

Daily Life 891

Chapter 891: An International Hero!

A drop of divine liquid shook the sky as the ripples swept over the ground and caused heaven and earth to fall silent. Even Immortal Toya was shocked at the power of this drop of divine liquid. After throwing it out, he remained unmoving and silent in the sky for a long time, utterly shaken by this scene.

All this time...

Ling Zhenren was far, far stronger than Immortal Toya had imagined.

Immortal Toya of course knew that Ling Zhenren was a top expert. But now, after experiencing the formidable power of this drop of disinfectant for himself, Immortal Toya thoroughly understood.

This... wasn't a damn top expert!

This was simply a god!

It seemed...

Ling Zhenren had a very close connection to the Domain of the Gods!

Immortal Toya worshiped Wang Ling in his heart.

This wasn't a technique a person in the world below was capable of. In Immortal Toya's opinion, Wang Ling was already far beyond even Venerated Immortal level, and only the legendary experts from the Domain of the Gods could reach realms above Venerated Immortal.

Immortal Toya had already encountered both Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi.

These two people were originally experts with exceptional abilities from the Domain of the Gods.

But what puzzled Immortal Toya a little was that, looking at Ling Zhenren, the latter seemed to have a very limited understanding of the Domain of the Gods.

Could it be possible that Ling Zhenren wasn't from the Domain of the Gods?

Or perhaps...

Was there another realm above the Domain of the Gods in this world?

Immortal Toya pondered this in his heart.

Meanwhile, in Porcelain's eyes, what Immortal Toya did just now was simply like a miracle descending...

"So this is an expert..." Porcelain had to admit he had been short-sighted; he thought this foreigner from Huaxiu wasn't strong, and never expected the other party to actually take out such a magic treasure.

Furthermore, after sending out that drop of divine liquid, which clearly had such astonishing power, the other party was completely unruffled as he stood in the air, as if he had done a minor thing...

This was a genuine expert!

It was clear that this expert had already experienced many battles. In the face of such strong fluctuations, he remained unmoved – this was the true style of an Almighty.

It was just that in Huaxiu, there really weren't many experts who were famous abroad.

This was because each country worked in a different way.

Huaxiu Alliance didn't have a hero cultivator system like Mixiu Alliance did. Cultivators who were famous in Huaxiu Alliance might not be known internationally — their latest rising star was that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, the first True Venerated in the world.

And in Huaxiu Alliance, apart from the Ten Generals, Porcelain didn't know any other cultivator at all.

Bzz!

This drop of divine fluid finally pushed through everything. It fell on Devil Gut Fungus Lord's chest and instantly dissolved.

Devil Gut Fungus Lord gave a gut-wrenching scream. There was nothing he could do to block the power in this drop of divine liquid.

At that very moment, Devil Gut Fungus Lord felt like an ice cube being boiled as endless steam evaporated from his body. He gripped his head and yelled, "You created me... but now you want to destroy me..."

He had already accepted the truth of his creation since he realized that he couldn't withstand this destructive force at all.

"If you were devoted to doing good, I might have let you keep your life, but you caused so much trouble. Naturally, you can't be allowed to live." Immortal Toya stared at the dying Devil Gut Fungus Lord, whose body was already half on fire.

In the distance, more and more hero cultivators were arriving, many with mud and bruises on them.

They had all rushed to the frontline to provide backup after receiving the order from Mixiu Alliance, but just as they were about to get there, there had been a sudden explosion of overwhelming spirit power up ahead. Some of the hero cultivators had been so startled that their auras destabilized and they fell straight down from the sky...

That was how they got their bruises and scars.

"Don't be afraid! I am here!" A burly blond man hovered in the sky with his arms folded. He originally had a skinny physique, but the moment he reached the frontline, his muscles swelled as if they had been inflated!

Even Porcelainno couldn't help bowing when he saw him. "Mr Olu!"

This was Olu, an SSS-Class hero known as Light of the City! He was also the most famous hero cultivator in Mixiu Alliance, and currently the only SSS-Class hero!

But when he arrived at the scene, Devil Gut Fungus Lord was already dying.

Mr Olu sighed a little disappointedly. "It seems that there's no need for me to fight. But that's good too..."

As the "Light of the City," Mr Olu was in fact very tired every time he carried out a mission. The thing about his unique technique was that he had to eat hair to gain power; with each strand of hair he ate, his strength would double.

Given how dangerous Devil Gut Fungus Lord was, Mr Olu had thought he might have to eat up all his hair this time.

His bald head was a sign that he was at his strongest, and also the origin of his hero codename "Light of the City."

Porcelainno: "This Huaxiu little brother isn't ordinary; Mr Olu probably already sensed it just now."

Mr Olu nodded. That indeed was very formidable strength. None of their Mixiu Alliance cultivators, including him, could release such strong spirit power.

By now, Devil Gut Fungus Lord had been reduced to flying ash.

Mr Olu and Porcelainno went forward to pay their respects to Immortal Toya on behalf of the group of hero cultivators. "Brother... may I ask, what divine being are you?"

Immortal Toya: "I am from the Office of Strategic Deception."

All the hero cultivators instantly understood. It turned out he was from that new sect set up by the True Venerated!

“Then may I ask, Your Excellency...” Porcelain wanted to ask another question.

Chin in hand, Immortal Toya pondered carefully, and felt that he shouldn’t reveal too much abroad.

Immortal Toya: “I’m not the sect leader; for a fiend of this level, there’s no need at all for our sect leader to take action himself.”

“Then may I ask, what is this brother’s Daoist name?”

Immortal Toya quickly replied, “I don’t have a Daoist name. But remember my name.”

“Go ahead, brother!”

“My name – is Odd Zhuo!”

...

That evening, after washing and getting ready for bed, Odd Zhuo turned on the TV. The female newsreader was giving an eloquent report: “According to the latest news we’ve received, the villain who invaded Mixiu’s border today has already been annihilated by Odd Zhuo, a cultivator from the Office of Strategic Deception. What kind of divine being is this Mr Odd Zhuo? Let’s listen to what other hero cultivators have to say about Odd Zhuo.”

“????”

Odd Zhuo rubbed his eyes and repeatedly confirmed the news caption.

That couldn’t be...

When did he go abroad?

Chapter 892: Director Odd Zhuo’s 【Love】

News of the battle in which evil was vanquished on Mixiu's border over the sea traveled faster than Odd Zhuo imagined. After watching the news on TV, veteran Odd Zhuo could roughly guess what had happened.

It had to be some person from the Office of Strategic Deception on a mission, who had once again given him all the credit. But the problem was that he was just a Golden Core cultivator! If any type of credit was given to him now, Odd Zhuo immediately felt immense pressure.

In short...

Odd Zhuo was well aware.

He probably wasn't going to get any rest tonight.

As soon as the midnight news came out, the phone in Odd Zhuo's apartment started ringing off the hook with all kinds of congratulations.

Odd Zhuo checked the message which he had just posted in Wechat Moments hours ago.

It was actually very short, and only contained one word: Exhausted!

Of course, it didn't have anything to do with vanquishing evil – Odd Zhuo had purely been referring to how inadequate he felt since shooting to fame after becoming the director of the General Administration of 100 Schools.

But it was still too early for Odd Zhuo to retire.

He had only just assumed this position; it would be at least another five hundred years before he could retire.

After the midnight news, Odd Zhuo's post instantly received hundreds of likes.

“As expected of Director Zhou. You can even vanquish evil and uphold Dao across the sea! I saw it! The admiration on that Mixiu hero cultivator’s face when he was interviewed! That Light of the City has never show admiration like this for anyone else before!”

“Director Zhuo is young and promising. On top of handling study issues, he vanquishes evil and upholds Dao on the side – he is the model for our young generation!”

“I heard that the fiend destroyed the leader of the Office of Strategic Deception’s medicine team Immortal Toya’s Chrysanthemum Island. I’m in the film business, and to celebrate Director Zhuo’s remarkable feat, he can contact me anytime. Once Immortal Toya’s Chrysanthemum Island has been rebuilt, we can make a film called To Chrysanthemum Island based on this event, and the protagonist will be modeled on Director Zhuo.”

Odd Zhuo flushed when he read these compliments.

Because this really had nothing to do with him.

But since the Office of Strategic Deception had already decided on this, he had no choice but to shoulder this wok.

Odd Zhu’s heart was very tired.

He used to carry the wok for one person.

Now, he had become “Wok King” for the entire sect.

...

Tuesday, August 22nd.

It was the ninth day of the summer break.

When Odd Zhuo left home that morning, there was already a large, packed crowd of reporters in front of the main entrance of the staff apartment. The reporters didn't dare directly burst into the building, and so waited at the intersection in front of the apartment for Odd Zhuo to come out.

That was the only route Odd Zhuo could take to get to work.

As soon as he appeared at the main entrance, he instantly knew it was a bad idea, but it was too late to turn back even if he wanted to, as the reporters had already spotted him.

“Director Zhuo is out!”

Saying that, a reporter opened the briefcase he was holding, and some “telescopic eyes” (tele-eye for short) flew out to hover in the air and start to film Odd Zhuo from all angles.

These mechanical eyes were magic treasures for conducting interviews and were very popular with reporters now; as long as it had a photo of the target, the telescopic eye would automatically recognize them and carry out the interview.

However, this magic treasure was very costly, and an ordinary tabloid newspaper wouldn't be able to afford it. As Odd Zhou stood at the main entrance, several telescopic eyes had already seized the moment to float over to him from afar.

A glance at the network logo of these telescopic eyes told him that they were from the Toilet Lid network.

The telescopic eyes played the interview questions which had already been recorded: “Director Zhuo, can you give us details on how you defeated that villain? I heard that he was very strong and Mixiu nation's missiles couldn't hurt him. As a Golden Core Cultivator, can you tell us what was your key to success?”

Odd Zhuo was rendered speechless.

Details...

How would he know!

Of course he had a key to success!

It was his shifu Wang Ling!

But to say that... He didn't dare!

” Ai [1.This interjection and the Chinese word for “love” share the same pronunciation.]....” Odd Zhuo sighed.

The reporters heard his reply from a distance.

Love?

Immediately, they were utterly stunned by this simple but impressive answer.

It could only be said, as expected of currently the most well-known official in Songhai City, who had caught the most devils and demons.

The reporter with the telescopic eye from the Toilet Lid network cried out in surprise, “General Director Zhuo’s key to dealing with evil is actually: love!”

It was pandemonium.

The reporters were all blank.

Love?

For a moment, all the reporters on the road were quiet as they pondered this meaning.

The Toilet Lid Network reporter sighed with feeling. “It looks like the reason these villains were vanquished was because they were moved by Director Odd Zhuo’s ‘love.’ To use such a succinct word as ‘love,’ Director Zhuo vividly expresses the boundless love and fearlessness he feels when he confronts evil, as well as his magnificent ambition and mighty determination to change the world

with the power of love; it also depicts his beautiful dream as a man of the people to love them, love his work, and to use all his love and passion to reform these villains.”

“So... so that’s it...”

Many of the reporters were dumbstruck for a moment when they heard this.

They were hurriedly taking notes in their notebooks.

Odd Zhuo: “...”

At that moment, the reporter used the telescopic eye to ask again, “What I said should be right, shouldn’t it? Is there anything that Director Zhou wants to add?”

Odd Zhuo was rendered speechless: “I...”

The Toilet Lid Network reporter cried out again in surprise, “I?”

A lot of the other reporters who were taking notes raised their heads. “Excuse me, what does this ‘I’ mean?”

After thinking about it for a few seconds, this Toilet Lid Network little brother suddenly knocked his head. “I’m such a blockhead! It actually took me so long to understand Director Zhuo’s meaning! Director Zhuo clearly meant ‘one for all and all for one’ with this ‘I’! ‘Love’ and ‘I’ were the keys to Director Zhuo’s success this time! What he wants to tell us is that in the face of dangers and difficulties, we should be like him and go forth fearlessly with a spirit of self-sacrifice, and spread love to every corner of the world!”

“So that’s what he meant!”

“You’re a genius, bro!”

“Bro, you’re awesome!”

“...”

At that moment, a voice came out from the telescopic eye. “Thank you, Director Zhuo, for your brilliant responses, our interview is done. We won’t keep you from going to work, otherwise we’ll be criticized for it.”

“...”

Watching the telescopic eyes as well as that group of reporters with immense comprehension skills leave, Odd Zhuo was lost in silence for a very long time.

Ai , his heart was so tired.

Chapter 893: Drunk Odd Zhuo

That day, Odd Zhuo asked for sick leave and didn’t go to work.

After that group of reporters left, he texted Zhong Lang. “Little Zhong, I’m not feeling well today. There’s been a lot on our plate recently, I’m going to have to trouble you.”

Odd Zhuo had always been a polite person. Zhong Lang had only worked with him for a few short months, and as Odd Zhuo’s reputation skyrocketed, the work of Songhai’s General Administration of 100 Schools had also increased. However, Zhong Lang didn’t feel the least bit tired. Odd Zhuo was his superior but also his fellow brother, and they actually had a good personal relationship.

“Brother Zhuo, you can leave things to me if you’re not feeling well. Take care of yourself; you have to work, plus vanquish evil and uphold Dao while you’re at it – that’s so exhausting.” Zhong Lang was watching the morning news when he replied to Odd Zhuo’s text.

The female newsreader for the morning news was repeating the news on Devil Gut Fungus Lord, and now everyone knew that Odd Zhuo had run off overseas to catch someone...

Returning to his apartment, Odd Zhuo put his briefcase down, took off his suit jacket and shirt, and took out several jars of “cheeky wine” from the fridge. This wasn’t the beer which regular people drank, but actual “cheeky wine” with the slogan “be a little cheeky and be happy” 1 on it.

This cheeky wine was made from a fermented spirit herb, which could help one feel joy when they were vexed.

But it was still wine, after all.

It was unhealthy to drink too much.

Usually, Odd Zhuo would have one jar after work to take off the edge, but now he took out everything he had in the fridge, as he was feeling particularly agitated today.

For some reason, Odd Zhuo felt that he was increasingly becoming a different person.

And he was very unhappy.

As he drained jar after jar of wine, it did nothing to soften his gloom.

Once the alcohol in his bloodstream reached saturation point, Odd Zhuo lay on the sofa and let out a long burp before he looked up and hissed, “Unbearable! Ma Fei!

“Um... who’s Ma Fei 2 ?

“Forget it... Who cares who he is...

“Unbearable...

“So unbearable...”

Lying on the sofa, Odd Zhuo lost more and more confidence. He had drained the jar dry of cheeky wine. Head aching slightly, he tossed the jar aside casually. The potent wine flooded his veins, sending him into a deep sleep.

...

Odd Zhuo had yet to sober up at noon. At that moment, there was the sound of a doorknob turning in his staff apartment, and a plump man wearing dark clothes entered.

“The infiltration is a success,” the man in dark clothing said softly; his mask was a transmission magic treasure which allowed him to contact his team members outside.

It wasn’t easy to infiltrate a staff apartment, but as a well-known assassin of the Dark Network, Kong Ruye succeeded in his task. He seldom undertook infiltration work like this now, but he had been offered an irresistibly large sum by the big shot who had hired him.

After completing this mission, he would retire.

At the door, Kong Ruye gave a sigh.

He took off the cloak on his shoulders and covered his entire body with it. After that, his figure and aura completely disappeared.

In the living room, Odd Zhuo sprawled on the sofa, drooling a little.

When Kong Ruye saw the jars of cheeky wine scattered on the coffee table, he tensed up.

This person actually hadn’t gone to work today?

Would an expert who had just destroyed a villain in another country get drunk from a few jars of cheeky wine?

He didn’t believe it.

His first reaction was that Odd Zhuo was probably faking it!

Cold sweat trickled down his temples as he observed Odd Zhuo's movements from a distance, not daring to act recklessly.

A real expert was conversely more difficult to deal with when drunk.

Kong Ruye sweated buckets under the cloak; he was convinced that as long as he didn't move, he wouldn't be discovered. The cloak he was wearing was a world-defying magic artifact handed down from his ancestors. Although his realm wasn't high, this cloak had been his source of courage in all his years of extensive travel.

But now, Kong Ruye had run into a difficult life problem as he wondered whether to act against Odd Zhuo or not.

It would still be alright if this person really was drunk.

But if he was faking it...

Kong Ruye was afraid he would lose his small life.

This mission...

Was much tougher than he had imagined.

He had been asked to collect a strand of Odd Zhuo's hair.

Although he had no idea what the client wanted with Odd Zhuo's hair, it certainly hadn't sounded like a difficult mission.

He just needed to sneak into Odd Zhuo's apartment when the latter was at work and find a strand of hair.

But since he couldn't tell whether Odd Zhuo was faking his drunken state or not, he was feeling immense mental pressure.

After taking deep breaths for dozens of seconds, Kong Ruye decided to steer clear of Odd Zhuo and avoid direct contact. Even if the apartment owner was at home, directly cutting the other party's hair would be putting his life at risk...

Odd Zhuo looked like he had casual living habits, so it should be possible to find some traces of hair in the bathroom.

But when Kong Ruye went to the bathroom, he was dumbfounded again.

He never imagined that a man's bathroom could be so sparkling clean, without even a speck of dust to be found.

Leaning over, he felt around the drain groove, only to find no hair in it. It looked like this Director Zhuo didn't shed hair when he showered. Or, he had a habit of cleaning them up.

Why...

Kong Ruye was a little wounded.

Why was this man so powerful and yet had so much hair 3 ...

Given how clean the bathroom was, it looked like there wouldn't be any hair in the bedroom either.

The jars of cheeky wine scattered around outside was the result of Odd Zhuo's occasional bout of indulgence.

To be on the safe side, Kong Ruye went to the bedroom, and after confirming that there wasn't any hair there, he finally switched targets to the drunk Odd Zhuo who was lying down in the living room.

"So, I can only make a move myself?" Kong Ruye swallowed before he took out a pair of scissors and slowly approached the sofa.

Just as he was about to act, Odd Zhuo suddenly roared, "Do you know?! Do you know... you should be fat... and I should be thin 4 ..."

Damn!

He had been noticed!

Drenched in sweat, Kong Ruye withdrew the scissors. He was clearly covered by the cloak, but the other party had guessed he was a fatty!

As expected, this guy had been pretending!

Flustered, Kong Ruye was about to quickly flee the apartment, but Odd Zhuo actually flipped over at that moment and tripped him.

Aiya!

Kong Ruye, who was going to run, gave a wretched cry and suddenly fell, his forehead hitting the coffee table in front of Odd Zhuo with a loud thump.

It was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who had gifted Odd Zhuo with this coffee table on the day of the founding of the Office of Strategic Deception. It was made from a special material and was extremely durable – a Soul Formation cultivator wouldn't be able to break it easily.

And so, Kong Ruye passed out, his head covered in blood...

Chapter 894: The Dream Projection of the Mind

Wednesday, August 23rd.

It was the tenth day of the summer break.

When Odd Zhuo finally woke up from his drunken stupor that morning, he felt something under him. Hm... it was meaty and soft.

He had been dreaming about Wang Ling just now, and had even pinched his shifu 's face in his dream. His shifu usually had a poker face and seldom smiled, but last night, Odd Zhuo had dreamt his shifu had smiled and had actually given him a lot of words of encouragement.

Odd Zhuo couldn't help himself and had pinched his dear shifu 's little face (It was something he had long wanted to do, but never had the guts.).

As expected, dreams were the best! Anything could happen in a dream!

Thus, as he was pinching Wang Ling's face, Odd Zhuo woke up with that soft and fleshy feeling still in his memory. His shifu 's face was clearly thin, but why did it feel so nice to pinch?

Odd Zhuo couldn't help rubbing against the meaty thing under him for a bit.

Suddenly, it didn't feel right – this flesh was clearly older than the one in his dream.

When Odd Zhuo drowsily opened his eyes, he saw a fatty lying prone under him; the latter was bleeding heavily from a severe injury on his forehead and he was unconscious.

Just now, he had actually been rubbing this fatty's ass...

Odd Zhuo: "..."

Looking at the time, Odd Zhuo realized he was going to be late for work again.

Sure enough, it wasn't good for the body to have too much cheeky wine; he was still feeling a little muddle-headed now.

Checking his phone, Odd Zhuo found several missed calls from Zhong Lang, who was worried that something had happened to him. In the end, Zhong Lang had sent a message to say that he was going over to Odd Zhuo's apartment for a look.

Odd Zhuo hurriedly called him back. “Little Zhong, I’m fine! I just slept late last night and couldn’t get up this morning.”

Listening to Odd Zhuo, who seemed to have regained his spirits, Odd Zhuo breathed a sigh of relief. “It’s good that Brother Zhuo is alright. Don’t sleep so late! Were you up all night playing games?”

“Playing games...”

Odd Zhuo gazed at the fatty’s round butt. “Yes, I was playing Overwatch all night.”

After hanging up, Odd Zhuo finally sighed with relief.

He was well aware that right now, he couldn’t alert the enemy.

Dealing with this fatty was going to be a problem.

This fatty who had passed out in his apartment had clearly been plotting something; he had taken advantage of Odd Zhuo being drunk to sneak into the latter’s place, and even had a pair of suspicious scissors in his hand – who knew what he had been planning to do.

Odd Zhuo subconsciously covered his crotch – there had been a number of news reports lately about guys whose dicks had been cut off in their sleep.

But Odd Zhuo just couldn’t figure out why this fatty, who was a total stranger, would do something so ruthless to him.

No matter what, he had to first restrain this fatty and interrogate him!

As one of the staff leaders of the Office of Strategic Deception, it was quite a serious problem that his place had actually been broken into.

The first thing Odd Zhuo did was to call Fang Xing.

Fang Xing was the leader of the goon squad, and all the interrogations of the Office of Strategic Deception were left to him. Also, now that the goon squad had a working relationship with Warden Liang of Songhai First Prison, the goon squad's interrogations were, in one word, legal!

“Very well, Brother Zhuo, I’m coming over.” On the other end of the phone, Fang Xing still sounded so sunny, like a spring shower which could make a person feel refreshed.

Odd Zhuo nodded. “Mm, I’ve already restrained him, I’ll wait for you.”

He had already confiscated Kong Ruye’s scissors and cloak as weapon evidence, and to be on the safe side, Odd Zhuo had tied him up with Immortal Cuffs.

These Immortal Cuffs were something Odd Zhuo had won before in a mahjong game with Songhai First Prison’s Mahjong Squad.

The last time Odd Zhuo had checked in on them at the prison, the Mahjong Squad had needed one more player, so Odd Zhuo had joined them. Warden Liang hadn’t believed Odd Zhuo could win, and had bet a pair of “Immortal Cuffs.”

And then, these cuffs became Odd Zhuo’s...

There was no helping it; the only explanation was that he was a human koi fish, hence his good luck.

Hands on his waist, Odd Zhuo smiled in satisfaction, and then drew open the curtains so that sunlight spilled into the living room.

Odd Zhuo once again recalled the wonderful dream he had last night.

What a pity; who knew when he would ever be able to pinch his shifu ‘s face in real life.

...

Elsewhere, in the Wang family’s small villa.

Wang Ling also gradually opened his eyes.

He had had a very strange dream in which he had seen Odd Zhuo.

However, this wasn't a "prophetic dream," but a "dream projection of the mind," which was used to maintain order. In many instances, Wang Ling would unconsciously use small-scale Heavenly Dao spells, and normally they only affected the people around Wang Ling whom he deemed important.

It was mainly used to regulate one's mindset.

Mindset was an important factor in any sort of situation and could influence one's work, studies and so forth.

An unregulated mindset could later turn into depression. Nowadays, a huge number of celebrities died from this mental pressure, but were labeled as "eccentric" or "fake."

During the times that these people needed care the most, they quietly endured all kinds of violence and buried their hurts deep in their hearts.

It was in situations like these that having company was very important.

But a huge shortcoming of the "dream projection of the mind" was that Wang Ling didn't know what he would do in the dream, and would cleanly forgot everything that happened in it after it was over.

As a spell to help his teammates regulate their mindsets, the dream projection of the mind could theoretically manage depression; more than that, Wang Ling created the scenario which the dreamer most wanted to see in their dreams in order to restore their spirits.

As for the dream last night –

Wang Ling didn't remember it at all.

If it was a prophetic dream or a regular dream, he would absolutely remember every detail; it was only when he had a dream projection of the mind that he would forget what it looked like.

Dog Two, who had been lying on its stomach on the ground all this time, wagged its tail. When it glanced at its Little Master Ling, its expression turned a little strange.

For some reason, it felt that Little Master Ling's cheeks were very red... as if they had been pinched.

Dog Two sighed when it saw this.

It looked like Little Master Ling had finally reached the age of hot-blooded youth. This guy usually never spoke or even smiled, but as the dearest pet by his side, Dog Two was well aware what its little master's temper was like.

Thus, it guessed that its little master might have had some sort of erotic dream last night...

Chapter 895: Jingke's Scabbard

Thursday, August 24th.

It was the eleventh day of the summer break.

The initial results of the interrogation of the Dark Network assassin "Kong Ruye" who had broken into Odd Zhuo's staff apartment were already out. In the beginning, Kong Ruye had sworn he wouldn't confess and had been very bone-headed. Warden Liang and Odd Zhuo had exchanged looks and smiled, and without saying a word, directly sent Kong Ruye to the "mahjong room."

Less than five minutes later, Kong Ruye confessed what he had done, but he also didn't know much. The only clue Kong Ruye had on the employer who had shelled out so much for Odd Zhuo's hair was the bank account number the money was wired from.

Odd Zhuo had someone look it up and discovered that the account belonged to a foreign private banking group; they didn't have the authority to access the other party's personal information.

Warden Liang: “Kong Ruyue was hired at a hefty price from the Dark Network. You need to be careful from now on, Brother Zhuo. Although we don’t know what the other party wants your hair for... could it be for a DNA paternity test? Do you maybe have long-lost rich grandparents overseas?”

Odd Zhuo sweated. “You think too much, Old Liang... I’m a Hujian native born and bred, and I had a modest upbringing. I came to Songhai for school because my grades were good and I got a special recommendation.”

“Then could it be some enemy? Or someone you offended as a kid?”

“It could be an enemy... but I didn’t have any at all as a kid. Our Zhuo family always said to never go out at night; my parents used to frighten me when I was a kid by saying that if we Hujian people went out, we’d be caught and eaten by those from Guangdong]1. From a joke that the Cantonese have swallowed up the Fujian people.]...” Saying this, Odd Zhuo’s expression was a little helpless.

But speaking of enemies, it was difficult to say whether he had any or not after assuming this position. As the saying went, tall trees attracted the wind; Odd Zhuo understood this. In recent months, he had made a lot of waves, shouldered a lot of woks, and drawn a lot of attention.

There would always be those who were envious, jealous, and full of hate, who would step on him when he was down. There were a lot of people like this in society, and most of them weren’t straightforward; like snakes, insects, rats and ants, they couldn’t bear the light and could only hide behind rocks like spineless cowards.

Odd Zhuo had seen more and more of this type of people since taking office as the director of the General Administration of 100 Cultivation Schools. He knew who they were, but always pretended that he was indifferent; he knew that once he showed the least bit displeasure, it would be exactly what they wanted.

Who on earth was looking into him, and why the hell did they want his hair?

Odd Zhuo felt that he had to look into this.

...

At noon, Fatty Luo brought Wang Ling good news: Jingke's initial scabbard was complete.

In order to make Jingke a suitable scabbard, just collecting the materials alone had been a long struggle for Fatty Luo, who had gone through a lot for the One Thousand Dried Bone. However, when it came to assembling items, collecting materials was always troublesome, and you had to bring out the perseverance of Monster Hunter players and the diligent spirit of Dark Souls players 1 ...

But fortunately, the results weren't too bad.

Fatty Luo had been extraordinarily successful at making the scabbard; he had made three for Jingke, which were all from the same materials but in slightly different sizes.

In the afternoon, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal came to Fatty Luo's shop himself for a look, and discovered that the shop's doorstep was gone. It was only later that he found out that Fatty Luo had dismantled his doorstep because it was made of Amitayus wood, which was the main material for forging the three scabbards...

"I remember that Amitayus wood is a major heirloom in Brother Luo's family." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stunned by Fatty Luo's fervor.

"This small sacrifice is nothing for my Lord Jingke." Fatty Luo waved his hand in a relaxed manner. "Come! Senior Immortal, please have a look at these three scabbards!"

He opened a rectangular box, which contained Jingke's scabbards.

Fatty Luo proudly gave an introduction. "The first scabbard is the virtuous daughter Amitayus scabbard, which is designed with a Type-C interface – Lord Jingke can sheath himself through the front or even the back if he wants."

"..."

"The second scabbard is the silky smooth Amitayus scabbard. While it's mostly made of Amitayus wood on the outside, the inside is comprised of One Thousand Dried Bone and smooth stone. When Lord Jingke thrusts inside, his body will feel wonderfully moisturized, like from a hydrating face mask, and he can enjoy the silky smoothness 2 ..."

“...”

“The third scabbard is the tight Virgo Amitayus scabbard. The mouth of this scabbard is small, which can give Lord Jingke a sense of playful resistance when he thrusts inside. The ridged pattern inside the scabbard is also one of its selling points; it’ll change from day to day, so Lord Jingke will never get bored...” Fatty Luo said.

“Then... what does this third scabbard have to do with Virgo?” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn’t resist asking.

“It just sounds more sophisticated to call it Virgo; you’ll actually understand if you replace the ‘o’ with ‘in,’” Fatty Luo replied.

The designs for these three scabbards were so shocking that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal almost dropped the melon seeds he was holding as he froze at Fatty Luo’s words for the longest time...

He really didn’t know how to feel about these three scabbards, and could only change the topic as he asked another question. “As... as expected of Brother Luo. These three scabbards are all good. However, I noticed that they seem to be slightly different in size. What’s the reason for this?”

“Nothing in particular. These three scabbards were all made for Lord Jingke, but I don’t know what he likes. Some sword spirits like loose scabbards which are comfortable, while some prefer tighter scabbards – it’s like Durex... Does Senior Immortal prefer the loose, tight or ultra-thin ones?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: “...”

Fatty Luo was utterly immersed in his masterpiece. “I fell deeply in love with Lord Jingke the moment I saw him... To be able to make scabbards for Lord Jingke has been my life’s greatest wish. Now that they’re done, I don’t know whether he’ll like them or not, but I have no regrets. No matter what, I believe that Lord Jingke will definitely be able to sense how I feel, right?”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wiped his sweat; he didn’t want to dampen Fatty Luo’s enthusiasm. “Maybe... perhaps... Brother Jingke will be very touched when he sees them?”

“He has to be.” The corners of Fatty Luo’s mouth curled up. “My goal in designing these three scabbards was that they would be so comfortable that Lord Jingke wouldn’t want to come out of them – who knows, once he’s inside, he might never want to move again!”

Chapter 896: Tracing the Source

Although these three scabbards weren’t made to Wang Ling’s taste, in the end, Fatty Luo had put all his heart into them, so it wasn’t nice for Wang Ling to directly turn them down. Thus, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was entrusted with delivering the scabbards to Wang Ling’s place.

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal arrived, it was to a rare scene, which only happened once in a blue moon in the Wang family’s small villa. The old man, Mother Wang and Father Wang were actually all sitting on the sofa watching the same TV drama. This was an ancient drama series which had been popular recently, called *Do You Know? Do You Know? You Should Be Gong While I’m Shou 1*, which told the story of three crossdressing bigwigs who returned home after getting sex changes in Thailand, and who became embroiled in household strife with the goal of finding a good man to marry...

Because of the bizarre storyline, and twists and turns in the plot, and the complicated relationships featured, the drama drew in many young men and women, uncles and aunts. It had become a phenomenon in the past month, and at one point had even surpassed *Story of Yanxi Palace* and *Ruyi’s Royal Love in the Palace*.

Looking at this scene, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal knew that the new *Lightning Dharmaraja, Wei Yingluo 2*, who had called down a thunderbolt to kill the previous imperial concubine, was probably already rolling around in her grave...

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal entered, Mother Wang had no time to entertain him. The TV drama was on and he was someone they already knew, so she told him to help himself. “Little Lei! The tea is in the kitchen; make a cup for yourself if you want a drink! Just make yourself at home! I’ve already fermented the broccoli wine for you; it’s in the basement. If you want a drink, bring it up yourself.”

First time strangers and second time friends – Mother Wang already thoroughly considered Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal one of their own, and he was overwhelmed by her greeting.

Although he was now known as “the world’s first True Venerated,” he was still a little brother in the Wang family’s small villa...

The three old seniors currently watching a drama on the sofa also caused Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to ponder deeply: what kind of TV drama could draw in these three old seniors, who had become disillusioned with the world and had retired to live ordinary lives, to such an extent... This was worth thinking about.

“When I go home today, I’ll finish watching this drama...” Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal made up his mind. In fact, the drama was still being aired halfway, but since the Office of Strategic Deception’s sudden rise, more and more production companies wanted to cooperate with them as they planned to rent some areas of the Office of Strategic Deception for filming.

It was precisely because of this that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had the contacts of plenty production company bigwigs in his cell phone.

He could directly ask them for any drama he wanted.

Waiting for Toilet Lid Network to cut out half an hour in post-production every day was too long.

There was no end to comprehending Heavenly Dao; it had to be done as soon as possible – the sooner, the better!

“Brother Ling!”

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal called out first before going upstairs.

Wang Ling could already see the three “sheaths 3 ” in Senior Immortal’s hands as he came up the stairs...

Well...

They were actually sword scabbards.

But Fatty Luo's descriptions of them were so dirty that it was impossible not to take it the wrong way.

Wang Ling thought he had still been a pretty pure person before entering No. 60 High.

Now, he had been led astray!

Almost every class would have several kings of being dirty. In their Grade One, Class Three, for example, their biggest king was Dopey Guo. Apart from gossip, what this guy most like to do was talk dirty, frequently switching gears abruptly and catching people off-guard.

When he entered the room, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal placed the scabbards on Wang Ling's desk and saw that Wang Ling was researching something.

"What is Brother Ling looking for?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

"Little Master is looking for information on a scabbard, woof." Lying on the ground, Dog Two yawned lazily.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Sure enough, Brother Luo's three scabbards aren't good enough..."

"Little Master said it wasn't good to discourage him, so he took them, woof."

Saying this, Loopy Toad sighed. "Actually, it isn't a problem with the scabbards. Fatty Luo even used his family's ancestral Amitayus wood; it's very clear to see how committed he is. However, it isn't easy to make Lord Jingke stay quietly in the scabbard. If you don't believe me, want to try putting him in one?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal nodded. He randomly picked up the tight scabbard and tried to approach Jingke, but then felt a strong resistance; he couldn't get close at all, let alone stick Jingke into the scabbard.

"See that?" Dog Two said, "Lord Jingke is used to being naked, so he isn't used to being in a scabbard. His relationship with the scabbard is like Pikachu's relationship with the pokeball: you can't force him to go in."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Dog Two: "But Little Master Ling also said that Lord Jingke can only demonstrate his true power with a scabbard."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Why aren't you saying 'woof' anymore, Brother Dog?"

Dog Two: "Screw 'woof'... Even after being a dog for such a long time, it still feels more comfortable to croak."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

...

Wang Ling hadn't decided to look for Jingke's scabbard on the spur of the moment – it was something he had thought of for a long time already, and he had planned to use his free time during the summer break to do so. Whether a scabbard was custom-made or modified, it definitely wouldn't be as good as the original.

Fatty Luo had used Amitayus wood as the main material to custom make the scabbards, but at most they could only be used as spares. What Wang Ling was looking for now was Jingke's original scabbard from back then.

Everyone knew that Jingke was a peach wood sword which Father Wang had bought at the flower and bird market for 998 HNY.

It was just that Jingke hadn't awoken back then.

Jingke's origins had always been a mystery. Wang Ling had quietly investigated many leads all these years, and the only thing he had confirmed was Jingke's identity as "Lord of sword spirits," while there was very little on Jingke's origins. Even the sword spirits who called Jingke His Majesty Lord of Swords didn't know why they kowtowed to him.

According to the sword spirit of Evil Sword God's Heaven-Cleaving sword, his panic back then had purely been involuntary... when he sensed Jingke's formidable power, he blurted out "Your Majesty Lord of Swords" for no reason, like a knee-jerk reaction.

Thus, for these sword spirits, it was like the people of a kingdom genuflecting to their king.

It just felt natural.

Puzzling over this, Wang Ling was at that moment flipping through Book of Sage Immortal for information.

He was looking at information from ten years ago. Father Wang couldn't quite remember the moment he bought Jingke. He didn't even have an invoice, and only had a rough idea.

Thus, Wang Ling could only have Book of Sage Immortal do a rough search for when Father Wang had gone to the flower and bird market.

He had to investigate the background of the flower and bird market as well as the vendor who sold Jingke to Father Wang back then – he would start his search at the source, to help Jingke find his scabbard.

Chapter 897: Shop No. 83

Saturday, August 19th.

It was the thirteenth day of the summer vacation.

Odd Zhuo was in an unusually good mood today, for his cheap shifu Wang Ling had invited him to accompany Wang Ling to that flower and bird market from over ten years ago to look for clues on the scabbard.

Wang Ling had already checked out the vendor who sold swords and scabbards – the market stalls all had numbers, and the shop that sold swords was still in operation.

Odd Zhuo drove the two of them there. As they entered the shop, they saw a silk banner at the entrance with the words ‘Ten Years Gold Class Shop’ on it. The flower and bird market had changed tremendously in the last ten years, so for the shop to survive this long was truly remarkable.

Wang Ling walked behind Odd Zhuo. He wore a blue hooded sweater and his hands were in his pockets, the lack of expression on his face making him look unhappy. The truth, however, was that this was his normal appearance, which Odd Zhuo was already used to.

It was very easy to tell whether his shifu was angry or not: he just needed to see if his shifu’s dead fish eyes had gotten smaller. If his pupils contracted, that meant he was angry... To blunt his anger, you had to prepare crispy noodle snacks for times like these – one crispy noodle snack packet could be used for every micron Wang Ling’s pupils shrank.

You couldn’t give him less, but he’d be haughty if you gave him more...

Odd Zhuo felt that he was the only one who could make his shifu’s

pupils return to normal.

“Is the boss in?” Odd Zhuo was wearing his work uniform as usual and looked like an elite.

“Welcome, are you buying something? Our boss just went out to get some things, and will be back soon. My name is Ling Huan.” The person who received them was a shop assistant. Odd Zhuo and Wang Ling were their first customers today, so Ling Huan smiled very happily.

Wang Ling looked around and realized that the shop specialized in selling magic artifacts for exorcism; various kinds of exorcism artifacts lined the walls or were displayed in cabinets.

Wang Ling still remembered when Teacher Pan taught them the basic techniques for summoning and releasing ghosts in her Dao talisman class at the beginning of the semester. Whether it was summoning or releasing them, they had in fact only touched the surface.

Golden Core universities offered specialized exorcism majors with specialized courses on summoning and releasing ghosts.

“Ours is an established shop in this flower and bird market, specializing in exorcism and fair bargains. Let me give you a brief introduction!”

This shop assistant Ling Huan was very friendly, and he pointed to the counter at the very front. “See the peach wood sword, yellow talisman, wooden fish and candle under the glass? These items were used back then by the king at controlling vampires, Mr Zheng Ying 1 , who bought them in our shop! While they might be obsolete now, our shop bought them back at a high price and exhibit them here as our crowning glory.”

“Are they for sale?” Odd Zhuo raised his eyebrows.

“No.”

Ling Huan shook his head and said righteously, “Our shop’s most precious treasure is not for sale.”

“Ten million HNY.” Odd Zhuo raised one finger.

Ling Huan took a deep breath. “WeChat... or Alipay?”

Wang Ling: “...”

Odd Zhuo: “Where’s your integrity?”

Ling Huan sighed and said resentfully, “How can we survive on integrity nowadays to make a living?!”

“Are you the only one here besides the boss?” Odd Zhuo asked. Not wanting to dampen the boy’s enthusiasm, Odd Zhuo took five hundred HNY out of his pocket and put it in Ling Huan’s as a tip.

Ling Huan was fired up once again and his tone changed. “Hahaha! Indeed, it’s just me, and I just look after the shop for the boss. But I’ve worked here for a long time! I’m the only shop assistant the boss has. Our boss is pretty busy and normally has to go out to perform exorcisms.”

Odd Zhuo nodded and straightaway took out a photo of Jingke from his pocket. “Have you ever seen this peach wood sword? It was bought from your shop ten years ago.”

Ling Huan’s face instantly turned serious. “Ten years... that’s past its warranty. Our shop’s policy is that products cannot be returned after ten minutes of purchase! In the case of unexpected damage, you need to produce proof that it was an accident!”

“...” Wang Ling and Odd Zhuo sucked in their breaths.

How unscrupulous!

Odd Zhuo: “I’m not here to return it, I just want to ask where this peach wood sword came from. Since it was your shop that sold it, do you know its origins? When it was purchased back then, it didn’t have a scabbard, and we’re looking for clues on it.”

“That’s all?”

Ling Huan breathed a sigh of relief, but then frowned. “Ten years ago, our shop wasn’t in the habit of giving our products serial numbers; we recorded all the purchases and sales of our goods by hand. Ten years ago... your peach wood sword would have been a popular exorcism product! Back then, peach wood swords were all the rage thanks to Mr Zheng Ying, and a good peach wood sword would have sold for a sky-high price in the market.”

“Do you still have the written record? I want to take a look,” Odd Zhuo said.

“Unfortunately, there was a big fire in our shop five years ago, and all our handwritten invoices burned.”

Ling Huan spread his hands and looked carefully at the photo provided by Odd Zhuo. “This peach wood sword is in an old style, but we should still have some in our old warehouse. If you want, I can go take a look.”

“998 HNY for one?” Odd Zhuo asked.

“That was ten years ago.”

Ling Huan said, “It’s 9.9 HNY now.”

Wang Ling: “...”

Odd Zhuo: “...”

Ling Huan: “Since going out of fashion, peach wood swords are just preschool toys now, and are basically sold to kindergartens as teaching aids to help kids in the middle and top kindergarten classes to develop an interest in spirit swords.”

While Ling Huan was explaining the situation, a middle-aged uncle with mushroom hair stepped into the shop. He was as big and tall as a massive bear, and Wang Ling was completely covered in his shadow.

“Boss,” Ling Huan greeted the huge figure.

Seeing that the boss had returned, Odd Zhuo was about to ask the boss a question – who knew that when the boss saw Odd Zhuo, his face actually turned pale. “Damn! It’s a cop!”

Odd Zhuo: “???”

Wang Ling: “...”

After that, the boss swung his arm, which was like a steel cannon, and aimed a punch at Odd Zhuo’s face.

Want me to help?

Wang Ling gazed at Odd Zhuo and asked the question telepathically in a light tone.

“For a petty thing like this, there’s no need for shifu to lift a finger...” Odd Zhuo snorted. As he stepped forward, his arteries bulged like earthworms, and streams of spirit energy burst forth from his body to coalesce in the sky and actually form... a giant raccoon!

“Raccoon Licking Dog Limitless Punch!”

The raccoon made out of spirit qi just stuck out its tongue to block the boss’s punch.

Wang Ling gazed at this raccoon with rapt attention and actually couldn’t help applauding on the side... This self-created boxing technique was so brilliant!

Chapter 898: Exorcism Convention

It had to be said that Odd Zhuo had really come into his own. Wang Ling was blown away by this brilliant Raccoon Licking Dog Limitless Punch.

After coming to his senses, Wang Ling was in a very good mood – it felt like the depression of idling away at home during the summer break had been swept away by this move. However, he was as expressionless as ever. It could only be said, as expected of Odd Zhuo as his disciple. This was indeed a promising talent; taking Odd Zhuo in as his disciple back then hadn’t been in vain.

The shopkeeper looked astonished when he realized that his punch had been blocked. He was the first to attack, but the other party’s reaction was very quick. Before he could fully demonstrate his strength, the other party had already stopped him.

Actually, Odd Zhuo wasn’t as strong as the shopkeeper, and his strength was purely thanks to Wang Ling giving him upgraded equipment previously. Despite their ordinary appearance, the leather fingerless gloves which Odd Zhuo was wearing weren’t any common thing.

Wang Ling had made the gloves with the leather from his family’s “genuine leather sofa.” He had also enchanted this leather sofa, which now had the ability to automatically regenerate its leather, so it was fine for Wang Ling to cut off some of the leather material.

But it took time for the leather to regenerate, so Wang Ling could only cut out a piece from an inconspicuous spot, otherwise Father Wang would thrash him.

The shopkeeper broke out in a cold sweat. He had always been the impulsive sort. His punch hadn't been successful, but he knew he was now guilty of attacking a police officer. He stared heavily at Odd Zhuo. "Go ahead, cop, how much do you want?"

"Is there some misunderstanding... I'm not here for money."

Odd Zhuo felt that the shopkeeper had definitely misunderstood him – actually calling him "cop" to his face...

"I know I was wrong. I was too impulsive and attacked an officer. I'll pay however much you want – let's settle it quietly." The shopkeeper cracked his knuckles.

Odd Zhuo sweated. "I'm not a cop... You didn't attack one..."

It looked like the man recognized him, but he seemed a little biased.

"You're not a cop?" The shopkeeper was unconvinced and looked Odd Zhuo up and down with a suspicious expression. "During the demon rampage six years ago, you were the one who defeated the demon king, weren't you? Several months ago, you were the one who caught the Old Devil, weren't you? That biggest dark force Immortal Mansion fell because of you, and you also played a key role in the capture of Evil Sword God. I've seen you on TV, there's no mistake."

Wang Ling: "..."

Odd Zhuo: "..."

Erm...

For a moment, Odd Zhuo felt like he couldn't defend himself at all.

First of all, he really wasn't a police officer...

But...

He indeed was the one who had caught those people...

Odd Zhuo dropped his forehead into his hand and felt like there was no way to explain it.

There were too many things nowadays that couldn't be explained – this was how the Yellow River was washed yellow 1 ...

Sorting out his chaotic thoughts, Odd Zhuo looked embarrassed as he opened his mouth. "I'm not a police officer. I work for the General Administration of 100 Cultivation Schools, which is part of the Education Department... I'm not looking for trouble today. I just want to ask about the scabbard of a peach wood sword from ten years ago."

Saying this, Odd Zhuo brought the photo up on his phone.

The shopkeeper stared at the screen. He thought there were still more photos of the peach wood sword, so swiped across, only to suddenly see a selfie of Odd Zhuo and a customized human doll – furthermore, the doll... looked exactly like the other youngster in the shop!

Dazed, the shopkeeper seemed to realize something.

He quickly swiped back to the first photo and pretended that he hadn't seen anything.

It was deadly to know too many secrets nowadays!

The shopkeeper took a deep breath and quickly came back to the topic at hand. "Hmm... It was indeed my shop which sold this sword. I still remember – it was back when the peach wood sword cost 998 HNY, right?"

Both Wang Ling and Odd Zhuo were dumbfounded at the shopkeeper's amazing memory – that was over ten years ago!

Odd Zhuo: "Boss, how can you be so sure? Ling Huan said that all your shop receipts were lost in a fire."

“There’s no mistake. Ten years ago, I was running on a shoestring budget, and I made this sword myself. While the receipt is gone, I remember the pattern on this wooden sword.”

The shopkeeper was melancholy as he looked at the photo. “This was a love token I was going to give to my fiancée back then. After I finished making the sword, I was going to propose to her three days later on the bank of Pubei River, but she didn’t keep our appointment. Not only that, she never appeared again after that.”

Hearing this, Wang Ling and Odd Zhuo were silent.

It looked like this shopkeeper was also a man with a story.

The shopkeeper: “I remember it very clearly. When she didn’t show up, I looked for her for a very long time before I gave up. That was when I was feeling depressed, which is why I sold it for so cheap at 998 HNY. This sword is made of solid wood, and would have been of the best quality back then.

“In those days, peach wood swords sold like hot cakes, and to save on wood costs, merchants started to make hollow peach wood swords and fill them with sand.”

Wang Ling and Odd Zhuo: “...”

The shopkeeper gave the phone back to Odd Zhuo. “Why are you asking about this sword?”

“We want to know where its scabbard is.”

“I put the scabbard away. My fiancée was a carpenter; she made the scabbard and I made the sword. Only by combining the two would the peach wood sword be complete. This was our mutual love token. Do you want to buy the scabbard?”

The shopkeeper waved his hands. “After so many years, I still haven’t found any news on my fiancée; there’s no meaning in me keeping the scabbard. I can even give it to you for free. But, I have one condition.”

Odd Zhuo smiled lightly. “Let us hear it.”

“Business is poor, and my shop won’t stay open for much longer. You know, my Shop No. 83 is the oldest in the whole flower and bird market.” The shopkeeper said sadly, “This is a family legacy which I can’t give up so easily. Thus, I signed up for the exorcism competition this year. There is a prize, which will be enough for me to expand my shop twenty times and revamp it a hundred times over.”

Odd Zhuo: “So?”

“There are a lot of experts at the exorcism convention this year. My chances of winning are very low. I want you to take part with me in the exorcism competition! Since you were able to apprehend the Old Devil, the Master of Immortal Mansion and that Evil Sword God, I believe you aren’t weak.”

Saying this, the shopkeeper gave Wang Ling a look. “Is that pretty boy behind you your disciple? A youngster’s skills should be pretty good. Then, he can also take part. It just so happens that each group which signs up for the exorcism competition has to have four members; just nice, the four of us can form a team.”

Wang Ling: “...”

Odd Zhuo: “Boss, may I ask, what is your name?”

“Jin Ke.”

“...”

“Jin from gold, Ke from section chief.”

“...”

Chapter 899: Sweep the Top Three Spots!

When the shopkeeper gave his name, Wang Ling realized that fate was indeed a very mystical thing. The destinies of different people were entwined together, and there were times when that fate ran deep. Back when Wang Ling had named Jingke, it wasn't as if he knew the shopkeeper's name; who would have thought they would actually be homonyms... A comedian who looked like a tea egg once scolded loudly on a program: Anyone who makes a joke about homonyms will be fined 1!

After confirming their team of four, Boss Jin started to explain how the modern exorcism competition worked as well as points of note.

"You're not in our line of work. While you might have heard about the exorcism competition, I don't think you know the details, so let me briefly explain them."

Boss Jin took out his laptop – there was a PPT on it which his former teammates from previous years had made. Teams of four participated in the exorcism competition each year, and you had to look for teammates yourself. Boss Jin hadn't ranked very well in the last few years – he found the "demon," but ultimately wasn't the one to destroy it... instead, he wasted time making wedding robes for other people 2 .

"The full name of the exorcism competition is the Modern Exorcism and Spirit Banishing Competition. We live in a world that produces new demons and ghosts every year. These things are either made up of lasting resentment or complex negative emotions. They linger on earth, constantly affecting the daily lives of people."

Boss Jin said, "This is now an age of national cultivation, where even a Foundation Establishment high school student can easily dispose of some earthbound or simple malicious spirits. Professional exorcism is gradually waning, hence the reason for the exorcism competition."

"The prizes for the exorcism competition continue to increase every year. Everyone participating in the exorcism competition has to form teams prior to the start of the competition. If you don't have enough people, you need to let the competition organisers know."

"Does it have to be four?" Odd Zhuo asked.

"The best is four, to fill all the spots in your team." Boss Jin frowned and said, "That's because the devils we have to exorcise in the exorcism competition are all very powerful! They can kill people! At least one of the four should be a medic!"

Wang Ling and Odd Zhuo: “...”

Saying this, Boss Jin clicked on the next slide. “Every year before the start of the exorcism competition, the competition committee will collect information on unusual activity from various cities and will put the data together half a year beforehand. They’ll put together a list of demons which are generally recognized to be the most difficult to deal with, and which give different reward points. The group with the highest number of accumulated points after forty-eight hours is the winner.”

Boss Jin was done giving a general overview of the situation, and finally came to the real issue: the prize money. The prize pool for the exorcism competition this year was one billion HNY.

For a lot of enlightened cultivators, this sum might be nothing, but for most cultivators... one billion HNY wasn’t a small number – even Wang Ling’s heart itched at this amount.

But this prize money was doomed to never be his. The rule in the Wang family was that Wang Ling couldn’t use his powers beyond his status as a student to win any sort of money. Otherwise, Father Wang wouldn’t need to work so hard to churn out words, and could have become the richest man in the world long ago...

But Wang Ling also had nothing to lose.

After all, cooperating with Boss Jin was a win-win situation.

Boss Jin wanted to preserve his ancestral legacy, while Wang Ling’s goal wasn’t the prize money, but Jingke’s original scabbard.

For this year’s exorcism competition –

The group with the most points would get 600 million HNY.

The group in second place would get 200 million HNY.

The group in third place would get 100 million HNY.

The remaining 100 million HNY would be distributed to the rest of the groups based on their points ranking.

Staring at the list, Odd Zhuo thought for a while, then asked Boss Jin, “Are sign-ups still open for the competition?”

“You can register right up until the official start of the competition. But why do you ask?”

“I’m wondering if I should get a few of my friends to form groups so that we can take the top three spots.”

“...”

Boss Jin wiped at his sweat. “There are numerous experts in the exorcism competition this year. Even if your friends take part, they may not be able to beat them... When all is said and done, they’re not professional exorcists, while basically all the groups are each led by a professional exorcist, and the other three members are recruited in other ways...”

“It’s just ghost hunting; anyone who has gone through university will more or less have done a course on it,” Odd Zhuo said. “A so-called professional exorcist is just a regular person who has an extra certificate. As the saying goes, a random blow can kill an old master 3 ; as long as the lineup is strong enough, anything is possible. In any case, the money will be all yours. What’s there for you to be unhappy about?”

Boss Jin opened his mouth, but in the end swallowed his words. He felt that Odd Zhuo was a little presumptuous. Although the latter was indeed very strong and had captured a number of internationally wanted criminals... each field was singularly unique, and exorcism absolutely wasn’t as simple as Odd Zhuo imagined.

Because this exorcism competition covered the whole country! Once the competition started, all the groups had to search the entire nation for the ghosts on the list and get rid of them.

Hence, in past competitions, sometimes the hardest part wasn’t destroying the ghosts, but finding them.

How could you win the competition if you couldn't even find a ghost? Moreover, these strong ghosts were intelligent – when they encountered someone a little stronger, they would be too afraid to come out.

It was in moments like these that a professional exorcist was needed.

Professional exorcists had thousands of ways to draw demons and ghosts out, which was one of their professional abilities.

“Do as you like. In any case, I just need to rank in the top three.” While Boss Jin didn't think much about Odd Zhuo's suggestion, he still waved his hand and let Odd Zhuo pull people in and do as he pleased.

Actually, Odd Zhuo wasn't doing this all for Boss Jin.

The Office of Strategic Deception hadn't been established for long, but all the teams had basically been busy with all sorts of different things and didn't seem to have done anything together as an overall group. Thus, using this competition to foster a harmonious atmosphere among the executive members and to cultivate a sense of teamwork would be very important!

At that thought, Odd Zhuo called Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal right away.

Several minutes later, the executive members of the Office of Strategic Deception received their groupings from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Dog Two, Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo were in one group.

Fang Xing, Little Silver, Cailian Zhenren and Immortal Toya were in one group.

The goal — to sweep the top three!

What Wang Ling didn't know...

Was that elsewhere, Wang Zhen, Liu Qingyi and Gu Shunzhi had also signed up for this competition...

But these three people didn't plan to find another teammate, and intended to do their own thing...

Chapter 900: A Gathering of Bigwigs At the Exorcism Convention

Sunday, August 27th.

It was the fourteenth day of the summer vacation.

The exorcism convention's competition would officially start on August 28th, which was tomorrow. After Odd Zhuo got the teams sorted out last night, everyone agreed to go to the pre-competition group registration.

The Songhai Modern Exorcism Center was a building that looked like an ostrich egg, and there was a reason why it had been built on this site. It was said that a thousand years ago, a major ghost who plagued the earth had been eliminated on the spot where the Modern Exorcism Center was situated... This major ghost could take human form at will, and disguised itself most often as a plumber; it had a special hobby of eating mushrooms and used a wrench as its weapon.

At that moment, Wang Ling and his party arrived at the entrance of the exorcism center. Wang Ling raised his eyes lazily and saw a glass cabinet in the center of the exorcism center's reception hall, which held a wrench stained with green blood.

This was the weapon used by that major ghost back then... For some reason, Wang Ling felt that it looked a little familiar...

When Odd Zhuo had still been the deputy director, he had actually come to the exorcism center before because of work. Some of the low-level leaders who worked at the exorcism center had called him and requested his help with their children's schooling.

But rather than call it a request, it was more like a threat, and their manner of speaking had been very unpleasant. They had even taken out gifts and insisted that Odd Zhuo accept them.

Odd Zhuo was a man of integrity, and absolutely wouldn't agree to this sort of shady deal. He rejected the requests of these parents on the spot.

He still remembered that when he left the exorcism center back then, these low-level leaders had been furious and even said that they would get their friends from other departments to "impeach" Odd Zhuo and remove him from office.

Who would have thought that his luck would change, and he would be promoted to Director... Furthermore, he was also Huaxiu Alliance's council representative. These low-level officials from back then could no longer threaten him.

But that was a long time, and Odd Zhuo reckoned that these people might have already transferred to other parts in fear that he would retaliate in revenge.

They waited at the entrance for a bit, and a moment later, the two teams led by Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Fang Xing respectively also arrived.

But upon tacit agreement, they didn't speak to each other, and merely confirmed that they had all arrived before they entered the Modern Exorcism Center.

Their goal was to sweep the top three spots, so it wasn't a good idea to let the others see them interact with each other. Hence, before coming here, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had prepared masks for everyone, including Wang Ling and Odd Zhuo, to hide their appearances.

Fatty Luo had worked through the night to make these masks, which also had an anti-penetration layer to prevent other people from using their power of sight to perceive who they were.

The only one that couldn't be hidden was Loopy Toad...

Loopy Toad also wore a mask, but it wasn't any damn use, because that eye-catching green fur was really too conspicuous! Coupled with that wagging tail that couldn't be hidden... Wang Ling didn't think Dog Two needed to wear a mask.

But speaking of which, Loopy Toad had recently been cultivating diligently. It shouldn't be long before it could turn into a human – who knew what Loopy Toad would look like after it officially took on a human form...

Actually, it was normal to wear masks in the exorcism competition. Most people participated in the form of small groups, which were led by professional exorcists, and many of these cultivators were temp workers hired by the exorcists. Naturally, they had to hide their identities.

Another reason was that the prize money was a massive sum, so protecting yourself would give you some peace of mind – it was like wearing a mask to accept your prize after winning the lottery.

Boss Jin rested one thick and solid arm on the registration table as he said in a clear and enigmatic voice, "I'm here to sign up. Our team has the maximum four members."

Boss Jin didn't wear a mask. He was from the old generation of exorcists, and was a familiar person in the circle.

"Boss Jin, are you signing up again?" The young lady at the front desk who was in charge of registration was also an old worker at the exorcism center. She was all smiles as Boss Jin handed her a folder, which contained the personal information of the four people.

Naturally, the entire registration process was confidential.

The young lady's slender fingers danced across the keyboard as she checked the data, but when she keyed in the information of the fourth person, she stared blankly.

Because this was Wang Ling's profile.

"Underage?" the young lady cried out as she looked up at Boss Jin, drawing strange stares from the countless people around them.

"Boss Jin... according to the rules of the exorcism center, minors aren't allowed to compete, unless they have documented permission from a parent or a relevant authority."

"I know that." Boss Jin looked at her and wiped at his sweat. "Please check the information again..."

The young lady carefully flipped through the folder and then realized that there really was a document.

Furthermore, it was issued by the General Administration of 100 Schools! The document even had its official seal...

“Ah! I’m so sorry! I didn’t see it just now...” The young lady quickly stood up and apologized.

After a few minutes, all the data had been keyed in.

The lady handed the folder back to Boss Jin. “Good luck with your exorcism! You’ll receive the latest exorcism ranking list on your phones in a short while, and you can discuss which demons or ghosts you want to tackle.

“The exorcism center will send the action plan to your phones later via text. The competition will kick off officially at midnight tomorrow, so team members, please be ready beforehand.”

“Thank you.” Boss Jin nodded.

Just as he was about to put away the folder, an exorcist led his teammates over from afar.

He was a middle-aged man, about the same age as Boss Jin, with a large mole on his chin that had several black hairs sticking out of it.

The man also wasn’t wearing a mask and looked like a veteran exorcist.

“I haven’t seen you in so long. How are you, Boss Jin? You lost consecutively in the last few exorcism conventions – I would have thought you would be too ashamed to attend this year.” When the man spoke, a lot of people instantly turned to look at him.

“It’s Mr Fang!”

“Mr Fang? The runner-up at the last exorcism competition?”

This “Mr Fang” was clearly very famous.

Plenty of people kicked up a discussion.

Listening to them in passing, Wang Ling found out that Boss Jin and Mr Fang had a history. Mr Fang had ruthlessly taken advantage of Boss Jin last year — Boss Jin found a ghost and had been about to eliminate it when his kill was suddenly stolen...

When all was said and done, Wang Ling hadn’t been involved and didn’t know exactly what had happened last year. He also didn’t want to get involved. In any case, he just needed to help Boss Jin win the competition this year.

Boss Jin also couldn’t be bothered to talk to this Mr Fang. He pretended he didn’t see the other party and was planning to leave right away, but was stopped by Mr Fang after taking just one step.

Mr Fang chuckled, a taunting expression on his face. “I heard that Boss Jin has a minor in his team this year? I never thought our Boss Jin would already be in such dire straits that he has to use child labor...”

In a flash.

Before Boss Jin could respond, tremendous spiritual pressure was already pushing down on Mr Fang from all quarters...

Grenade-Throwing, Fang Xing, Little Silver, Loopy Toad, Odd Zhuo, Immortal Toya, Cailian Zhenren... This was a spiritual pressure combo from all the members of the Office of Strategic Deception!

Moreover, when everyone from the Office of Strategic Deception heard Mr Fang’s provocation, they were extraordinarily united in heart.

Six words summed it up — diss the group favorite and die!