Daily Life 491

No matter what kind of misunderstanding it was, trouble had now fallen on his head, and the first thing he had to do was deal with it.

Additionally, Master was also in the house, so Little Silver had to perform well... he absolutely couldn't allow this person to interrupt his Master while he was playing the game.

Little Silver took a deep breath and tried to calm down.

Thinking carefully, this could be considered his first real fight after Master had brought him into human society once the battle with Immortal Mansion was over. Little Silver had even forgotten the names of the fellow brothers sent by the Demon Hunters Association because they had been way too weak so he hadn't paid any attention to them at all.

He thought this old gentleman in front of him wearing a suit and who looked like an aristocrat had good enough fighting strength, but he couldn't determine the other party's overall battle abilities when they had yet to actually start fighting. Thus, Little Silver wouldn't release his beast mode so easily unless he absolutely had to.

He had fifty percent more fighting strength in beast mode than in his current human form.

But even so, Little Silver still remembered back then in Immortal Mansion how Master had slapped him so hard even his own mother wouldn't have been able to recognize him...

Little Silver's body trembled involuntarily at this thought.

| After his feelings had calmed down, he looked at Mr Lu in front of him and asked, "Are you from |
|--|
| the Demon Hunters Association?" Although he had guessed this person's identity, Little Silver asked |
| the other party a token question for the sake of confirmation; the answer shouldn't be too different |
| from his conjecture. |

Given that he had been engaged in the illegal spirit beast trade for many years, Mr Lu carried the scent of spirit beast blood on him which regular cultivators wouldn't be able to smell. But as a holy beast who was on a higher level than spirit beasts, Little Silver was very sensitive to it.

The strong smell of blood combined with the strong demon qi on the man really made Little Silver feel a little nauseated.

He wondered what kind of monster this person was...

"Since you know I'm a member of the Demon Hunters Association, you must be the green-furred dog transformed." Mr Lu pointed the Skywalker sword in his hand at Little Silver. "My last name is Lu. Under orders from the president of the Demon Hunters Association, I have expressly come to kill you."

Mr Lu stared at the silver-haired young man in front of him, frowning slightly. He had the vague sense that something didn't seem right, but he couldn't tell where the feeling was coming from.

Think about it: a green-furred dog whose level they had gotten wrong — even if it had reached first class and could transform into a human being... wasn't it a little abnormal for it to be able to release an "intrinsic spirit field" instantly?

| But now that the fight was at hand, saying anything more was useless |
|---|
| He had to get rid of the young man in front of him first. If it really was the green-furred dog, it would turn back into its original form the instant its spirit energy was snuffed out. |
| Even if his spirit energy was inhibited by the intrinsic spirit field, Mr Lu had absolute confidence in himself. |
| A tree goblin required very little spirit energy; as long as it had light, it had nourishment |
| While Mr Lu didn't have an ability like the intrinsic spirit field, he was especially confident in his endurance. |
| Combined with his unyielding "Spell of Creation and Rebirth" theoretically, as long as there was light — any light would do! — one second of light would extend his life for one hour! |
| ··· |
| "This little brother, I am sorry to tell you that the intrinsic spirit field's restriction on spirit energy doesn't work on me at all." |
| Saying this, Mr Lu chuckled. Now that the real fight was about to begin, there was no killing intent coming off him, and from beginning to end, he had a mysterious smile on his face. |
| |

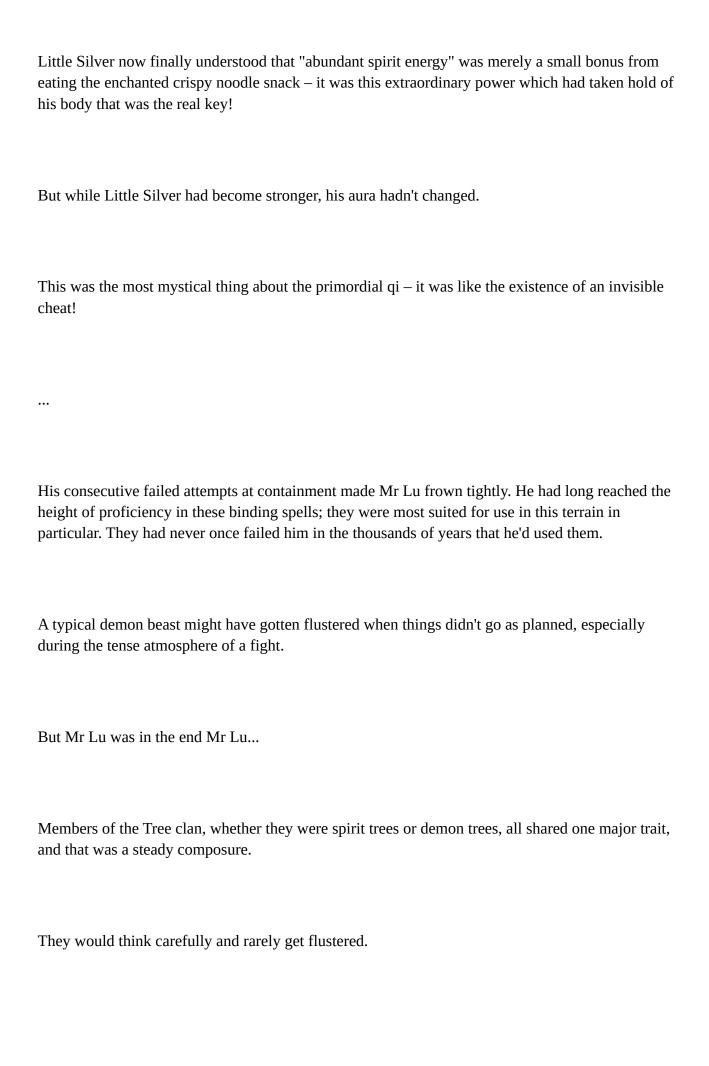


| Among holy beasts and demon beasts, there were currently three families that had been recognized as Passive Kings: one was the Toad clan, one was the Turtle clan, and the last was the Tree clan. |
|---|
| These three great clans shared common traits, which were that they were extremely tough, had advanced defensive abilities, and were full of vitality. |
| It was hard to kill them through normal means. |
| This had already been proven when Loopy Toad had still been a Sky-Swallowing Toad. |
| Not only had it been able to survive back then, Teacher Pan had also forcibly performed a fusion and turned it into a spirit dog; you could say that chance and fate had had some hand in this. |
| Little Silver was stunned; one reason for it was that he realized that the elder in front of him was a humanoid tree demon, which had the strongest self-healing ability among the three families of Passive Kings. Moreover, they had plenty of skills at hand, and it was generally very difficult to get away when you fell into their trap. |
| Secondly |
| Little Silver found that he just needed to lift his feet slightly, and the vines wrapped around them all broke off! As soft as noodles! |
| What was going on here? |

| Little Silver was dazed. |
|---|
| It wasn't just him; on the other side, Mr Lu couldn't help frowning after he saw this scene as he muttered about how impossible it was. |
| "Fulisha!" He grit his teeth and sent another wave of twisting vines out. |
| Once again, they snapped off when Little Silver lifted his feet |
| Mr Lu's lips twitched as he continued to gnash his teeth. "Gold Fulisha!" |
| Little Silver lifted his feet |
| Broken off again |
| "Diamond Fulisha!" |
| And then |
| Little Silver proceeded to lift his feet |

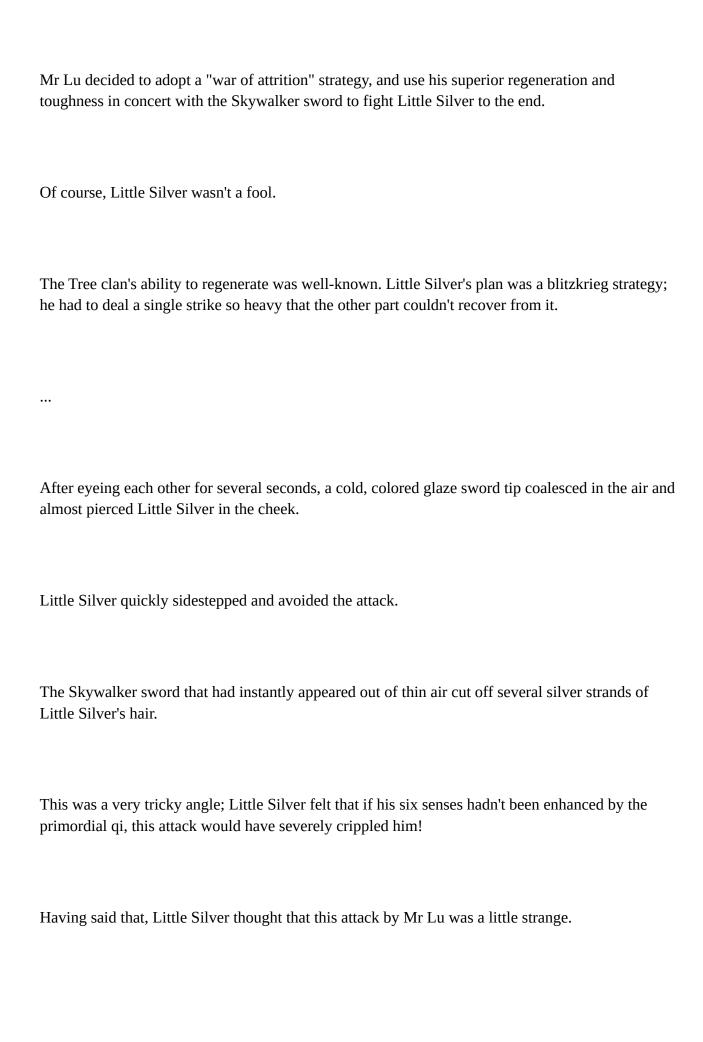
| The vines proceeded to break off |
|--|
| After four rounds, Mr Lu put his hands on his knees as he gasped for breath and secretly whispered "what the $f^{**}k$ " to himself. |
| The other party lifted his feet more effortlessly than sweeping orange peels! |
| Using this skill in succession drained Mr Lu to some extent, but the spirit energy consumed was very quickly replenished through the power of light. |
| "This person is a little difficult to deal with" This was the conclusion Mr Lu had come to in his heart after four rounds. |
| On the other side, Little Silver had also realized something after four rounds. |
| When he had eaten the crispy noodle snack previously, he had felt an unusual power take hold of his body. And when he had been restrained earlier, it was this unusual power that had discharged a stream of air which had caused the vines to disintegrate! |
| He was now one hundred percent sure that with the support of this unusual power he was immune to restraints!In "Dragonball," Frieza has Gold and Diamond evolved forms.The 'fuli' 缚力 here means 'binding force,' but 'fulisha' is a homonym of the Chinese transliteration of the name Frieza, who is a villain in the "Dragonball" series, and the joke will become apparent later. |
| Chapter 492 Wang Ling's Primordial Qi |
| In fact, one hundred percent immunity to restraints was just one of the effects of eating the crispy noodle snack. The unusual power that had taken hold of his body was none other than Wang Ling's primordial qi. |

| All negative situations immediately crumbled before Wang Ling's primordial qi. It wasn't just simple and crude containment techniques, even poison attacks had no effect on Little Silver now. |
|---|
| What was more, Wang Ling's primordial qi wasn't limited to defense only. Even a normal attack could be boosted; with the support of the primordial qi, spirit techniques and the casting of spells would double in power. |
| Primordial qi was a unique matter which Wang Ling's body had started to produce autonomously when he was a kid. This primordial qi was in fact what the "Anti-Wang Ling Matter" contained in the Dao talisman seal on Wang Ling was suppressing. |
| The reason why the slap Wang Ling had given Evil Sword God back then had felt so painful was actually an effect of this primordial qi. Because of the Dao talisman seal, however, the primordial qi in Wang Ling's body was currently in the normal range; if it wasn't controlled, its concentration would definitely exceed the norm. |
| During the battle with Evil Sword God, if Wang Ling had slapped him at full strength |
| Evil Sword God would probably have been annihilated without a trace on the spot |
| And Little Silver was well aware of this point. |
| He didn't know that this power was Wang Ling's primordial qi, but he could feel that he had become stronger in all aspects. |
| |

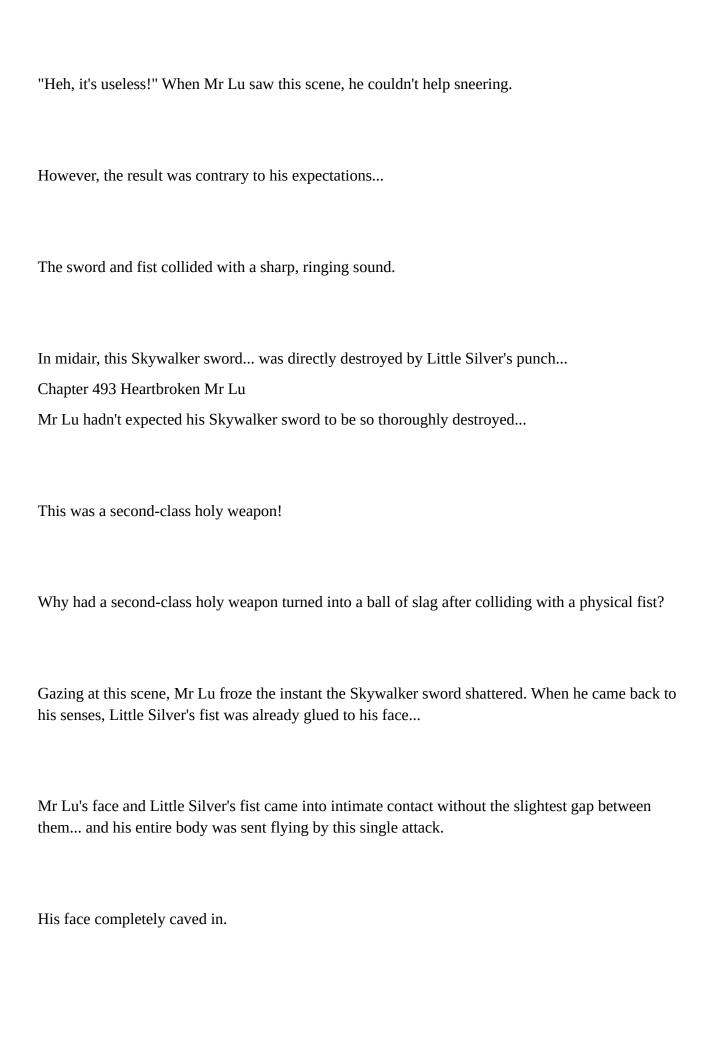




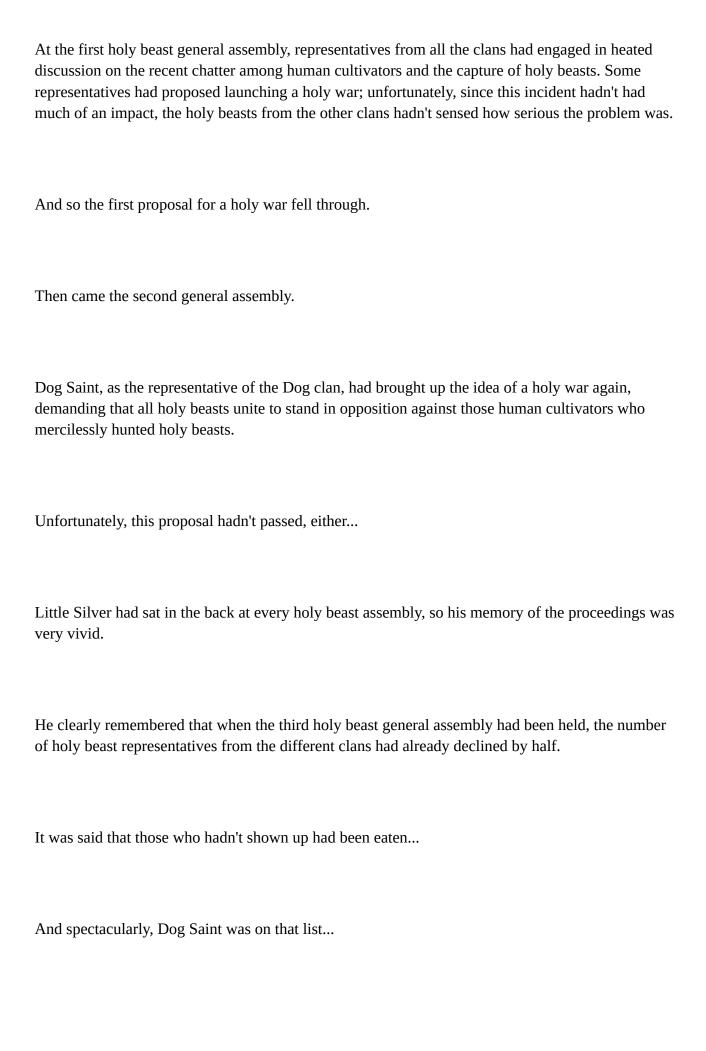
| On the general spirit swords ranking list, while almost all of the top ten swords were first-class holy weapons, the Skywalker sword was the only one at second class. |
|---|
| These days, Little Silver had been bored staying at home all day, so he had casually surfed the Internet for information on the weapons which human cultivators used. |
| He hadn't expected Mr Lu's spirit sword to actually be a famous one. |
| To be honest, Little Silver really wouldn't have been able to tell that it was the "Skywalker sword" if not for Mr Lu's display of "void sword qi." |
| Little Silver somehow felt that there was something wrong with this sword; it didn't really look like the "picture of actual product" that he had seen on the swords ranking list |
| When had the Skywalker sword become a cane sword? |
| Little Silver felt it was a little strange, but it wouldn't be nice for him to ask. After all, there were a lot of extremely bored cultivators nowadays who enjoyed buying expensive, well-known swords and modifying them according to their tastes. |
| If this sword's outer appearance had been modified, Little Silver didn't think it was strange. |
| The two individuals eyed each other in the intrinsic spirit field for a while, and made up their minds respectively. |



| Theoretically speaking, the other party was determined to pick a fight with him, so it would make sense if he wasn't lenient in his attack. But while the sword was indeed very fast and could catch a person off guard, judging from the force of the sword qi that the Skywalker sword had released just now, Little Silver somehow felt that it wasn't as powerful as he had imagined |
|--|
| "Good friend, there seems to be something wrong with your sword" Little Silver expressed his doubts. |
| Instead of a reply to his well-meaning words, however, what Little Silver got was Mr Lu's next attack. "I bought this Skywalker sword from Jingxi Mall for ten million immortal gold! There's absolutely nothing wrong with it" |
| Why won't you believe me |
| Little Silver sighed. He didn't put up a defense, but instead starting whirling his fist. The ground beneath his feet trembled, and then like a cannon being fired, he shot forward at Mr Lu. |
| Mr Lu hadn't expected the other party's attack to actually be this simple and crude |
| He hurriedly summoned the Skywalker sword out of thin air to block Little Silver. |
| He recited a spell, and soon Little Silver sensed a sword hurtling at him from up ahead. |
| But this time, Little Silver chose to meet it head on as his fist collided with the tip of the Skywalker sword. |







| Little Silver remembered how detached his expression already had been back then – he remembered that he hadn't spoken for a very long time; after all, he had witnessed Dog Saint being turned into hot pot stew |
|---|
| At that holy beast general assembly, the holy beast representatives finally realized how serious the problem was when they saw how their numbers had been halved. |
| But given how violent and crazed the humans were, the representatives had felt that it was illadvised to start a holy war at that time since it would mean putting everything on the line; in the end, the holy beasts could all be completely wiped out. Back then, they had suggested sending a holy beast ambassador to negotiate with the human cultivators, clarify the rumor that eating holy beasts could boost realms, and sign a nonaggression treaty with them. |
| Then Little Silver remembered |
| The holy beast ambassador that had been sent that year never returned. |
| And then there was no "and then" |
| Because there had been no holy beast representatives at the fourth holy beast general assembly. |
| The assembly never convened again after that |
| |

| While analyzing the traits of his Silver Unicorn clan in a split second during this battle, Little Silver recalled events to do with the holy beast general assembly, and felt both frustrated and sorrowful. |
|--|
| Therefore, as the last remaining physical Tank Berserker of the Silver Unicorn clan, Little Silver could be said to already hold an overwhelming advantage from the very beginning in terms of combat power. |
| But even so, he felt that it was still a bit of an exaggeration for him to destroy a second-class holy weapon with one blow Furthermore, he hadn't used all of his strength at all! |
| When he saw his Skywalker sword destroyed, Mr Lu became distracted during the battle and suffered a punch from Little Silver headon. He hit the ground in the distance, a burning pain in his face. |
| "Spell of Creation and Rebirth!" Mr Lu roared in his heart, and a green light poured out of the injury on his face. But this light only fixed the depression in his face, while the wound wasn't the least bit healed; even the swelling hadn't gone down. |
| "How can this be?!" |
| Mr Lu's face was full of shock. His Spell of Creation and Rebirth actually wasn't working? |
| Not far away, Little Silver brushed the sawdust off his fist and went over to Mr Lu. He crouched down, looked at this badly battered Mr Lu, and couldn't help sighing. "It's useless I smeared a layer of my saliva on my fist earlier; it's especially effective against spells." |

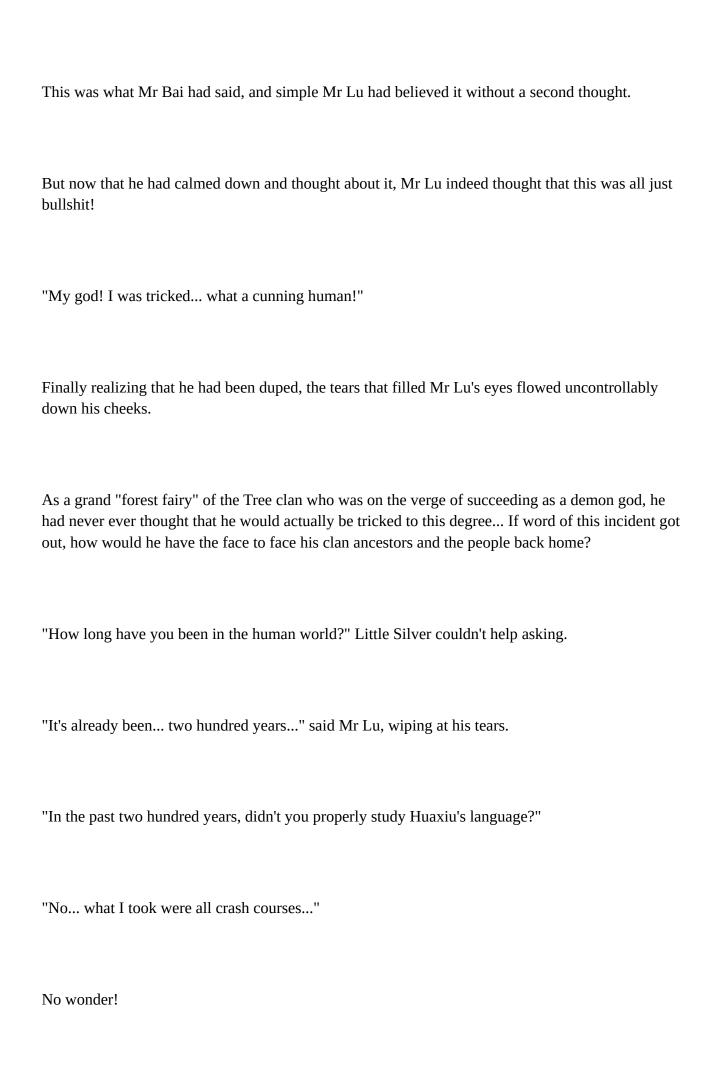
Mr Lu: "..." What kind of operation was this?

| Actually, Little Silver was worried about Mr Lu's feelings, so he had told him it was saliva when in fact it wasn't. |
|--|
| Instead, it was Little Silver's phlegm |
| Apart from dissolving corpses, his phlegm had a lot of different "magical effects." |
| "Even if that's the case, you shouldn't be able to destroy my Skywalker sword with just one punch!" Mr Lu's heart ached and his eyes instantly turned red like a pitiful old man. |
| Tree goblins were originally creatures with tough bodies and fragile hearts. Little Silver stared at this old man who looked like he was about to cry, and for the moment didn't have the heart to kill him. |
| Because this Mr Lu was indeed really pitiful. |
| Little Silver curled his fingers to catch some fragments of the Skywalker sword before he weighed them in his hand. |
| Sure enough |
| It was as he had expected. |

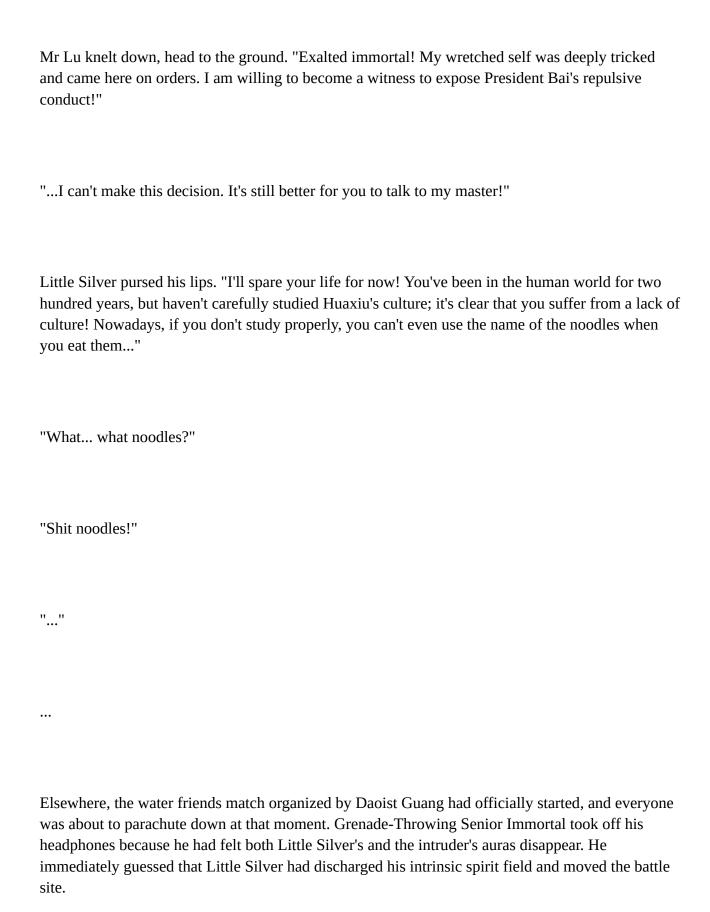
| There was something fishy about this Skywalker sword. |
|---|
| Even when a genuine second-class holy weapon was reduced to chips, the texture shouldn't feel this poor. |
| So this "Skywalker sword" was a genuine fake. |
| ··· |
| "You've been duped this isn't the Skywalker sword at all." Little Silver pursed his lips and didn't know how to open his mouth because he could already hear Mr Lu sobbing. |
| "Impossible! That's impossible! Our president spent ten million immortal gold bars to buy this for me! It's impossible for Jingxi International Mall to stock fake goods!" Unconvinced, Mr Lu took his phone out of his pocket and even showed Little Silver a screenshot of the electronic purchase. |
| The "picture of actual object" above it did indeed look the same as the one in Little Silver's memory. |
| Little Silver stared at the picture with his chin in his hand and thought it was very strange. "But why is yours a cane sword?" |
| "The seller said that he modified the Skywalker sword!" After saying that, Mr Lu provided a second screenshot. This time, the picture in it was of Mr Lu's cane sword. |

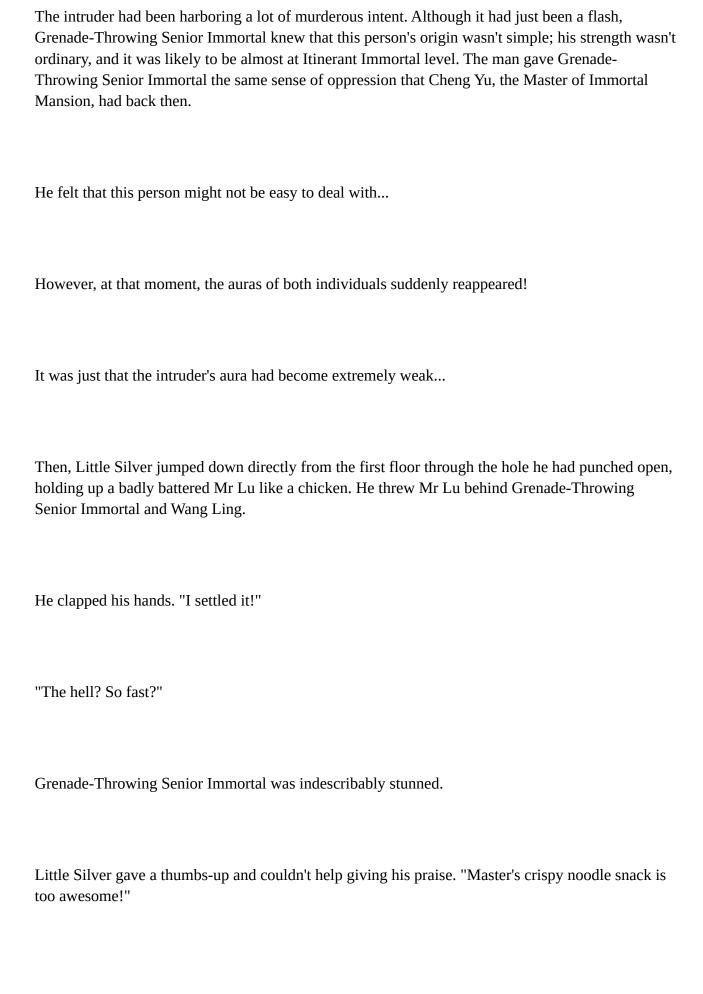
| Then, in front of Mr Lu, Little Silver used the product search function to browse the online mall, and in the end discovered a lot of the exact same version of that cane sword. |
|---|
| Furthermore, the name of this cane sword was actually quite similar to the Skywalker sword |
| The full name of this cane sword was: Gentle Walker sword |
| Chapter 494 Mr Lu, Tenacious at Staying Alive |
| Because Mr Lu had planned to tender his resignation back then, President Bai had decided to present him a gift before that and make use of their relationship to persuade him to stay. |
| The Tree clan were relatively simple creatures to begin with, and as reality proved, President Bai's plan to get Mr Lu to stay was a success. |
| However, this was the start of President Bai's deception |
| This "Gentle Walker sword" was indeed what Mr Lu had taken a fancy to back then, and he had sent all the detailed information on this spirit sword to President Bai. |
| But the most suspicious thing about this entire matter was that it was impossible for the human President Bai to be unable to tell the difference between "yao" and "tian." Furthermore, Little Silver felt that the grand expenditure of ten million immortal gold to directly purchase the sword was probably something that President Bai had already arranged in advance. |
| No one would be so stupid as to spend ten million immortal gold bars on just a ninth-class holy weapon. It was also very likely that the international store had been opened by President Bai himself. |

| So this was a transaction in which he had taken money out of his left pocket and put it in his right one to begin with. |
|--|
| Opening the store hadn't cost President Bai much, not when it meant he could keep such a powerful assistant from the Tree clan by his side – it was a transaction with guaranteed returns. |
| There was only one truth |
| Little Silver stood up, a red bow in his hand. "If my deduction is correct, this is the truth of the matter!" |
| At present, Little Silver didn't have any substantial proof. |
| But when Mr Lu followed Little Silver's analysis carefully, a lot of things did indeed seem suspicious. |
| For example, he had realized previously that this fake Skywalker sword didn't have a sword spirit. |
| How could a sword ranked seventh on the list of spirit swords not have a sword spirit? |
| But Mr Bai had explained to him that it was precisely because the Skywalker sword was ranked seventh that the process for summoning its sword spirit was more complicated than for an ordinary sword Mr Lu hadn't had this sword long, so he needed to use it for a period of time until their rapport reached a certain degree before the spirit sword could be summoned. |

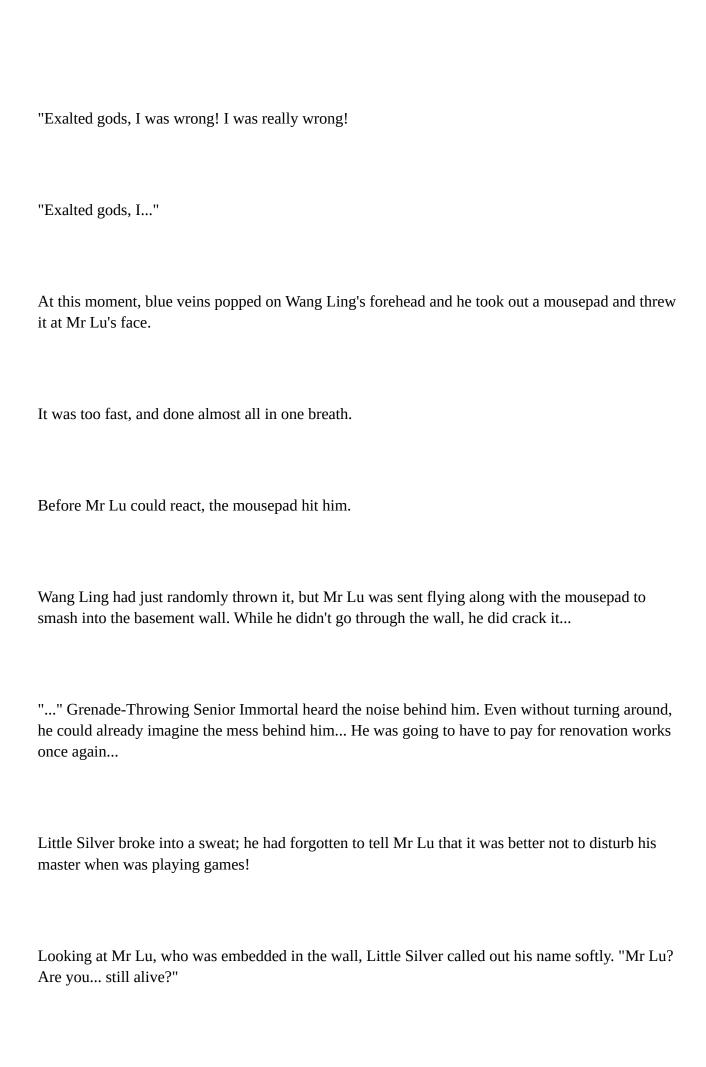


| Little Silver couldn't help sighing on the spot when he heard this. "Human culture is broad and profound. Huaxiu's culture alone requires a long period of study. Crash courses are useless; you still have to study the foundation of the culture. Actually, I also haven't been here long." |
|---|
| Mr Lu was startled. "Exalted immortal, you're also not human?" |
| "When the time is right, you'll know who I am." |
| Little Silver's lips twitched; these words sounded a little strange, though there didn't seem to be anything wrong with them. He pointed back at the villa. "My master is still inside." |
| Master |
| Mr Lu's eyes widened; he remembered that this word meant "owner." |
| He had already seen and acknowledged Little Silver's strength, and one of the two people inside whom he had yet to meet was actually this silver-haired young man's owner? How strong was his master |
| Mr Lu had now already completely lost the desire to fight. |
| Little Silver snapped his fingers and undid the intrinsic spirit field. |









Mr Lu fell to the floor with a swollen face and gave Little Silver a thumbs-up...

He had survived; like Demon Tyrant Scholar, he was tenacious in staying alive... A nod to the series "Detective Conan."One of the aliases of Song Shuhang, the protagonist of the xuanhuan novel "Cultivation Chat Group."Biangbiang noodles is a noodle dish popular in China's Shaanxi province. The character for 'biang' is notoriously difficult to write; the substitute character used here in 'bianbian noodles' can mean to piss or shit.

Chapter 495 The Big Shot You're Looking For is Sitting There

This mousepad struck Mr Lu's face, the throw almost killing him on the spot... It was a good thing Wang Ling had just thrown it carelessly and hadn't exerted his full strength.

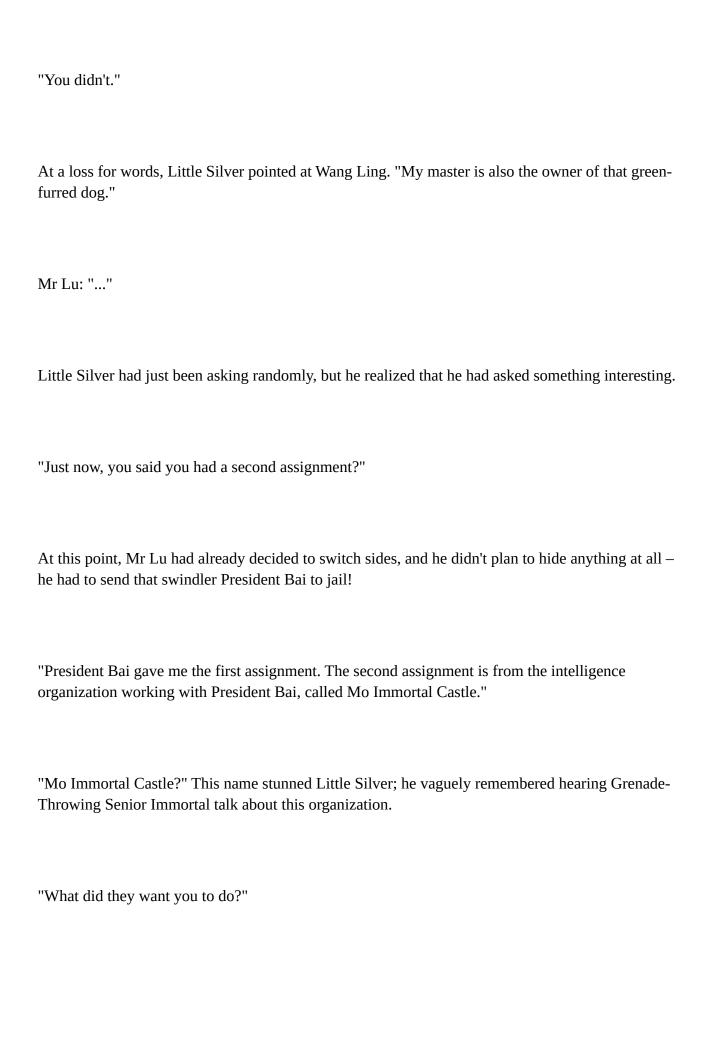
Mr Lu had never met Wang Ling before, and had absolutely no idea how strong the "master" that the silver-haired young man had mentioned was. However, after Wang Ling's throw, Mr Lu could now be considered thoroughly enlightened. It was very obvious that the teenager who was currently playing a game was an absolute senior big shot.

A mousepad had almost directly sent him to hell; who knew what terrible things could happen if this senior truly got angry...

Little Silver looked at Mr Lu, who was lying on the ground and twitching slightly. Mr Lu's Spell of Creation and Rebirth was still being inhibited by Little Silver's thick phlegm. His wound wasn't irreparable, it was just healing at a snail's pace, so it looked like a "serious injury."

When Mr Lu looked up, his face was covered in green tree blood. It was clear that Wang Ling hadn't thrown the mousepad lightly just now; the swelling on his face was even bigger than before, and looked like a severe internal injury.









a stable ten million. In a little over a week, Daoist Guang had broken five million while today, it might very well break ten million...

In addition, based on the current rate of advancement and level of user activity on the cultivation live streaming platform, it was possible that Daoist Guang's live stream viewers might in fact surpass one hundred million in the future.

Daoist Guang had always said that he wanted to study how to make figurines. After turning his audience into his believers, he would have them put his figurines up in their homes and burn incense to the figurines whenever they were free...

The bullet messages in the live stream room were unusually lively. Daoist Guang had already landed, a rifle in his hand. He was looking around for a katana as he walked along, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could hear him say, "Ladies and gentlemen, please rest assured. If I find a katana, I'll throw this lousy gun away immediately. You can now place your bets and see how many water friends I can kill today."

The live stream lagged a little, so Daoist Guang in fact didn't need to worry that some of the water friends taking part in the match would be watching the live stream with a secret plan.

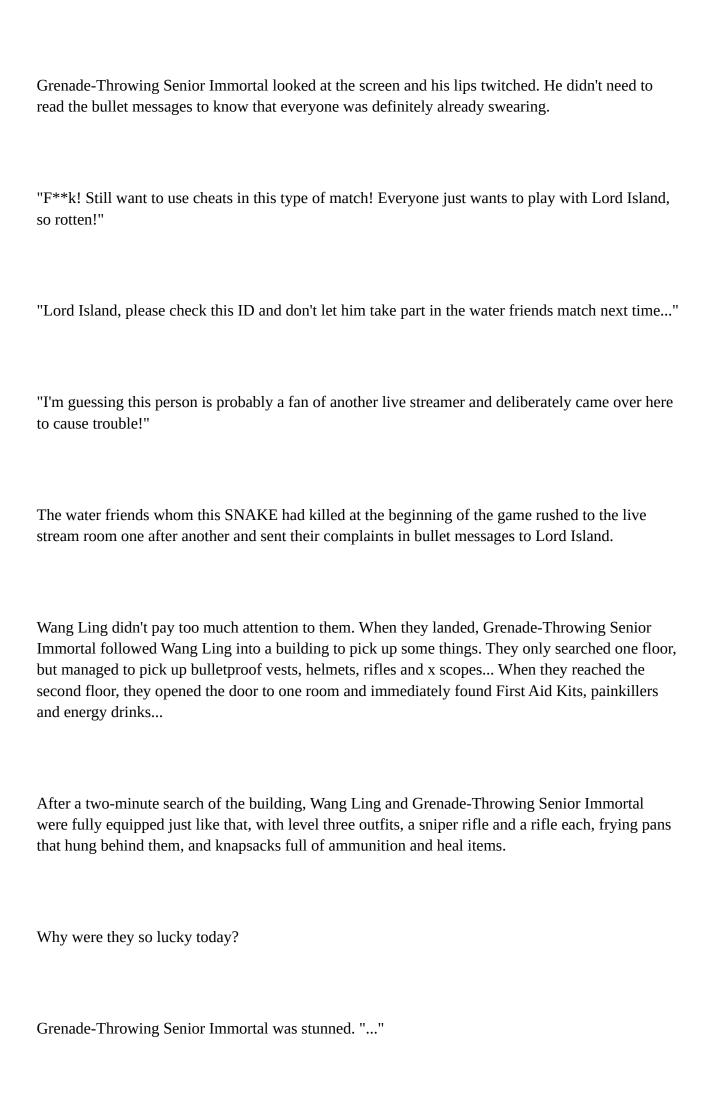
The bet was already open, but now wasn't the time for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to place his wager; he and Wang Ling were still drifting in the air while on the other side, Daoist Guang had already picked up some basic equipment.

Wang Ling had chosen a very strange angle, and they touched down at a distant military base on the map; players called this place an "airfield."

Actually, they had landed a little late.

| Upon landing, Wang Ling noticed that there was already a kill notification in the top right corner of the public screen. |
|--|
| Player "TTXS" has used "UZI" to killed player "CHENsongBAI" |
| TTXS |
| The ID made Wang Ling's lips twitch despite himself. |
| DAY DAY GO UP? |
| Who was this guy TTXS is an acronym of the pinyin for Tian Tian Xiang Shang,' which literally translates to "day day go up." The full phrase "good good study, day day up" is a deliberate literal mistranslation of the classic saying "study diligently and make progress daily." |
| Chapter 496 Anti-Cheat Punishment Software |
| Wang Ling felt that there weren't likely to be many people who shared the same way of thinking as him, and this TTXS gave him a very familiar feeling. |
| If only he could sense the other party's aura |
| Wang Ling mused in his heart. Just like Daoist Guang had said, spells didn't work in a digital game like this, except for the auxiliary spells which could enhance the six senses. Aural perception or the Heavenly Eye were of no use A lot of cultivators liked to open their Heavenly Eye during a fight to avoid illusions since it could be used to strip away what was fake and leave what was real behind. But if you really ran into a Voldemort in a ghillie suit lying in the grass, the Heavenly Eye wouldn't be of any use at all. |





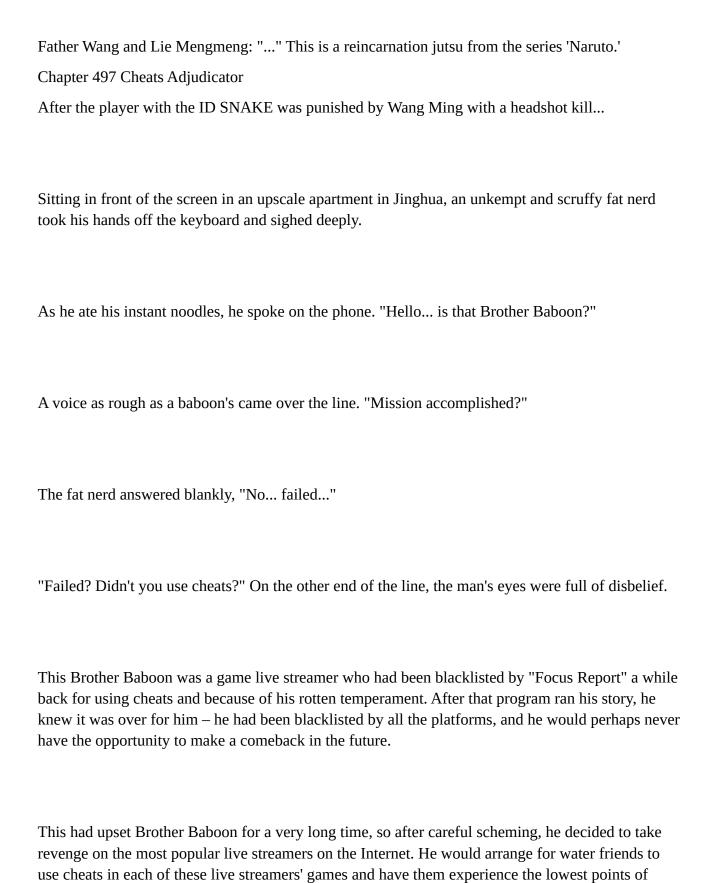
| When he had played solo in the past, he had had to plunder several buildings one after another before finding what he wanted. The biggest headache was that there were a lot of times when he couldn't find a backpack, so even if he did find something, he couldn't pick it up! |
|---|
| The truth was that this had to do with the ongoing effect of the Great Fortune Spell that Wang Ling had cast previously. |
| Of course, this effect would vanish today. |
| This was why Wang Ling thought that games were really boring |
| In this game, the majority of players delighted in focusing on looking for supplies and accessories, and then wiping out other players after that. |
| But for Wang Ling, as long as the Great Fortune Spell was in effect, the fun of finding supplies no longer existed. |
| Since the start of the game, the only fun Wang Ling had experienced so far was parachuting down. |
| This thing was just like a parachuting simulator |
| ··· |

| At that time, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the number of people left. Six minutes had passed in the game, and only sixty people remained. The player with the ID "SNAKE" was still using his cheat to wildly slaughter other water friends. |
|---|
| The water friends grumbled incessantly, and this mysterious SNAKE who had come out of nowhere sent a brazen, high priority bullet message in the live stream room: "I'm on the iron tower at the airfield. If you think you can stick your head out, expose it if you dare, I'll kill you!" |
| Except for the number one fan in the live stream room, the rest of the water friends had to fork out money to send a high priority bullet message, at fifty HNY per message. |
| The live stream room completely exploded with bullet messages. |
| "F**k! Too arrogant!" |
| "Are the people who use cheats nowadays all this abusive?" |
| |
| "Brother Ling, should we go punish this player?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. |
| The building they were in right now was in fact within range of the airfield, though it was on the fringes. |

| However, they actually weren't far from the iron tower that SNAKE had mentioned. The tower was in fact a tall crane next to office building C in the center of the airfield map, and the players commonly called it "youtiao." |
|---|
| The terrain here was very high and it was the easiest position from which to kill people. |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wanted to go punish this player who was using cheats, and Wang Ling actually wasn't really against it. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was in his team and was thus involuntarily covered in the halo of the Great Fortune Spell. |
| The balance of fortune was on their side; even if someone was using cheats, the player wouldn't be able to kill them. |
| But not long after Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's words, there was another notification on the public screen |
| Player "TTXS" used "UZI" to kill player "SNAKE" with a headshot. |
| Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal never imagined that before they could make a move, this SNAKE would already be punished by someone else! |
| And Wang Ling noticed that the person who killed SNAKE was actually the "TTXS" he had taken note of earlier |
| |

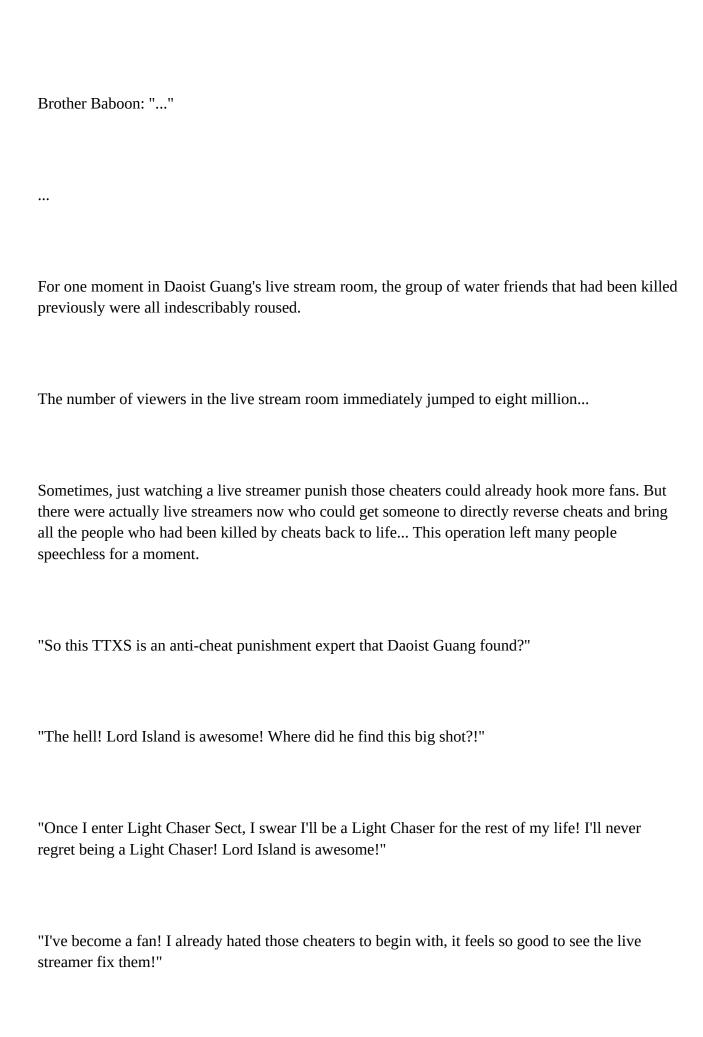
| At the same time, in the study at the Wang family's small villa, Father Wang cheered. "Beautiful, Little Ming!" |
|---|
| Father Wang had long guessed that most of the players in this water friends match would likely use cheats, so before this, he had already gotten Little Ming to research anti-cheat punishment software. Wang Ming had in fact used his side account to secretly infiltrate this group of one hundred people for this water friends match. It was Father Wang who had arranged this in advance. |
| Father Wang's and Wang Ming's voice windows were currently connected. |
| "Hehe, Uncle Wang, you flatter me, it was a piece of cake." |
| Wang Ming laughed in a very magnetic voice. "But I also overlooked some things. When I'd spent three minutes designing this anti-cheat software, I accidentally left out the reverse tracking mechanism, so I didn't have a way to determine the location of these cheaters. After I disposed of this cheater, it took me ten seconds just now to add this mechanism." |
| "" |
| Father Wang sweated a little. |
| "But this kind of cheater probably unlocked infinite health, right?" Lie Mengmeng asked. |
| Wang Ming shook his head. "No use. My bullets are invincible. They can kill with headshots, even with a pistol." |





gaming for themselves.

| Daoist Guang's water friends match was in fact a little experiment before Brother Baboon's all-out revenge attack, but he had never ever thought that the person he had set up in the game would actually fail. |
|--|
| In front of this interrogation, the fat nerd also looked baffled. "I also feel it's very strange I clearly unlocked infinite health, but I was still killed with a headshot by the other party using an Uzi; the other party must be an immortal, too" |
| "That's impossible!" |
| Brother Baboon shook his head. "The cheat I bought is the most expensive one online! The monthly rental is two hundred thousand! When the game is updated, so is this cheat! There's no middleman involved!" |
| "But Brother Baboon, this person's cheat is really more awesome than ours. If you don't believe me open the live stream room, we can try and analyze it." The fat nerd didn't know how to explain it as he stirred his noodles with a fork. |
| He opened Daoist Guang's live stream room as he said this. |
| Then, a mouthful of instant noodles sprayed directly onto the screen. "Pu!" |
| "What's wrong?" Brother Baboon asked. |
| The fat nerd pointed at the screen, a noodle strand hanging out of one nostril. "What what the f**k! Brother Baboon all the people I killed just now have been resurrected!" |

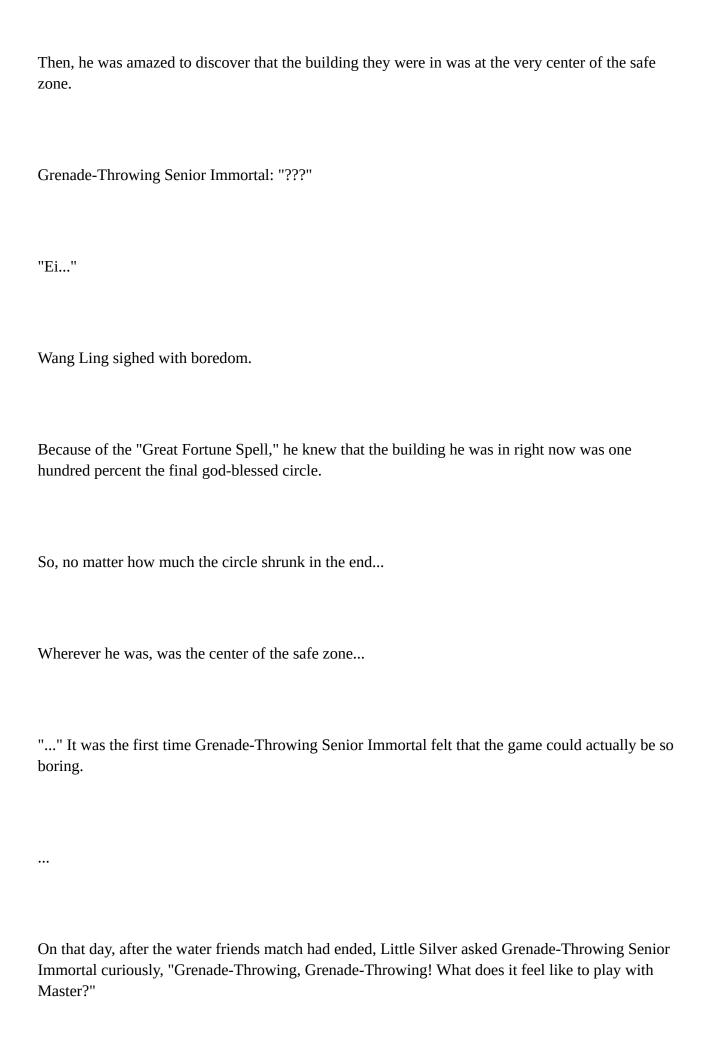


| This incident not only gave Daoist Guang's Light Chasers face, even casual fans felt proud at this scene. |
|--|
| Daoist Guang saw a crazy increase in his fan tag numbers at that moment, and he was so swamped with wave upon wave of gifts that he couldn't read out all the names. |
| And this scene, which could be called a miraculous "resurrection," instantly became a hot topic, and the link to Daoist Guang's live stream room was shared in a frenzy by online users. |
| Only Daoist Guang himself had a dumb expression on his face. |
| What anti-cheat punishment expert? |
| He had never invited one over! |
| ··· |
| Elsewhere, at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa. |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal glanced at his phone with a face full of amazement. "This Brother TTXS is pretty awesome" |
| In fact, he could pretty much guess the identity of this "TTXS." |

| How many people were there in Huaxiu who could develop this type of uncanny anti-cheat punishment software as well as perfectly infiltrate the game to bring about a theoretically impossible resurrection miracle? |
|--|
| To directly infiltrate the game terminal, modify the death records of those who had been killed by cheats in the game, and resurrect them — even Little Black didn't have this ability! |
| In Huaxiu, the only person who could surpass Little Black's skill in this respect was Wang Ming. |
| Moreover, even if Little Black had the skill to directly sneak into the game terminal to modify the data, any traces he might leave behind would be grounds for a lawsuit by the people of the game company, and the consequences would be unimaginable. |
| After all, this was hacking. |
| But if it was Wang Ming he didn't have to worry about this issue at all. |
| Leaving aside the fact whether the company would even to begin with catch Wang Ming sneaking in through the cracks of the game, even if they did want to investigate his identity, they would in the end still retreat. |
| President Qi and General Yi were on the same level; even if the game company wouldn't give Wang Ming face, in the end, there was still President Qi |

| For one moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal turned this thought over in his mind. |
|--|
| Because there was a problem he found very strange. If "TTXS" was Wang Ming, it was impossible for him to have been expressly invited by Daoist Guang to take part in this match. |
| In fact, Daoist Guang didn't know that Wang Ling had a cousin called Wang Ming at all they weren't even chat friends, why would they play games together? |
| So there was only one final answer |
| Wang Ming's participation had most likely been arranged by someone else. |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that Mother Wang didn't play games, and Loopy Toad was with Wei Zhi today |
| After Brother Ling, who was the person Brother Wang Ming obeyed the most in the Wang family? |
| In his heart, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal already had the answer. |
| So now it was all very clear |
| This "TTXS" was definitely Brother Wang Ming. |

| And it was definitely Brother Ling's father, Senior Wang, who had invited him over. |
|--|
| As for Senior Wang's ID in the game, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also had an answer. |
| He had heard that number one fan "Brother Sleep" mention online novels earlier; if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's guess was correct, this Brother Sleep was most likely Senior Wang. |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the number of people in the game after the Samsara of Heavenly Life plugin had taken effect and resurrected players. |
| In the top right corner of the screen, the current number of people was eighty-seven. |
| All the water friends who had been killed by cheats had been resurrected. |
| By now, it had already been a long time since the start of the game. |
| At that moment, the system sent a prompt: Thirty seconds to the next circle contraction |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was shocked. "Not good, Brother Ling! We need to run from the circle!" |
| He nudged Wang Ling and then immediately opened the map. |



| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled and said, "All you need to do is lie back." |
|---|
| Little Silver: ""This is adapted from the tagline for a secondhand car app. |
| Chapter 498 I'll Grab a Bite of Broccoli Salad and Chill Out |
| Actually, whatever Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was thinking of, Wang Ling had naturally already considered it. |
| It was just that he couldn't be absolutely sure |
| Playing the same game as his spirit beast was already a very magical experience; adding a player whom he suspected was his father into the mix instantly gave Wang Ling an indescribable feeling. |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling were lying on the roof of the military base in the breeze, bored to death. On their left was "youtiao" and on their right was building C, which happened to be set at an angle. In their prone positions, they were surrounded by walls, and the angle was very tricky; unless people rushed into the building, they couldn't be detected, not even if the players stood on "youtiao." |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's heart was close to crumbling. |
| The only difference between this utter lack of gameplay and turning into a box as soon as you landed was that they were fully equipped with supplies and heal items but couldn't exhibit their use at all |
| So, their current state was two human boxes? |

| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal thought this was an apt comparison. |
|---|
| He realized that as long as he was with Wang Ling, there wouldn't be such a thing as a god-cursed circle, not in his entire life. |
| When other people played games, whether or not they could encounter the god-blessed circle depended on luck. When Wang Ling played games, whether or not he could encounter the god-blessed circle depended on Wang Ling. |
| Where Wang Ling was, so was the safe zone |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thought at first that playing the game with Wang Ling would be a very exciting experience. |
| It was a real pity that their first time was worse than he had imagined |
| A lifeless Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took off his headphones and stood up. |
| Little Silver: "Grenade-Throwing, you're not playing anymore?" |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said woodenly, "I'm going to go grab a bite of broccoli salad to chill out" |
| |

| Little Silver: "But you're in the middle of a game." |
|--|
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled slightly. "It's fine – with Brother Ling around, I can win even if I use my feet to play." |
| Wang Ling and Little Silver: "" |
| ··· |
| It truly wasn't a great gaming experience. Since he seldom played, Wang Ling had actually really wanted to perform. However, because of the Great Fortune Spell, there was no way that he could perform today. Actually, the most critical point was that once the Great Fortune Spell was activated, the biggest headache about it was that it couldn't simply be canceled. |
| Wang Ling knew that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was having a terrible gaming experience; not everyone had the nature to be kings at laying low. |
| At that time, he saw that the system's third circle contraction was already over. When he opened the map for a look Sure enough, they were still in the middle of the safe zone. |
| When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal went to get his broccoli salad, Wang Ling suddenly thought of a way to possibly verify whether or not this number one fan "Brother Sleep" was Father Wang. |

| When Wang Ling had gone out today, he knew that Lie Mengmeng and Father Wang had been in the study. There would be several days each month when Father Wang would go crazy over the novel, and Lie Mengmeng would specially drop by to urge Father Wang to speed up his updates. |
|--|
| The book The Live Streaming Life of the Immortal King was now on track, and Father Wang generally wasn't in the habit of amassing drafts; all the draft chapters that he had stored up before the book's release had already been used up in the first month after its debut for the sake of securing monthly votes. |
| Plus, this water friends match which Daoist Guang had organized had been going on since the morning Wang Ling remembered that Brother Sleep, this "number one fan," had been very active in the live stream room as he promoted the event and also engaged in lively chitchat. |
| That was to say, if Lie Mengmeng had personally dropped by to press for updates but Father Wang still hadn't updated his novel today, then there was definitely something wrong. |
| Curious, Wang Ling opened the novel software app to take a casual look. |
| Sure enough, it was exactly as he had thought — there weren't any chapter updates for Father Wang's novel today! |
| Hm solid proof! |
| Wang Ling looked at the book review section for Father Wang's novel. Because it hadn't been updated all morning, the "demand more" party had already built high-rises in the review section. |
| Should he send a book review? |

| Suddenly, Wang Ling felt like being cheeky. |
|--|
| About ten seconds later, Wang Ling's book review was finished: Shocked! Some novel writer is ignoring his job to play a game with Lord Island, the famous rookie live streamer! |
| It was a very short sentence and Wang Ling didn't even put down Father Wang's game ID. |
| But he believed the review would definitely have an explosive effect. |
| After all, no one knew how scary it was to have a bunch of readers clamoring incessantly for an author to dress up in women's clothes as compensation |
| |
| Elsewhere, in the study at the Wang family's small villa, Father Wang and Daoist Guang were coordinating very well together. They had killed five men in total, Daoist Guang three and Father Wang two Father Wang actually didn't think he had a talent for games at all, but there were times when he just wanted to play. |
| Earlier, Father Wang had sent Daoist Guang a private message explaining that he was the one who had invited the anti-cheat punishment expert over. Of course, Father Wang didn't say who it was exactly, just that it was a friend. |
| Sometimes the word "friend" was really an explanation for everything. |

| If there was something that you couldn't explain clearly, the right way to do it was to push it onto your "friend"! |
|---|
| At that moment, Father Wang's cell phone on the table vibrated. Seeing that Wang Ming had sent him a voice message, Father Wang quickly turned off the microphone connection to Daoist Guang. He and Lord Island were in one team and acting in concert; if he didn't turn off the microphone, his private conversation with Wang Ming would be recorded. |
| "Uncle, can I ask you something? Is Ling Ling at home today?" |
| "Ling Ling? He's at home. He's been busy recently revising for the midterm exams," Father Wang quickly replied. |
| "At home. All right, I see." Wang Ming's lips curled as he laughed since he already had an answer in his mind. |
| Father Wang felt that Wang Ming's laugh sounded strange, so he couldn't help warning him, "Don't you dare take your little brother out to play games; you already graduated by the time you were his age, but he's not as smart as you – he can't keep his grades down in the average range like I told him to!" |
| Keep keep his grades down erm |
| Wang Ming opened his mouth, but in the end didn't have the courage to refute Father Wang. |

| What he actually wanted to say was that sometimes, those who could play at keeping their grades down were the real big shots |
|---|
| After the third circle contraction, the number of people had gone down to sixty again. |
| This was in fact quite a normal figure, but Father Wang looked at the kill notifications on the public screen and noticed that a person with the ID "WF" had used a 98K to kill three people with a headshot in succession. |
| "Little Ming, can you check whether this WF is using cheats?" Father Wang said. |
| Five seconds later, Wang Ming's message came through. "No, this person isn't a cheater, but an expert. He has very precise marksmanship, and has currently killed seven people, all with headshots." |
| "So amazing?" Father Wang tsked. Sure enough, there were still experts around in this game! |
| "Do you need me to get rid of this person?" Wang Ming smiled. |
| "Don't! Since he isn't cheating, it's fine. Although uncle is bad at this, I still have integrity!" |
| Wang Ming facepalmed. "Uncle if you have integrity, you should be typing now" |
| "" Hearing this, Father Wang was actually unable to respond. |

Behind Father Wang, Lie Mengmeng nodded his head frantically like a chicken pecking at rice. According to Qidian's system, VIP readers can support their favorite novels with monthly votes, thus boosting the book's profile.

Chapter 499 Wang Zilong Is Here!

Wang Ming was hiding in a small two-story building. It was a very safe position which Wang Ming's game character "TTXS" had selected after intelligently calculating the safe zone's location after the last circle contraction and the players' nearby travel routes.

Based on the software's calculation results, the game character would prioritize the safest and closest location with cover and a relatively wide range of view, and move into position itself.

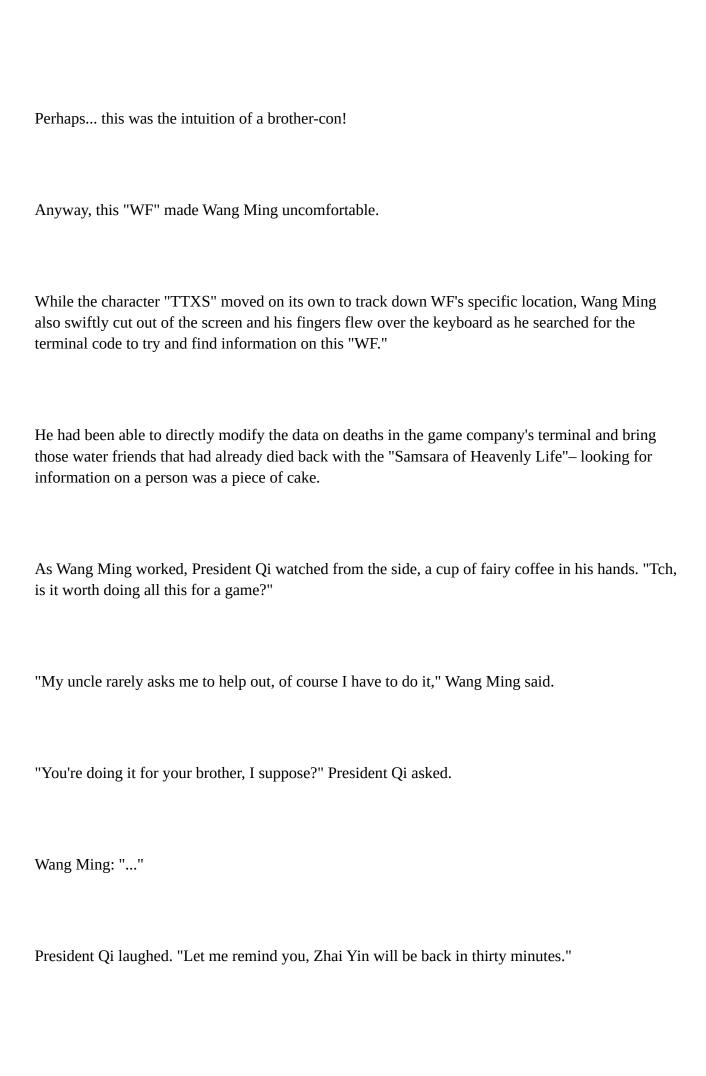
As a cheats adjudicator specialist, Wang Ming had constantly debugged and improved his anti-cheat software, to the point it felt like the character in the game had a soul of its own and was able to operate automatically.

Wang Ming didn't even need to use the mouse or keyboard; he just needed to use voice input to issue instructions.

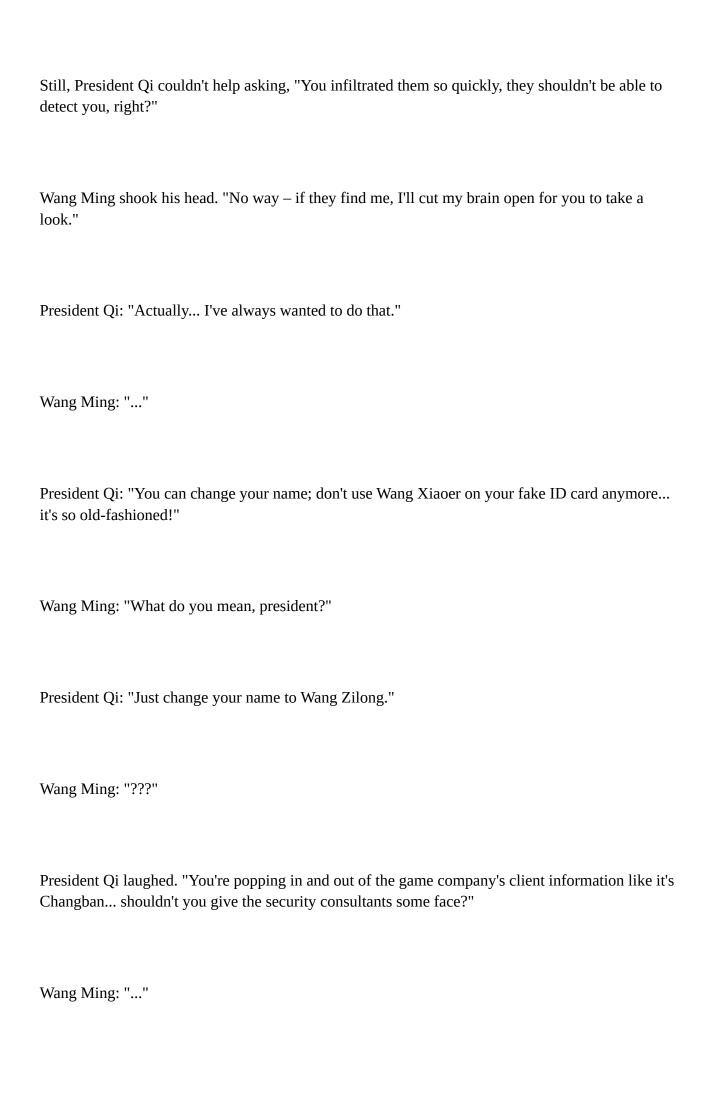
"TTXS" was currently crouched on the balcony on the second floor of this house. No one could approach him from behind, and whatever direction his muzzle was aimed in, there were sure to be people walking into its view.

But "TTXS" hadn't occupied this dominant position in the small building for very long when Wang Ming immediately issued a command: "TTXS, move immediately! Find WF's location!"

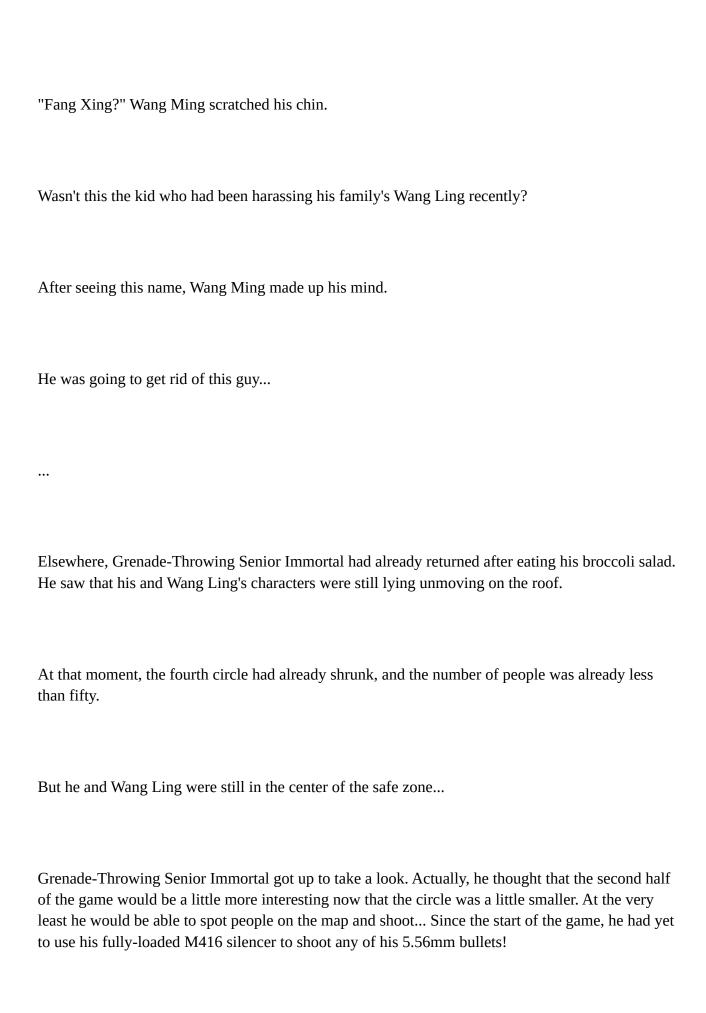
Although Father Wang had already said not to worry about the other party, Wang Ming was still a little concerned about the player with the ID "WF."

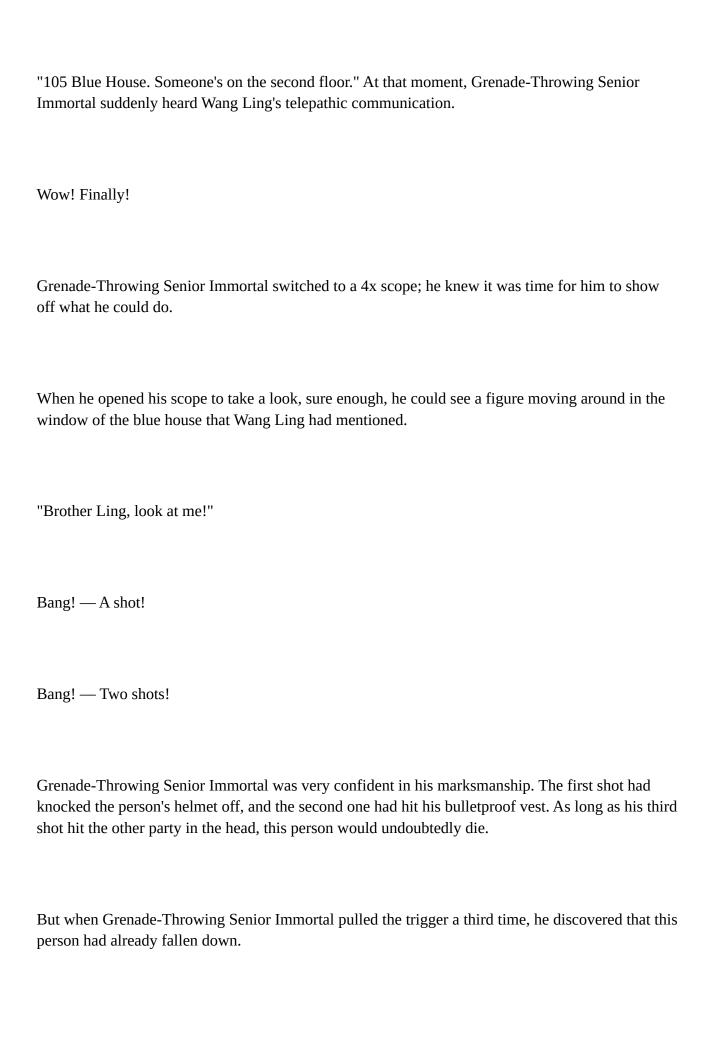


| As soon as Zhai Yin was mentioned, faint signs of sweat already appeared on Wang Ming's forehead. "There's still time, there's still time" |
|---|
| Deliberately chatting inanely with Wang Ming, President Qi in the end realized that it didn't affect Wang Ming's productivity at all. Personal information on players was important data for the game company, and there were many measures in place to protect them. In theory, it was much harder to retrieve personal information than to modify the data on a water friend's death at the terminal. |
| It also involved the game company's security measures; what Wang Ming was trying to do now was steal this "WF" ID's player information without being detected by the game company's defense system. |
| Judging from Wang Ming's expression, it was too easy |
| Less than a minute later, Wang Ming had already given his IP address the highest level of clearance as he hacked into the game company's computers. |
| "Tch, so quick?" |
| President Qi couldn't help sighing; when all was said and done, Wang Ming had the strongest brain. |
| Back when he had been young, President Qi had also been able to perform similar operations, but in the end he still hadn't been as fast as Wang Ming was now. President Qi felt that in his prime, it would still take him at least five minutes to sneak in and steal a player's information. |



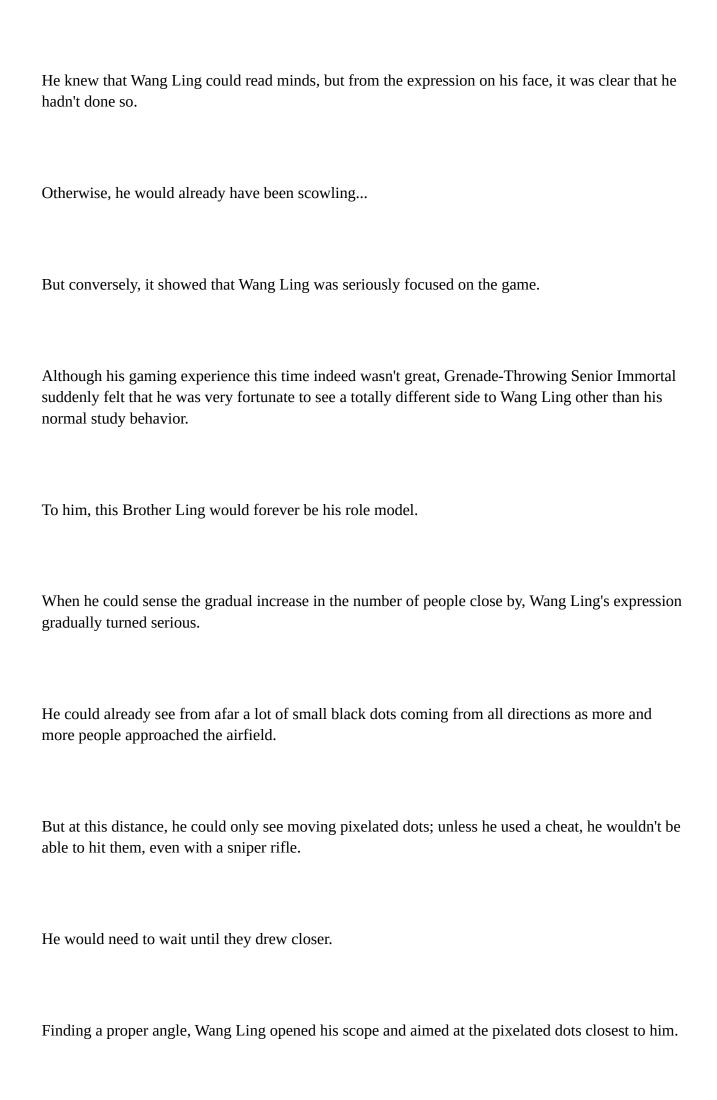
| While Wang Ming's hack had been a success, retrieving the data still took some time. Regular computers wouldn't be able to analyze this massive amount of data, and it really was difficult to precisely single out one person in the vast swarm of player data – it would have been really impossible without the research institute's computers. |
|--|
| But speaking about searching for data, it suddenly occurred to Wang Ming that he really had to find time to meet Wang Ling soon. |
| The data from the sword qi left behind on the tattered Daoist robe from Daoist Guang had already yielded a reverse trail. |
| But the data coordinates were very strange as it seemed to be located inside the Gate Between Worlds and yet not. |
| Wang Ming felt that he needed to find time to explain this matter clearly to Wang Ling face to face. The outcome of the data analysis was a series of encryption codes he wouldn't be able to explain them clearly just through an online chat. |
| While Wang Ming was thinking this, the computer search results came out. |
| Online games now required user verification. |
| This "WF" ID was no exception. |
| Wang Ming also saw the real name registered for this ID: Fang Xing. |



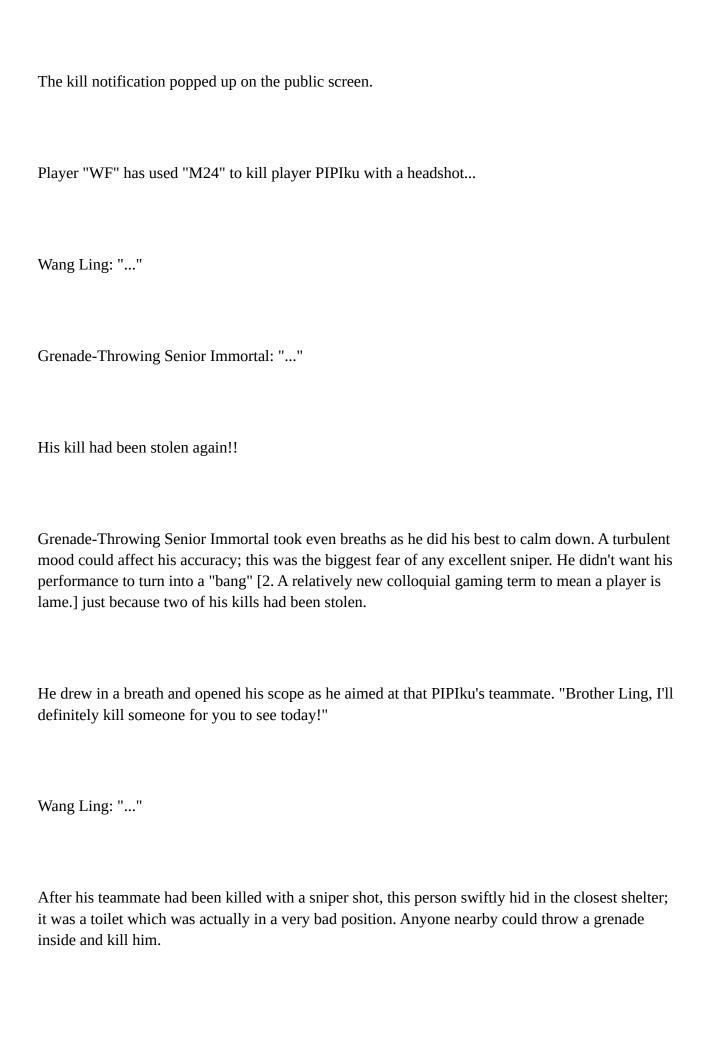


| And the one who had killed him hadn't been Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal |
|--|
| He looked at the top right corner of the public screen. |
| WF! |
| F**k! His kill had been stolen from him!Zilong, more commonly known as Zhao Yun, was a military general who, during the Battle of Changban, went in to save warlord Liu Bei's son and wife. |
| Chapter 500 Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's "Bang" Performance |
| This was the rare opportunity that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had been waiting for, and just when he had the chance to show off, someone stole his kill! He could only describe this act in two phrases: 1. Made his blood boil 2. Crazy! |
| But he wasn't in a position to say too much. After all, it was commonplace for more than one player to aim at the same target. It could only be said that the water fan had bad luck: two sniper experts had shot at him at the same time, and ultimately he didn't even know how he had died. |
| But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that there was no reason to be too anxious; there were still forty-six people left, so he still had plenty of chances to show off. The latest safe zone now covered the entire airfield peninsula on the map. After seeing this new safe zone, the players still alive would undoubtedly head in the direction of the airfield from the other major cities on the map. |
| But in order to approach the airfield peninsula, they had to take a speedboat or swim across the river, otherwise they could only cross the bridge by force. |
| Usually, if the safe zone was in the airfield peninsula, there were sure to be people keeping watch and waiting to rob others at the bridge. |

| When there had been a sharp decline from sixty to fifty players earlier, it had been people rushing the bridge, only to heroically sacrifice themselves |
|--|
| This hadn't been a result of a cheat, and was just a typical drop in numbers. If cheats really had been involved, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that Wang Ming would have punished the people responsible already. |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could hence already foresee that in a short while, the airfield peninsula would become the center of a battle on a scale no less than when Li Yunlong had attacked the county seat of Pingan. |
| Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal currently occupied a relatively advantageous position; this happened to be in the crane's blind spot, and anyone standing on "youtiao" would only be able to detect them with great difficulty. Secondly, it was likely no one would expect the final god-blessed circle to be in this house. That was because the other half of the airfield peninsula was open territory, and generally, when it came down to the decisive battle, the final circle would most likely be in this open area. |
| In Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's view, the odds that the circle would be centered on this rooftop was as high as the odds of Wang Ling opening his mouth to speak |
| Hm |
| At this thought, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal stole a glance at Wang Ling out of the corner of his eye. |



| It was a team that was actually on motorbikes, and they would be within shooting range very soon. |
|---|
| "Team from the north-west." Wang Ling spoke telepathically, his voice as cool as ever. |
| Actually, he felt that he could deal with them himself, but he didn't want to rob Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal of the opportunity to show off. At the very least, they should actually feel like they were playing the game |
| Following Wang Ling's information, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal quickly aimed at this team; the two of them were in level three outfits and looked like two fat lambs. It looked like one of them was carrying an AWM on his back, which was the ultimate sniper rifle in this game. Unfortunately, these two were really too far away, so Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wouldn't be able to search through their bags even if they killed them. |
| "Farewell, bros." |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal narrowed his eyes and clicked the mouse. With a clear bang from the 98K in his hand, he directly blew off the level three helmet which one of the players was wearing. |
| Just as he was about to shoot a second time |
| This person had actually already fallen down and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's second shot was a dead one |
| |



| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that this person was panicking. Many newbies would be thrown into confusion after their teammates were killed and they weren't careful in choosing a place for shelter. Although this toilet would provide cover from bullets, there were small windows on all sides. Unless a player lay down on their stomach, their head was easily exposed, which was just asking to die. |
|---|
| After his teammate PIPIku had been shot dead, this person's level three helmet had been blown off with a shot from WF while the player had been fleeing to the toilet. |
| Without a helmet, he could be instantly killed with a headshot, whether it was with a M24 or 98K. |
| So now was the time to stake everything on hand speed |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal regulated his breathing and watched for an opportunity to act. |
| Less than two seconds later, he saw the player's head poke up through the toilet window and his reaction was very quick as he swiftly took the shot! |
| Bang! |
| After his shot, he saw the system notification. |
| System notification: Player "WF" has used "M24" to kill player PIPIku with a headshot |
| He couldn't help swearing. "Shit! That was intentional! This guy is definitely doing it deliberately!" |

| Wang Ling: "" |
|---|
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "He targets my targets! Brother Ling, I can't take it anymore, I'm going to punish him!" |
| After he said that, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal jumped out before Wang Ling could stop him. |
| The farther away Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was from Wang Ling's character in the game, the weaker the effect of Wang Ling's "Great Fortune Spell" would be for him |
| Hm |
| After that, it was just as Wang Ling expected. |
| Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal never came back Li Yunlong is the protagonist of the novel 'Drawing Sword' by famous Chinese writer Duliang. The story revolves around the battle of Pingan county which took place during the Second Sino-Japanese War.Yes, author's mistake, unless this player was also called PIPIku |