles around!

Boom boom boom...

The enhanced version of the Skybomb Grenade was deafening, and the dense smog it created wasn't an ordinary one at all as it could blind people momentarily!

When Evil Sword God passed through the void, tore open the space fissure, and walked out, he immediately found himself wrapped in smog.

"Skybomb Grenade?" Evil Sword God hmphed coldly. He didn't make any large movements, and his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes started to spin again as he roared furiously, "Junior! You think this mere blinding smog can stop me?"

"Can stop me..."

"Stop me..."

"Me..."

The next moment, two beams of light shot out of his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes like magic dragons and pierced straight through this smog!

Hu Hu! Two sounds! The magic dragons released from the Purple Investigative Demon Eyes surged through and dispelled the thousands of miles of smog.

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw this scene, he was shocked. His Skybomb Grenade was an ancestral secret weapon. Back then, his ancestor's godfather had been a descendant of the Tang Sect who had specifically made improvements to the Skybomb Grenade! An ordinary Skybomb Grenade was more than enough to fight against a Perfected Being, and the enhanced version now could delay even a True Immortal on the hunt. At the very least, it should slow one down for a while and buy some time!

He had already used the remaining four enhanced Skybomb Grenades he was carrying!

However, Evil Sword God had actually been able to handle the situation so easily, directly overlooking the vast dense smog.

Combined with this troublesome power of Sword Dao, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal judged that Evil Sword God's overall battle strength had already surpassed True Immortal level! It was very likely already infinitely close to Venerated Immortal level!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was sweating copiously as he fled.

He sighed in his heart and felt a touch of despair.

Was this the despair that stemmed from an extremely inauspicious divination?

Indeed, since ancient times, it seemed that he had never heard of anyone who had received an extremely inauspicious prediction ever escaping it smoothly.

The young man in white stopped fleeing and looked in the direction of the Wang family's small villa.

He still had fully half a way to go to the Wang family's small villa... It was already too late for him to run!

Evil Sword God had already caught up to him from behind. Pointing his sword at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, he couldn't help sneering. "Mongrel cultivator! Giving up already?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal turned around in the air, his body trembling uncontrollably. The gap between their realms was really too big! No one would be able to bear it!

The only reason he was able to stand in the air without toppling over was completely due to the long johns.

Otherwise, he didn't have the wherewithal to speak with Evil Sword God on an equal footing. But even if it was someone else with the same realm, they might not even be able to straighten their legs under such powerful spiritual pressure.

"Junior has long heard of Lord Evil Sword God's power; today, junior humbly concedes defeat!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, fists clenched.

"Little junior! It's no use trying to buy time. No one I've wanted to kill has ever escaped me." Evil Sword God pointed the sword at him as demonic overbearing sword qi swirled in the air. "Mongrel cultivator! Let me ask you, what manner of thing is that armor you're wearing inside? If you tell me the truth, I'll give you a slightly happier death!"

"There is a person called Wang Ling," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal answered. "He was the one who made the armor I'm wearing, and he's not far away; if Senior Evil Sword God is willing to call for him out loud, he will definitely hear you..."

Things had already come to this point, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that he couldn't escape, but he still had one last ray of hope. "Why don't you call for him?"

"???"

After staring blankly for a moment, Evil Sword God couldn't help guffawing. "In the end you really are just a mongrel cultivator, actually selling your friend out so easily... rest assured, I will definitely call for him!"

He could tell that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wasn't lying. The Purple Investigative Demon Eyes could detect subtle changes in the expression on a person's face, so if the other party was lying, he would be able to tell immediately.

He pointed the sword at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Rest assured! After I kill you, your friend will accompany you very soon in hell!"

With that, Evil Sword God raised his hand, and as the Heaven-Cleaving sword flew from it, the space around the sword cracked inch by inch!

It was all over...

In the final moments of his life, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt very calm in his mind.

In the fierce light of the sword, he saw an illusion.

If felt like he saw Wang Ling...

Utterly incapable of withstanding the attack, he couldn't even see the shadow of the Heaven-Cleaving sword...

The next moment, the Heaven-Cleaving sword had pierced him, and the power of Sword Dao exploded in his body, turning it into bloody mist...

"Tch! In the end you're just a mongrel cultivator! You couldn't even withstand a single blow!"

Evil Sword God sneered and stretched out his hand to call that Brilliant Victory sword to him. When it was in his grasp, he used the Thousand-Li Telepathy Technique to howl, "Wang Ling! Where is mongrel cultivator Wang Ling?! Mongrel cultivator Wang Ling! Come out and face death!"

"Come out and face death..."

"Out and face death..."

"And face death..."

But at this point, the echo was abruptly cut off!

Because in the next moment, Evil Sword God saw a teenager that at some point had appeared and who was now standing opposite him.

Furthermore, without saying anything, this teenager made one move, and instantly appeared right in front of Evil Sword God.

Evil Sword God finally broke out in a cold sweat... because he realized that his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes had been completely unable to catch his movements!

Evil Sword God stared at him. "So you are mongrel..."

Before he could finish, Wang Ling aimed a slap at him.

Evil Sword God sneered. "Hmph! A petty trick!"

He stretched out his arm to ward it off.

However...

The next moment, there was the loud sound of arm bones breaking.

The slap landed with pinpoint accuracy on Evil Sword God's face.

He gave a miserable shriek as he felt unimaginable pain in his face. Blood sprayed from his nose, his teeth were sent flying, and his eyes were as wide as they could go with extreme fear...

He directly turned into a meteor as Wang Ling smacked him down to earth from ten thousand meters up in the air!

Wang Ling's slap didn't make any sense whatsoever... This is adapted from the Purple Extreme Demon Eye, with the Chinese words for 'investigate' and 'extreme' being homonyms, 'ji.' The Purple Extreme Demon Eye is a technique used by Tang San, the protagonist of the xuanhuan novel "Douluo Dalu."

Chapter 440 When Fighting, Be a Little Less Complicated...

In the instant that Evil Sword God was directly smacked into the ground, a saying came to mind: pushed a third into the ground...

Wang Ling fixed his gaze on that deep man-shaped depression in the ground, green smoke still wafting from his palm.

Actually, when he had still been at home earlier, he had been aware of feeling a little uneasy; it was a pity that he had been one step too late.

This slap was to teach Evil Sword God a lesson for his arrogance, and Wang Ling hadn't used all of his strength.

That was because Wang Ling thought that this devil dying from just one slap would be going too easy on him...

Wang Ling hovered in the air. When he had slapped Evil Sword God, his intrinsic spirit field had already covered their surroundings at the same time, forming an independent space separated from the real world to prevent bystanders from being swept up in the battle.

Evil Sword God crawled out of the hole with a swollen bleeding face, and it twitched slightly with more shock than anger.

He stared at Wang Ling...

Itinerant Immortal?

No... judging from realm and aura alone, the young man in front of Evil Sword God was indeed without doubt an Itinerant Immortal, but he should definitely be stronger than that.

For a mere Itinerant Immortal to wreck him to this extent with a single slap really wasn't scientific...

Evil Sword God raised his eyes and reached out to stroke his cheek. A purple light glowed in his hand and the swelling on his face was almost instantly healed.

Jumping out of the pit, he looked at his surroundings and found that the landscape had changed. Because of his Purple Investigative Demon Eyes, he was well aware that this wasn't an illusion, but a real scene — that old-fashioned stone sculpture, the dozen or so palm trees clinging stubbornly to life, the school building behind him that looked like it had been renovated many times... everything was without doubt real.

And at that very moment, that youngster who had smacked him into the ground with a single slap appeared on the old stone sculpture to look down on him.

"Discharging an intrinsic spirit field straightaway..." Evil Sword God's eyes darkened; this young mongrel cultivator wasn't as simple as he had expected.

In addition to exhibiting tremendous power beyond his own realm, he could instantly discharge an intrinsic spirit field, something that originally could only be done by True Immortals.

From all of this, it was clear that the youngster's strength was unusual.

"Ah... was I careless?" Thinking this, Evil Sword God clutched his stomach and started to laugh hard as if he had lost his mind.

It had been so many years...

It had already been too long since he had last tasted pain. Wang Ling's slap had roused him, and he could feel the evil in his blood roil incessantly throughout his whole body.

"Mongrel cultivator, well done! You've succeeded in drawing my interest! The junior I killed earlier had the guts to track the sword qi back to me, and I considered it a provocation!"

Evil Sword God held the Brilliant Victory sword in his left hand and the Heaven-Cleaving sword in his right hand. Then he raised his right arm and pointed the sword at Wang Ling. "Since you are his friend and you've shown me great disrespect, you should be punished the same way! Not just you! When I cut you up into eight pieces, I'll steal your soul, and kill your family and friends one by one!"

Hearing this, Wang Ling took a deep breath.

Speaking up to this point, Evil Sword God looked around with considerable disdain and snorted. "Hmph! How can this mere intrinsic spirit field stop me?"

He was very confident and believed that he had just been careless earlier; at that time, he hadn't exhibited any defensive measures and had only used his body to ward off the attack. Due to his inattention, he had suffered a great loss.

Now that he was serious, he felt his evil nature surge up – Wang Ling's slap had roused his battle spirit!

Not only that, he now had both Heaven-Cleaving and Brilliant Victory, the two spirit swords that had both powerful offensive and defensive abilities in the ranking list of spirit swords, which made him even more powerful than before.

"Mongrel cultivator... from the moment I seized this Brilliant Victory sword, the game was already over!"

The next moment, Evil Sword God attacked again!

"Mongrel cultivator, die!"

He moved in a flash like lightning, and even though he was in Wang Ling's intrinsic spirit field, he was still very quick!

With the two swords in hand, he split into a dazzling and dizzying number of clones as he advanced on the old stone sculpture which Wang Ling was standing on.

Looking at this scene, Wang Ling sighed in his heart. He didn't quite understand why the higher a person's realm was nowadays, the more fond they were of performing stunts in battle.

This kind of showy attack style wasn't just a headache; from what Wang Ling could see, it didn't play any key role in reversing the final outcome of the battle.

So, wasn't it fine to be less complicated...

Watching Evil Sword God charge over and split into more and more shadow clones, Wang Ling's eyes remained fixed on the other party's original body.

Then, he raised his hand as he prepared to deliver a second slap...

Hm...

Evil Sword God's original body was getting closer...

The next moment, a figure appeared in front of Wang Ling.

Wang Ling, however, completely ignored it.

His face was indifferent and expressionless.

"Go to hell! Mongrel cultivator!" At this moment, Evil Sword God's original body appeared behind him.

On the old stone sculpture, Wang Ling turned his body...

Bam!

Like playing golf, the second slap landed on Evil Sword God's face with accurate precision once again!

That tremendous force was almost like being crushed under a roller, and half of his face directly caved in.

Wang Ling sent Evil Sword God flying again!

It was a different start but the outcome was still the same; history had a remarkable way of repeating itself...

Evil Sword had already been thrown through the school building in the intrinsic spirit field, Wang Ling's slap sending him smashing directly through a number of classrooms and the toilets in passing in the main building... When he finally flew out, he had a toilet tank on his head.

Wang Ling stared at him, his posture relaxed. He waved his hand and called the two swords next to Evil Sword God to his hands with the Gravitation Spell.

"How is this possible..."

Evil Sword God climbed to his feet on the sports field, his face bloody as he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

He had been completely thrashed!

...

Meanwhile, Wang Ling turned his head to look elsewhere in the air.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, who had been turned into a bloody mist by the power of Sword Dao earlier, was already taking shape once more; even the long johns and the white Daoist robe he had been wearing were perfectly restored. With the extraordinary effects of the Soul Suppression Ring, he was directly resurrected on the spot without a hair out of place!

When Wang Ling had rushed here earlier, he had already sensed that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't really died because he could feel that the spirit sword contract between the Brilliant Victory sword and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had yet to be broken.

Of the ten Soul Suppression Rings which he had refined by referring to Eight Classes of Divine Weapons and using the Great Weapon-Refining Spell, only Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's ring was the most unique while the rest were third-class holy weapons on average.

In addition to being able to accommodate a soul space, the most important ability the Soul Suppression Ring had was to preserve a soul and prevent it from dispersing; after two minutes, the soul would act as a foundation for the formation of a new physical body in a resurrection process.

This was a genuine resurrection ring.

The difference was that the third-class Soul Suppression Rings which the others had could only perform resurrections twice.

But the one that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had in his hand was a world-defying magic treasure...

As long as the ring wasn't destroyed...

Theoretically, it could...

Perform unlimited resurrections... A literal translation of the phrase which is adapted from the phrase which literally translates to 'pushed a third into the wood,' but as an idiom refers to profound knowledge or understanding.