

Daily Life 81

Chapter 81: Online Shopping for Cultivators

It was at least hundreds of millions of kilometers from the urban-rural fringe area where Wang Ling lived to the border of Huaxiu nation; he rarely used the Great Teleportation Spell over such a long distance.

However, looking at the result... at least his favorite crispy noodle snacks were saved.

Wang Ling returned to his desk and stared contemplatively at the sun outside his bedroom skylight. He had deliberately avoided Uncle Black's line of sight the whole time; as long as Uncle Black didn't see his face directly, he could ensure that the "Great Shielding Spell" would continue to work. Luckily, that wuss hadn't dared to look at him at all, the pressure of Wang Ling's power almost frightening him into pissing his pants.

He could now guarantee that this Magic Uncle Black wouldn't dare stir up trouble with him any longer. On the other hand, Odd Zhuo continued to be a big problem.

Wang Ling let out a sigh. He really had to find a solution to this, otherwise it would become very troublesome sooner or later.

But after recent events, he had also gained some inspiration.

It was time he prepared himself a mask.

The Great Shielding Spell was only effective if the people whose ambitions centered around Wang Ling had never seen his real face. Otherwise, even changing his appearance with the Great Transfiguration Spell would be no use. Wearing a mask thus would be relatively good protection.

It wasn't that he hadn't considered it before, it was just that he had been reluctant to buy one. This was because his pocket money was very limited; Father Wang was like an autocratic shopkeeper

who only gave him a pitiful amount every month. He would also think of all sorts of ways to deduct money.

Deduct one hundred for breaking a spoon...

Deduct fifty for snapping a chopstick...

In Wang Ling's elite class, there were fifteen students. As long as his exam grades put him at rank eight or above, five hundred would be directly deducted!@@novelbin@@

Given the bowls, chopsticks and spoons that he accidentally broke every month, and the furniture he banged up when he wasn't careful... there wasn't time for his pocket money to grow warm in his hand before Father Wang used all kinds of reasons to take it away. Wang Ling even had to think of ways to save money to buy his crispy noodle snacks...

However, the new Dao talisman seal was at its strongest in the first three months after it was put on. In the short term, Father Wang wouldn't be able to find an excuse to dock Wang Ling's pocket money.

Hence, these three months would be when he had the most pocket money.

For things like masks, he felt that it would be fine to just simply buy one to wear as long as it could cover his face.

But there was a huge range of masks and a variety of styles available online... this was tough for Wang Ling as someone who found it difficult to make choices.

While he might have thought that he could simply buy any mask, he didn't dare use a poorly made one, otherwise it would split with just one puff of his breath.

After struggling for a long while with the window tabs that he had opened for other online buyers, Wang Ling finally started searching for a mask.

He chose two options, "bargain" and "best selling." Instantly, the number of available products in the online cultivation mall were sharply reduced.

Next, he had to use his 24K gold titanium laser eyes 1 to pick out a mask from the wide variety on hand.

Images of all the masks sold in the online cultivation mall were available for perusal, so Wang Ling could use his Heavenly Eye to inspect the materials which the masks were made of.

— Ding dong!

Just as he was sweeping his eyes over the mall's masks one by one, a private chat window suddenly popped up.

He opened the window; the name at the top of the window was: "New Century Cultivation Mask Shop."

It was very clear that this shop had installed some kind of software to automatically send a private message to customers browsing its products. Like some private hospitals that got into price wars online — as soon as you visited their websites, they would open private chat windows to boast about their medical skills and how brilliant they were. In the end, you spent money but still couldn't save your life.

This kind of behavior really disgusted Wang Ling.

Just as he was about to close the window, a shop customer service employee quickly sent a smiling emoji with a rose in its mouth and a message. "This cultivation friend, please stay!"

It was practically instinctive for Wang Ling to type out an ellipsis. " ..."

Seeing Wang Ling's reply, the customer service employee seemed very enthusiastic and immediately replied, "It appears this cultivation friend is looking for a mask. I can assure you that the prices of the masks in our shop are the lowest online, and we guarantee their quality. What type of mask is this cultivation friend looking for? We have everything here! (This message has been typed out manually and is not an automatic reply, please don't doubt our sincerity!)"

" ..."

Seeing this, Wang Ling was a bit speechless, and before he could reply, the customer service employee sent another message. "Cultivation friend, I understand you might still be confused. Then let me quickly introduce some of our latest and most popular masks to you!"

Very quickly, the customer service employee sent him the first picture, which was of a green mask that was a little strange. It had clear facial features and couldn't be considered ugly, but it also seemed to be glowing fluorescent.

Wang Ling asked, "What is this?"

"Cultivation friend, are you mortified by your lover having affairs all over the place? Are you looking for first love? Are you looking for a way to regain your spouse's love? Our latest Green Light of Forgiveness mask can fundamentally help to restore self-confidence and regain your love!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"Ah... if this is not to your liking, we have another one."

Saying this, the customer service employee sent another picture.

This mask was silver in color and very ordinary in all respects, except that the chin of the mask was unusually sharp.

"Cultivation friend, are you still afraid of walking on the roads alone at night? Do you often work overtime until dawn? This Liu Baby brand Snake Spirit 2 male mask uses the latest integration technology, mixing hyaluronic acid with metal; this mask not only moisturizes and nourishes your face, the chin of the mask has a black diamond inset, and in a time of crisis can serve as a weapon!"

"..."

For a very long time, Wang Ling didn't reply.

The customer service employee sent Wang Ling a question mark emoji. "Cultivation friend?"

"...Is there a mask just for covering the face, made from reliable enough materials?"

This time, it was the customer service employee's turn to send an ellipsis. "..."

Nowadays, most masks were developed through a combination of cultivation spells and science and were mostly functional types. It was actually very rare to find shops in the whole of the online cultivation mall that sold masks as just face covers. Of course, it wasn't that there weren't any. However, these masks that didn't serve any function were mostly ornamental, and so were often sold at very expensive prices... but Wang Ling wanted something good for cheap...

This obviously was a real headache for the customer service employee. After about ten minutes, the employee finally sent another picture. The image was of a slightly crude ghost mask with eyes that looked like they had been embellished with something like resin. While it looked a little old-fashioned, overall the mask seemed pretty decent.

"Cultivation friend, a cheap mask just to cover the face... honestly speaking, it's hard to find such a thing, especially in the online cultivation mall. Our shop does not have many in stock that fit your requirements, but we did find this well-made, cheap... and not too ugly mask."

Wang Ling stared at the picture which the customer service employee had sent him, and felt that this mask basically had everything he needed.

The most crucial thing was that he had used his Heavenly Eye to look at the material which the stone ghost mask was made from...

Although he couldn't know with absolute certainty without actually touching the real thing, Wang Ling was nonetheless sure that he had seen primordial black crystal in this stone ghost mask.

Discovered by the General Bureau of World Cultivation, this was the hardest material known to man!

Chapter 82: Remember to Include the Delivery Fee...

So... had he discovered treasure?

Primordial black crystal came primarily from the meteorites that fell from the sky. It had a very special quality and was a very difficult substance to detect through general methods of quality inspection. Furthermore, it was very easy for many merchants of raw materials to confuse primordial black crystal with ordinary black crystal.

Like with this stone ghost mask; from the quality inspection report which the customer service employee had sent, it was clearly written that this stone ghost mask was made from seventy-five percent premium black crystal and twenty-five percent elastic resin.

It was an ordinary mask that didn't serve any function, and the shop was completely unaware that the mask contained primordial black crystal, so it cost just six hundred HNY.

Wang Ling knew that six hundred HNY for a stone ghost mask made from primordial black crystal wasn't expensive at all. But taking into account that his pocket money was just one thousand yuan a month, in the end it was still a little bit expensive.

Seeing that Wang Ling was still hesitating, the customer service employee gave the chat window a little shake. "Are you still there, cultivation friend?"

Wang Ling replied with a question mark. "?"

"If the price isn't suitable for you, feel free to discuss it with us... we can certainly offer you a discount. Mm, of course I won't tell you, this mask will bring you bad luck!"

Wang Ling: "?!"

"Oh... I typed wrongly. Sorry, I meant to say, it will bring you good luck."

"..."

Who the f**k are you trying to deceive? Can your acting be any more fake?!

Finally, Wang Ling threatened to use the online customer complaint service before the customer service employee finally told him the truth. "Initially, we bought this stone ghost mask from a wholesaler. Our boss really liked it because of its unique appearance. But after we hung the mask up

in the shop, our sales started to drop sharply... our boss thinks that the shop's business must have been cursed by this stone ghost mask."

Wang Ling stared at the stone ghost mask for a while, but apart from its slightly unique appearance, he still couldn't detect anything unusual about it.

Still, he would have to wait until he got it before he knew for sure whether there was something wrong with it or not.

Actually, Wang Ling was inherently someone who in fact did like looking for something amusing to do.@@novelbin@@

After all, being invincible was so, so lonely... 1

Seeing no message response from Wang Ling, the customer service employee became anxious. "This cultivation friend... the price is negotiable, make us an offer!"

Although Wang Ling doubted that the stone ghost mask was cursed, seeing how desperately the customer service employee was trying to sell it, he felt that at the very least, the employee wasn't lying about how the shop had indeed run into a fair bit of trouble after purchasing the stone ghost mask from a wholesaler.

After due consideration, Wang Ling sent a number to the customer service employee...

When the customer service girl saw a lonely '5' unexpectedly appear in the chat window, she was utterly astonished. "This cultivation friend, are you sure... you're not missing a zero?" If it had been '50,' the customer service girl could have completely understood. It was a cursed mask, after all. Selling it cheap was one thing... but f**k! Five yuan! Do you f**king think you're buying crispy noodle snacks?!

The customer service girl waited five whole minutes in front of the chat window... and after realizing that this stubborn, stingy customer still hadn't corrected his meaning, immediately felt a little disheartened.

Of course, Wang Ling hadn't left and was just calmly sitting with his arms crossed as he waited for the customer service girl's reply. This was a tactic that he had learned from Mother Wang, who often

used it when she was window-shopping or buying groceries to catch those cutthroat vendors off guard. Patience and mental endurance were important in times like these...

After a stalemate of almost ten minutes, on the other end, the customer service girl finally caved. "Alright! Five yuan! Please confirm the delivery address, fellow cultivator."

However, to her surprise, Wang Ling remained silent.

The customer service girl sent Wang Ling a bawling expression. "Fellow cultivator, don't tell me you're backing out?"

Wang Ling was silent for a while, and then typed a few words in the chat window. "Remember to include the delivery fee."

In... include the delivery fee?! Buy for five yuan, and still want to include the delivery fee! The customer service girl felt that her three views had been refreshed. What kind of customer was this? Even though the customer was god... this was the first time that the customer service girl had seen such a stingy god.

F**k it! Fraud! the customer service girl thought in her heart with extreme grief and indignation...

...

It was around five in the evening on Saturday in the third week of the semester.

Wang Ling felt that he had done a lot today. He had caught up on the knowledge he had missed out on in school, completed the required homework, destroyed an underground laboratory that had been conspiring against him... he had also just purchased a mask online, so he felt that he had finally settled one more thing. Now he just needed to wait for that odd stone ghost mask to be delivered by Shun Feng Express, delivery fee included.

This kind of day had indeed been really productive, but it had completely tired Wang Ling out.

On one side, Father Wang and Lie Mengmeng were still conferencing together, engaged in a battle of wits as they worked out some plot details for the new book. On the other side, Mother Wang had

also come to the second floor, and she knocked on Wang Ling's door. "Son, get ready! Change into something nice, we're eating out in the evening."

Wang Ling: "... Eating out?"

As far as he knew, the Wang family seldom ate out. This was largely because of Wang Ling; Father and Mother Wang were worried that taking him out to eat would cause trouble for the restaurant, so the number of times they went out to eat in a year was comparable with the number of spring and autumn outings a school typically organized. It was usually only on New Year's Day or Wang Ling's birthday that Father and Mother Wang would spend lavishly on a delicious meal for him. Apart from that, if they were suddenly going out to eat at a restaurant, it usually meant that some relative was coming to visit.

Wang Ling's hunch was proven right.

About half an hour later, his spiritual senses picked up an old man on a creaking freight tricycle approaching the usually deserted area around the front gate of the Wang family's small villa.

The old man was a little fat, and it seemed that riding the tricycle was a little taxing for him. He was wearing a black, old-fashioned mandarin hat, a black mandarin jacket and a dark blue mianpao 2 . He staggered a little as he got off the tricycle and Wang Ling was afraid that he would fall if he wasn't careful.

The old man bent down slightly, hands on his knees. He took a few deep breaths, thumped his shoulders and stretched. Then he slowly walked to the back of the tricycle, untied some rope and finally lifted the white cloth cover. Unexpectedly, the tricycle's cart was full of apples...

Mother Wang had been taking in the laundry at the front of the villa, and when she saw the fat figure appear at the front gate, she hurried to meet him. "Oh, dad! Why did you come by yourself on a tricycle? You should have called me, I would have gotten Wang Jiao to pick you up!"

Grandfather Wang rubbed his head. "...Wang Jiao? Who is Wang Jiao..."

"Wang Jiao is your son..."

Mother Wang sighed in her heart. The old man's dementia came and went and was becoming harder to avoid.

"Oh! Right! My son!"

Grandfather Wang patted his head, then pointed to the apples behind him. "Do I have a grandson named Jingke? These oranges, I brought them for my grandson, remember to take them..."

Mother Wang: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 83: The Woes of Romance

As soon as Grandfather Wang entered the villa, he went to the washroom — he had been desperately holding his piss in the entire time he had been riding the tricycle all the way here. At the age of seventy, the old man could still be considered pretty robust; apart from his worsening dementia, his regular physical check-ups at the cultivation hospital indicated that all his other body functions were normal.

Although he suffered from severe dementia, Father and Mother Wang weren't worried that he would get lost as Wang Ling had blessed the old man's tricycle with the ability to automatically guide itself. Furthermore, and most importantly, it didn't take the old man any effort at all to ride it.

Otherwise, there was no way the old man could slowly cycle here under his own steam from the neighboring city suburb...

Hearing that the old man had come, Father Wang hurriedly finished up his work. Apart from Mother Wang and Wang Ling when he was in a rage, the old man was the only other person whom Father Wang was in awe of in the Wang family. When Wang Ling's grandmother had still been alive, Father Wang had in fact been even more afraid of her. Unfortunately, she had passed away before Wang Ling was born, apparently from a terminal illness.

Father Wang had grieved for a very long time after that until Wang Ling's birth. He would always muse that if Wang Ling had been born a few years earlier, maybe the old lady would still be alive.

Unfortunately, there was no "if" in life, and every day was a live show...

It was also after Wang Ling's grandmother died that Grandfather Wang was stricken by dementia. When he was young, Grandfather Wang had been a casanova-type who had had plenty of flings, but he loved this first wife the most. The death of Wang Ling's grandmother hence had been a huge blow to the old man.

In the living room, Father Wang lit a cigarette. "Have we made a restaurant booking for tonight?"

Mother Wang nodded. "I made a booking at Kikkaro Restaurant 1 . Initially I booked at Kitchen God's Small Restaurant 2 , but the owner has been fairly busy lately. I also heard that the price of fried rice with egg has increased! Originally it was two hundred and eighty-eight, now it's nine hundred and eighty-eight! That's daylight robbery!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Wang Ling knew that there was a very popular place recently called Kitchen God's Small Restaurant. With just one bowl of fried rice with egg, this no-name restaurant had been able to attract countless heavyweight customers and cause renowned local food experts to fall all over themselves in their eagerness to promote it.

He felt that this restaurant owner was very suspicious. They were either a veteran senior in the cultivation world or a time-traveling big shot... if not, it was possible that the person had some sort of system on them which could boost their strength! A portable system wasn't anything new; moreover, Wang Ling knew that this was a research project that Wang Ming had been working on in recent years; to date he had already invented plenty of portable systems and had conducted secret experiments in various locations...

"It's fine, Kikkaro is also not bad."

Father Wang's eyes fell on the small tricycle in the back garden. "Why are there so many apples?"@@novelbin@@

"Dad brought them. He remembered that Ling Ling liked to eat oranges when he was little, but unfortunately he brought the wrong thing..."

"..." Father Wang covered his face and sighed in his heart: dad's dementia is getting worse and worse!

And it seemed... constipation had also become a serious issue! The old man had been in the washroom for quite a while...

Wang Ling also felt very helpless. Given his current ability, he could easily eliminate cancer cells in the body. However, he had no way of curing a mental disease like dementia.

What was worse, Grandfather Wang's dementia was very complicated since it had been caused by a broken heart. If it had been a physical problem, Wang Ling would have been able to directly and single-handedly cure it. His treatment was quite superb; in the area of orthopedics in particular, his methods had developed in the last few years to the point of completely surpassing German orthopedics 3 !

Not long after, there was the sound of a toilet flushing in the washroom and the old man strolled out at a sedate pace. When he entered the living room, he gripped Wang Ling's hands and looked at him strangely. "Jiao, I haven't seen you in months, how have you become so young? Did you steal the youth-retaining elixir again... that thing has preservatives in it!"

"..."

"..."

Father Wang: "Dad!... I am your son!"

Grandfather Wang looked blank for an instant, then patted his head. "Oh! Right, right, right! You're my son! Then this boy is... this is Jingke, right?! Where is our Ling Ling?"

"..."

Grandfather Wang was a man who was very fond of playing tricks; when he had entered the house earlier, his dementia had indeed been acting up. Now, however, Wang Ling could tell with one glance that the old man was pretending. This little prank could trick Father and Mother Wang, but not him.

When Father and Mother Wang saw Wang Ling's expression, they immediately understood. "Dad, you're so old already yet you still like playing tricks."

Seeing that his prank had been found out, the old man laughed joyfully. "In the end our Ling Ling is still so amazing. Anyway... what are we doing in the evening?"

"Dad, we're going to eat out at a restaurant, we were just waiting for you."

"No, no, no, what restaurant, damn expensive, are there any groceries in the house?" Grandfather Wang asked.

"There are..."

"Then that's good enough!" The old man took off his black cloth hat, revealing his big, bald head, and rolled up his sleeves. "Tonight all of you don't have to do anything, let me show you what I can do."

"Dad, I think maybe it's better if you don't... what if your dementia flares up when you're cooking?"

"What does dementia have to do with me cooking?! Even if I forget all of you, I'll never forget how to cook!" the old man said angrily.

Grandfather Wang was pretty stubborn when it came to cooking because before he retired, he had been a chef in a cultivation star hotel for more than forty years. Even though he had to make three meals every day for three hundred and sixty-five days, he wouldn't make the same dish twice as long as he had enough ingredients.

The old man was an impressive person who had previously taken in numerous apprentices, young and old, when the culinary industry had been at its peak, and they all ascribed to the philosophy of happy cooking. It was the old man's shifu who had taught him this philosophy, but even Wang Ling didn't know who this shifu was. Now that the old man had dementia, his memories had become quite confused; even if Wang Ling used his memory retrieval ability, he wouldn't necessarily be able to discover any useful clues. Furthermore, a forceful search might aggravate the old man's dementia.

After all, the person in question was his own grandfather... even if he was very curious, it wasn't to the extent of causing harm for gossip.

"None of you lift a finger today, I may be old and my brain doesn't work so well, but my body is still healthy. My good grandson participated in a four-day event, see how thin he's become!" The old man looked at Wang Ling and smiled, then took the apron from where Mother Wang had hung it behind the kitchen door and tied it skillfully around his waist.

"Dad, need any help?"

"Find me some oil, salt, sauce and whatnot, then help me check what ingredients we have in the house."

"There's spinach, radish and some pork in the fridge..."

"Mm, I saw some bananas on the living room table, I can make a fruit platter later. My angry bananas 4 back then was one-of-a-kind!"

The old man opened the refrigerator and his eyes lit up. "Pig's ears? Um... yes, er gen in sauce 5 !"

For some reason, Wang Ling felt that there was something familiar about this cooking style. "..."

Chapter 84: Dj Vu Menu

After retiring, Grandfather Wang had rented a piece of farmland, and had vowed to serve the common people by devoting himself to researching new varieties of vegetables. Unfortunately, because of dementia, he would constantly forget his research results. Finally accepting this reality, Grandfather Wang gave up on his earlier dream, and started to plant simple fruits and vegetables instead. Almost every month he would send some to the Wang family's small villa.

This time, when he had heard that his good grandson had participated in a school activity, Grandfather Wang had picked oranges non-stop, as they had been Wang Ling's favorite when he was a kid, before coming here, but in the end had still made a confused mistake when loading the oranges into the tricycle cart.

For dinner, the old man's craftsmanship from years of being a star chef was on display.

Appetizers: cold old tomatoes 1 and Elizabeth potatoes 2 ...

Mains: pure black combat chicken 3 , er gen with sauce, and do mi 4 wintermelon soup...

Dessert: angry bananas...

As the old man solemnly announced the name of each dish, Wang Ling could basically confirm who the old man's shifu was... and even if it wasn't Mother Juan, it was definitely someone connected to her!

...

...

Previously, whenever the old man came to visit the Wang family, most of the time, he would leave early the next morning on his little tricycle. This time at dinner, however, Father Wang adamantly insisted that the old man stay for a few more days. The reason was very simple... the old man's dementia had reached a point where it had to be treated... he had unexpectedly forgotten to add in salt while cooking!

Even the old man had been thoroughly annoyed by this; he had just said before that even if he forgot everyone, he wouldn't forget how to cook... who knew that in the end, he had to eat his own words.

It was very clear that the old man's dementia was already terminal. Last month, Father Wang in fact had taken the old man to the hospital. The doctor had said that the old man's dementia was a very unique case, and couldn't be treated with just medication. A mental illness needed mental treatment.

Hence, Father Wang had Grandfather Wang stay back this time, and planned to look for an excellent psychologist to give the old man comprehensive psychological counseling.

Then...

The next morning on Sunday, there was yet another visitor to the Wang family's small villa... Lie Mengmeng had come.@@novelbin@@

Facing Grandfather Wang, Lie Mengmeng took a deep breath, his frail body shaking slightly, then he gave Father Wang a deep look: "The matter of life and death you were telling me about... is this?"

"Didn't you major in psychology at university? Furthermore, you were even one of Professor Jiang's postgraduate students," Father Wang said.

"...But it's already been a long time since I last saw patients." No one could blame Lie Mengmeng. There were plenty of psychologists in the current market, but most of them were part-timers, because not only didn't this job make them enough to eat in the cultivation era, it was also a high-risk career. There had been quite a number of psychologists who had been killed with swords, by patients screaming that they weren't sick.

Hence, after Lie Mengmeng graduated from university, he switched to becoming an editor. At the very least, this job didn't need him to show up regularly, and he could make money just by sitting around, like Aoi Sola 5 ...

Nearby, Mother Wang came to his rescue: "How about... we just forget it? This is too difficult for Little Song."

Father Wang shamelessly turned away: "I don't care! You have to take a look today, even if you don't want to. Otherwise... I'll stop updating! Quit the website!"

"Don't!"

Lie Mengmeng was about to cry, his eyes full of tears: "I'll take a look! I'll do it, alright?!"

These days, there were plenty of authors who wanted to hug the thighs of editors; it was the first time that Lie Mengmeng had seen one use the ultimatum of no longer updating and quitting the website to threaten the editor instead. Lie Mengmeng wanted to cry but had no tears left. If he drove Wang Situ away, he would lose his job!

Despite having left psychology behind for many years, Lie Mengmeng still had some understanding of the concept of dementia. But because Grandfather Wang's case was more unique, as his dementia

was caused by mental illness, after some consideration, Lie Mengmeng decided to ask him a few questions to assess how far the old man's dementia had progressed...

"My name is Song Zikai. Grandfather Wang, you can call me Little Song," Lie Mengmeng said, looking at Grandfather Wang.

The old man didn't know who Lie Mengmeng was, but knew that this was the psychologist whom Father Wang had invited for his benefit, so he was still a little nervous. He couldn't help that his hands shook, even just at hearing Lie Mengmeng this soft and meng person speak.

"Grandfather Wang, don't be nervous. I'm going to ask you a few simple questions."

The old man paused: "That... Little Song ah , can I first ask you a question?"

"Mmm Grandfather Wang, ask ba ." Lie Mengmeng nodded.

Grandfather Wang: "They all say that my dementia is very serious, is that true?"

Lie Mengmeng: "I'll only know after I've asked you a few questions."

Grandfather Wang: "I have another question..."

Lie Mengmeng: "Grandfather Wang, say it..."

Grandfather Wang: "They all say that my dementia is very serious, is that true?"

Lie Mengmeng, Father Wang, and Mother Wang: "..."

Okay! No need to ask anymore, this wasn't just serious... it was f**king incurable!

Upstairs, Wang Ling couldn't help covering his face, and at the same time, he sighed deeply in his heart... for some reason, he felt that Lie Mengmeng might go crazy before Grandfather Wang could be cured.

In the end, Father Wang made Lie Mengmeng stay back for lunch to eat the food which Grandfather Wang had forgotten to add salt to before leaving. As he was about to leave, the old man saw Lie Mengmeng off at the door, and grasped his hands firmly: "I have really troubled Doctor Song!"

"Grandfather, it's no problem..." When they had been eating, the old man had kept asking the same question, and Lie Mengmeng hadn't fully recovered from the experience yet.

"How's my dad?" Father Wang dragged Lie Mengmeng aside to ask him.

"I just took some simple notes earlier. Grandfather Wang's case is rather complicated, and there are some details I need to confirm with my teacher..." What Lie Mengmeng was saying were all empty words. Since graduation, apart from sending broadcast messages during the New Year and other festivals, it had in fact been a very long time since he had last seen Professor Jiang. Who the hell knew if Professor Jiang still remembered him, this student?

"Then I really will have to trouble you!" Father Wang said.

"If you really want to thank me, hurry up and update more!" Lie Mengmeng rolled his eyes and said grouchily.

...

Today, the Wang family's small villa seemed particularly busy. As soon as Lie Mengmeng left, a young man with a solemn face and wearing a black suit showed up at the front door of the villa, holding a small box.

It was an employee from Shun Feng God Express. Wang Ling had sensed the courier's presence from afar, and had already been waiting for him at the door.

When the man saw the recipient, he immediately handed the delivery over to Wang Ling with both hands, and bowed respectfully: "Shun Feng God Express! Mission accomplished guarantee! Sir, please be sure to give me a five-star comment!"

Wang Ling lowered his head, very quiet, and just signed his name.

The man took out a grading device from his suit pocket: "Based on Sir's consumer preferences, if you leave a five-star comment now, you will instantly receive ten packets of Small Raccoon Crispy Noodle Snacks!"

Wang Ling's eyes lit up at once.

Chapter 85: Cursed Stone Ghost Mask

Shortly after the courier left, a black sedan slowly drove past the gate of the Wang family's small villa; a man in the front passenger seat swiftly took photos of the villa from various angles using the SLR camera in his hands. He then activated his wristwatch and made a call. "Lord, from our tail on the Shun Feng God Express courier, we finally know the delivery address for the stone ghost mask."

"What took you so long?" a deep voice asked on the other end of the line a little discontentedly.

"It's mainly because this family lives too far away... it's on the outskirts of Songhai city and this is the only family in the vicinity."

"The only family in the vicinity?"

"Yes, Lord. I think if we send someone in to grab it..."

"This is now a lawful society, understand? The world is so beautiful, why be so grumpy?" There was a "hehe" laugh on the line. "To still buy a house in the outskirts in this current era, this family is probably nothing much. Have you investigated their background?"

"Not yet, but our technicians have already secretly infiltrated the local cultivation police station to check the population census; we should have some idea very soon," the man replied.

"I see, I'll send someone round tomorrow to negotiate. If you can use money to solve something, there's no need to be so violent, understand?"

"The Great Lord is truly kindhearted!"

"Unexpectedly, we were in the end still too late. If we had been quicker in buying the stone ghost mask from that shop, we wouldn't have to go to so much trouble now." The person on the other end of the line couldn't help sighing. "Bear in mind, you must keep an eye on them. The stone ghost mask is very important to us and on no account can it be allowed to fall into the hands of outsiders. The best would be for us to own it."

"Lord, if this subordinate may be so bold as to ask a question... is the reason why you're so afraid of the stone ghost mask falling into someone else's hands because you're worried about the strength of the mask's curse?"

"That is only one aspect of it."

The voice sounded a little sombre. "It's true that the mask's curse can bring bad luck. But the real horror is the power of Devil Emperor Gua Pi, the God of Darkness spawned by this stone ghost mask... if an ordinary person wears the mask for any period of time, there's a high chance that the mask will force them to seal an agreement with it sooner rather than later. In the end, it will change into a superior ghost form, and obtain great power that cannot be suppressed. According to our current intelligence, the method by which the stone ghost mask forces an agreement is very simple and crude: as soon as a person puts it on, the hooks on both sides of the mask will pierce their cheeks, thus sealing the agreement."

"Then isn't this family in a lot of danger?"

"The stone ghost mask also has requirements when choosing a host. It's not interested in the old or the weak, and only loves young bodies..."

Hearing the Lord of the Castle's reply, the man was momentarily startled. He remembered that the person who had come out to receive the delivery had looked like a student...

"Last question, Lord! Then, if the stone ghost mask has sealed an agreement by tomorrow, what do we do?"

On the other end of the line, the tone turned heavy. "Then the only thing you can do is kill the other party before the mask achieves its superior ghost form, then take it away by force. That's the only way I can think of. When you go in tomorrow, take careful note and see if anyone in the family has wounds on their cheeks from the stone ghost mask."

"I understand." The man nodded solemnly and then directly ended the call.

...

It wasn't like Wang Ling hadn't had experience with online shopping before, and he had also already heard about Shun Feng God Express. This delivery company, which claimed that all their deliveries were made within twenty-four hours, enjoyed an excellent reputation in the whole of the cultivation world. With fast delivery, assured security of their goods, and a high level of service as the company standard...

Returning to his room with the delivery package, Wang Ling stared at the ten crispy noodle snack packets on his table and was lost in deep thought. It was no wonder that positive ratings for Shun Feng God Express had been the highest in the industry for many years. This sort of temptation... who could resist it!

Wang Ling was itching to open the package; the inside of the box had been layered in plastic foam which was not only shock-absorbent but also waterproof. The somewhat old-looking stone ghost mask had been wrapped with a layer of plastic and lay placidly inside a mold in the box.

This cursed mask, which had scared the seller so much that they were anxious to sell it off, looked a little sinister, as if every frightening thing had been assembled into it. There was a fang at each corner of the mouth; furthermore, there was a long hook protruding from each side of the mask which looked like claws... at first glance, it resembled a crab's. The eyes were made of synthetic resin and coated with a red film that reflected the light a little.@@novelbin@@

When Wang Ling turned off the light, the mask's eyes had a fluorescent effect.

Looking at it up close, Wang Ling could see details that hadn't shown up in the online image: there were fine cracks in the mask that were definitely not the result of wear and tear.

Wang Ling's preliminary guess was that when the mask had been made, the merchant hadn't known that they were using primordial black crystal to make it. It was inevitable that using subpar techniques on a high grade material would result in some structural breaks in the finished product.

Fortunately, it wasn't anything serious, just minor cracks which couldn't be photographed at all and wouldn't show up in an online pixelated image — they were impossible to see without close scrutiny using the naked eye.

In the end, it was a five-yuan mask, express delivery included, sent over along with ten crispy noodle snack packets... Wang Ling felt that if he gave the seller a bad review for such an insignificant reason, he would be too inhuman.

He had a habit of reviewing goods which he bought online.

After confirming receipt of his package and giving the seller a five-star positive rating, he then started to write his review.

Just as he was writing his comment, he received a private message from the customer service girl of the New Century Cultivation Mask Shop: "It seems that cultivation friend has received the goods without any problems! Thank you for your five-star rating!"

Wang Ling thought it was probably a set auto-response, but unexpectedly the customer service girl sent a second message: "Someone gave us a call yesterday to say that the express delivery may have been lost, which really gave us a scare..."

Someone had called for information?

Staring at the chat window, Wang Ling was a little startled.

He hadn't made any call at all!

Was this a coincidence, or was someone investigating him?

Wang Ling cupped his chin as he pondered.

However, he didn't ask her for too many details.

If he considered the worst case scenario and someone was probing his online shopping records, then there was a possibility that they were monitoring the chat window and his conversation with the customer service employee.

He stared at the stone ghost mask, his eyebrows raised. Had he gotten himself involved in some troublesome matter?

Wang Ling stood in front of the mirror and put the mask on, careful to pay attention to how it felt.

Three minutes later...

He took off the stone ghost mask.

From a preliminary appraisal, the mask didn't seem to have any damn use...

But given the seller's story about the curse, he felt that for the time being, there was no harm in keeping the mask with him for observation.

"Son, come down for dinner!" At that moment, Mother Wang's yell came from downstairs.

Wang Ling nodded, then casually put the mask down on the desk.

Thump !

After the room door closed shut, the stone ghost mask on the desk suddenly shuddered, and the hooks on both sides couldn't help shivering.

This was the first time in years that the stone ghost mask had come across a person with such thick skin!

Bloody hell!

The hooks couldn't pierce his skin at all, f**k!

Chapter 86: Two-Week Semester Curse

On May 18th, early Monday morning of the fourth week of semester, Wang Ling put on his school uniform.

After washing up and tidying up his appearance, he was ready to leave. When he reached the entrance hall and opened the front door, he found his old grandfather sitting in the yard of the Wang family's small villa, quietly soaking up the rays of the sun at dawn like a starving sapling.

In old age, a person's sleep cycle couldn't help becoming shorter. Wang Ling had cast a spell last night to ease his grandfather's sleep, but when it came down to it, he couldn't do anything about the old man's own biological clock.

Seeing Wang Ling come outside, the old man was startled for a moment, but then gave him two lunchboxes full of food. "This is sweet and sour spare ribs and fried squid with sauce."

Wang Ling was stunned. "... " Unexpectedly, it was normal home cooking!

He touched the warm lunchboxes; he didn't know if the old man had remembered to put salt in the food this time, but he still couldn't help feeling moved. Just as he was about to say something, the old man pursed his lips and said, "I've been waiting at the door for a long time, but I still haven't seen my grandson. You're Jingke, right... hurry up and pass this food to my grandson."

Wang Ling: "... "

...

...

The atmosphere in class was clearly a lot more lively than it had been when school started three whole weeks ago. The commissary in charge of studies, Little Peanut, began to collect the homework one by one. Little Peanut's real name was Su Xiao. The people in class who liked to make trouble would always deliberately write "Su Xiao" as "Su Little" 1 in the roster list on the blackboard.

This was the first nickname he had been given after entering Grade One, Elite Class Three at No. 60 High School.

Like his name, Su Xiao was very small. As a boy, a height of just one hundred and sixty four centimeters was quite a damn headache. But what had to be mentioned was that he had a very good personality and had a meng and fair look; he was popular with not only teachers but also the people in class. After his classmates had become more familiar with him, they had given him another nickname, the adorable-sounding Little Peanut.

Collecting homework was a technical task. Homework was always the most complete and collected the most quickly in the first two weeks of the semester, and the students were quiet and serious in class. After that, however, various problems would begin to emerge.

This was the so-called two-week semester curse!

Even the elite students of No. 60 High School weren't immune to this curse.

Wang Ling had long divided Grade One, Class Three into four main factions.

First, the composed students faction, comprised of Lotus Sun, Feather Lin and Little Peanut. They finished homework ahead of time, previewed lessons in advance and never panicked.

Second, the normal people's party. Wang Ling considered himself a member of this faction.

Third, the idiot party, comprised of those who had done the homework but hadn't brought it with them. This faction was most commonly seen in the normal and remedial classes — this phenomenon did occasionally happen in the elite class, but was still very rare in general.

Fourth, the furiously copying party. The heads of this faction were none other than Super Chen and Hero Guo these two damn fat gaming nerds.

It was the members of this faction in particular that were the biggest pain in the ass for Little Peanut.@@novelbin@@

"You two, I'll only give you five more minutes," Little Peanut said grudgingly as he stood in front of Super Chen and Hero Guo.

Based on previous routine, Teacher Pan would step into the class in five minutes at the very latest to supervise their morning self-study period.

Little Peanut looked at his wristwatch, assessed Super Chen and Hero Guo's current progress in copying, then sighed in his heart.

Collecting homework was a technical task, copying homework even more so.

Glancing at the time, Super Chen decided to speed up. He took another pen out of his stationery pouch and actually started to use both hands to write!

"It's the legendary Flow of Two Pens!" Everyone in class was stunned. This was a widespread, great godly skill in school, a magic technique developed by a mysterious female senior who had been inspired by General Yi's Flow of Two Blades!

The Flow of Two Pens technique involved both hands copying simultaneously, which greatly improved the transcription speed. However, it also had two weaknesses: first, the words produced by the hand unused to writing were always crooked. Second, one needed to pay close attention when copying.

Little Peanut leaned forward to look curiously at Super Chen's workbook, and his pupils contracted!

F**k! The handwriting was too neat and beautiful... this wasn't copying homework, but printing it!

He had never thought there would be an expert in the Flow of Two Pens in their class.

Seeing this, Wang Ling also felt it was slightly shameful. It was very clear that Super Chen had already reached the pinnacle of this skill; it was impossible to achieve this level of proficiency without more than ten years of repeated practice.

"I never imagined there would be someone by my side who has also mastered the Flow of Two Pens technique!" Master of Dopey narrowed his eyes as he looked at Super Chen.

Then, under everyone's startled gazes, he swiftly pulled a pen out of his stationery pouch and started copying the homework!

— The Flow of Two Pens, again!

Everyone in class was shocked.

However, there were now only three minutes left...

Dinglingling ! — The preparatory bell for morning self-study rang.

Little Peanut looked outside anxiously, as if he could already hear Teacher Pan coming out of the office and approaching the classroom step by step!

It was over... at this rate, it was already too late!

In the classroom, the students around them couldn't help shaking their heads.

Concentrating with all his might, both hands still writing at tremendous speed, Super Chen suddenly roared, "It's not time to give up yet!"

In that moment, he sped up again! It was as if everyone could hear the hot blood in his body pushing through his muscles! The students in class also couldn't help the way their blood fired up and boiled over...

"..." Wang Ling was a little speechless. To be so ardent even when copying homework — there was truly no one else who could do this.

With two minutes to go, Super Chen had already entered the final stage, his transcription speed almost level with that of Master of Dopey Hero Guo.

But at this moment, Super Chen unexpectedly took out a pen from his stationery pouch again and put it in his mouth!

Instantly, countless "f**k"s rang out in the class!

— F**k! Flow of Three Pens?!

The increase in speed with the Flow of Three Pens was clear to see.

But it was very obvious that although Super Chen had mastered this technique, the words written with a pen in the mouth were nonetheless much harder to read, though still decipherable.

As the commissary in charge of studies, Little Peanut's jaw had already dropped with complete shock.

On the other side, seeing that Super Chen had already entered the final leg, Master of Dopey unexpectedly stopped copying.

Had he already given up?

Wang Ling narrowed his eyes, head resting on one hand as he watched the battle between the two guys.

Then Master of Dopey gave an evil smile, and took out two pens from his stationery pouch.

Then...

He silently stuck them into his nostrils.

...

This day, the boys and girls in Grade One, Class Three who had witnessed this scene all knelt before him!

Chapter 87: Forbidden to Keep Dogs

When the official bell for morning self-study rang, Teacher Pan stepped into the classroom on time as expected.

Little Peanut had already collected the homework, arranged them according to subject and placed them neatly on the lectern as he waited for her to inspect them.

As a teacher for so many years, Teacher Pan's eyes were like a scanner; she could look at any stack of homework placed anywhere and tell how much had been collected and how much was missing based on its thickness, even if it was just fifteen exam sheets.

Her gaze swept lightly over the homework on the lectern and she nodded with satisfaction. "Very good. I have repeatedly told the teachers in our office that the children in our class cadre are all very responsible. As your teacher, I feel very reassured in being able to give the responsibility of supervising studies over to Su Xiao! Since the start of semester, the homework collected has been complete and on time. I hope that the representative for each course can play a leading role and work hard at it."

Hearing Teacher Pan praise him, Little Peanut lowered his head and felt a little ashamed. "..."

As commissary in charge of studies, it was actually wrong to encourage students who hadn't finished their homework on time to copy it off someone else early in the morning. However, Little Peanut was deeply aware that just as there were rules one needed to follow to survive in society, so there were for school, like the fact that students who tattled to the teacher would be hated. He felt that he was trapped between a rock and a hard place, and had extremely mixed emotions in his heart.

How to remind students to finish their homework on time without ending up being hated was something he had been trying hard to figure out in his career as part of the class cadre.

It could only be said that the bricks on this broad road to society were made up of the skin on a person's face; compared with Master of Dopey and Super Chen, Little Peanut in the end still wasn't thick-skinned enough.@@novelbin@@

Even Teacher Pan couldn't have known that just a minute before she had stepped into the classroom, these two men had still been fighting ferociously on the homework-copying battlefield. But now in a one hundred and eighty degree turn, they were sitting obediently as if it had had nothing to do with them.

But sharp-eyed Teacher Pan still seemed to have noticed something as she suddenly looked strangely at Master of Dopey. "Student Hero Guo, what's wrong with your nose?"

All the people in class turned their heads, then saw two red streams of blood flowing out of his nose...

Everyone was well aware of the reason... it was obvious that this was the consequence of using the Flow of Four Pens. This skill's difficulty level was still too high, and just the slightest overuse would cause the mucous membrane in the nose to puncture, hence resulting in this situation.

Master of Dopey calmly took out a tissue to wipe at his nosebleed and looked plaintively at Teacher Pan. "Teacher, I missed a lot of homework because of the spirit sword exchange meet. This is probably due to internal injuries from several nights of revision in a row..."

Everyone: "...". Really have never seen such a shameless person before!

And the most miraculous thing was that Teacher Pan unexpectedly believed him!

"Everyone should learn from Student Hero Guo, this truly is a good comrade and a good example for our class!"

"..."

Sitting at the back, Wang Ling sighed with deep feeling in his heart that "trees would die without skin, and people without skin were without equal."

There were twelve lessons in the official textbook for the Dao talismans course and they were now already on the sixth lesson in the course. There were sixteen weeks in total in one semester; this was only the fourth week and Teacher Pan was already halfway through the lessons.

This was her personal, quick teaching style. Based on this rate of progress, she would be able to finish the whole textbook by the eighth week of semester. The rest of the time would be used to frantically review the content through copious amounts of learning exercises. Teacher Pan felt that this was the best way to consolidate the students' basic knowledge of the material.

In the past four weeks, her explanations had focused mainly on the classification of functions, basic application, basic drawing and the combined use of Dao talismans. The latter, taught in the fourth week, was one of the most difficult components of the course, since talisman runes could be broken down and assembled in a variety of ways.

According to Wang Ling's own understanding, it was a bit like factorization in mathematics.

Among these, the biggest pain in the ass were talisman application and calculation, which involved a lot of formulas, so memorization was the most important thing.

However, during the morning self-study period today, Teacher Pan unexpectedly didn't get them to work on memorizing formulas. Instead, she used this time to say two things.

"As you all know, we were very successful in the student exchange meet a few days ago. The five students we sent set a very fine example at No. 59 High School, and in the final spirit sword exchange meet, gained a hard-won victory for our No. 60 High School..."

As she said this, there were murmurs of discussion from the floor. Word of the string of glorious deeds which Wang Ling and the others had accomplished at No. 59 High School had already spread throughout No. 60 High School early on; in particular, everyone had seen the live broadcast of the final spirit sword exchange meet. It hadn't been f**king hard-won at all, and instead had been a completely one-sided match in their favor... Teacher Pan had phrased it that way simply for the sake of being modest.

"Our No. 60 High School has stood for one hundred years and has been striving hard toward becoming a key city high school. We have now finally gotten the opportunity, as this year, we have become a candidate toward becoming a key high school. Next week, Secretary Dakang of the Alliance of Ten Thousand Schools will send a working group to visit and tour our school. I hope that in the next few weeks, everyone will maintain their learning attitudes and a proper learning atmosphere as usual."

When Teacher Pan said this, most of the students in the class had already tacitly understood her meaning... obviously, there were hard times ahead. This kind of working group directly sent by the Education Department was no less powerful than the inspection division of the central government's Anti-Corruption Bureau.

"Recently, teachers in other classes have found that some students come to school to industriously copy homework..."

As Teacher Pan said this, Super Chen and Hero Guo couldn't help pulling their necks back, inexplicably feeling a little cold.

"But I believe that the students in our elite class, especially under the leadership of the class cadre, will never engage in such an unhealthy practice!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"..." Little Peanut covered his face with both hands and again lowered his head in shame.

"Then, apart from the above matters, there is another more important issue."

Teacher Pan said, "We've heard that a leader from the working group was bitten by a dog as a child, and so is extremely afraid of dogs..."

Wang Ling could guess what she was going to say next. "So, Headmaster Chen and Director Shi approached me after some discussion. In order to cooperate with the work of the school, during the period that the working group will be visiting, is there a volunteer who can take in and care for Loopy Toad for a while?"

Everyone's expressions were a little sluggish. "..."

The hell?! So they were... forbidden to keep dogs 1 ?

Wang Ling could not help looking at Loopy Toad as this guy started to wag its tail excitedly from where it lay prone at the back of the classroom.

Chapter 88: Your Son Looks Just Like You

Wang Ling didn't think it was a good idea. It would have been fine if Loopy Toad was just an ordinary family dog, but it was in essence a demon king. Although its prowess was not what it used to be, it was still dangerous.

He could clearly sense that Loopy Toad's aura was a lot heavier than at the start of the semester, which was enough confirmation that it hadn't given up its toad life while it continued to struggle to get used to its current body. Besides that, it was also attempting to cultivate again.

It had been peaceful at No. 60 High School during the few days Wang Ling had been participating in the spirit sword exchange meet; Loopy Toad hadn't taken the opportunity to create mischief in his absence. From day to day in its life after rebirth, it learned to be a dog, allowed students to pinch its face and was molested by Dopey the parrot.

Loopy Toad was actually very popular in No. 60 High School since a green akita was really eye-catching. Its reputation didn't stop at Grade One, Class Three, but had also spread to other classes. Every day, students from the neighboring classes and even seniors would come bearing food for Loopy Toad: dog biscuits, sauce bones, beef and so on...

During this time, Loopy Toad learned a lot of things. For example, it had become more proficient at barking, and even its posture as it gnawed on a sauce bone was a lot more dog-like than it used to be... looking at the situation from all these aspects, Loopy Toad appeared to be working hard to cast aside its former identity and to blend into the communal life at No. 60 High School as it strove toward becoming a dog god after rebirth.

But being able to gain other people's trust didn't mean it could also gain Wang Ling's trust. In his opinion, Loopy Toad still needed some training before it could become a truly loyal dog. No matter who brought it home, he was still worried.

The class discussed it animatedly. Apart from four students who said that they couldn't keep dogs at homes, the remaining eleven students in Grade One, Class Three all showed their keen desire to take in Loopy Toad.

According to Master of Dopey, only someone who was a professional could keep a dog as a pet. Wang Ling certainly didn't doubt the professionalism of this masochist. If Loopy Toad was handed over into Master of Dopey's care, Wang Ling would feel relatively reassured, since Dopey the parrot wasn't an ordinary bird. It was a bird that could even train its owner, so he reckoned that Loopy Toad might find it very exciting if Hero Guo brought it home...

When it was time to make the final decision, Teacher Pan Shengcong realized that she had ultimately underestimated the weight of the position which Loopy Toad held in the students' hearts.

Seeing how heated the discussion in the class had become, she cleared her throat and said, "How about we let Loopy Toad decide?"

After all, it wasn't an ordinary dog, and this was the moment for it to demonstrate its intelligence.

Hearing Teacher Pan's words, Loopy Toad stood up excitedly.

After being stifled in school for so long, it finally had the opportunity to go out!

A lush world of temptation, adorable girls with plump boobs, and also fatter... flies! The flies in No. 60 High School were so skinny and tiny, and Loopy Toad had long wanted to look for more elsewhere!

But very quickly, the excitement on its face was snuffed out with one look from Wang Ling.

It had seen this look before.

Furthermore, it was a look that almost instantly evoked the innermost terror in Loopy Toad's soul.

This was the legendary Killer Eye from when Wang Ling had attended the placement meeting at the start of the semester...

At last, Loopy Toad dejectedly went to Wang Ling's feet, its ears drooping as it obediently lay down on the floor, not daring to resist or do anything rash at all.

Mm, very sensible...

Wang Ling nodded in satisfaction.

...

After school was over, Wang Ling found a quiet corner, directly picked Loopy Toad up in his arms, and in the blink of an eye, returned to the Wang family's small villa in the outskirts.

Loopy Toad was stunned! Bloody hell?! What was this? Instant transport? One of the Three Thousand Spells, the Great Instant Transport Spell?

As a reborn demon king, Loopy Toad still knew the basics. It was said that there were three thousand spells of immeasurable strength, and that each of these so-called Three Thousand Great Spells would lead to the final destination, the Heavenly Spell.

The ancient saying was that it would take one hundred years to fully comprehend one of the Three Thousand Great Spells, a thousand years to cultivate it and ten thousand years to reach the end of understanding.

A sixteen-year-old youngster was actually capable of using the Three Thousand Great Spells... Loopy Toad felt that its one thousand years of cultivation as a demon king were all just chopped liver.

There was probably no one else in the world who was more acquainted with the truth about Wang Ling and how fearsome he was than Loopy Toad, since it had personally experienced his prowess six years ago as a toad. At just ten years old, Wang Ling had killed it, an all-powerful, millennial demon king from the Gate Between Worlds, with just one punch. And six years later, he had clearly grown even stronger.

Loopy Toad couldn't help feeling a little dejected when it thought about this, even if it was a demon king. For the sake of its self-esteem, it had told itself repeatedly that it had to advance diligently and work hard; who knew, there might still be a chance for it to salvage its vitality... but in front of Wang Ling, it always felt powerless.

Even more appallingly, as it was being held by Wang Ling now, the thought "It's just better to obey..." had flashed through its mind.

Loopy Toad facepalmed, feeling that its integrity as a demon king had been completely annihilated.

When he opened the front door, Wang Ling found two unfamiliar men inside the house. Both of them wore suits and sunglasses, and one was carrying a suitcase. With one glance, Wang Ling saw into the suitcase and discovered that it was packed with wads of cash amounting to at least a million yuan.

Father Wang stood in the entrance hallway as he solemnly showed the two men in suits the door with an unsmiling face. "Goodbye, please see yourself out."

Looking at this scene, Wang Ling knew that negotiations were already over.

The two men in suits gave him a look. "This is...?"

"This is my son," Father Wang said.

"Your son looks just like you!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Hearing this, Father Wang's lips twitched abruptly. "... F**k, if he doesn't look like me this father, is he supposed to look like you?!"

Wang Ling knew that the men in suits were blatantly trying to curry favor with him. Sure enough, one of the men in suits offered him his hand. "Hello, handsome young man, I'm from Landscape Manor."

Landscape Manor? After some careful recollection, Wang Ling suddenly remembered he had heard this name from somewhere; it seemed to show up often in TV ads, and appeared to... sell wine?

He was holding Loopy Toad so he had no hands free. Seeing this, the man awkwardly took back his hand and instead said, "It's like this, our Landscape Manor is very interested in the antique mask which Mr Wang bought not long ago and we are willing to purchase it at a high price. We are almost done with today's negotiations, and we came here in full sincerity..." At the word "sincerity," the man didn't forget to lift the suitcase. "I hope Mr Wang and his esteemed father will think it over. We'll call on you again in two days."

Then, the two men removed the shoe protectors on their leather shoes, bowed respectfully to Wang Jiao and Wang Ling, and turned away to leave the Wang family's small villa.@@novelbin@@

Out of the corner of his eye, Wang Ling gave their shoes a look... what the hell! The price of just one pair was enough for him to buy a full ten years' worth of crispy noodle snacks!

Chapter 89: A Target?

Father Wang knew of Loopy Toad's existence and also knew about Wang Ling bringing it home. Nowadays, communication and whatnot via WeChat was very convenient. At the start of the semester, the school had created a parents group, and Teacher Pan would post on matters big and small in it. After Loopy Toad had decided to follow Wang Ling home, Teacher Pan had straightaway sent Father Wang a message to let him know. Furthermore, she had repeatedly asked if Wang Ling needed to bring some dog food back, which had embarrassed Father Wang a little.

It should be noted that nowadays, whether it was cat food or dog food, they were all likely to be more expensive than human food. It wasn't a secret in No. 60 High School that Wang Ling's family wasn't well off. While Teacher Pan was asking Father Wang about the dog food, she was still planning to arrange a home visit.

Although she looked a little fierce and cold and didn't seem easygoing, Teacher Pan was still warmhearted. She felt that education was one thing, and the students' spiritual development another.@@novelbin@@

Teacher Pan felt that children who grew up in poor families would naturally feel a little inferior in their hearts. Combined with Wang Ling's taciturn image, she had always thought that he actually had an inferiority complex... she thus was very careful in school to not mention anything to do with family circumstances in front of Wang Ling in order to not hurt his self-esteem. In addition, she also frequently urged her students to not compare themselves with other people in anything else apart from their academic grades.

Generally speaking...

Wang Ling felt that Teacher Pan's misunderstanding of him was already too big to be washed away by Huangpu River 1 .

An inferiority complex or whatnot... didn't exist for him at all.

For the rest of his life, he would never forget going to the washroom with other guys for the first time and seeing the stupefied expressions on their faces when they saw his Tower of Babel 2 .

To avoid making the other boys feel inferior...

All these years, Wang Ling had tried as much as possible to go to the washroom only when there was no one else around.

...

Wang Ling changed into his slippers and put Loopy Toad down on the floor, but it was as if this guy had turned to stone; without subsequent instruction from Wang Ling, this lord demon king didn't even dare to so much as move. It wasn't until Wang Ling gently kicked it in the butt that it came back to its senses and shook itself before obediently lying down at Father Wang's feet.

Father Wang had heard from Wang Ling about Loopy Toad's origin and knew that it used to be a demon king. He had thought it would be extremely feral, and hadn't expected that it would be so obedient in front of Wang Ling.

Huh... it looked like it had been trained well enough.

Father Wang nodded with satisfaction and stroked Loopy Toad's fur. At No. 60 High School, there were students who now and then would use purifying talismans to clean Loopy Toad, so its fur felt particularly soft. It felt very nice under Father Wang's hand — the only thing wrong was that the color of its fur was a little strange.

"Why is this fur green?" Thinking it strange, Father Wang stroked Loopy Toad's fur and pinched its small, fat face as he asked the question.

Wang Ling didn't reply.

Father Wang quickly started to make up a scenario himself — this was an occupational disease which all online writers shared.

He couldn't help but sigh in his heart; just by looking at the color of its fur, it wasn't difficult to guess that this was definitely a dog with a story. It must have experienced many emotional setbacks, right? Who would have thought that nowadays, it wasn't just difficult to be a person, it also wasn't easy to be a dog!

Wang Ling: "..."

At this point, Mother Wang and the old man were still busy in the kitchen. Usually he wouldn't allow anyone to help him when he was cooking. But after Lie Mengmeng's visit, the old man's psychological barriers had crumbled a little. In the end, he had decided to allow Mother Wang to help him, but mainly he wanted her to check whether he had added salt or not...

Generally speaking, the time just before dinner was usually when the Wang family's father and son had a heart-to-heart. However, the way they communicated was a little strange as Wang Ling never spoke throughout, and instead directly communicated with Father Wang through his thoughts.

Consequently, the scene this created looked a little strange.

This time, the matter that Father Wang wanted to talk about mainly had to do with the two men in suits.

Landscape Manor was a massive group on par with Huaguo Water Curtain Group. Among other things, it was famous for its wine trade. For hundreds of years, almost every TV station had been broadcasting the wine commercials which Landscape Manor had invested heavily in, and it was now a household name. Wang Ling remembered that when he had still been in his stroller, he had heard these ads over and over until his ears went rotten. However, only twenty percent of the Landscape Group's total annual profits in fact were from wine. The remaining eighty percent was from Landscape Manor's side business in antiques.

Of course, the vast majority of the common people were unaware of Landscape Manor's antiques business. Father Wang knew about it because of his occupation. Online writers were a mysterious group, usually staying home to type and seldom attending offline gatherings. But Father Wang had never missed a single online activity, which enabled him to encounter a lot of different types of people.

After all, most online writers didn't do it full-time and had other jobs. Through them, Father Wang could meet people from all walks of life and come to know and absorb different anecdotes... as well as gossip.

As for Landscape Manor's side business, Father Wang had heard of it from a writer who ran an antiques shop. Perhaps some parts were exaggerated, but he felt that seventy percent of what he had learned was credible.

Therefore, given the Wang family's philosophy of a low-key lifestyle, he felt that this was quite a serious matter. It really wasn't a good thing that they had come to the attention of such a giant company. At the very least, it had already caused a small bump in the Wang family's pace of life.

"I don't think I need to tell you how serious this is."

Wang Ling nodded and cupped his chin as he thought for a bit before he seemed to say something to his father. Father Wang's expression turned suspicious. "Are you sure there's nothing wrong with the mask? Don't tell me you can't ever be wrong? Have you considered that you might not be able to detect any special traits the mask might have through ordinary means?"

Father Wang's questions stumped Wang Ling. True, previously he had only tried wearing the stone ghost mask for a bit and hadn't proceeded with further testing. It was indeed a little early to rashly say there was nothing wrong with it.

Lying on the floor and wagging its tail, Loopy Toad goggled at this mystical father and son pair.

This was probably the loneliest communication between a father and son in all of history, with Father Wang's voice the only one that could be heard during this scene.

"Looking at the current situation, there's probably something off about this mask. Otherwise, this bunch of people wouldn't be so stupid as to offer two million to buy a mask that was bought off the internet for five yuan, don't you think?"

Wang Ling was lost in thought. "..."

Chapter 90: There Was a Girl, She Was a Little...

After discussion with Father Wang, Wang Ling became deeply aware of the threat that was Landscape Manor. Such a colossal group had unexpectedly fixed their attention on the Wang family — regardless of whether or not this deal went the way Landscape Manor wanted, things weren't likely to end well.

The information that Wang Ling had at present was actually quite limited. Although he now knew about Landscape Manor's side business in antiques from Father Wang, that was only scratching the surface.

He had heard the rumor about the curse of the stone ghost mask from the seller. If the rumor was true, then the mask would probably be an existence that people would avoid like the plague — no one would be foolish enough to invite disaster upon themselves by spending such a huge sum of money on a cursed mask.

Judging from all of this, there probably was something wrong with this mask. But the strangest thing was that Wang Ling hadn't noticed it at all!

At dinner, Wang Ling swallowed his rice somewhat listlessly as Father Wang's words repeated themselves over and over in his mind... Are you sure there's nothing wrong with the mask? Don't tell me you can't ever be wrong? Have you considered that you might not be able to detect any special traits the mask might have through ordinary means?

These three questions were a wake-up call for Wang Ling — although he felt that in a sense, he was an unrivalled existence in the world and could even be said to be almost omnipotent, in the end, to err is human and he could still make mistakes.

He was perhaps invincible in terms of his realm, but compared with those old cultivators who relied on their hard work to achieve their realms, he was far worse in terms of temperament and cultivation experience.

One should learn to be modest.

This was also what Father and Mother Wang had taught him since childhood.

The whole time he was eating, Wang Ling was thinking about the stone ghost mask and Landscape Manor, to the point that he appeared completely absent-minded. He took a lump of rice out of his bowl, then accidentally dropped it on the table.

Mother Wang looked at him and frowned. "Why is Ling Ling distracted at dinner today?"

The old man gazed at his grandson with a pained heart. "Is the food not to your taste? Do you... want to open a packet of crispy noodle snack?"

Father Wang's lips tilted upward slightly in a smile. "Both of you eat, leave him alone. I had a little chat with him earlier, he's likely thinking about it. Given Ling Ling's realm, it's fine even if he doesn't eat every day."

As Father Wang said this, Wang Ling suddenly thought of something, and with a "pa," he straightaway slapped down his bowl and chopsticks, then hurried upstairs.

When Loopy Toad saw Wang Ling go upstairs, it hurriedly got up from the floor and rushed up after him.

The old man looked at Loopy Toad. "This dog is not bad; its face is a little fat, but there's no flab on its body. It looks quite powerful. Just don't know whether it's useful — can it scare villains away when it's watching the house?" The old man remembered that there was some kind of dog breed called doge 1 that had recently become popular with young people. The old man had always thought that it looked too cheap and happy to be able to scare people away at all.

"This dog used to be a demon king, but Ling Ling has tamed it and it's now reformed."

"Oh... demon king! That's good! Enough of a deterrent! And this dog... somehow it looks a little familiar... it reminds me of quite a few things."

"Dad, have you seen Loopy Toad before?" Both Father and Mother Wang were startled.

"No, that's not it." The old man took a sip of white wine and shook his head. "When I had just started out as a chef, I took a fancy to a girl who had been studying to be a teacher at that time. In the end, before I could confess my feelings, she got a boyfriend. Later, I heard that her boyfriend had been dating twenty-three women at the same time."

Father Wang and Mother Wang took deep breaths. "..."

That... how to handle so many at one time?

The elderly man sighed. "That man was real trash. If that girl back then hadn't been so anxious, our paths might have crossed. I wanted to marry her at the time. But fortunately, I later met your mom,

and she was very virtuous. Otherwise I might have still chased after that girl. If that had been the case, you wouldn't be here today."

Hearing this, Father Wang felt like crying, but had no tears to shed. "...Why are you suddenly saying this, dad?"

Whenever the old man came, Father and Mother Wang were usually very careful to not mention Wang Ling's grandmother, and didn't even dare say her name; they were afraid that it would grieve the old man if he heard it and aggravate his dementia. Who would have thought that he would bring her up himself today at dinner, which Father Wang felt was a little strange.

The old man paused at Father Wang's question for a while, then said, "Hm, nothing, just that when I looked at this green dog fur, I suddenly felt that the girl I liked also seemed very green 2 ..."

Father Wang and Mother Wang: "..."

...

...

Wang Ling returned to his bedroom and picked up the stone ghost mask on the desk to scrutinize it carefully again. Unlike the simple test he had done previously, this time, he opened his Heavenly Eye. If there was something wrong with this mask, he believed that the Heavenly Eye's ability to disentangle the truth from lies would reveal the stone ghost mask's true nature.

But most unfortunately, despite Wang Ling gazing at the mask for a long time, it remained as inert as before.

However, through his inspection with the Heavenly Eye this time, he had obtained two bits of information.

The first piece of information was that, judging from the material alone, this really was just an extremely hard mask made from primordial black crystal. The Heavenly Eye's ability was to separate what was true from what was false, to see the nature of the real world. If the mask had been tampered with, there was no way he wouldn't be able to detect it. The problem was, this stone ghost mask really wasn't as simple as it seemed.

This was the conclusion Wang Ling came to after repeatedly confirming it with the Heavenly Eye.

Then, there was only one possibility that he could think of...

This stone ghost mask was a twin; there were two of them, one sent out as a cover while the stone ghost mask that had been cursed for real and tampered with had been secretly hidden somewhere else.

Simply put, one was in the light and one was in the dark.

If they were twin stone ghost masks, as long as one had been tampered with, then the other would also reflect the same curse effect. But if this was the case, the Heavenly Eye wouldn't be able to detect any problem with the mask that hadn't been tampered with.

This was a speculation Wang Ling had had at dinner, and it was a detail that he hadn't thought of before.

So the question now was where was the other stone ghost mask, the one with the curse?

Under normal circumstances, Wang Ling was completely capable of exerting the Heavenly Eye to trace the whereabouts of the stone ghost mask. Nowadays, twin magic weapons weren't as rare. Feather Lin's parent and child swords, for example, were actually also a kind of twin magic weapons. As long as he had one sword, in theory, Wang Ling could use the Heavenly Eye to trace the whereabouts of the other sword.

But his Heavenly Eye actually wasn't reacting at all!@@novelbin@@

This was very unusual...

But it was exactly this that gave Wang Ling his second piece of information.

And that was that the second stone ghost mask, the real, cursed one, simply didn't exist in the world that he lived in! It was very likely that it had been hidden in an alternate universe!