

Daily Life 611

Chapter 611: The Secret of the Demon World's Holy Pillar

Loopy Toad realized that things were starting to spiral out of its control; if it really made a move later, its identity would definitely be exposed!

In its heart, Dog Two wanted to cry but had no tears to shed. If it had known earlier, it wouldn't have come up!

Looking at Loopy Toad's complex expression, Zhenyuan already knew that this enemy would probably be very difficult to deal with. This was "Senior Dog," after all! How strong was the enemy, if they could make even Senior Dog frown? When Zhenyuan saw "Senior Dog" knit its eyebrows, he knew this wasn't a simple matter.

"Can we investigate the space which this kun came from?" Zhenyuan looked at Shen Wuyue and asked. He knew that Shen Wuyue's power of perception was very strong, and surpassed that of ordinary human cultivators and even Demon Saint. It was also one of Shen Wuyue's strengths: he was skilled in perception and in making deductions and calculations.

But it was clear that investigating this kun's origin was tricky even for Shen Wuyue, as he sighed, "I already started investigating after the multi-fanged kun was annihilated by the power of the Holy Pillar, but it'll take three to five days before we get any results. The search range is too wide, and I'm unable to pinpoint an accurate location with my sense of perception. The only thing I roughly know is that it's in a particular subdivision outside the Milky Way..."

"I see..."

Zhenyuan frowned with his chin in his hand. Even if they knew what subdivision it was in, that didn't mean very much... There were millions and millions of different planets in one subdivision outside the Milky Way; how long would their search take?

Even though the range had been narrowed down, this was like looking for a needle in a haystack...

The galaxy beyond the Milky Way was too big. Even if one gained the ability to walk outside the Milky Way at True Immortal level, there wasn't a single True Immortal who dared go too far.

This was something everyone felt in their hearts.

Back when Immortal Zhenyuan had roamed the galaxy beyond the Milky Way for a thousand years, he hadn't even explored a tenth of it. In conditions with a severe lack of natural spirit energy, a True Immortal would already find it unbearable after a few hundred years, let alone a thousand years. If you really wanted to court death in the galaxy outside the Milky Way, buying universal safety insurance wasn't any use! As long as your family didn't issue a death certificate, your remains would slowly turn to dust in the universe!

In any case, Loopy Toad already felt that this wasn't something it could handle on its own, and that Little Master Ling would have to become involved.

If they didn't take this matter seriously now, it could really lead to a huge calamity later.

An "angler" who was most likely raising a large number of prehistoric vicious beasts that had already disappeared... although they currently didn't know the angler's real identity, whether he was a man or a demon or an alien from outside the Milky Way, it was very clear that the "angler" wouldn't be easy to deal with.

This was because the prehistoric vicious beasts which he had all used primordial qi as their main energy source; this alone was enough to chew and spit out most of the cultivators in the human world.

After all, Little Master Ling's slap back then had contained a little bit of primordial qi, and Evil Sword God had been thrashed so badly that even his own mother wouldn't have been able to recognize him.

With these prehistoric vicious beasts all using "primordial qi" as their main energy source, one could well imagine how lethal they were.

Second Generation Demon Saint and Shen Wuyue called these prehistoric vicious beasts "monsters," which Loopy Toad thought was quite apt.

"Senior Dog, are you very certain?" Shen Wuyue asked, looking at Loopy Toad.

Loopy Toad played the profound thinker as it nodded its head. “Yes.” (As if...)

Loopy Toad: “I’ll think of a way to look for the angler, but I need to return and look up some information.” (I need to ask Little Master Ling about this first...)

“Then that’s good.”

Second Generation Demon Saint and Shen Wuyue nodded.

They had never seen “Senior Dog” casually perform grade thirteen spells like Immortal Zhenyuan had said, but since it was a great senior whom Immortal Zhenyuan recognized, the only thing Second Generation Demon Saint and Shen Wuyue could do now was believe in it.

However, the matter wasn’t over because they didn’t know what the “angler’s” objective was.

Whether releasing this prehistoric vicious beast was part of a hunt or as a scout operation before an invasion, they didn’t know a single thing.

Faced with this unknown enemy, it was one thing not to act rashly, but protecting the people was also important. If this mysterious “angler” brought a large number of prehistoric vicious beasts with it in an invasion, both the demon world and the human world wouldn’t be able to escape.

When the time came, it would be an enormous catastrophe.

So in this situation, Loopy Toad could only look for a reason to slip away first.

Its line of thinking was very clear – it had to look for help from Little Master Ling.

Blood was still gushing out of Shen Wuyue’s head, but he was still very clear-headed.

He took out two golden talismans from the lapel of his robe and gave them to Immortal Zhenyuan and Loopy Toad. “Senior Dog, Senior Immortal Zhenyuan, this is the golden talisman of my Demon Saint’s Holy Palace. If there’s anything you want to know, you can use Demon Saint’s golden talisman to come here at any time. This golden talisman can also be used to communicate. If I uncover any clues here, I’ll immediately inform both seniors.”

“So something like this exists.” Immortal Zhenyuan took Demon Saint’s golden talisman and assessed it curiously.

He could sense that it contained the Holy Pillar’s aura. “Was it made with the power of the Holy Pillar?”

“That’s right.” Second Generation Demon Saint swiftly replied, “Furthermore, only Demon Saints can make this talisman. This Demon Saint’s golden talisman is equivalent to an access pass to the demon world. Both seniors will be able to come whenever you want, and the transference site is Demon Saint’s Holy Palace. With the golden talisman, however, you can visit any corner of the demon world that you want. To see the golden talisman is like seeing Demon Saint in person... All demon beasts, including demon kings and demon gods, must respect it, otherwise they will be punished by the restriction.”

Speaking up to this point, Second Generation Demon Saint sighed. “In fact, a long time ago, the original Demon Saint planned to mass produce this golden talisman and send a batch to the human cultivation world to establish diplomatic relations with every country’s head of state. In fact, our demon world has always wanted to build a peaceful relationship with the human cultivation world. If we had done so earlier, we could have worked together after encountering a difficult situation like this today... But regrettably, that plan was later canceled.”

Zhenyuan: “Why was it canceled?”

Second Generation Demon Saint: “Wasn’t it because some goddamn person created the Gate Between Worlds which directly connected to the demon world?!”

Loopy Toad and Zhenyuan: “...”

Second Generation Demon Saint: “Not only did this Gate Between Worlds disrupt our original plan, it also damaged the spatial structure in our demon world... A few of our diplomats just wanted to go out and take a look, but in the end were beaten up so badly they came scurrying back!”

Second Generation Demon Saint spoke with deep bitterness and hatred, and even Shen Wuyue’s expression was grudging. “I scoured a lot of information all these years, but I could never discover who created the Gate Between Worlds... There are also rumors that it was Senior Immortal Zhenyuan who created the Gate Between Worlds...”

Zhenyuan's lips twitched. "How... how could it be me... I'm so good and honest..."

"That's right! How could it have been Senior Immortal Zhenyuan? Senior is so good and honest!"

Shen Wuyue shrugged his shoulders. "But it doesn't matter anymore since I already laid a curse on the creator previously."

Zhenyuan: "Cur... Curse?"

Shen Wuyue: "I cursed him to be plagued by inner demons!"

Loopy Toad and Zhenyuan: "..."

...

After they ate at Demon Saint's Holy Palace, both Second Generation Demon Saint and Shen Wuyue sent Loopy Toad and Immortal Zhenyuan off outside the palace hall. Blood was still gushing out of Shen Wuyue's head, and as he moved, the two lolita servants holding the basins to catch the blood on the left and right moved with him...

Before leaving, Loopy Toad couldn't help turning its head to ask, "Can I ask you something?"

Second Generation Demon Saint: "Senior now has Demon Saint's golden talisman, which means you're an honored guest of my demon world. You can ask anything you want!"

Loopy Toad: "How is the position of Demon Saint inherited?"

This was what Loopy Toad wanted to know, and when Zhenyuan heard this, he also had a curious look on his face.

Second Generation Demon Saint: "It was the original Demon Saint who determined the system of inheritance, and it's a little bizarre as it isn't based on strength or talent..."

Loopy Toad: "Then what is it based on?"

Second Generation Demon Saint: “You just need to piss on the Holy Pillar...”

Zhenyuan: “...”

Loopy Toad: “???”

It had almost become the third generation Demon Saint?!

Chapter 612: You Saying Nothing Doesn't Mean Ling Zhenren Doesn't Know

When it thought about how it had almost been unable to control the urge to piss on the Holy Pillar, Dog Two still had some lingering fear — it had actually almost become the third generation Demon Saint!

Loopy Toad used to think that there were all sorts of benefits from becoming Demon Saint. But now it didn't seem as simple as it had thought. The lack of freedom was truly unbearable...

As it departed, Dog Two felt deep sympathy for Second Generation Demon Saint. It didn't bother asking Second Generation Demon Saint why he had pissed on the Holy Pillar. Everyone had their own secrets, and it was very clear that this was a very humiliating history...

Why did Second Generation Demon Saint piss on the Holy Pillar... only Second Generation Demon Saint himself knew the reason.

Just as Dog Two and Zhenyuan were about to take their leave, Shen Wuyue suddenly said, “Senior Dog and Senior Immortal Zhenyuan, are you really not curious at all why Second Generation Demon Saint pissed on the Holy Pillar back then?”

Blood was still gushing out of Shen Wuyue's head and the expression on his face was very enigmatic; it was the playful look of a person who was holding something in, but was clearly dying to let it out.

Shen Wuyue felt that he couldn't be blamed for feeling this way. He hadn't been a big mouth to begin with – if you had to blame someone, blame the original Demon Saint! The magic array which this guy set up in the Holy Palace was really too evil – each time Shen Wuyue went to pick someone up, he had to pluck out his antlers to use their energy reserves.

As time went by, Shen Wuyue started to loathe how troublesome it was. If it wasn't an important visitor, he usually wouldn't personally go down to receive them. This directly led to very few people calling at Demon Saint's Holy Palace, and Shen Wuyue burst with a lot of gossip but had no one to tell them to.

Shen Wuyue felt that he would fall ill sooner or later! This characteristic simply made him a perfect match for Dopey Guo and Old Antique!

Immortal Zhenyuan: "..."

Loopy Toad: "..."

Second Generation Demon Saint's expression instantly turned unsightly. He had actually recognized such a Sage Master as his adjutant. This guy had really joined the bad guys, undermining him every day!

Honestly, Loopy Toad truly hadn't planned to ask the question. Because it was a private matter, Second Generation Demon Saint certainly wouldn't want to talk about it. But since Shen Wuyue had asked, Loopy Toad was a little curious...

Loopy Toad's lips twitched. "How about... you say it?"

Shen Wuyue was instantly happy, his expression like that of a Vileplume's. "Since Senior Dog has asked so sincerely, I'll be generous and tell you!"

Second Generation Demon Saint: "???"

Loopy Toad and Zhenyuan: "..."

Shen Wuyue: “In fact, at that time, Second Generation Demon Saint was a petitioner.”

Loopy Toad and Zhenyuan: “Petitioner?”

Shen Wuyue: “Lord Second Generation Demon Saint lived in a remote mountain village in a very small region. There were actually a lot of unfair conditions in the village, so there were frequently people who sought an audience with Demon Saint. It actually just so happened that Lord Second Generation Demon Saint was the petitioner closest to the Holy Pillar at the time. First Generation Demon Saint thought that Second Generation Demon Saint was pretty interesting, and so released his aura to scare him.”

“And then?”

“Then nothing. Lord Second Generation Demon Saint was so scared he pissed himself at the bottom of the Holy Pillar.”

“...”

...

So nowadays, many seemingly glamorous careers weren’t necessarily better than a normal one.

Second Generation Demon Saint was a typical case. As leader of the demon world, his authority was actually undermined by his adjutant every day, but he couldn’t do anything — how painful was that? So after seeing how miserable Second Generation Demon Saint constantly was, Loopy Toad’s thoughts were clearer than ever.

Now that the conflict among the four inner territories had been solved, the demon world would soon enter a time of peaceful development. This period would be an unprecedented golden era of development for the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan. Now that Elder Wen held both “Demon Saint’s Decree” and the position of Secretary-General of peace in the four inner territories, anyone with a slightly discerning mind could analyze the risks involved in messing with the clan.

So now, Dog Two felt it could truly and completely let the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan go.

Six years. Six years after its disappearance, it could today finally settle its account with the old clan over which it had once presided as demon king.

Looking at miserable Demon Saint now, Loopy Toad deeply felt that if it was given another opportunity again, it would never choose to take on any role like a noble or a general — it was too much work!

Be it a man or a dog like Loopy Toad... the most important was to live a happy life!

Like the volunteers and volunteer demons involved in the western development in the human world and the demon world respectively; it was indeed tough, but weren't they happy? Dog Two felt that these men or demons must feel utterly fulfilled in their hearts.

Or perhaps these weren't peaceful times, and there were people or demons who carried heavy burdens as they silently moved forward...

Every person and every demon had their own realms. The difference in realms determined the height of your pursuit. Sometimes, the higher you flew, the more painful the fall, so moderation was good: doing things to the best of your abilities was good enough.

Dog Two stood on the top of the Holy Pillar and gazed at the clouds in front of it, deep in thought.

Zhenyuan knew that Senior Dog had most likely thought of something again... Heavenly Dao was written all over its countenance!

As expected of Senior Dog, it achieved enlightenment wherever it went.

Zhenyuan thought that even if he cultivated for a lifetime, he wouldn't be able to reach this kind of realm.

Loopy Toad looked at the clouds and sighed in its heart.

It was time to leave. The matter of the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan had come to an end.

But things weren't over yet...

Long-lasting peace between the demon world and the human world was the real key to sustainable development.

Take the “angler incident” which Loopy Toad had just learnt of today. Just as Second Generation Demon Saint had said, if the two worlds had already established good diplomatic cooperation, they could have worked together to come up with a plan for finding this angler and determining the other party’s purpose.

But there was no rush for the moment.

There was still Zhenyuan, who could handle it...

Loopy Toad felt that apart from Little Master Ling, Zhenyuan was currently the only other person amazing enough among the human cultivators who could take action.

“The repair works on Drought Star aren’t done yet, so I plan to send a clone to investigate this angler. If I have any information, I’ll definitely immediately share it with Senior Dog through the Venerated Immortal main seal!” Saying this, Zhenyuan scratched his head and smiled. “However, I feel that with any leads I find, Senior Dog will probably find them before I do. If it turns out that the leads are the same, just don’t laugh at me, Senior Dog.”

Loopy Toad: “...”

Then, Loopy Toad stamped its leg three times, and Lord Ma’s golden light shrouded its body and took it back.

Lord Ma sent it back to the toilet in a golden light.

When it landed, Loopy Toad took out its phone and saw that it was five o’clock in the morning.

The golden light shield on its body also disappeared the moment it landed.

Walking on tiptoe, Dog Two pushed the bathroom door open and made as little noise as possible as it walked out. It was clearly a dog, but it walked like a cat, as if it was a thief...

Once Loopy Toad had slipped completely out of the bathroom, a gaze on it made its forehead sweat instantly.

Dog Two turned and saw Little Master Ling reclining on the bed, his head propped up on one hand as he stared at Dog Two.

“...”

Hm...

It was a very sexy pose...

Chapter 613: This Won't Do! It Can't Go on Like This!

Those familiar dead fish eyes made Loopy Toad's dog fur tremble all over. Furthermore, after it calmed down, Dog Two noticed that Jingke was lying beside Little Master Ling, and the both of them were staring at it in the same position with their heads propped up... Like an old father and his son.

Loopy Toad: “...”

At that moment, Loopy Toad in fact instantly already knew.

Little Master Ling had probably already known earlier on about it going to the demon world and had been thinking of ways to help it secretly. The golden light shield absolutely hadn't been an effect of Lord Ma sending it over, but had been set up by its little master at the very beginning.

Sure enough, trying to hide this from Little Master Ling had really been a dumb choice.

“Do, you have, anything, you want to, explain?” Jingke asked as it looked at Dog Two with an expressionless face.

Loopy Toad swallowed its saliva. “When did you know...”

“From, the very, beginning,” Jingke answered.

Loopy Toad: “Then...”

“That’s right, we saw, everything, you did, just now,” Jingke said. “Ling, likes, to lurk. It’s not like, you don’t, know that.”

Loopy Toad: “...”

“???” Wang Ling felt that Jingke had definitely been led astray by Shen Wuyue!

Learning bad things like Shen Wuyue’s undermining ways, unfortunately.

Although Wang Ling didn’t say anything, that didn’t mean that he wasn’t going to punish Dog Two.

He decided to give it the cruelest punishment he could think of, for keeping its owner in the dark...

For the next month, Wang Ling wouldn’t walk Dog Two; Dog Two could go walk itself!

When Wang Ling let Loopy Toad know this telepathically, it grit its teeth in agony.

This punishment was indeed very cruel.

It was too cruel!

It flew into Wang Ling’s arms and cried its dog tears.

...

Loopy Toad looked at the time; it had just turned six in the morning.

It was July 21st on Friday in the thirteenth week of the semester.

It was time for Little Master Ling to get ready for school.

While on its trip to the demon world this time, Loopy Toad had actually expected that its little master might be very angry after it came back. But reality proved that Wang Ling was truly a very gentle person.

Loopy Toad couldn't help taking out its diary as it started to write down its experiences from its journey to the demon world last night. Back then, Loopy Toad had named this diary "Human Observation Diary" and wrote it with the initial intention of promoting peace between the demon world and the human world. Recorded in the diary were the numerous prejudices which Loopy Toad had held against humans while it had been a demon king, and how these "prejudices" had changed after living in the human world.

Loopy Toad wrote down a rough retelling of its experiences from last night from beginning to end.

Of course, there were two things it didn't put down. One had to do with the secret of Demon Saint's inheritance, and the other was the truth about how Second Generation Demon Saint had assumed the position... These two things were classified. Shen Wuyue that old man couldn't control his mouth, but Loopy Toad felt that it was quite tight-lipped itself. Some things could be said, and some things not.

If the diary got out later and other people saw it, there would be no saving Second Generation Demon Saint's face.

Ah! So tired!

Writing with a dog paw ultimately wasn't very convenient, and it made Dog Two's paw ache.

But there was an improvement in every character written down in the diary. From illegible chicken scratch at the beginning to this now beautiful slender gold style 1 , Dog Two actually felt very accomplished!

It had done it!

Take a photo! Share with Little Silver!

Loopy Toad actually also really wanted to show it to Wei Zhi. After all, Wei Zhi was one of the few friends it had in the human world. However, given the restricted contents of the diary, Dog Two thought it wouldn't be very good for Wei Zhi to see it; what if it scared Wei Zhi?

An image was sent to Little Silver not long after that.

About two minutes later, Dog Two's chat window shook.

Little Silver: "Damn! You went to the demon world! But you hid it from Master! And Master didn't blame you???"

Loopy Toad shrugged its shoulders and replied a little smugly, "Perhaps this is the power of the 'first wife'."

Little Silver: "..."

Loopy Toad: "You are our Ling Ling's second contract beast. Actually, I've always said to Little Master Ling that he has to be fair in his treatment, but unfortunately he likes to pamper me alone... what can I do? I also feel very helpless! Maybe it's because I'm cuter... I don't eat so much and I'm pleasing to the eye, and at night, I'm an environmentally friendly fluorescent night light that's easy on the eyes. I'm small in size and easy to take around, and I'm essential for the home or travel. Look at you, you're so big in your beast form, you're not cost-effective at all!"

"..."

Little Silver felt attacked.

Consumed by envy at Loopy Toad's words, he directly punched a hole in the sofa.

This wouldn't do! He couldn't go on like this!

"Grenade-Throwing, Grenade-Throwing!!" Little Silver couldn't help yelling.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was really very busy. He hadn't been idle these two days, and had been investigating President Bai who was still on the run. Furthermore, another mysterious person had uploaded a scoop on the cultivation forum not long ago claiming that there was internal chaos in the foreign power which President Bai was associated with, Night Chief.

A president named Edmark had been killed in a long-range attack and had died on the spot... the cause of his death was an unknown spherical magic weapon.

And Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had specially looked up information on this Edmark.

He was the first leader brought in when the organization Night Chief had first been set up, and he was the head of the current six generals of Night Chief! Although Night Chief's hierarchy didn't have a deputy leader position, Edmark's overall strength and seniority was already at this level. It could be said that under Night Ghost Spirit Emperor as the captain of this organization, this President Edmark was second only to him and was an outstanding existence.

But now, Edmark, the head of the six generals, had inexplicably died, which was extremely baffling... Who had done it? Was there someone else watching this foreign force? Were they friend or foe?

No one knew anything...

Grenade-Throwing was thinking this when Little Silver started shouting.

"Brother Silver, what's wrong?"

After getting up and going over to Little Silver, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw the big hole in the broccoli sofa and immediately took a deep breath. "Brother Silver... the cost of this broccoli sofa will be deducted from your living expenses next month, which is a total of five hundred thousand."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had decided to help Little Silver completely rectify his “bad habit” of breaking things when he got excited.

Hearing how much the sofa cost, Little Silver immediately neighed. “This sofa is so ugly, how can it be so expensive?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s lips twitched. “Have you heard of Raising A Kun?”

Little Silver bit his finger. “An online game?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “While playing this game, there was a person who made a mistake and kept a corpse of a kun until it decayed. But even though it smelled bad, it tasted good.”

Little Silver: “...”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal smiled. “The principle applies to this sofa as well: it looks ugly, but it’s expensive.”

Little Silver: “...”

Chapter 614: Little Silver’s Prop

Little Silver found it hard to imagine that such an ugly sofa was actually worth half a million. Could it be that the broccoli sofa had been infused with leopard bone? No way, right?

Forget it... half a million was half a million. He was currently on a diet anyway, and wasn’t eating as much takeout. Worst comes to worst, he just wouldn’t order devil fruit this month; every time he ordered takeout, half the total cost was from devil fruits.

Little Silver felt that he shouldn’t be so extravagant and should save a little on his food expenses.

At this thought, he immediately sighed: It looked like he would have to subsist on Yang's Braised Chicken Rice 1 next month, which was really painful...

After living with Little Silver for a period of time, Grenade-Throwing basically already understood this "Silver's" character. However, there was one point that had always been beyond Grenade-Throwing's expectations, and that was this Silver's almost fanatical reverence for Brother Ling.

To be able to make a holy beast open his heart to accept a master...

It could only be said that Brother Ling was truly Brother Ling...

Suddenly, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal felt a little sad for some reason.

Even though Little Silver was Brother Ling's contract beast, it was everyone's duty to protect holy beasts. As Silver's current "keeper," he had to think of ways to become stronger!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cupped his chin as he gazed at the anxious and impatient Silver in front of him. "Brother Silver, why did you yell for me?"

"I would like to ask, under what circumstances would Master take the initiative to walk a dog?" Little Silver asked solemnly.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Walk a dog?"

This was a question Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had never thought about.

Because walking the dog was a regular thing which all dog owners did, mainly so that their dogs didn't get bored. Scientific research showed that keeping a dog inside the house for long periods of time wasn't good for its physical and mental health. Furthermore, this didn't apply to just spirit dogs. Many pet trainers now were in the habit of walking their spirit beasts. But for the most part, this applied to spirit beasts that hadn't taken on human forms.

There were many types of spirit beasts, and many of those that hadn't transformed into humans looked very frightening, so letting this group of spirit beasts wander around on their own while on a

walk could be dangerous. The state's rule that spirit beasts had to be personally guided by their owners while they were out was thus aimed at this group.

Additionally, there was also a state restriction on body types. Spirit beasts that were too large were forbidden from crossing streets that bustled with larger crowds of people, and they had to find another route.

"Why is Brother Silver suddenly concerned about this?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very curious about the question Little Silver had raised. For a holy beast that had already successfully transformed into a modern-day shut-in, it was mystifying that he would actually care about going out to walk the dog.

Little Silver sighed heavily. "It's all because of that Dog Bapi..."

"What's wrong with Brother Dog?" asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Little Silver: "It said that Master pampers it solely... But it was punished recently and Master decided not to take it out for walks for the next month, so I think it's a good chance for me to seize the top spot!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took a deep breath. "Brother Silver, don't tell me..."

"Yes! That's right!"

Little Silver had a serious expression on his face. "I want Master to walk me!"

"..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was alarmed. "But you can't reveal your beast form, otherwise you'll be discovered – did you forget you already promised Brother Ling? And Brother Ling himself doesn't like standing out..."

Little Silver shrugged his shoulders. "Then I'll go out in my human form!"

“... It’s impossible, Brother Silver, just give up.” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal patted his face; wouldn’t walking a human stand out even more?!

‘Whether it’s impossible or not, I have to try!’ Little Silver grit his teeth and refused to give up. ‘I’ve already booked a Shun Feng car; I’m going to go to a spirit beast specialty store in the afternoon to have a look!’

“Brother Silver, what do you want to do...” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had a bad feeling.

“Go look at collars,” Little Silver replied seriously.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

...

That afternoon, Little Silver put on a peaked cap and set off, the car he booked picking him up at the entrance to Wenxian Garden villa estate.

Little Silver was going to visit Songhai city’s flagship spirit beast specialty store.

It was one of the biggest specialty stores in the city which sold specialized spirit beast goods. It had everything one could think of, including food for spirit beasts, various types of protective equipment for spirit beasts and even magic treasures customized for spirit beast use.

However, these types of magic treasure were far inferior to the ones that Fatty Luo personally customized, because most of them were bought directly from the factories and the quality of mass produced magic treasures was basically all the same.

The flagship store was quite far from Wenxian Garden. In order to save money, Little Silver had chosen to use a Didi Shun Feng spirit car. The app had a promotion at the moment: as long as you uploaded a photo of yourself and registered with your real name, if you got over a thousand likes on your photo in the app community, you would get a discount on your first ten rides.

Little Silver had already prepared his travel plan for today earlier that morning.

He was quite confident in his photo, which showcased his long flowing hair and him making a heart sign. When he went out, his likes in the community had actually already surpassed ten thousand...

Little Silver looked at the number of likes and was elated.

He hadn't added any filters, yet he was still so popular!

Actually, Little Silver had a very good foundation to begin with; whether his skin had been photoshopped or not, or whether filters had been added, the effect was still the same.

It looked like he really had the talent to become an actor.

In fact, Little Silver had thought before about looking for part-time jobs to earn money. Just relying on the living expenses that Grenade-Throwing gave him every month actually wasn't very nice... And the most important thing was the additional expenses. Most of the living expenses which Grenade-Throwing gave him actually went to food; if Little Silver wanted to buy other things, then it wasn't enough.

Little Silver had heard Dog Two mention before that Fatty Luo was preparing for a big film; when the time came, would he get a chance to audition for it?

As he departed, Little Silver took a look at the online assessments of him.

Hashtag 1: White skin, good looks, long legs

This tag made Little Silver a little shy... what great truths people were saying so easily!

Hashtag 2: Little sister is really good-looking

Little Silver: "???"

What was wrong with everyone's eyesight nowadays?! He clearly had body hair! It was just that it was white so you couldn't see it!

Hashtag 3: I already couldn't control myself at first sight

Little Silver tsked. His mood was very complicated because he didn't know whether this tag was from a man or a woman. He hoped it wasn't a "pervert" with unsavory thoughts about him...

Hm...

Little Silver looked at the comments and saw one with the hashtag that currently had the most number of likes.

Hashtag 4: A pity it's an airport 2

Little Silver: "..."

Chapter 615: Beware the Driver with Fake Plates!

Personalized hashtags were initially intended to draw people closer together, and just being open on the community platform was good for interpersonal communication; it was good to make more friends as you went out in the world. But the problem was that this was a car-hailing app, not a social app. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had reminded Little Silver of this earlier when the latter had downloaded the app.

Just as Little Silver reached the villa estate entrance, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal texted him once again. "Brother Silver, be careful when you're out. If anything happens, contact me at any time."

Little Silver stared at the text message and smiled with a pure expression in his eyes as he immediately replied, "Don't worry, how can there be that many bad people in this world?"

"It's still better to be careful!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's main worry was that Little Silver's identity would be exposed; it had nothing to do with safety issues at all since Little Silver's

overall combat ability was much stronger than his! What Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was afraid of was that Little Silver would carelessly give himself away.

In fact, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal realized that each time Little Silver went out without anyone else, he would get a bad feeling. For example, the first two times Little Silver had gone out alone, he had inexplicably ended up at the police station.

And the most important thing was that it was the same police station every time — Anning District Cultivation Police Station, Songhai city. Once Little Silver was there, he would stir up the entire station so that it wasn't peaceful 1.

After waiting at the entrance for a while, Little Silver saw a Didi Shun Feng spirit car slowly drive over. He checked the license plate number on the app and frowned.

Song A00544?

The number was wrong!

The license plate number given in the app was Song A: 44944 2 ...

But it seemed like this was currently the only Shun Feng car nearby, and Little Silver promptly felt something wasn't right.

The driver was a baldie. As soon as he saw Little Silver, he rolled down the window and stuck his arm out as he greeted him. "Beauty, get in!"

"Your license plate isn't right..."

Little Silver stared at the bald driver. "Also, I'm a boy!"

"Ah, Mr Silver, I'm so sorry. You're so cute you're like a girl." The driver gave a very sly smile. "Actually, whether a boy or a girl, any kid who gets in my car is definitely a cutie. My surname is Liu. Today just happens to be my birthday. If sir decides to get on, it'll be a free ride."

There was no such thing as a free lunch in this world. A small Yang's Braised Chicken Rice meal would cost you fifteen HNY! Besides, when the Yang's Braised Chicken Rice was sent over in many cases, the chicken portions were very small and it was mostly bones, chicken skin, potatoes and green peppers...

It cost three thousand HNY to take a taxi from Wenxian Garden to the flagship spirit beast store downtown, and this driver was actually offering him a free ride? It might be that the other party had some ill intentions toward him... However, as long as he got in, he could save three thousand HNY!

Little Silver struggled for a moment.

Knowing that the driver had bad intentions toward him...

Should he get on or not?

That was the question!

After a while, Little Silver still decided to open the door and get in. Whether the driver had bad intentions or not, as long as he took Little Silver to his destination, it would be fine!

In any case, this driver was just at the Golden Core stage and couldn't do anything to him...

...

When he opened the door, Little Silver took a look out of the corner of his eye. In the rearview mirror, he saw this unscrupulous Didi spirit car driver with the surname Liu curl his lips at Little Silver taking his bait.

"Mr Silver? Let me confirm your destination, you're going to the flagship spirit beast specialized equipment store downtown, is that right?" Liu Zhenhua, the driver, asked cautiously.

"That's right." Little Silver nodded. "How long will it take from here? Two hours?"

"It won't take two hours, we'll get there in an hour. I can take a shortcut." The driver chuckled. "Mr Silver, are you going to the spirit beast specialty store because you're raising a spirit beast at

home?” Most people had the impression that those who raised spirit beasts usually didn’t have very high realms.

“Hm, that’s right.”

“How many spirit beasts? Are they strong?”

“Not bad...”

The driver kept asking questions, and Little Silver realized right away that the driver was trying to sound him out.

Little Silver’s aura was usually restrained and he maintained it at the late Foundation Establishment stage as he hid his true realm. When this Driver Liu arrogantly perceived Little Silver’s fake realm, his smile became even more pleased.

So had he picked up high quality goods today?

Driver Liu couldn’t resist sticking out his tongue to lick his lips. Little Silver sat in the back and feigned ignorance, but he saw this scene.

Little Silver suddenly had an urge.

He wanted to cut out this obscene man’s tongue...

After asking his questions, Driver Liu was excited as he stepped on the gas and drove swiftly forward.

This Mr Silver behind him had skin as fair as a porcelain doll’s. In any case, whether it was a boy or a girl didn’t matter. Driver Liu’s heart was roused with evil desire. And most importantly, not only was this person not very strong, he also actually lived in an upscale villa estate like Wenxian Garden.

This Mr Silver was very likely a kid from a rich family!

He had really picked up a treasure today. Driver Liu felt that he could do whatever he wanted to this “Mr Silver” first and then hold him for ransom from his family! To slake his lust and get money at the same time was just too good to be true!

...

Elsewhere, Wang Ling heard a piece of gossip about Didi spirit cars during the morning self-study. The news on this matter would only be reported at noon, but Dopey Guo had already gotten firsthand information from his uncle.

“Guys, do you know, recently there’s a pervert called Bi Mad Devil who’s a Didi spirit car driver and whose victims are his passengers. He rapes them first and then holds them for ransom. Furthermore, whether he gets the money or not, he still kills his hostages. This man’s ruthless, and he really makes people mad; a number of Golden Core cultivators have already fallen into his trap,” Dopey Guo said.

Little Peanut couldn’t help shivering. “Luckily I don’t take taxis... This is too scary.”

Dopey Guo tsked. “That’s not the scariest part. Do you know why he’s called Bi Mad Devil? It’s said that this man doesn’t choose his passengers based on gender; the only requirement is that they’re good-looking, whether they’re male or female.”

Super Chen was alarmed. “There’s this kind of operation?! Then wouldn’t I be in danger...”

Everyone: “...”

Dopey Guo looked at Super Chen and smiled. “Super, I’m not trying to put you down... Your looks are alright, but the people he chooses are basically slim, soft and delicate; he doesn’t want Africans.”

Super Chen: “...”

Saying this, Dopey Guo then added, “Someone like Wang Ling would be a perfect fit.”

Wang Ling: “???”

Chapter 616: So No. 60 High School Is the Secret Weapon

Wang Ling realized that Dopey Guo had been a little “cheeky” recently and would poke fun at him from time to time. Logically speaking, Wang Ling thought that he should actually already have a pretty low profile in class, but instead, it felt like people were constantly paying attention to him. Oddly enough, this feeling didn’t bother Wang Ling.

Somehow, Wang Ling felt that every single person at No. 60 High School was especially approachable.

In fact, he thought that this was something worth mulling over. After all, back when he had created the “intrinsic spirit field,” the landscape had been directly modeled on No. 60 High School for background modeling. This had been a subconscious reaction and also reflected the weight which No. 60 High School carried in his mind.

No. 60 High School might not be the best school, but in his mind it was at least the most impressive.

It was the thirteenth week of the semester.

So many bad things had happened, which made him dead tired.

They had Teacher Pan’s class in the morning, which was two Dao talisman lessons in a row. Because the weather was a little gloomy and the sports meet had just ended, Teacher Pan thought it was time for the students to concentrate on their studies.

As No. 60 High School’s teaching pioneer, it could only be said that Teacher Pan truly was Teacher Pan; without saying a single thing, she directly occupied the third period, which was the PE class, and unceremoniously started a third round of lessons. When Teacher Ye came, he just flashed past the classroom door and knocked as a mere formality. When he met Teacher Pan’s eyes, he promptly pulled his head back and disappeared.

Super Chen and Dopey Guo couldn't help giving Teacher Ye the finger in deep protest at his "cowardly" behavior.

As a PE teacher, how could he gravely bow and scrape to men of high rank and men of high office 1 !

Teacher Ye, be firm! Be firm!

But regretfully, Teacher Ye left, just like that...

Like the Fragrant Concubine 2 who turned into a butterfly and left without a trace...

...

School class periods were all systematically organized by the education consultants at the General Administration of 100 Schools based on the habits of students in every school. The arrangement took into account a lot of factors, such as the frequency of students raising their hands in a lesson, of lifting their heads, and so on... There was even data that pinpointed how long students maintained eye contact with the teacher.

Wang Ling initially didn't know all this, but had heard about it from Odd Zhuo.

So sometimes, three lessons in a row didn't work very well. Usually, the period Teacher Pan occupied would be for nothing more than dictation and tests, but against everyone's expectations this time, Teacher Pan actually used the third period to hold a class meeting.

Standing on the dais, Old Pan looked around the classroom with the expression of one who knew everything. "I know that when I had Teacher Ye leave just now, there were definitely people criticizing me in their minds, isn't that right?"

Super Chen and Dopey Guo didn't dare say anything.

Old Pan: "Super Chen, Dopey Guo! You two, don't look at me and smile! I'm talking about the both of you, there's nothing to smile about."

Super Chen and Dopey Guo: “...”

Old Pan really knew them too well...

“This class meeting is about Devil Valley. Has everyone heard of it?”

As soon as Old Pan finished speaking, the class fell deathly silent for a moment. Everyone was startled. Many students in the elite class read widely on topics outside of school, so plenty of them were utterly stunned when they heard this information.

Devil Valley?

Wasn't this the secret land that opened once every century?

“Devil Valley is a 5A state-protected secret land, and is also called Beast King's Remains. This is because according to legend, Devil Valley was a tomb which the king of holy beasts, Devil King, built for itself,” said Teacher Pan. “This time, our nation has already detected that the entrance to the secret land, Devil Valley, will open somewhere in Songhai city. Most importantly, our Grade One students are very fortunate since Secretary Dakang of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools has given his personal endorsement for No. 60 High School's Grade One summer camp this year to be held in Devil Valley.”

What kind of amazing news was this...

All the students were extremely astonished.

To be able to see Devil Valley with their own eyes, the legendary Beast King's Remains... this was truly a rare stroke of luck that could only happen serendipitously.

If Teacher Pan hadn't announced this herself, no one would have believed it, not even if Dopey Guo was the first to hear inklings of it and break the news in class.

Old Pan smiled. “This is a stroke of luck for each of you. I hope you will make use of this summer camp opportunity. Peanut, come to my office after class to collect the notices on the summer camp for distribution. Everyone go home and ask your parents to sign it.”

“Will it be dangerous?”

“It won’t. Since this activity involves all Grade One students, all Grade One teachers will go to protect everyone,” Teacher Pan said. She didn’t mention one thing, and that was who would be leading the operation this time. The chief commander of the operation wasn’t the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools, but Huaxiu Alliance — Huaxiu Alliance of Cultivators.

This was the highest authority in charge of all the light forces in the whole of Huaxiu nation. Data registration and records on the light forces were collated under Huaxiu Alliance, which directly regulated light forces nationwide.

The immediate leaders were the head of state and the Ten Generals who had founded Huaxiu nation.

If there was a security issue, Huaxiu Alliance would directly intervene, so Teacher Pan actually thought that the school teachers going along was redundant...

No one had expected the summer camp this time to actually be in Devil Valley. This matter also spread after class, first to Grade Two and Grade Three. Then, with No. 60 High School at the center of the explosion, the other high schools in the whole of Peiyuan district also posted various messages online expressing their envy, jealousy and hate.

Devil Valley was a 5A secret land. Each time the entrance opened, the state would set up blockades and regulatory controls, and only allow approved scientific experts to enter accompanied by an inspection team in order to collect intelligence data inside Devil Valley.

Therefore, it wasn’t a place you could enter whenever you wanted; the inspection team would go through stringent regulations and examinations each time in order to control the number of people who went in.

Hence, a lot of people didn’t understand why the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools would directly make Devil Valley the site for the summer camp.

When school was over, Dopey Guo suddenly said, “A lot of people are now saying that the remains we will be visiting might be fake. What do you think?”

Little Peanut: “I actually also think they might be fake... There are a lot of extinct resources inside Devil Valley, how can they let us Foundation Establishment students enter?”

“Not necessarily...”

Super Chen refuted. “I feel like this activity was arranged for some reason; maybe the higher-ups are using us as a secret weapon.”

Dopey Guo didn’t understand. “Secret weapon? What do you mean?”

“Think about it...”

Super Chen broke it down. “Last time at our spirit sword exchange meet, it was the end of Shadow Stream. Then there was the military training for six schools, and it was the end of the old devil... This time it’s a combined summer camp...”

When Super Chen spoke up to this point, every single person in class started to feel scared after some careful thought.

Indeed, No. 60 High School really was a secret weapon...

Chapter 617: To Be Or Not to Be

Even Wang Ling never expected Devil Valley to be openly selected as the site for the school summer camp this time. For this type of 5A state-protected secret land, even specialist teams from state organizations had to go through layers of bureaucratic tape, and even then their applications might not necessarily be approved. But this time, Devil Valley had been directly opened as a summer camp site for students, which Wang Ling thought was a little outrageous.

He knew that Fatty Luo had coveted this place for a long time. In order to look for the main ingredient, the “One Thousand Dried Bone,” to create a scabbard for Jingke, Fatty Luo had started to make plans to enter Devil Valley several months ago, and had taken an exam for his expert

certificate. Fatty Luo had been painstakingly planning this for so long, but in the end this opportunity to enter Devil Valley had fallen into Wang Ling's lap like it was nothing...

Vaguely, Wang Ling had a bad feeling.

He thought what Super Chen said actually wasn't unreasonable...

Every time they had a group activity, it felt like something big was going to happen...

...

It was now about four o'clock and four full hours had already passed since Little Silver left Wenxian Garden.

There had been several traffic jams on the way, and Driver Liu had suggested that they take a detour. Little Silver hadn't refused, and as a result, Driver Liu had turned in the opposite direction and taken several winding routes before driving the car down a road which Little Silver didn't recognize.

Little Silver had already been on guard against this driver when he had gotten into the car. He had then checked online for anything to do with Didi Shun Feng spirit cars recently and had found information on a man called "Bi Mad Devil."

This was a murder suspect currently on the run who had committed a series of rapes, ransom kidnappings and murders...

After comparing and confirming the profile with the online description, Little Silver couldn't help sighing on the spot — he was really unlucky!

"It's already been four hours. Haven't we arrived yet?" Little Silver was impatient. He didn't know what on earth Driver Liu was up to.

"Almost there, Mr Silver." Liu Zhenhua licked his lips slightly. "The roads were too jammed so we took a detour which is a little longer. If we had taken those congested roads, I'm afraid Mr Silver might not get there even by nightfall."

As the car drove on, Liu Zhenhua looked in the rearview mirror and saw that this “Mr Silver” who looked like a young lady had crossed his arms in the backseat with an impatient expression on his face.

“Mr Silver, don’t be anxious, listen to some music first.” Liu Zhenhua smiled strangely.

Then, he flicked a small mechanism behind the steering wheel, and instantly, all the doors were secretly sealed tightly shut. He had modified this car, and once this mechanism was triggered, a separate secret lock was activated which silently sealed all the doors tightly shut except for the driver’s car door.

Driver Liu then turned on the music, and the car’s stereo system started to play a melodious tune, but there was something else mixed into it...

This stereo system had also been modified by Driver Liu and wasn’t just a simple stereo system.

Little Silver sensed something right away. Focusing his eyes on the stereo system, he could see some fine white powder on the honeycomb-like covers of the stereo system that was shaken loose with the musical beat and which dissolved bit by bit in the air until it disappeared completely.

This was a very covert trick; if your realm was too weak or your power of sight wasn’t strong enough, you wouldn’t be able to detect it at all.

No wonder the previous reports said that a lot of Golden Core cultivators and even one Nascent Soul cultivator had fallen into this trap; if you weren’t vigilant enough, it was very easy to fall for this kind of trick. Seeing the driver suddenly turn on the air-conditioning might make someone wary, but most people wouldn’t expect a hallucinogen to be spread through the stereo system.

Once the music played, the hallucinogenic powder would spread with the vibrations of the music, carrying the powder on the air so that it would spread throughout the car.

Seeing that his plan had been smoothly carried out, Liu Zhenhua couldn’t help laughing sinisterly in his heart. He had purchased this hallucinogenic powder off the black market at a high price. Even a Nascent Soul cultivator would feel dizzy and wouldn’t be able to use spirit energy, so this hallucinogenic powder was also called “Nascent Soul Also Drunk” powder...

Most importantly, furthermore, was that this hallucinogen could be spread in various ways, such as through vibrations, immersions, and so on.

For the best cover possible, Liu Zhenhua had modified his car's stereo system and had installed a separate recess to put the hallucinogenic powder in. As long as the music played, this light hallucinogenic powder would be picked up by the vibrations and dispersed through the small holes of the stereo system into the air.

Even a Nascent Soul cultivator would collapse in five seconds when the air in the car was filled with this hallucinogenic powder.

In that moment, Liu Zhenhua sneered cruelly in his heart.

He looked at the time. Five seconds had flashed past.

But Mr Silver, was completely unharmed...

Liu Zhenhua: "???"

Was it possible that his powder was past its expiry date? That shouldn't be the case...

He had just put this packet of hallucinogenic powder in not long ago, and he had previously confirmed that it had a shelf life of more than three years.

Besides, this was just a Foundation Establishment cultivator; shouldn't he have collapsed with just one whiff?

Little Silver crossed his arms and couldn't help laughing in his heart as he gazed at Driver Liu, whose face was full of black question marks.

Then, thirty seconds passed...

Driver Liu saw this "Mr Silver's" smiling face in the rearview mirror and immediately felt a chill.

Little Silver: “So you’re that ‘Bi Mad Devil’?”

Liu Zhenhua narrowed his eyes. “I don’t know what Mr Silver is talking about...”

Little Silver: “You changed your appearance, and you installed a lot of mechanisms in your car. I’ve already seen all of them. You did something to your stereo system, didn’t you? I saw white powder inside; this is probably a hallucinogen?”

Hearing this, Liu Zhenhua instantly hit the brakes and the harmless smile on his face turned into a fiendish expression as he stared at Little Silver. “When did you find out?”

“When I got in the car, I was a little suspicious. On the way, I looked up information online, and confirmed your identity.” Little Silver spread his hands.

Liu Zhenhua was very curious. “You never thought of running?”

Little Silver was even more curious. “Why should I? Clearly, the person who should run is you!”

Liu Zhenhua: “...”

“I was pondering a very philosophical question since just now: to be or not to be? Should I get rid of you? Because whether to cry or not to cry after running into a bad guy, both options won’t do any good.”

Little Silver reviewed the situation with a stern face. “But when I signed a contract with my Master, he already said that I’m not allowed to kill people wantonly. Dying just like that would be too easy a death for a person like you.”

“You...” Liu Zhenhua clenched his teeth. He realized that this pretty Mr Silver in front of him wasn’t at the Foundation Establishment stage at all, but was a formidable person... He couldn’t tell exactly what his realm was, but what he could be sure of was that since his hallucinogenic powder hadn’t had any effect, this person was at least a Soul Formation expert!

“Don’t move! I’ve already sealed all the doors shut!” Liu Zhenhua took out a crystal ball from the front of his shirt. “This is a spirit bomb; if I squeeze it, it’ll explode. Get out of the car now and we’ll act like we never met, or I won’t mind burying someone else with me...”

But just as Liu Zhenhua finished speaking, he suddenly felt a stabbing pain in his hand.

Pei !

Little Silver directly spat thick phlegm at Liu Zhenhua's hand. In extreme agony, Liu Zhenhua realized that his hand had dissolved along with the spirit bomb!

“Ah...”

Liu Zhenhua screamed in pain as his hand instantly melted like an ice cube at boiling temperatures.

He wanted to make a report!

Uncle police!

A “Silver” person is spitting everywhere!

Chapter 618: Little Silver Is Caught Once Again

Driver Liu screamed. His right arm from his hand up to the elbow was instantly dissolved by Little Silver's phlegm. The most terrifying thing, moreover, was that though his forearm had been dissolved, the wound wasn't bleeding, and Liu Zhenhua felt a continuous burning pain.

It felt like someone was holding a lit cigarette lighter under the wound, and Liu Zhenhua's face was drained of color.

“Is there anything you want to say?” Little Silver looked at Driver Liu with a harmless smile on his face.

While the phlegm he had spat just now seemed like a very casual action, it had in fact been quite a delicate operation.

Little Silver could precisely adjust his spitting technique down to the decigram.

He had deliberately controlled his spit just now. Otherwise, Driver Liu would have been directly dissolved on the spot like the two fellow brothers from the Demon Hunters Association back then, without leaving anything behind.

Why didn't he just kill this scumbag driver? Little Silver's reason was very clear: It was because his Master didn't like him to kill people wantonly. Another important point was that Little Silver thought it would really be too easy a death for such a scumbag.

What went around, came around...

This evil driver, who had already hurt who knew how many boys and girls, probably never expected to suffer this type of retribution.

"Even if you hand me over to the police station, I don't have long to live; I have three months at the most." Liu Zhenhua's face was covered with sweat from the pain and his complexion was deathly pale. "I have a terminal illness, Golden Core cancer..."

"You have a tumor in your golden core?" Little Silver was surprised.

"Yes, and it's terminal. It can't be cured." Liu Zhenhua clenched his teeth in agony. His face was very dark. "So before I die, I want to bring some fear to the world, so that it will remember my existence, Bi Mad Devil..."

Golden Core cancer was a terminal illness and the only type of cancer for which there was no cure. If it was just an organ that had been pathologically infected, modern cultivation medicine could already completely take care of it. But it wasn't the same for Golden Core cancer, which involved a lot of difficult problems. If a Golden Core cultivator's golden core was shattered, they actually couldn't live for very long. So if the golden core was directly removed, this would probably be even more painful for a Golden Core cultivator than dying right away.

Once the golden core was removed, the progression of the disease could be stopped, but a person's lifespan would be greatly shortened. The most critical point of all was that after the removal of the golden core, a person would no longer be able to cultivate.

Thus, the most perfect solution would be to directly kill the infected tissue inside the golden core without affecting the golden core itself. But this had always been the medical conundrum.

In any case, the chances that a cultivator's golden core would be pathologically affected was actually very low.

The odds were one in a hundred million...

And Liu Zhenhua was that "winner" in a hundred million people.

Some hateful people were pitiful, but while it was true that Liu Zhenhua was a pitiful person, Little Silver didn't think he deserved any sympathy at all.

Everyone would have to pay for whatever they did sooner or later.

There was a saying which Little Silver thought was very true: every person had a different way of finding their place in the world. Those who did good enjoyed a good reputation among the people while those who did evil became notorious... Both were ways of being remembered.

Unfortunately, what was recorded and passed on were always the righteous deeds that promoted virtue. So if you wanted to rely on "notoriety" to make a name for yourself in the cultivation circle, you should never say that you were part of the cultivation world, since that world would never take any notice of you.

Little Silver pursed his lips, then bit his finger and hurriedly squeezed out a drop of blood before the wound healed itself. He straight away popped the blood into Liu Zhenhua's mouth.

With a pained expression on his face, Driver Liu asked suspiciously, "What did you do?"

"Nothing, just prolonged your life." Little Silver spread his hands.

Of course, he couldn't do anything about an illness which even modern cultivation medicine couldn't cure. However, he could use his holy beast blood to prolong the other party's life.

Liu Zhenhua tasted blood.

But strangely, the moment the blood entered his body, his illness seemed to be alleviated quite a bit.

The tremors caused by his diseased golden core that would come and go from time to time disappeared. Not only that, even the burning sensation in the stump of his melted right forearm eased up.

That drop of holy beast blood would keep Liu Zhenhua alive for another ten years.

Liu Zhenhua was pale with fright. "Who on earth are you..."

A mouthful of phlegm had caused him to fall off a cliff, while one drop of blood had brought him back to life... At that moment, Liu Zhenhua realized the disparity in absolute strength; this Mr Silver could easily do whatever he wanted to him.

This guy wasn't a normal person at all.

"Reflect on yourself. I'm calling the police now, and you can spend your final days in prison with soap 1 and your fellow inmates." Little Silver crossed his arms with a serious expression.

Liu Zhenhua sensed that things weren't looking good, but when he tried to get out of the car, he discovered that he couldn't move his body at all as an oppressive force rendered him immobile.

Compared with "Mr Silver," his weak-ass fighting strength wasn't even in the same dimension.

However, just as Little Silver was about to take out his cell phone to call the police, he suddenly heard the undulating sound of sirens on the road...

"..."

Little Silver was surprised. He couldn't be that lucky, right?

Two motorcycles directly drove past to stop in front of Liu Zhenhua's car. Then a police officer in uniform got out of a police car which had stopped behind Liu Zhenhua's car. The officer went over to a car window and knocked on it. "Get out, both of you! Routine inspection!"

When Liu Zhenhua saw the uniform, his pupils contracted slightly and his body went limp right away like a deflated balloon – it was over! Everything was over!

This was the traffic police; no cars were allowed to pull over on this road. Liu Zhenhua guessed that he had stopped here too long, which was why he had caught their attention.

Little Silver rolled down the window and smiled at the officer. "Hi..."

The officer took a look inside and noticed that the driver's expression wasn't right, and he frowned. "Mr Driver, please show me your ID."

Liu Zhenhua's brow furrowed tightly and he looked like he was ready to die.

The police officer already knew something was up. "Since it's like this, please come with us. And..."

After saying that, the officer looked at Little Silver. "This young lady, please come with us, too."

Little Silver: "..."

...

Seven o'clock in the evening, Anning District Cultivation Police Station, Songhai city.

Little Silver was at this familiar police station once again.

Unlike the previous two times, he wasn't handcuffed this time. The people at the station were already familiar with this "frequent visitor." A police little sister even enthusiastically made Little Silver a cup of tea.

Sitting inside the interrogation room with the tea in his hands, Little Silver didn't wait very long before Officer Gao Tian, who had taken Little Silver's statement the previous two times, pushed the door open and walked in.

At the sight of Little Silver, Officer Gao's face couldn't help twitching... Why was it this guy again?!

Seeing Officer Gao open his little notebook, Little Silver promptly started to introduce himself with a familiar air. "Name, Little Silver. Gender, male. Single, no bad habits. Favorite things to do are eat, binge-watch shows and play games."

It was the same process as the previous two times; Little Silver was too familiar with it.

Officer Gao raised his eyes to look at Little Silver. "Why did you take a car?"

Little Silver was very honest. "I wanted to go buy myself a collar."

Officer Gao was taken aback. "...". He somehow felt like he had learned something disastrous...

Chapter 619: Is Secretary Yan's Chest Hard?

"Officer Gao, are you thinking about something very obscene?" Little Silver cupped his chin as he felt that something wasn't right with Officer Gao's expression.

His face had clearly been very solemn just now, but why was it suddenly flushed? He was definitely thinking about something dirty.

There were only a few reasons why a person would blush. Although Little Silver had never watched anything obscene before (mainly because Grenade-Throwing wouldn't let him...), he still knew some things.

Shamed by the question, Officer Gao was at a loss for words. He indeed had thought of something indecent... but after all, buying a collar for yourself didn't have to mean that you were looking for "thrills."

Doing his best to compose himself, Officer Gao asked, "Were you buying yourself a collar because you hurt your neck?"

He recalled the collars for recovery purposes that had appeared on the market previously which were used to protect the spine, so not all "collars" were indecent.

Just like stir-fried noodles with sea cucumbers; some were of decent quality, and some not.

Or take authors as another example. They could also be separated into decent ones and those who slacked off...

Yes, that had to be it! It was his thinking that was twisted!

As an upright police officer who served the people with all his heart and soul, how could his thoughts wander like that?! Gao Tian ah! You gotta pull yourself together, Gao Tian!

However, Little Silver swiftly shook his head. "No, I want to buy a collar so that my owner, my Master can walk me on a leash on the streets!"

Master...

Owner...

On a leash...

And on the streets...

Officer Gao: “Erm... Mr Little Silver, when you say owner...”

It went without saying that if you didn’t know about Little Silver’s real identity at all and looked at the situation purely from a human being’s point of view, there were indeed plenty of connotations that came to mind.

Officer Gao thought that things weren’t looking good for him; this “Silver” in front of him was a little troublesome...

“Owner? Owner is my Master, he’s very strong! It’s like the lyrics say...” Little Silver suddenly thought of the lyrics of a song that was popular recently.

Officer Gao: “What lyrics?”

Little Silver directly sang, “This older brother has been working on his chest, if you still want to lean on it 1 ...”

Officer Gao: “...”

Little Silver: “My owner’s chest is for me to lean on!”

Officer Gao: “...”

...

This incident was slightly more troublesome than the previous two, because the Driver Liu that had been caught wasn’t some bystander, but the “Bi Mad Devil” who had been stirring up trouble recently. Now, “Bi Mad Devil” had been arrested just like that, and moreover had lost his right forearm; there was no way Little Silver could get away from not becoming involved.

In theory, Little Silver had acted heroically for a just cause, but he had been a little heavy-handed. Actually, it was difficult to determine to what extent exactly he was liable for the injury.

However, when Liu Zhenhua had been detained at the time and had entered the police station with his head covered, the media and bystanders that had been circling around nearby, as well as the

police staff maintaining order at the scene, had vented their anger and felt that the hero who had “cut off” Liu Zhenhua’s arm had done a truly beautiful job!

By the time Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal found out Little Silver was at the police station, it was after six in the evening...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had had a bad premonition before, and as expected, it came true!

“Hello, is that Mr Grenade-Throwing? Brother Little Silver is at our police station again...” Officer Gao called Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal in a practiced move. In fact, when Little Silver had come the second time, Officer Gao had very resourcefully saved Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s phone number into his phone address book.

After being a police officer for a long time, you would develop a very strange type of intuition. Take Officer Gao, for example. He could identify those who would wind up in the police station from time to time, and reality had proven him absolutely right.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “What did he do this time? Spit again?”

No one else knew Little Silver as well as he did.

“Well...”

Officer Gao sighed deeply. “The suspect we arrested this time said that Mr Little Silver dissolved his arm with a mouthful of phlegm. This is probably some kind of spell, right?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. “That’s right, Officer Gao, you can think of it that way.” In fact, it wasn’t a spell, but was Little Silver’s own ability as a holy beast... However, Little Silver’s identity had to be kept strictly under wraps for the time being, so this type of misunderstanding actually wasn’t bad.

“As I thought, it’s a spell. But Mr Little Silver insisted that it’s his own ability...” On the phone, Officer Gao was gloomy.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Officer Gao: “If Mr Little Silver’s phlegm really has this kind of ability, and he gets chronic pharyngitis later on, who would dare kiss him? One kiss and your tongue would disappear!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Officer Gao continued, “Mr Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, the current situation is like this: the suspect Liu Zhenhua now believes that he has been disabled by Little Silver’s phlegm and wants Mr Little Silver to be held legally accountable for it.”

“He dares?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stunned. This perverted driver had done so many shocking things, but still dared to bite back – how shameless could he be?!

Officer Gao: “Mr Little Silver’s way of handling it indeed helped to vent a lot of anger, but if the matter truly is pursued, the other party may indeed attempt to hold him responsible for an excessive use of force in self-defense.”

Suddenly, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal’s expression turned severe. “Do you know Secretary Yan? Little Silver is his man!”

“Secretary Yan...”

For some reason, after hearing the words “Secretary Yan 2,” Officer Gao suddenly felt his head tremble.

Mr Little Silver was some leader’s man?

Officer Gao pondered in his heart.

Combined with Little Silver’s previous statement... Master... collar... on the streets...

Officer Gao instantly felt a chill as his entire body shuddered.

F**k! Had he just learned something outrageous...?

The long silence made Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal frown. “Officer Gao, are you alright? Why aren’t you speaking?”

Officer Gao sweated. “Mr Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, can I ask you a question...?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “Speak your mind, Officer Gao.”

Officer Gao: “Is Secretary Yan’s chest hard or not?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

...

By the time Little Silver gave his statement and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal brought him out of the police station, it was already seven in the evening.

Given how vile the “Bi Mad Devil incident” was plus the mysterious-sounding “Secretary Yan,” Anning District Cultivation Police Station concluded that Little Silver’s mouthful of phlegm was “reasonable self-defense,” and the condition was that Little Silver had to cooperate with the police later and then testify in court.

Of course, there was also the standard “A Heroic and Great Citizen” silk banner and media interview combo, which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal declined on Little Silver’s behalf; he thought it was still better for them to keep a low profile.

On the road, when Little Silver heard Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal talk about what he had gone through earlier, he was puzzled. “Secretary Yan? Who is this Secretary Yan?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “I randomly made him up.”

Little Silver: “...”

Chapter 620: Brother Gluten and Wandering Poet

That Friday evening, Wang Ling brought back the notification form for the summer camp in Devil Valley “Beast King’s Remains” and went to find Father Wang to get it signed. Like before, Father Wang didn’t even look at it before he brandished a pen elegantly and signed his name “Wang Jiao” in one smooth flourish; what was impressive was that he had joined the characters together in cursive writing without lifting the pen off the paper.

When Wang Ling looked at Father Wang’s signature, it was still the same as before: he couldn’t make out the two characters as “Wang Jiao” at all. He sighed in the depths of his heart; when all was said and done, this was a senior artist in the online novels circle!

After signing, Father Wang put down the pen and returned the notification form to Wang Ling. “Learn my signature, you can sign this type of form yourself in the future. Also, the same rules apply to this activity: be a little more low-key in doing things, and if you encounter any danger, remember to leave the other party alive. You’ve already put three people in jail; you can think about sending another in for them to play mahjong.”

Wang Ling: “...”

Then, Wang Ling watched as Father Wang turned around in his chair and began typing. Wang Ling didn’t pay attention to the content on the screen. In any case, it didn’t seem like Father Wang was typing his manuscript, but was writing something else instead.

After returning to his bedroom and putting away the notification form, Wang Ling used his King Eye to take a peek through the door and realized that Father Wang was putting together an article for his official account. As a top-level guru on the Internet, the numbers on his official account were unlike those on other platforms. Basically, every article he published would get millions of views.

But Father Wang very rarely took the time to write articles for the official account; it was already pretty good if he wrote one or two articles a month. Given this type of target audience, Father Wang would write short stories off the top of his head based on recent popular events. Some were full of warmth, some were funny, and some were satirical... Among the several short stories Father Wang

had released, the one that got the most hits at more than ten million views was the one titled: “Wang Situ’s Imagining of Brother Gluten and Wandering Poet 1 .”

Crafting this type of creative short story was a lot harder than those “chicken soup writings”!

A brief introduction to “Brother Gluten and Wandering Poet”: This was the story of a beggar poet who survived by picking through rubbish for things to eat and who encountered and got to know Brother Gluten, a roadside singer. It was just like the lyrics of that song: “Happily eating my gluten in the morning, I met this brother who was eating rubbish... What he eats is rubbish, what he thinks about is the past. I dare not imagine what he went through before... Bake the gluten, tell me what’s in your heart, bake away all your years of grievances and vicissitudes...”

Recalling this summary of the short story, Wang Ling remembered hearing the song that was featured in it. When Father Wang had finished writing the lyrics back then, his powerful book friends had immediately created a cover song.

This short story, which was a creative adaptation of true events by Father Wang, was still fresh in Wang Ling’s mind.

In the story, Brother Gluten, who dreamt of becoming a musician, met a beggar poet brother. When he saw this beggar brother picking through rubbish on the roadside for something to eat, Brother Gluten felt very distressed, and thus took this beggar brother along with him to take part in a music audition for “The Voice of Cultivation.”

The two brothers met, grew to know each other, and encouraged and supported each other. Whenever Brother Gluten was feeling frustrated, the beggar brother would recite poetry to him and help open the depths of his heart...

After three years of endless effort, Brother Gluten finally won the third season of “The Voice of Cultivation” competition. However, it was during that shining moment that his best brother Wandering Poet chose to leave without saying goodbye...

For many years, in order to find this brother of his, Brother Gluten used the money he made from his music career to invest in a large amount of cultivation resources and to travel around looking for clues on his beggar brother Wandering Poet.

While missing him, Brother Gluten not only sang and cultivated, but also remembered to cultivate his gluten baking techniques to their utmost. The day he found his poet beggar brother, he wanted to use his most developed technique to bake gluten for his brother to eat...

Later, Brother Gluten's actions moved an Almighty named Daoist Mieba. Daoist Mieba told him that there was a spell to instantly make the person he missed most appear in front of him, but Brother Gluten would have to collect different spirit stones representing power, time, space, soul, reality and heart.

For over ten years, Brother Gluten traversed the entire world to gather these six precious stones. Finally, he ground them into powder and mixed it into the flour for baking gluten to create an Infinity Gluten Glove.

In the final scene in the story, the excited Brother Gluten recalled his past with beggar Wandering Poet, and snapped his fingers...

And then, there was nothing...

That was how the story ended.

No one knew whether Brother Gluten, after snapping his fingers, was really able to find that brother whom he missed the most, like Daoist Mieba said he would.

No one knew whether these fellow brothers ever saw each other again.

More than that, no one knew whether Brother Gluten's diligent training paid off; cultivating his gluten baking techniques to their utmost for the sake of making the ultimate gluten when the two brothers met again, no one knew if it turned out delicious or not...

Anyway, Wang Ling remembered it was an open ending at the time, which gave Father Wang's story an awesome twist.

But now, it seemed that Father Wang was writing a sequel to "Brother Gluten and Wandering Poet."

Wang Ling secretly took a look at it in his bedroom. What was it like to be the son of a smash hit writer? He could read the new stuff first before anyone else...

It was obvious that Father Wang had already been thinking about this plot for a long time. He didn't get the least bit stuck as he typed. Roughly an hour later, he finished writing the short story.

As Father Wang checked it for any typos, Wang Ling took the opportunity to read the sequel, "Brother Gluten and Wandering Poet 2."

In this story, Father Wang revealed the reason why Wandering Poet had left without saying goodbye back then.

The second story said: The day before Brother Gluten won the competition that year, Wandering Poet learned that someone meant Brother Gluten harm. In order to protect his good brother, Wandering Poet prayed before a barbecue stall and was willing to become unable to eat gluten for the rest of his life in exchange for Brother Gluten's safety...

This act moved Daoist Mieba, who showed up and gave Wandering Poet a solution.

As long as Wandering Poet was willing to split himself into six spirit stones representing power, time, space, soul, reality and soul, he would be able to bring out the fullest power of his prayer request.

If one day a person could gather the six stones together and create a glove from it, Wandering Poet could be brought back to life with one snap of the fingers.

The price, however, was that the person who snapped their fingers...

Would become the six new spirit stones instead...