

Daily Life 491

Chapter 491 The Three Great Families of Passive Kings

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.

Then Little Silver suddenly felt his feet tied tightly down, as if something had wrapped itself around his ankles and was pulling him into the ground.

Heh, trapped!

Seeing this, Mr Lu sneered.

He hadn't expected this silver-haired young man's intrinsic spirit field to actually be a desert. In a place like this, he had plenty of tricks up his sleeve.

For example, he could subtly grow vines from his heels to travel silently through the sand and grab the other party and control them, like now.

This move was called the Fulisha...

"Shit... you're from a family of Passive Kings..."

Little Silver was stunned. He didn't think the person in front of him would actually be a tree goblin from one of the three great families of Passive Kings.

What were the families of Passive Kings?

They weren't holy beasts, but they were clans with long lifespans.

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.

Little Silver now finally understood that "abundant spirit energy" was merely a small bonus from eating the enchanted crispy noodle snack – it was this extraordinary power which had taken hold of his body that was the real key!

But while Little Silver had become stronger, his aura hadn't changed.

This was the most mystical thing about the primordial qi – it was like the existence of an invisible cheat!

...

His consecutive failed attempts at containment made Mr Lu frown tightly. He had long reached the height of proficiency in these binding spells; they were most suited for use in this terrain in particular. They had never once failed him in the thousands of years that he'd used them.

A typical demon beast might have gotten flustered when things didn't go as planned, especially during the tense atmosphere of a fight.

But Mr Lu was in the end Mr Lu...

Members of the Tree clan, whether they were spirit trees or demon trees, all shared one major trait, and that was a steady composure.

They would think carefully and rarely get flustered.

Although he was aware that the silver-haired young man in front of him was hard to deal with, Mr Lu was still very self-confident.

"Void sword qi!!" He injected magic into the spirit sword in his hand.

Little Silver immediately saw colored glaze sword qi pour forth from the tip of the sword, gradually covering its entire length before the sword vanished as if it had evaporated.

Each sword had its own special attribute, like Evil Sword God's Heaven-Cleaving sword, which represented the devastating power of primal chaos.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's Brilliant Victory sword represented the height of defensive and warding abilities.

And the Skywalker sword that was now in Mr Lu's hand represented the ultimate void.

Once the void sword qi was mobilized, the sword would directly dissolve in the air to launch a surprise attack as instructed; there was an abundant sense of the "intangible heart sword" in it, which was the highest realm of Sword Dao. But the real "intangible heart sword" was far, far more powerful than the Skywalker sword, and could almost cause devastating destruction.

The Skywalker sword's void sword qi, in the end, could only grasp the form and not the soul of the "intangible heart sword."

But even so, the Skywalker sword ranked quite high on the list of swords.

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.

Mr Lu decided to adopt a "war of attrition" strategy, and use his superior regeneration and toughness in concert with the Skywalker sword to fight Little Silver to the end.

Of course, Little Silver wasn't a fool.

The Tree clan's ability to regenerate was well-known. Little Silver's plan was a blitzkrieg strategy; he had to deal a single strike so heavy that the other part couldn't recover from it.

...

After eyeing each other for several seconds, a cold, colored glaze sword tip coalesced in the air and almost pierced Little Silver in the cheek.

Little Silver quickly sidestepped and avoided the attack.

The Skywalker sword that had instantly appeared out of thin air cut off several silver strands of Little Silver's hair.

This was a very tricky angle; Little Silver felt that if his six senses hadn't been enhanced by the primordial qi, this attack would have severely crippled him!

Having said that, Little Silver thought that this attack by Mr Lu was a little strange.

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.

"Heh, it's useless!" When Mr Lu saw this scene, he couldn't help sneering.

However, the result was contrary to his expectations...

The sword and fist collided with a sharp, ringing sound.

In midair, this Skywalker sword... was directly destroyed by Little Silver's punch...

Chapter 493 Heartbroken Mr Lu

Mr Lu hadn't expected his Skywalker sword to be so thoroughly destroyed...

This was a second-class holy weapon!

Why had a second-class holy weapon turned into a ball of slag after colliding with a physical fist?

Gazing at this scene, Mr Lu froze the instant the Skywalker sword shattered. When he came back to his senses, Little Silver's fist was already glued to his face...

Mr Lu's face and Little Silver's fist came into intimate contact without the slightest gap between them... and his entire body was sent flying by this single attack.

His face completely caved in.

This punch was like hitting a thick and solid tree trunk, and it left a deep impression of a fist in his face.

"So weak..."

Staring at Mr Lu who had been sent flying by his fist, sweat suddenly ran down Little Silver's face as he blurted out the words almost subconsciously.

The Tree clan wasn't very lethal to begin with. They only had superior toughness and a formidable regenerative ability. Additionally, the spells they used mostly had to do with containment.

Spirit beasts and demon beasts had their own attributes, and it was the same for holy beasts.

As a representative of the Silver Unicorn clan, Little Silver's role was that of a Tank Berserker; they weren't just capable of fighting and carrying a battle, they were also absolute strength-type warriors. If a holy war erupted, the silver unicorns would be at the very front of the line... what a pity that in the end, a holy war had never happened back then.

Starting a holy war was a very complicated process which required holy beast representatives to convene together at a general assembly where clan leaders participated in a vote which would decide the outcome.

Little Silver remembered when the first holy beast general assembly had convened back then; it had been the largest number of holy beast representatives to come together. As a junior from the younger generation, Little Silver had been permitted to sit in the back during the assembly.

At the first holy beast general assembly, representatives from all the clans had engaged in heated discussion on the recent chatter among human cultivators and the capture of holy beasts. Some representatives had proposed launching a holy war; unfortunately, since this incident hadn't had much of an impact, the holy beasts from the other clans hadn't sensed how serious the problem was.

And so the first proposal for a holy war fell through.

Then came the second general assembly.

Dog Saint, as the representative of the Dog clan, had brought up the idea of a holy war again, demanding that all holy beasts unite to stand in opposition against those human cultivators who mercilessly hunted holy beasts.

Unfortunately, this proposal hadn't passed, either...

Little Silver had sat in the back at every holy beast assembly, so his memory of the proceedings was very vivid.

He clearly remembered that when the third holy beast general assembly had been held, the number of holy beast representatives from the different clans had already declined by half.

It was said that those who hadn't shown up had been eaten...

And spectacularly, Dog Saint was on that list...

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 ill-advised 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.

This was what Mr Bai had said, and simple Mr Lu had believed it without a second thought.

But now that he had calmed down and thought about it, Mr Lu indeed thought that this was all just bullshit!

"My god! I was tricked... what a cunning human!"

Finally realizing that he had been duped, the tears that filled Mr Lu's eyes flowed uncontrollably down his cheeks.

As a grand "forest fairy" of the Tree clan who was on the verge of succeeding as a demon god, he had never ever thought that he would actually be tricked to this degree... If word of this incident got out, how would he have the face to face his clan ancestors and the people back home?

"How long have you been in the human world?" Little Silver couldn't help asking.

"It's already been... two hundred years..." said Mr Lu, wiping at his tears.

"In the past two hundred years, didn't you properly study Huaxiu's language?"

"No... what I took were all crash courses..."

No wonder!

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 knelt down, head to the ground. "Exalted immortal! My wretched self was deeply tricked and came here on orders. I am willing to become a witness to expose President Bai's repulsive conduct!"

"...I can't make this decision. It's still better for you to talk to my master!"

Little Silver pursed his lips. "I'll spare your life for now! You've been in the human world for two hundred years, but haven't carefully studied Huaxiu's culture; it's clear that you suffer from a lack of culture! Nowadays, if you don't study properly, you can't even use the name of the noodles when you eat them..."

"What... what noodles?"

"Shit noodles!"

"..."

...

Elsewhere, the water friends match organized by Daoist Guang had officially started, and everyone was about to parachute down at that moment. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took off his headphones because he had felt both Little Silver's and the intruder's auras disappear. He immediately guessed that Little Silver had discharged his intrinsic spirit field and moved the battle site.

The intruder had been harboring a lot of murderous intent. Although it had just been a flash, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that this person's origin wasn't simple; his strength wasn't ordinary, and it was likely to be almost at Itinerant Immortal level. The man gave Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal the same sense of oppression that Cheng Yu, the Master of Immortal Mansion, had back then.

He felt that this person might not be easy to deal with...

However, at that moment, the auras of both individuals suddenly reappeared!

It was just that the intruder's aura had become extremely weak...

Then, Little Silver jumped down directly from the first floor through the hole he had punched open, holding up a badly battered Mr Lu like a chicken. He threw Mr Lu behind Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling.

He clapped his hands. "I settled it!"

"The hell? So fast?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was indescribably stunned.

Little Silver gave a thumbs-up and couldn't help giving his praise. "Master's crispy noodle snack is too awesome!"

At that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal noticed that the badly battered Mr Lu was actually sobbing quietly like a lovelorn girl.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What's wrong with him?"

Little Silver sighed. "Yet another typical case of a broken heart from being swindled through online shopping."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Mr Lu knelt on the ground and kowtowed to Wang Ling, who was playing the game, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. "Exalted gods! I was blind as a bat! I am willing to expose President Bai!"

"..."

Wang Ling was looking at the game map with a calm face. He was completely focused on the game and paid no attention to anything else as he wondered where would be the best place for him to land...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also put his headphones on again. He knew that when Wang Ling was concentrating, he wouldn't pay attention to anything else. The most important thing to him right now was the game. So it was no use talking about Mr Lu's matter now; everything had to wait until the game was over.

When Mr Lu saw Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal ignore him, he suddenly felt nervous. "Exalted gods! Every word I say is true! Please forgive me, great immortals!"

"Exalted gods, I was wrong! I was really wrong!

"Exalted gods, I..."

At this moment, blue veins popped on Wang Ling's forehead and he took out a mousepad and threw it at Mr Lu's face.

It was too fast, and done almost all in one breath.

Before Mr Lu could react, the mousepad hit him.

Wang Ling had just randomly thrown it, but Mr Lu was sent flying along with the mousepad to smash into the basement wall. While he didn't go through the wall, he did crack it...

"..." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal heard the noise behind him. Even without turning around, he could already imagine the mess behind him... He was going to have to pay for renovation works once again...

Little Silver broke into a sweat; he had forgotten to tell Mr Lu that it was better not to disturb his master when was playing games!

Looking at Mr Lu, who was embedded in the wall, Little Silver called out his name softly. "Mr Lu? Are you... still alive?"

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.

If it hadn't been for Little Silver's phlegm, Mr Lu would have recovered easily. Little Silver counted on his fingers. From this point, it would still be another twenty minutes before the inhibitory effect of his phlegm disappeared.

Little Silver began to worry about Mr Lu's condition. "I say, are you really alright?"

"I... have broken ribs... But I can... just about endure it..." Mr Lu struggled to speak as he lay face down on the floor and made the OK sign with his hand.

This level of injury was already his limit. If Wang Ling hit him again before he was fully recovered, Mr Lu was certain he would die.

Little Silver comforted him quietly. "You managed to survive a blow from Master, so you're actually quite tough... given your current state, it's better for you not to move. Once my phlegm... ah, no, I mean my saliva – once the effect of my saliva wears off, you can use your Spell of Creation and Rebirth."

"..." Lying on his stomach, Mr Lu looked heartbroken.

Whether it was phlegm or saliva, it was in fact no longer important...

Little Silver crouched down beside Mr Lu and couldn't help asking, "You said before that you came here to kill the green-furred dog?"

Mr Lu nodded. "That's right... I had two assignments in total today; killing the green-furred dog was one of them. But it seems I got it wrong."

"You didn't."

At a loss for words, Little Silver pointed at Wang Ling. "My master is also the owner of that green-furred dog."

Mr Lu: "..."

Little Silver had just been asking randomly, but he realized that he had asked something interesting.

"Just now, you said you had a second assignment?"

At this point, Mr Lu had already decided to switch sides, and he didn't plan to hide anything at all – he had to send that swindler President Bai to jail!

"President Bai gave me the first assignment. The second assignment is from the intelligence organization working with President Bai, called Mo Immortal Castle."

"Mo Immortal Castle?" This name stunned Little Silver; he vaguely remembered hearing Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal talk about this organization.

"What did they want you to do?"

"They said that there's an expert, who looks like a teenager, that has been opposing them all this time. Thus, they negotiated with President Bai to send me to test this expert's skill," Mr Lu explained in detail. "According to the information provided by Mo Immortal Castle, that expert lives in a villa on East Huang Road."

A villa on East Huang Road...

Little Silver was dumbstruck once again.

East Huang Road was very long, and if Mr Lu had mentioned just the road itself, Little Silver would have thought nothing of it. But speaking of a villa on East Huang Road, he reacted almost immediately.

A villa in such a remote place... what other family could it be...

Speaking up to this point, Mr Lu laughed mockingly as he lay face down on the floor. "I can barely walk in my current state, it's definitely impossible for me to go pick a fight with that young-looking expert..."

Little Silver's lips twitched and he couldn't help dropping his forehead into his hand as he looked at Mr Lu. "Actually... I know the young-looking senior expert you're talking about..."

"You know him? Who is he?" Mr Lu asked incredulously.

Little Silver pointed at Wang Ling once again. "It's the person who hit you with a mousepad just now..."

"..."

Mr Lu already couldn't help swearing in his heart.

...

At that moment, the water friends match which Daoist Guang had organized had already officially started.

There were a lot of people gathered in the live stream room. The wave of activity generated by this custom water friends match directly led to yet another surge in popularity for Daoist Guang; the number of people watching the live stream had already reached five million.

Daoist Guang had achieved this number after live streaming for just a few hours two days ago. Some people even predicted in the bullet messages that Daoist Guang's live stream numbers today might directly break ten million...

What was the concept of ten million?

If Daoist Guang really achieved this number, he would directly make history as the fastest live streamer to hit ten million viewers on the cultivation live stream platform.

"Daoist Guang is pretty awesome." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took a look at the audience numbers and tsked in his heart. He recalled when he had first set up the cultivation forum back then; it had taken him several years of operation before the number of daily active users on the forum hit

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.

The first reason was that it was real data.

The second reason was that Voldemorts really knew how to lay low...

The only thing Wang Ling could do was use some minor spells like Daoist Guang had to enhance his hearing and sight. Casting a spell on himself technically wasn't a cheat; it could be considered a strategic "physical, external cheat," just like how some players liked to rig a focal lens in front of the computer to create a magnified effect.

But in a light-hearted contest like a water friends match, Wang Ling knew that there would definitely be cheaters, and more than just one of them.

That was when how good the software you bought mattered.

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling landed, the total number of people on the screen had already dropped to eighty.

It hadn't even been three minutes since the start of the game.

One player with the ID SNAKE had already appeared in a stream of kill notifications; furthermore, almost all of his kills had been headshots.

"Brother Ling, someone's using cheats... what should we do?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at the screen and his lips twitched. He didn't need to read the bullet messages to know that everyone was definitely already swearing.

"F**k! Still want to use cheats in this type of match! Everyone just wants to play with Lord Island, so rotten!"

"Lord Island, please check this ID and don't let him take part in the water friends match next time..."

"I'm guessing this person is probably a fan of another live streamer and deliberately came over here to cause trouble!"

The water friends whom this SNAKE had killed at the beginning of the game rushed to the live stream room one after another and sent their complaints in bullet messages to Lord Island.

Wang Ling didn't pay too much attention to them. When they landed, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal followed Wang Ling into a building to pick up some things. They only searched one floor, but managed to pick up bulletproof vests, helmets, rifles and x scopes... When they reached the second floor, they opened the door to one room and immediately found First Aid Kits, painkillers and energy drinks...

After a two-minute search of the building, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal were fully equipped just like that, with level three outfits, a sniper rifle and a rifle each, frying pans that hung behind them, and knapsacks full of ammunition and heal items.

Why were they so lucky today?

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stunned. "..."

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."

Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Father Wang's laugh was like a lotus opening up. "Ha ha ha ha! That's really great! Those cheaters are the worst!"

Wang Ming: "Don't worry, uncle, you can just play, I'll deal with the cheaters."

"Mm."

Father Wang nodded, reassured. "But then again... can those players who died earlier be resurrected?"

Wang Ming: "Uncle Wang, you want to resurrect them? No problem!"

Lie Mengmeng was startled. "The hell?! Is that possible?"

Wang Ming's tone was very confident. "As long as their deaths were caused by cheaters, it's not a problem. I just need to write a plugin for my anti-cheat punishment software."

Father Wang and Lie Mengmeng: "..."

Wang Ming: "I'll call this plugin: Samsara of Heavenly Life!"

Father Wang and Lie Mengmeng: "... This is a reincarnation jutsu from the series 'Naruto.'

Chapter 497 Cheats Adjudicator

After the player with the ID SNAKE was punished by Wang Ming with a headshot kill...

Sitting in front of the screen in an upscale apartment in Jinghua, an unkempt and scruffy fat nerd took his hands off the keyboard and sighed deeply.

As he ate his instant noodles, he spoke on the phone. "Hello... is that Brother Baboon?"

A voice as rough as a baboon's came over the line. "Mission accomplished?"

The fat nerd answered blankly, "No... failed..."

"Failed? Didn't you use cheats?" On the other end of the line, the man's eyes were full of disbelief.

This Brother Baboon was a game live streamer who had been blacklisted by "Focus Report" a while back for using cheats and because of his rotten temperament. After that program ran his story, he knew it was over for him – he had been blacklisted by all the platforms, and he would perhaps never have the opportunity to make a comeback in the future.

This had upset Brother Baboon for a very long time, so after careful scheming, he decided to take revenge on the most popular live streamers on the Internet. He would arrange for water friends to use cheats in each of these live streamers' games and have them experience the lowest points of 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!"

Brother Baboon: "..."

...

For one moment in Daoist Guang's live stream room, the group of water friends that had been killed previously were all indescribably roused.

The number of viewers in the live stream room immediately jumped to eight million...

Sometimes, just watching a live streamer punish those cheaters could already hook more fans. But there were actually live streamers now who could get someone to directly reverse cheats and bring all the people who had been killed by cheats back to life... This operation left many people speechless for a moment.

"So this TTXS is an anti-cheat punishment expert that Daoist Guang found?"

"The hell! Lord Island is awesome! Where did he find this big shot?!"

"Once I enter Light Chaser Sect, I swear I'll be a Light Chaser for the rest of my life! I'll never regret being a Light Chaser! Lord Island is awesome!"

"I've become a fan! I already hated those cheaters to begin with, it feels so good to see the live streamer fix them!"

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.

Then, he was amazed to discover that the building they were in was at the very center of the safe zone.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "???"

"Ei..."

Wang Ling sighed with boredom.

Because of the "Great Fortune Spell," he knew that the building he was in right now was one hundred percent the final god-blessed circle.

So, no matter how much the circle shrunk in the end...

Wherever he was, was the center of the safe zone...

"..." It was the first time Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt that the game could actually be so boring.

...

On that day, after the water friends match had ended, Little Silver asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal curiously, "Grenade-Throwing, Grenade-Throwing! What does it feel like to play with Master?"

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."

Perhaps... this was the intuition of a brother-con!

Anyway, this "WF" made Wang Ming uncomfortable.

While the character "TTXS" moved on its own to track down WF's specific location, Wang Ming also swiftly cut out of the screen and his fingers flew over the keyboard as he searched for the terminal code to try and find information on this "WF."

He had been able to directly modify the data on deaths in the game company's terminal and bring those water friends that had already died back with the "Samsara of Heavenly Life"— looking for information on a person was a piece of cake.

As Wang Ming worked, President Qi watched from the side, a cup of fairy coffee in his hands. "Tch, is it worth doing all this for a game?"

"My uncle rarely asks me to help out, of course I have to do it," Wang Ming said.

"You're doing it for your brother, I suppose?" President Qi asked.

Wang Ming: "..."

President Qi laughed. "Let me remind you, Zhai Yin will be back in thirty minutes."

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.

Still, President Qi couldn't help asking, "You infiltrated them so quickly, they shouldn't be able to detect you, right?"

Wang Ming shook his head. "No way – if they find me, I'll cut my brain open for you to take a look."

President Qi: "Actually... I've always wanted to do that."

Wang Ming: "..."

President Qi: "You can change your name; don't use Wang Xiaoe on your fake ID card anymore... it's so old-fashioned!"

Wang Ming: "What do you mean, president?"

President Qi: "Just change your name to Wang Zilong."

Wang Ming: "???"

President Qi laughed. "You're popping in and out of the game company's client information like it's Changban... shouldn't you give the security consultants some face?"

Wang Ming: "..."

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.

"Fang Xing?" Wang Ming scratched his chin.

Wasn't this the kid who had been harassing his family's Wang Ling recently?

After seeing this name, Wang Ming made up his mind.

He was going to get rid of this guy...

...

Elsewhere, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had already returned after eating his broccoli salad. He saw that his and Wang Ling's characters were still lying unmoving on the roof.

At that moment, the fourth circle had already shrunk, and the number of people was already less than fifty.

But he and Wang Ling were still in the center of the safe zone...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal got up to take a look. Actually, he thought that the second half of the game would be a little more interesting now that the circle was a little smaller. At the very least he would be able to spot people on the map and shoot... Since the start of the game, he had yet to use his fully-loaded M416 silencer to shoot any of his 5.56mm bullets!

"105 Blue House. Someone's on the second floor." At that moment, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly heard Wang Ling's telepathic communication.

Wow! Finally!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal switched to a 4x scope; he knew it was time for him to show off what he could do.

When he opened his scope to take a look, sure enough, he could see a figure moving around in the window of the blue house that Wang Ling had mentioned.

"Brother Ling, look at me!"

Bang! — A shot!

Bang! — Two shots!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very confident in his marksmanship. The first shot had knocked the person's helmet off, and the second one had hit his bulletproof vest. As long as his third shot hit the other party in the head, this person would undoubtedly die.

But when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal pulled the trigger a third time, he discovered that this person had already fallen down.

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.

He knew that Wang Ling could read minds, but from the expression on his face, it was clear that he hadn't done so.

Otherwise, he would already have been scowling...

But conversely, it showed that Wang Ling was seriously focused on the game.

Although his gaming experience this time indeed wasn't great, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly felt that he was very fortunate to see a totally different side to Wang Ling other than his normal study behavior.

To him, this Brother Ling would forever be his role model.

When he could sense the gradual increase in the number of people close by, Wang Ling's expression gradually turned serious.

He could already see from afar a lot of small black dots coming from all directions as more and more people approached the airfield.

But at this distance, he could only see moving pixelated dots; unless he used a cheat, he wouldn't be able to hit them, even with a sniper rifle.

He would need to wait until they drew closer.

Finding a proper angle, Wang Ling opened his scope and aimed at the pixelated dots closest to him.

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...

The kill notification popped up on the public screen.

Player "WF" has used "M24" to kill player PIPIku with a headshot...

Wang Ling: "..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

His kill had been stolen again!!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took even breaths as he did his best to calm down. A turbulent mood could affect his accuracy; this was the biggest fear of any excellent sniper. He didn't want his performance to turn into a "bang" [2. A relatively new colloquial gaming term to mean a player is lame.] just because two of his kills had been stolen.

He drew in a breath and opened his scope as he aimed at that PIPIku's teammate. "Brother Ling, I'll definitely kill someone for you to see today!"

Wang Ling: "..."

After his teammate had been killed with a sniper shot, this person swiftly hid in the closest shelter; it was a toilet which was actually in a very bad position. Anyone nearby could throw a grenade inside and kill him.

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...