

Daily Life 901

Chapter 901: Divide and Conquer

Even Wang Ling himself never expected everyone to be so united in their reaction, let alone Mr Fang... Initially, everyone just wanted to intimidate Mr Fang by releasing a bit of their spiritual pressure to psych him out – who would have thought that all that spiritual pressure would instantly overlay each other at the same time, directly causing Mr Fang to foam at the mouth and pass out on the spot...

What an unlucky child.

Wang Ling sighed inwardly.

Right after that, he realized that he wasn't focusing on the right thing.

He felt that he should be focusing on when he had become the group favorite...

“Spiritual pressure concussion...”

On the other side, the exorcism center's first aid medical staff who had hurried over wiped their sweat.

Spiritual pressure concussion was the hardest injury to determine a cause for, so it could only be said that this Mr Fang who had been knocked out was just unlucky!

Before the competition officially began, a strong contender for the championship had been knocked out of the ring!

Boss Jin was an impulsive person; he was a man who would attack a problem with his fists before clarifying a situation, like when he had tried to punch Odd Zhuo the moment he entered the shop. In fact, he wasn't a bad person.

He had offended many people over the years because of his hot temper. Mr Fang had been one of them, and this was the root cause of Boss Jin's defeat in last year's competition.

Mr Fang was someone who held very deep grudges. He had been planning to do the same thing this year, to watch Boss Jin and then steal his kill – he had never expected his badmouthing to send him straight to the hospital.

It would take at least half a month for him to recover.

After what happened to Mr Fang, everyone else at the exorcism center who harbored ill intent toward Boss Jin held back.

Boss Jin had imposing momentum this year...

The group members he had enlisted looked much more reliable than the three teammates who only knew how to watch on the sideline last year!

...

After registering and leaving the exorcism center in the afternoon, Boss Jin asked everyone to gather at his shop for a meeting. The Good Looks group sent Fang Xing as its representative, while the Human-Beast group sent Dog Two (Note: [Human-Beast Group] Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, Dog Two, Dharmaraja and Fatty Luo. [Good Looks Group] Fang Xing, Little Silver, Cailian Zhenren and Immortal Toya.)).

Boss Jin didn't recognize Fang Xing or Loopy Toad, so when they appeared at the door, he couldn't help sighing in his heart. Since they were qualified to represent their groups at this meeting, this should be an indication of the fighting strength of the other two groups...

No matter how he looked at them, Boss Jin didn't think they were reliable.

Fang Xing was too young, and appeared sunny, handsome and artless; it wasn't going to be so easy dealing with those cunning demons and ghosts. As for the green-furred dog... Even if it was a spirit beast, it couldn't even take a human form. How strong could it be? Were they supposed to use it as a stage prop to create melodrama 1 ?

Muttering in his heart, Boss Jin sat down and said, "Thank you for coming to this meeting today... Today's meeting is mainly about assigning the battle tasks."

As Boss Jin spoke, everyone, including Wang Ling, played on their phones...

Boss Jin was no stranger to this situation. After all, this was basically what happened when friends got together nowadays; they would clearly be sitting together, but would all be looking at their phones.

There was a sense of guilt attached to the phone, which created another communication barrier between people. Without their phones, many people didn't even know how to converse anymore.

At that moment, the core administration of the Office of Strategic Deception –

Were chatting enthusiastically.

ID: Dog Who Wants Little Master To Stroke Its Fur (Dog Two): "It's a good thing all of you didn't come. This meeting is so boring it's making me sleepy!"

ID: I Love Broccoli (Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal): "Thank you, Brother Dog, for attending the meeting. After all, Boss Jin is the leader of the operation this time. Everyone be patient for now, for the sake of Lord Jingke's scabbard! Also, we have to give Boss Jin face and not discourage him as leader. What's happening now in the meeting?"

ID: Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch's Fanboy (Fang Xing): "Boss Jin is talking about the exorcism ranking list. The strongest devil this year has the code name Pen Fairy; eliminating it will directly give you one million points. Pen Fairy usually haunts Funan, but its exact location is unknown. Boss Jin says that it's very ferocious and difficult to hunt down as it can hide its spiritual body in any type of pen. It's exceptionally sneaky and uses a pen to kill people without a sound..."

"Second devil: Man-Eating Dove, worth eight hundred thousand points. This dove supposedly had a date with its girlfriend back then, but was stood up. It died in a fit of rage and ultimately turned into

a devil with plenty of grievances; more than one hundred couples have already died under its claws this year.

“Third devil: Lemon Gremlin, worth five hundred thousand points. According to Boss Jin, Lemon Gremlin has a formidable corrosive ability that can cause even the body of a Soul Formation cultivator to easily fall apart; it’s truly amazing.”

ID: I Love Master (Little Silver): “So are these three devils stronger than the prison mahjong trio?”

ID: Shifu Is Mine (Odd Zhuo): “Of course not! The devils selected for the exorcism competition in past years were for the most part hard to find as they are very secretive. But to tell you the truth, the three devils may not be as strong as one slap from shifu . Don’t you think so, shifu ?”

“...”

Wang Ling wasn’t following the chat at all.

He was just staring at the IDs of this bunch of people, lost in deep thought.

...

Each devil had its own fixed target and MO. For example, most of the people Pen Fairy had killed this year were Foundation Establishment high school students. Actually, it wasn’t strong overall, but it was superb at hiding.

The reason why it was at the top of the list this time was purely because the parents of the high school students whom Pen Fairy had killed had joined hands to decry this notorious devil and push it into the spotlight.

As Fang Xing had already said in the group, Man-Eating Dove targeted couples. But to be exact, it was couples who were openly lovey-dovey in public.

Finally, Lemon Gremlin’s target was successful people in society who picked on the weak in particular...

For Wang Ling, these three devils were all boring challenges.

If it wasn't for Jingke, he wouldn't even bother to do anything to them.

In Shop No. 83, Boss Jin looked at his watch and then said, "It's almost midnight. I've already booked the plane tickets to Funan. We can head out now. It's half an hour from here to the airport. The flight is at two in the morning."

"That Pen Fairy is very hard to find! I heard that a group has already reached Funan! We must hurry!" The shop assistant Ling Huan next to Boss Jin had already done the preparations, and was carrying all kinds of magic artifacts for exorcism.

However, the group of people in front of them didn't react at all, and were still staring at their phones...

"What are you doing? Do as I say!" Boss Jin was worried.

They still didn't make a sound...

Wang Ling's eyes were fixed on the time on his phone.

It would be midnight in five seconds.

Five...

Four...

Three...

Two...

One...

...

The instant it turned midnight, Boss Jin received a text announcement on his phone from the exorcism center: The devil Pen Fairy at the top of the exorcism ranking list has been killed. The team with the kill: Team Jin Ke, awarded one million points.

Boss Jin stared at this text with an utterly stupefied look on his face.

Chapter 902: Pen Fairy's Instant Death

Let us rewind time back to ten minutes ago, when Boss Jin's meeting just ended and there were ten minutes to go to midnight.

Wang Ling had a general idea of the locations of these three devils, and got Book of Sage Immortal to search for them as quickly as possible. After enlightening Book of Sage Immortal, Wang Ling found that it was indeed really helpful in looking up all sorts of things.

But this thing still had to be punished – Wang Ling still remembered that it had sold his limited edition crispy noodle snacks to help buy Immortal Toya a ticket.

Thus, after finding Jingke's scabbard, Wang Ling was still going to give this tablet away...

Keeping it around would be a disaster sooner or later!

A few seconds later, Book of Sage Immortal sent over Pen Fairy's location. Like Boss Jin said, Pen Fairy was in the Funan area, and furthermore was committing a crime at that very moment.

In the meeting room, Wang Ling used the "Great Soul Shift Spell" of the Three Thousand Great Dao to swiftly arrive at Pen Fairy's location.

It was a boy's room, and Wang Ling used the Great Soul Shift Spell to appear behind the boy. This little brother with a crew cut didn't sense him at all since Wang Ling was currently in a spiritual

body. Even Wang Zhen and Liu Qingyi as inhabitants of the Domain of the Gods wouldn't be able to see Wang Ling, to say nothing of a high school student.

The Great Soul Shift Spell could be considered an advanced out-of-body spell that could instantly transport a soul anywhere in the world.

But the spiritual body couldn't last long; after fifteen minutes, the soul would automatically return to the body.

But this was more than enough time for Wang Ling to get rid of Pen Fairy.

It wasn't a difficult enemy to deal with; it was just difficult to find.

In front of his table, this little brother with a crew cut had no idea at all that he had been targeted by a female ghost. Pen in hand, he was staring at a book and seemed to be racking his brains over a problem.

"Nannan? Nannan?" From outside came the voice of the little brother's mother. She knocked on the door first before opening it, then placed a plate of fruit next to him.

Seeing her son doing his revision seriously, the mother smiled benevolently. "Study well, Nannan! If you want to eat anything, just let me know!"

"Mm, I got it," the little brother replied coldly. Although his eyes were on the book, he was looking at his mother out of the corner of his eye.

After his mother left, this little brother with the crew cut breathed a sigh of relief. He turned a page in the book he was holding, and only then did Wang Ling realize... there was actually a "hole" inside this little brother's thick revision materials! That was right! A rectangular hole!

The little brother had placed his phone inside this hole!

Whenever anyone came by, he would cover it with the page in the front, then flip it back when no one was around...

Wang Ling sweated. This little brother had gone to a lot of trouble to play with his phone.

He glanced at the name written on the little brother's review materials: Lin Nan.

Currently a third-year student.

Different to regular high schools, Foundation Establishment high schools had their college entrance exams in October after the summer break.

Thus, for the majority of third-year Foundation Establishment high school kids, the summer break wasn't a great one; in addition to actual combat, there was still a lot of theory they had to review, and their parents would usually be keeping a closer eye on them.

It was very clear that this little brother was afraid of his mother's nagging, which was why he had come up with this little trick of hiding his phone inside his revision materials.

He was so not serious about studying!

Wang Ling stared at Lin Nan and sighed inwardly.

There was a time to play and a time to study; striking a balance between work and rest would make one a more effective learner. But be that as it may, Wang Ling in the end wasn't Lin Nan, and thus couldn't comment. After all, each person's situation was different; you weren't that person, so you had no right to rashly judge them.

Wang Ling was very curious to know why Lin Nan had gone to all that trouble to hide his phone. Taking a look, he saw that Lin Nan was talking to his father on the phone.

A text message caught Wang Ling's eye: "Dad, don't gamble anymore. Come home. Mom needs you. I was first in my whole year in the final exams, and the school specially gave me a Super Panacea. If we sell it, we can definitely pay off your gambling debts. As long as you promise me never to gamble again, and come home and apologize to mom, I'll sell that Super Panacea..."

He was waiting for news from his father.

But his father didn't reply even after a long time.

Seeing this message, Wang Ling had mixed feelings.

At that moment, Lin Nan, who was waiting for his father's reply, suddenly felt cold and couldn't help shivering.

Lin Nan picked up the air-con remote on the table. The room temperature was currently at twenty-five degrees. It shouldn't be that cold! So what was up with this chill he was feeling?

Lin Nan didn't know that at that moment, Pen Fairy had already targeted him.

A dark spiritual body slowly stretched out from the ballpoint pen he was holding...

It was a female ghost with long hair who was dressed in red and wore high heels. Her spiritual body flowed out of the pen and slowly coalesced behind Lin Nan. Lin Nan could clearly feel a cold breeze on his neck, but had no idea why.

When the female ghost stretched out her long red nails toward Lin Nan's neck, Wang Ling slowly raised his hand and pressed down on the ghost's shoulder.

"You're Pen Fairy, right?" Wang Ling cocked his head and said telepathically.

The female ghost in red was so scared that all her hair stood on end!

She hadn't noticed anyone standing behind her at all...

The mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind.

"You..." The female ghost turned her head in disbelief, but she was so weak that she couldn't even see Wang Ling's spiritual body. However, the ghost was very sure that there was someone behind her!

And his hand was already at her neck before she could do the same herself...

“Let go,” Wang Ling said telepathically in a cold voice.

There was no room for negotiation in his tone, and it was an unadulterated command.

Helpless, the female ghost was forced to withdraw her nails, and she raised both hands in surrender.

“What kind of ghost are you...”

“I’m Crispy Noodles Ghost.”

Crispy Noodles Ghost? Pen Fairy was blank. She had never heard of this guy.

“Why are you after him?” Wang Ling continued to ask telepathically.

He felt like he had never spoken so much before in his life.

But he was really very curious.

His gossipy heart had been completely awoken by Dopey Guo that guy.

“I want to kill him because he isn’t studying hard, of course!” the female ghost said righteously.

“...” Wang Ling was shocked by this reason.

“Also, before I kill him, I’ll help him finish all his homework! I want to make every person who doesn’t study hard feel ashamed! Send them to hell with remorse, and I’ll –”

“Bang!”

Before Pen Fairy could finish speaking, Wang Ling gripped her neck and straightaway crushed her.

What a boring fight...

Wang Ling sighed inwardly.

He gave Lin Nan a look.

Before he left, he did one other thing.

He erased all the homework Pen Fairy had done for Lin Nan...

One's homework!

Had to be done by oneself!

Chapter 903: The Scabbard Is On the Way

Wang Ling acted quickly to get rid of Pen Fairy at midnight on the dot, dumbfounding all the exorcists in the exorcism competition. They already saw that Boss Jin had tremendous momentum this year, and now that Mr Fang wasn't taking part, Boss Jin indeed could potentially rank in the top three. But the competition had barely begun and he had already eliminated the biggest boss Pen Fairy... Everyone was caught off guard.

This Pen Fairy was a malicious ghost that had a reputation all these years of being the most difficult ghost to find!

Did that mean that the other side had already long confirmed Pen Fairy's position, and had hung around waiting for the competition to start before getting rid of it?

Everyone had yet to recover from their astonishment when there was yet another system announcement from the exorcism center: "Team Jin Ke has broken the record for the quickest top-ranked devil kill, and earns two hundred thousand points. The kill time from the official start of the

competition was 0.0001 seconds (Note: the last record was 12:21:44). This is a genuine and valid kill. All exorcists are welcome to try and break the record.”

After looking at this record, the exorcists leading teams all over Huaxiu nation threw their compasses and exorcism magic artifacts to the ground with a “pia.””F**k! Are you kidding me?! 0.0001 seconds! How the f**k are we supposed to break this record?!”

At the top of the exorcism center, the president Yang Hu was working in his office. The giant screen in front of him had various red dots on it which were the exorcists that had gone out to hunt devils all over the country.

When news of Boss Jin’s kill arrived, President Yang Hua was also bewildered... That was too fast! Plus, there was no possibility of cheating at all!

“President, I’ve investigated the profiles of Boss Jin’s team members,” said the female secretary standing next to Yang Hua. She had just looked up some information. “The identities and backgrounds of these four people are all very ordinary. One of them is a minor. As for further details, we’re still verifying the information...”

The fact was that when he had submitted the information, Odd Zhuo hadn’t used their real identities for fear of stirring up trouble. Only the ages given in the information were real, so that their fake identities looked more genuine. Odd Zhuo had intentionally retained Wang Ling’s age, which meant that the team had a minor.

“You can look up the minor.”

The female secretary: “The youngster’s surname is Gan and his first name is Cui 1 .”

Yang Hua was blank. “Why is it that surname? How is he connected to Gan Jiang 2 ?”

The female secretary: “This, we don’t know...”

“Alright... Look deeper into it then. If there really isn’t any information, give Boss Jin a call directly and ask for details. This is very important for us. The prize pool for our exorcism competition this year is bigger than ever since I have to find a powerful exorcist to do one thing for me...”

Speaking up to this point, Yang Hua fell silent.

The appearance of Boss Jin's team had given him new hope.

The female secretary nodded. "Very well, Sir President, I'll go and do that now."

Yang Hua said, "Mm... make sure to be discreet about it. Huaxiu Alliance must never know about this..."

The female secretary: "Yes! This subordinate will definitely be careful!"

In front of the huge French windows, Yang Hu sighed inwardly.

A while ago, because of the exorcism center's negligence, the seal on a million-year-old devil had accidentally come loose.

And now, this devil would reappear in the world in a few days...

Time was running out for President Yang.

If Huaxiu Alliance found out about this, his position as president of the exorcism center would be in jeopardy.

...

Elsewhere, in Boss Jin's shop, he received congratulatory calls and texts from countless people.

"Old Jin! Who on earth did you recruit for your team? Can you tell me? Or how about we cooperate next year? If you're looking for someone to invest in your shop, I'm your man!"

"Dear Old Jin! Congratulations on killing Pen Fairy! Now that I'm asking sincerely, can you sincerely tell me who on earth is in your team?"

...

In a split second, Boss Jin received a little over a hundred texts, the contents of which were pretty much the same as they all asked about his teammates and offered congratulations in passing.

Boss Jin sighed and thought about how this was the way the world worked.

Previously, when he couldn't keep his Shop No. 83 open for much longer, he had asked everyone in his contact list one by one if he could borrow money, but these people never replied... Now that his situation had changed, they too suddenly changed their minds.

"Boss Jin, aren't you going to reply?" Odd Zhuo asked.

After news of that kill went out, he saw Boss Jin's phone enter guichu mode as the texts came in non-stop and the screen flashed incessantly.

Boss Jin was clearly a little upset when he saw these messages and he directly turned off his phone.

"Many thanks to all of you for this."

Boss Jin said to Odd Zhuo and the others, "The other two devils ranked second and third..."

"Is Boss Jin talking about Man-Eating Dove and Lemon Gremlin?" Fang Xing smiled. "Our second and third teams have already pinpointed their locations."

"So soon..."

"Most of these devils are souls; as long as you're strong enough, you don't need to use a magic compass to locate them. You can just sit at home and determine their approximate location through their auras, and then go look around for them."

"..."

“Besides, Man-Eating Dove and Lemon Gremlin aren’t strong – they’re only at the Soul Formation stage. If it wasn’t for this team-building activity this time, we normally wouldn’t bother with these small hobgoblins.”

“...”

Saying this, Fang Xing glanced at a text, then looked up and said, “Mm, it’s confirmed; our sect head says that a lot of exorcists are now searching high and low for these two devils. He wants us to wait a while before taking action, so that we don’t ruin the game for them and destroy their mindsets.”

“...”

The mouths of Boss Jin and his shop assistant Ling Huan dropped open when they heard this.

This group of people...

Who on earth were they?

Initially, they had already thought that this Odd Zhuo, Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools, was ridiculously strong – they never expected this Director Zhuo’s friends to also be all so formidable.

Coming back to his senses, Boss Jin wiped his sweat. “In any case, I still have to thank everyone... Also, I’ve already texted the scabbard that you’re looking for, and she’s on her way over.”

“Boss Jin, what... do you mean?”

“Actually, I haven’t told you: that peach wood sword scabbard also spawned an artifact spirit. She’s a very beautiful girl, and I’ve been raising her as my daughter all this time.”

Everyone: “...”

“Little Scabbard is already on her way, and you’ll see her soon. She’s usually more of a shut-in, and she only agreed to come over when I promised I would buy her a game with my winnings.”

Everyone and Wang Ling: “...”

Chapter 904: Miss Scabbard Who Knows the Script

It was only then that Odd Zhuo realized that Boss Jin seemed to have set them up... Previously, Boss Jin had stressed over and over again that the peach wood sword was a token of his and his girlfriend's love – he had refrained from mentioning the fact that the scabbard had spawned an artifact spirit.

Odd Zhuo had originally thought that Boss Jin was especially attached to this peach wood sword because it was a “love token”; after all, it had happened thirteen years ago...

But now they finally understood that Boss Jin had in fact “set up house for a beloved woman”!

For a moment, the whole room fell silent.

Roughly ten minutes later, a girl with white hair and wearing a “Video Game One” Lu Ban character “game skin” pushed open the door and came in.

Wang Ling was finally seeing this Miss Scabbard. The girl took off her cap. Her eyes were empty and dull, and she had an ahoge as white as a sharp sword which stuck right up on the top of her head. At first glance, Wang Ling felt that she and Jingke indeed were meant to be... She was about fifteen years old, slightly older than Jingke, and had developed well in all the right places.

“Father, I’m telling you, you only have ten minutes! You promised to buy me a game, no backing out!”

The girl entered with a wooden face, casually pulled out a chair, and sat down. She then folded her arms and stared at the people in front of her.

Her gaze swept over Dog Two, Fang Xing and Odd Zhuo, then finally stopped on Wang Ling. After observing Wang Ling for a while, she nodded and said, “No wonder Father is doing so well in the exorcism convention this year. This trash is indeed much stronger than the ones last year.”

Trash...

Fang Xing’s forehead throbbed visibly.

Forget her calling him trash... but she actually dared call Wang Ling that?

Odd Zhuo wiped his sweat and felt that this Miss Scabbard really had a hot temper.

“Such formidable spirit power,” Dog Two said to itself in its heart.

Boss Jin hadn’t lied: this girl was indeed an artifact spirit. The composition of an artifact spirit’s spirit power was more unique; Dog Two could sense it. However, Dog Two had to admit that this was its first time seeing an artifact spirit maintain its human form all this while, since most artifact spirits preferred to stay in their original forms.

This was because artifact spirits consumed a lot of spirit power when they took on human forms.

But this Miss Scabbard didn’t seem bothered by this – or was it because there didn’t appear to be a limit to her spirit power in her human form?

What was going on?

Dog Two was very puzzled.

“Let me introduce you: this is my daughter, Jin Baiqiao 1 ...” Boss Jin wiped his sweat as he made the introductions. It seemed that he was very helpless when it came to his daughter.

However, Miss Scabbard frowned and seemed very displeased with Boss Jin’s introduction. “How many times have I told you, my surname isn’t Jin. My name is Bai Qiao. Father, please correct yourself and don’t simply give me a surname. I call you Father because that was the name you signed the contract with.”

Everyone: "..."

"..."

This retort left Boss Jin somewhat speechless.

After a long silence, Odd Zhuo was the first to break it. "Given Miss Bai Qiao's fighting strength, if she participated in the exorcism convention, she would definitely help Boss Jin rank first."

This was the truth, but also the standard flattery... After all, this was their first meeting. In Odd Zhuo's opinion, it was necessary to say something nice and pleasant to hear.

But this Miss Bai Qiao didn't buy it. She stared at Odd Zhuo and chuckled. "With my strength, getting rid of those petty devils would naturally be a piece of cake, but they aren't worthy of my attention. I know you, you're called Odd Zhuo, right? The one that's been on TV a lot lately?"

Odd Zhuo was delighted. "Miss Bai Qiao knows me?"

"Of course, King of Taking All the Credit."

"..."

"You can fool other people, but not me." Bai Qiao stared at Odd Zhuo and snorted. "But I also can't be bothered to expose your little tricks – everyone minds their own business. Besides, exposing you wouldn't do me any good. You have a lot of fans now; if I expose you online, they'll come after me."

Odd Zhuo: "..."

This second barb rendered Odd Zhuo silent.

Dog Two couldn't take it anymore – this girl's tongue was so poisonous.

It felt that as a loyal dog, it was time for it to show off the literary knowledge which it had accumulated in the human world.

Wasn't this just insulting people? Who wasn't capable of that?!

But Dog Two had yet to open its mouth when Bai Qiao stared at it. "You're the demon king from six years ago, aren't you? You barely landed before you were punched through the stomach. Now, you've become a spirit dog; not quite a demon, not quite a dog. You think you can argue with me just by learning a bit of human culture? 'Demons and ghosts,' to stand alone, to act in collusion, to walk alone, to enlighten people'... You can't even sing the song Rare Words, can you?"

"You..."

Dog Two cried and retreated into itself.

After making a jab at the third person, Bai Qiao then turned to look at Fang Xing. "You do have some skill, but you're still not as good as me. I know you, you're Immortal She Pi's son? Or a daughter? This really is a son and daughter!"

Odd Zhuo, Dog Two and Fang Xing all froze.

Could this girl be the legendary person who already knew what the script was like?

Finally, Bai Qiao's eyes turned to Wang Ling. "Don't think I'm afraid to insult you just because you're a pretty boy with fierce dead fish eyes. Why are you pretending to be weak? Who are you putting on a poker face for? Do you have any idea how strong you are yourself? All the strong people have gone off to save the world; you're the only one still in high school!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"Other people say that you're a rip-off of Saiki Kusuo – why don't you dye your hair pink and put lollipops on your head? What's so great about putting a talisman seal on yourself as a kid? Who did you seal the Three Thousand Great Dao away for? If you have the ability, just destroy the world! Don't screw around! Although I don't know you very well, gossip is a scary thing! As soon as you were born, you could already sit up in a pram – you copied someone else's setting and you still won't admit it?"

Wang Ling: "..."

"Forget about going to school. You don't have many lines in this book. You can obviously talk, but you insist on speaking telepathically to make yourself appear very low-key. So what if you can use the Three Thousand Great Dao? So what if you can cultivate? So what if you're omnipotent? You're just a mensao lurker who likes to do things behind the scenes. So what if you send ellipses – I can do that too!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"That's it, you've gone too far!"

Dog Two couldn't take it anymore as it slapped its paws together and stared at Boss Jin. "Can... can I beat up your daughter?!"

Boss Jin gave them a pained smile. "Do as you like..."

Right after that, Fang Xing, Odd Zhuo and Dog Two all lunged at her.

"Three small fry want to take me on?"

Bai Qiao sneered. At that moment, the ahoge on her head glowed and turned into a whip of light which lashed out.

Chapter 905: The Scabbard's Might

No one present had expected this 1v3 fight.

Bad enough she had a poisonous tongue, but Bai Qiao was far more irascible than they had expected. That long ahoge lashed out like a divine whip, instantly cutting Boss Jin's shop into two.

Wang Ling unhurriedly pushed Boss Jin's and his shop assistant Ling Huan's heads down and helped them dodge Bai Qiao's attack.

At the same time, Wang Ling was rendered utterly speechless by this fightstyle which didn't even spare family.

"My shop! My merchandise! My priceless exorcism magic artifacts!" Looking at the mess in front of him, Boss Jin clasped his face, instantly turning into that world-famous painting "The Scream."

Fang Xing seized the opportunity to grab hold of Bai Qiao's ahoge. He could see that this was the key to fighting Bai Qiao. As long as he could keep the ahoge under control, there would be nothing Bai Qiao could do.

"If you think you can control me, think again." Bai Qiao didn't think much of Fang Xing at all and snorted.

The next moment, the ahoge on her head actually came off!

At the same time, a brand new one grew back on the top of her head.

And the broken hair that Fang Xing had grabbed vaporized, gradually turning into a ball of spirit energy that flowed away and vanished...

Odd Zhuo rushed forward. He had equipment from Wang Ling all over him, and he looked stronger than he actually was. Pushing off on his feet, he approached Bai Qiao in a flash, and light exploded forth from his gloves to bombard Bai Qiao.

But Bai Qiao didn't even lift her eyelids at such a violent attack.

"Too slow." Bai Qiao flicked the ahoge whip at Odd Zhuo, whose suit was directly ripped to shreds. He wasn't injured, however, as golden light completely blocked the remaining power of Bai Qiao's ahoge.

When the golden light dissipated, Bai Qiao saw Odd Zhuo in bright red long johns.

While she was feeling surprised at the long johns's strong defense, Dog Two also lunged at her.

“Basic Dog Skills! Ah, hit, hit, hit, hit, hit, hit!!!!!”

Loopy Toad held nothing back when it attacked. After a long period of cultivation, its “Basic Dog Skills” had already reached the highest level, and Loopy Toad could now throw a thousand punches a second!

“Bone King!” The instant Loopy Toad used its Dog Skills, it also took out its life bonded magic artifact. Bone King transformed into a pair of spiky gloves white as jade, which Loopy Toad wore on its paws.

For a moment, shadow punches exploded everywhere and shook the air.

Bai Qiao was slightly surprised at the astonishing frequency of the punches. The dog's performance was much better than she had imagined. It was clearly a demon king, but it could actually merge with an ordinary akita's body to this extent.

“Interesting.” Bai Qiao smiled, and the ahoge on the top of her head suddenly split into countless strands of hair which swiftly stretched out to clash with the shadow punches all over the sky, her body radiating a frightening aura and spiritual pressure.

Bai Qiao's expression was unperturbed and relaxed. She didn't hide her aggression at all, and didn't give Loopy Toad any leeway in their fight.

The hair swung out like the three thousand strands of Buddha's hair, turning into countless afterimages that parried all the attacks and caused Loopy Toad to completely lose the will to fight.

In the end, the hair started to whip around faster and faster, and Dog Two sensed that it couldn't hold her off much longer!

Fang Xing frowned, his expression stern. “White Night Spell!”

In almost a split second, Fang Xing completely transformed, and ten snake scales shot out to chop up all of Bai Qiao's hair.

Boss Jin and Ling Huan now finally understood what Bai Qiao meant by “son and daughter”...

It turned out that this Brother Fang Xing was a magical girl!!

After her transformation, Fang Xing’s aura and battle strength reached new heights, and Bai Qiao’s expression finally changed.

A punch!

Fang Xing drew close so quickly that Bai Qiao was stupefied.

When Bai Qiao was hit, the sound of godly iron being struck rang out.

Bai Qiao was sent flying right out of the shop.

Only then did her expression finally turn serious.

The strongest person...

Sure enough, was that teenager inside.

It was only after she was blown out of the shop that Bai Qiao realized that she had been dragged into a layered space at some point, which was similar to an “otherworld.” Any fighting that happened in this space layer wouldn’t affect reality.

None of the three people she was currently fighting was capable of this technique.

The only person who was perhaps capable of this remarkable ability was that average-looking teenager in the shop.

When she had been roasting him before, Bai Qiao had had a rough idea of Wang Ling’s identity, and knew that they were connected in countless ways.

But Bai Qiao realized that she had still underestimated Wang Ling's strength.

The moment the fight began, he had pulled everyone in the shop into a space layer. Furthermore, he had done it so discreetly that even she hadn't noticed.

Bai Qiao couldn't help paying attention to this godly ability

"Chi !"

At that moment, Fang Xing, who had used the White Night Spell to turn into a warrior goddess, pulled out that forty-meter broadsword in the air.

When it was drawn out, the blade slashed down with an astonishing sword light and tremendous spiritual pressure.

Bai Qiao took a deep breath, and the ahoge on the top of her head split into two, turning into a pair of huge hands that caught that forty-meter broadsword firmly in mid-air.

However, she was unable to hold steady in the air under that tremendous spiritual pressure, and she dropped slightly.

But she hadn't fallen into dire straits.

Bai Qiao moved the forty-meter broadsword aside with all her strength. Fang Xing was stunned when she realized that her blade was actually cracking from the strength of the ahoge.

"It's over." Bai Qiao smiled calmly at Fang Xing and took something out of her pocket.

Fang Xing thought it was going to be some magic artifact, but then saw this Miss Bai Qiao actually take out from her pocket a bottle of hair conditioner, which she had prepared beforehand, and pour the entire thing over her head.

The ahoge instantly absorbed the nutrients in the hair conditioner.

In a split second, everyone saw the ahoge on Bai Qiao's head grow like a godly tree at a visible and rapid rate until in the end, it actually turned into a golden ancient sword that glowed with a magical light!

"Not good!"

Fang Xing instinctively sensed the danger.

This spiritual pressure was overwhelmingly intimidating and was already no longer the oppression of a True Immortal.

Fang Xing was well aware that she might not be able to parry this sword strike.

Even if she didn't die, she would be laid up at home for half a month.

"Afraid? But it's too late." This Miss Bai Qiao had no intention of drawing back.

"Hu! "

She swung her ahoge, and like a god parting the sea, she chopped down at Fang Xing's head as the surrounding space crumbled inch by inch.

But the next moment, Bai Qiao's ahoge divine sword was actually blocked by a force and couldn't press forward anymore.

A figure had suddenly appeared under her sword.

It was a boy who didn't look more than ten years old, dressed in a brown tunic and white robe.

With just one small arm, he held off her attack...

Chapter 906: A Scene of Domestic Violence

“It’s Lord Jingke!” Odd Zhuo got excited.

All eyes turned to the thin figure in the sky.

As always, the legendary lord of sword spirits demonstrated his powerful fighting strength – with just one arm, he parried an attack that even Fang Xing, as a warrior goddess, thought was hard to hold off.

On the ground, Boss Jin and his shop assistant Ling Huan were completely stupefied...

At that moment, they finally understood why this group of people were able to destroy Pen Fairy the instant the exorcism convention began...

Their strength wasn’t in the same dimension at all.

“Boss...”

“Quiet, I need to calm down...”

At that moment, Boss Jin and his shop assistant took deep breaths.

When Jingke appeared in the sky, Bai Qiao stared blankly at his arrogant and imperious face. She frowned and secretly exerted all her strength, but realized that her ahoge divine sword wouldn’t budge even an inch.

The boy was astonishingly strong!

But from his aura, he didn’t seem that strong...

“Step aside, I don’t hit children.” Bai Qiao glared at Jingke, but there was a very strange feeling in her heart. She was the embodiment of heaven and earth, born of the sun and the moon. Thus, she had the power to comprehend all living things, which was why she could taunt everyone and say such poisonous words when she first arrived at the shop.

But there were two people she wasn’t able to completely see through in all this time.

One was the teenager called Wang Ling.

While it sounded like she had taunted him with a lot of poisonous words, they were in fact superficial as she didn’t completely understand the teenager.

And now there was another troublesome character, which was this kid who had suddenly appeared before her eyes.

Bai Qiao could vaguely sense how she and this child were connected.

But she was unwilling to admit it, and didn’t want to admit it.

She was already used to being free and doing her own thing.

The world was so colorful and there were still so many games for her to play.

She didn’t have time to play house with a little kid.

“Come back, with me.” Jingke’s eyes were fixed on Bai Qiao. That languid tone was the same as ever. He clearly had the body of a kid, but there was an unmistakable sense of authority in his voice.

Bai Qiao sneered. “Don’t tell me what to do! I still have a lot of games to play today! There are still so many novels to read! My favorite author Kuxuan’s new book *The Only Koi in the Cultivation World* is released today! I have to hurry up and subscribe to him! See him crossdress!”

Everyone was dumbstruck at this sort of lavish reason.

But in front of this haughty and tough female otaku, Jingke's expression didn't change from beginning to end. His dark gaze never wavered, which gave goosebumps Bai Qiao all over.

It was said that sword spirits resembled their masters; Bai Qiao could see that this kid looked exactly like his master who was watching the drama from down below.

That master wasn't easy to deal with, so naturally this sword spirit wouldn't be easy to deal with.

"Looks like I'll have to get serious, then." Bai Qiao sighed inwardly and her expression turned serious.

"Treasure House of Hair!"

The next moment, everyone saw this aloof divine sword in the sky actually split into countless fine needles. Under Bai Qiao's control, thousands of fine needles rained down on Jingke.

Jingke had never let down his guard. He waved his sleeves, and two intersecting rays of sword light appeared in his small hands. All the fine hairs which fell like the Tang sect's Tempest Pear Blossom Needles 1 were broken by the brown protective sword light.

Odd Zhuo couldn't help saying, "From Miss Bai Qiao's reaction after Lord Jingke appeared, it doesn't look like she's ignorant about who he is. Yet every one of her moves when she attacks is deadly, targeting his vital parts..."

On the ground, Odd Zhuo, Dog Two and Fang Xing sweated as they watched.

This scene of "domestic violence" was truly terrifying.

This storm of hair needles hit the earth like thousands of meteors, making a mess of the ground and leaving devastation in its wake. Countless buildings for dozens of li around were instantly destroyed and turned into rubble, which was a frightening scene.

But this still wasn't all of Miss Bai Qiao's power.

Fang Xing was keenly aware that the other party's overall fighting strength was above True Immortal level.

But so was Lord Jingke's.

This was a battle between sword spirit and scabbard spirit – it would be very hard to predict the outcome until the very last moment.

However, while the situation looked uncertain, it was clear who was on the attack and who was on the defense.

Miss Bai Qiao's attacks were becoming more and more violent.

Their auras exploded, and each wave of spirit power which rippled out in all directions destroyed everything in its path, turning vegetation and houses all to dust. It was like the advent of doomsday. Their spirit power was so strong that it directly transformed into a tangible attack which destroyed everything.

Jingke was on the defense from beginning to end.

“What? You won't fight me?”

Miss Bai Qiao laughed wildly. She was suddenly enjoying the feeling of battle. She had been cooped up at home for too long – it wasn't a bad thing to get out once in a while and exercise her muscles and bones. She actually hadn't planned to be so hard on a kid, but for some reason, the more aggressively she fought, the more excited she felt.

At some point, she could no longer take her eyes off Jingke, and fierce obsession occupied her mind as the battle went on.

Actually, Wang Ling understood this type of plot very well. It was like your female deskmate at school who wanted to pinch your thigh all the time. You thought the girl was bullying you, and you even told the teacher. Actually, it was because the girl had a crush on you but didn't know how to express it in words. It was just like the boy in the back row who always pulled on the pigtailed of the girl in front of him... So, after getting their thighs pinched, the majority of these inflexible men lost the chance at beautiful relationships...

Bai Qiao's feelings now were the same.

The more she attacked, the more she wanted to bully him!

"Ahoge, go!" Bai Qiao was full of fighting spirit. Her ahoge stretched forward to wrap Jingke up three times over.

Then, the ahoge on her head took off like a rocket, sending Jingke who had been wrapped up like a ball into outer space to make several loops around the Earth.

Finally, the ball dropped hard like a meteor...

"Not good!" Fang Xing sensed that things were bad; if this "meteor" fell, it would definitely be a huge calamity!

But right at that moment, Jingke's aura finally came out as a strong gravitational force was released from the "rice dumpling" ahoge-wrapped ball.

No one reacted at all.

On the other side, however, Bai Qiao was already flying forward with a miserable shriek.

By the time everyone came back to their senses, Bai Qiao's two white thighs were settled firmly on Jingke's shoulders...

Odd Zhuo: "This is...! 'Jingke Assassinates Emperor Qin'?"

Dog Two didn't understand. "But Miss Bai Qiao... doesn't have the most hair 2 !"

"No..."

Fang Xing shook her head and theorized emphatically, "The reason why Miss Bai Qiao's ahoge can stretch infinitely is probably because she has absorbed the nutrients from the rest of the hair on her

body... Thus, Lord Jingke reckoned that the ahoge is also connected to her leg hair. Also, after this ahoge grows out, it's much longer than what all of us have!! If we put all our leg hair together, it still wouldn't be as long as a single ahoge of Miss Bai Qiao's, would it?"

Everyone was stunned.

There... there was still this type of operation...

Chapter 907: Natural Enemy

Any girl would find it utterly shameful to have her thighs held aloft, and Bai Qiao was no exception. She now couldn't care less about the battle and instead buried her face in her hands as she sunk into embarrassed bewilderment.

The last person to demonstrate this state was that book girl on the riverbank 1 . At that moment, their postures and expressions across time and space were practically identical, and Wang Ling couldn't help applauding admiringly in his heart.

It was clear that Miss Bai Qiao had lost because she forgot who she was; as a scabbard, she and Jingke shared the same origins, and their battle strength was in fact pretty much on par with each other. However, Miss Bai Qiao forgot her identity as a scabbard.

A scabbard existed to protect the sword.

But Bai Qiao had fought until she'd gone crazy just now – she'd gotten the order of things confused and had even intended to press this sword down under her. Jingke didn't have a choice except to activate his passive skill "Jingke Assassinates Emperor Qin"... This move in fact existed at the very beginning to limit the scabbard's strength.

The space layer dissipated, and everything nearby was restored. The moment the space layer was removed, the ruined world returned to its former state, as if nothing had happened; the shattered ground and the smell of gunpowder smoke on the battlefield all vanished.

Miss Bai Qiao pulled her legs up in her chair, arms around her knees. She was no longer noisy or vented her feelings, and had lost her initial air of arrogance. She just pulled her cap down very, very low on her head and began to sob to a beat. “Boohoo! Boohoo boohoo! Boohoo ah boohoo...”

Although she was sobbing, Miss Bai Qiao didn’t shed a single tear.

“Is Miss Bai Qiao trying to say something?” Odd Zhuo scratched his head.

He suspected that she wasn’t crying at all, but was trying to convey something. Who would cry in tune, like Morse code?! Wait... this was absolutely Morse sword code.

Standing next to her, Jingke translated with an expressionless face, “She says, she’s too ashamed, to see anyone.”

Wang Ling, Fang Xing and Dog Two: “...”

“Boohoo! Boohoo! Boohoo hoo!...”

“She says, she’ll never, be my scabbard, even if, she’s beaten up, and thrown down, from here.”

“...”

“Boohoo hoo! Boohoo hoo! Boobooboo, hoohooohoo!”

“She says, there’s no good ending, for a girl, to fall in love, with a younger man.”

“...”

This actually wasn’t the first time Miss Bai Qiao had cried. Usually when Boss Jin didn’t buy her a game, she would act like this too. However, Boss Jin didn’t understand a single word of Bai Qiao’s Morse sword code at all.

In the end, despite Bai Qiao’s extraordinary background, she was still a girl.

More often than not, there was some meaning to a girl's tears.

But things couldn't go on like this.

They couldn't ask anything this way, and they naturally had no way of understanding this Miss Bai Qiao's thoughts.

The only thing they knew was that Bai Qiao still loved city life and didn't want to return to being a docile scabbard.

They had gone to a lot of trouble to find the scabbard, and naturally, their goal was for the scabbard to return.

But they couldn't "force" someone else's daughter, either!

This was all about mutual consent!

"Miss Bai, if you cry like this, only Lord Jingke can understand you. You need to calm down, then state what you want, and we'll think of a way to resolve it together." Odd Zhuo persuaded her patiently.

He then pushed Fang Xing forward.

Fang Xing: "???"

Odd Zhuo: "Student Fang Xing... Lord Jingke's happiness is also tied to shifu's happiness. Your male form is the kind girls like the most – it's all up to you!"

To be honest, Fang Xing didn't want to do it at first.

He was actually someone who could hold a grudge, and he had been very annoyed when Bai Qiao had ridiculed his gender earlier.

The “White Night Spell” was a unique spell which he had inherited from his father; he couldn’t do anything about the fact that he changed genders when he used the spell. To actually use this point right away in a personal attack on him caused Fang Xing’s impression of Miss Bai Qiao to drop into the negatives from the very beginning.

But Odd Zhuo’s words reminded him.

A sword took after its master.

A spirit sword and its master had always shared an inextricable bond since ancient times.

It was like the daughters of noble houses who had servant girls in the olden days; they would naturally care for the welfare of their servant girls. If the latter lived well, these noble ladies would also be happy.

So, all this was for Wang Ling’s honor!

Thus, Fang Xing took a breath, then bit the bullet and walked forward.

“Miss Bai Qiao, if there’s something you’re unhappy about, you can tell me – you can lean on my chest.” Fang Xing flipped his blonde hair and held out a gentlemanly hand to Bai Qiao.

Several minutes later, Bai Qiao stopped sobbing. She then looked up at Fang Xing with a vacuous expression.

Everyone was exultant at this scene.

It actually worked?

When all was said and done, she was still a girl!

Odd Zhuo was secretly delighted, but just as he was sighing over the fact that Fang Xing was indeed a ladykiller, who would have thought that Bai Qiao would suddenly slap Fang Xing’s hand aside. “Go away! I won’t talk to a shitty tranny!”

Fang Xing (方兴): “You’re dead...”

“Student Fang Xing, calm down!” Odd Zhuo hurried forward and held Fang Xing back by his waist.

“Let me go! I’m going to fight it out with her today!”

“...”

Everyone knew that Fang Xing’s heart had crumbled at that moment.

Everyone had their own share of pain.

And while Fang Xing was helpless to do anything about his share, it was in the end something which his father had given to him.

For a moment, the room fell silent.

Bai Qiao knew what she had said was wrong, and she pressed her face to her knees again.

It was just as Boss Jin had said – Bai Qiao was unruly from being raised and spoilt by Boss Jin all these years. Also, her poisonous tongue seemed to be something that came about from her getting angry at her weakass teammates in a game, and which was now a habit for her.

Calling someone a “shitty tranny” was indeed out of line.

But it had actually been unintentional; she just hadn’t wanted Fang Xing to get close to her just now... she never thought she would blurt out the phrase “shitty tranny.”

“Miss Bai Qiao, since things have already come to this point, there’s no harm in speaking plainly – is there anything you want?” Odd Zhuo stared at Bai Qiao and said, “Actually, you going back doesn’t mean that you’ll lose your freedom. You can still play whatever game you want; no one is going to put restrictions on you. However, you can’t forget that you and Lord Jingke are one.”

“I can ask for anything?”

“Anything.” Odd Zhuo nodded.

Raising her head, Bai Qiao instantly brightened up. “I want to develop a game!”

Chapter 908: Bai Qiao’s Game

Bai Qiao’s wish was surprisingly unusual, but it wasn’t unachievable. After the exorcism convention, Boss Jin received a massive sum of prize money. He was extraordinarily good to his wild daughter, even though in Bai Qiao’s eyes, Boss Jin this daddy was nothing but a means for her own enjoyment...

After the negotiation, Bai Qiao signed a new agreement with Wang Ling: as long as he could fulfill her wish to develop a game, she would be willing to return with him.

But now there was another problem.

Everyone here was good at playing games, but not at making them... Games didn’t just require a high level of creativity – the level of scrutiny had progressively increased in recent years, and many new games weren’t even able to obtain license approvals from the relevant body, all of them ultimately rotting away in the hands of the game companies.

In exchange for these huge investment costs, the games couldn’t even be released – for the time being, game companies big and small on the market were caught in a dilemma.

So, the question was what kind of game they should make. Large game companies like Horseguin and NetHard 1 dominated the top rankings with games like MOBA and PUBG. If they developed a similar type of game, it would be very hard to steal a piece of this pie.

But before even getting that far, no matter how exquisitely made a game was, small game companies couldn't compare with established companies in terms of server operations and maintenance – as soon as a huge number of users flooded the server, it would most likely crash.

But Bai Qiao already had her own ideas about the game design. If a new game wanted to gain a foothold in the game market monopoly, creativity would be a key factor.

It was August 29th, the sixteenth day of the summer vacation. Wang Ling's room had never been this lively with so many people. Wang Ming, who had been pushed around for a long time in the lab by Zhai Yin, had also come... however, it wasn't Wang Ming himself who came, but the mecha armor he was controlling remotely, Wang Ling Two.

After the trip to Beast King's Remains the last time, the latest Wang Ling Two had been upgraded and modified using Wang Ling One as the base. Not only could it be used in battle via long-range control, it could also be recalled at a click to combine with the original body. Most crucially, Wang Ling Two already had basic artificial intelligence and thus had its own consciousness.

That was to say, Wang Ling Two's current capability was already very close to that of the advanced clone "Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch" which Wang Ling had created by using the Great Separation Spell. Wang Ling Two's memories would also synchronize with Wang Ming's brain. The only difference was that Wang Ling Two wasn't as strong as Crispy Noodles Dao Monarch.

In the room, Dog Two, Jingke, Little Silver, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Wang Ling Two surrounded Bai Qiao in a circle.

"Tell us your ideas for the design first; you can leave the rest to me after that." When Wang Ling Two this artificial human replica spoke, it was with Wang Ming's distinct voice.

"I want to design a cultivation simulation sandbox game with a high degree of freedom!" Bai Qiao's face brightened when the subject of games was brought up, and her eyes seemed to shine with light. "I'm going to call it 'Cultivation Emulator.' Characters, spells, cultivation arts, magic artifacts... including the world itself, everyone can set the parameters themselves. Players don't operate characters, but an entire world – they have to consider the power balance between forces and maintain order in the world. To ensure that the world you create can develop in a sustainable way – this is the key to this game!"

"So the main point of the game is to run a whole world? Will in-game purchases be possible?" Little Silver asked. As another fan of games, he had played some of the top-ranking games in the months that he had been living at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's place, and whatever he could spend

on, he would! The one he hated the most was “Dungeon & Devils.” He was rendered speechless by the game’s weapon upgrade system – he had even thrown in his food delivery money, but still couldn’t upgrade his weapons no matter what.

Later, after Little Silver watched some online videos, he found out that those who had successfully upgraded their weapons had been kowtowing on the side as it happened – they used their foreheads to click the mouse to demonstrate their sincerity...

“There won’t be any in-game purchases; it’s an absolutely fair game. In order to make money, however, we can instead design trendy fashion to sell.”

“Will wearing trendy clothes add to your attributes? Like an extra 10 ATK?” Little Silver raised his hand and asked.

“No.”

Bai Qiao resolutely shook her head.

“What about the power struggle?”

“That will automatically take place depending on the design parameters and the basic characters. For example, you can pre-set how many major forces your world will have, the distribution of power, and so on. However, the composition and size of the force will depend on character parameters. As for each character’s talents, attributes, personality and so on... the player can freely design all these at the beginning.

“Based on their attributes and personalities, these characters will develop freely in the world and finally form their own forces according to the pre-installed script. Players won’t have any control over this, which is why the characters’ personalities have to be defined right from the start.”

“Can we set up a world without any villains?” Dog Two asked.

“You can! In this free cultivation world, the player is god. Of course it’s fine if you want to create a perfect world without any evil. However, whether a world like that can continue to run is another matter. You’ve heard the story of the catfish and sardines, right? A civilization grows in strife. If there is no pursuit of or desire to change, the world itself will not progress,” Bai Qiao said.

Wang Ling Two nodded. “I have a rough idea of what you want now. However, we still need a sandbox game template and some basic programming parameters. I need some real data as reference.”

Right after Wang Ming said that, Book of Sage Immortal suddenly spoke up before Wang Ling could say a word. “I calculate that there’s a 98% chance that my lord will have me search for a suitable world and imitate its parameters.”

Wang Ling: “...”

“Can a super outdated tablet like you do that?” Bai Qiao’s eyes sparkled.

“Yes, Miss Bai Qiao! It’s very easy!” Book of Sage Immortal replied.

Book of Sage Immortal then projected an image of a blue and brown planet. “These are the parameters for Earth in the tenth universe from six hundred million years ago. Miss Bai Qiao can create the characters now; I’ll combine them with this tenth universe, and extrapolating from that, simulate the future development of the world.

“Not just Miss Bai Qiao, but everyone here can also try creating your own characters. Let’s see what sort of impact they’ll have on the world in the future...”

Saying this, Book of Sage Immortal turned to look at Wang Ling. “My lord, would you like to create the first character?”

Book of Sage Immortal was well aware that in the end, its master was Wang Ling. Giving Wang Ling first priority in creating a character was giving him face, and there was a 78% chance that its lord wouldn’t smash it to bits...

Chapter 909: Cultivation Emulator and the Father of Cultivation

The funding and servers weren't a problem. As for the specific design of the game, Wang Ming would recreate the world's foundation and algorithms based on the outcomes of Book of Sage Immortal's trial simulation.

It was just a game. Wang Ming had created so many fantastic magic artifacts over the years; even Head of State 001, the human replica magic artifact which was used for combat, was his creation. Designing these scientific cultivation magic artifacts was far harder than designing a game.

After they had settled on a direction, the key now was the trial simulation.

Gazing at the image projected by Book of Sage Immortal, Wang Ling became lost in thought.

To be frank, he wasn't sure what kind of character to create.

At that moment, Wang Ming, who was operation Wang Ling Two remotely, suddenly said, "Looks like Ling Ling is still thinking about it. How about we recreate the world first? What is the world like in the tenth universe?"

Book of Sage Immortal replied, "Each universe is slightly different, but though the level of cultivation civilization varies, most of them have already entered an era of universal cultivation."

An era of universal cultivation.

While it sounded amazing, this wasn't something anyone could have imagined tens of thousands of years ago.

It was the father of cultivation who was the first person in the universe to discover the existence of spirit qi and walk down the cultivation path after turning it into spirit energy. The rumor was that it was also the father of cultivation who discovered and developed the Three Thousand Great Dao.

But historians had argued since ancient times about the identity of the father of cultivation; there was even a small group who believed that there was no such person.

They argued that from the moment a universe was born, there were already cultivators.

But they were an advanced race who were very few in number. They lived very low-profile lives, and passed on the cultivation arts from generation to generation. With the gradual spread of cultivation all over the world, the number of cultivators increased, and after tens of thousands of years, the world finally entered an era of universal cultivation.

The truth was that both sides had their arguments.

Wang Ming believed in the view of a father of cultivation.

Above True Immortal level was True Venerated, then Venerated Immortal, then Venerated Daoist... Then what was above that? Could there be a more powerful realm? Then, could the person with the greatest realm be the legendary “father of cultivation”?

Or perhaps he wasn’t the father of cultivation at all?

Perhaps he could be called the Immortal King?

Wang Ming smiled. “Since the ten universes have all already entered an era of universal cultivation, then can we try creating a world with few cultivators?”

Everyone present was startled by this question.

“A world with few cultivators? Brother Ming, what do you mean?” asked Odd Zhuo.

“I’m talking about a world still dominated by regular people, and where only a small portion of the population is made up of cultivators. Furthermore, the cultivators have something like a pact where they can’t expose their identities as cultivators to regular people; if they violate this agreement, they’ll suffer heavenly punishment.”

Wang Ming said: “Just imagine – if such a world exists, will the cultivators who live in the cracks ultimately be able to overtake the regulate people and lead the world into an era of universal cultivation?”

“So is this the comeback of spirit qi...”

“No, spirit qi does exist in the world, and so do cultivators. What I want to know is, if 99% of the world is made up of regular people and 1% of cultivators, can this 1% thoroughly overtake this 99% with time?” said Wang Ming.

At this question, Wang Ling sunk into silence for a while.

On the other hand, Miss Bai Qiao suddenly laughed; she had never considered this before.

“Cultivation Emulator” was a sandbox simulation cultivator game which gave players a high degree of autonomy in creating a cultivation world; indeed, that sort of situation was possible – who said that the world had to be dominated by cultivators to begin with?

Bai Qiao thought this was a very interesting proposal. “This sounds like an interesting world. In any case, it’s just a simulation; maybe we can give it a try. Then, let’s use this as the parameters for setting up this world.”

“So, can this be considered the world of my dreams?” Wang Ming also laughed.

“That’s right, the world’s parameters have to be sorted out at the very beginning, like the proportion of cultivators to regular people, the men to women ratio, the initial world population and so on. Once the basic parameters are set, the game will officially begin.”

After receiving this first instruction, Book of Sage Immortal immediately set up the simulation.

After putting the parameters of the world in order, Book of Stage Immortal pulled them up in front of everyone.

[World: A barren cultivation world]

[Age of the World: 4.8 billion years]

[Regular People/Cultivator Ratio: 99/1]

[Civilization: Modern]

[Level of Education: Nine Years of Compulsory Education]

[World Mode: Peaceful Development]

[Power Index: 1231]

...

Book of Sage Immortal: “You can now all design your own characters. They’ll be born in this world, but how long they can live for and how much of an impact they will have on the world will depend on exactly how they are used once they enter the world.”

After that, character attribute charts appeared in front of everyone.

These were the basic attributes that could be freely altered.

The characters’ appearances could also be modified.

Looking at Jingke, Bai Qiao created a similar-looking character, but it was a girl.

“All finished! A crossdressing version of Jingke! Hiahiahia!” Miss Bai Qiao was very pleased with herself.

“Wow! They really look alike!” Odd Zhuo complimented her. “But Miss Bai Qiao... this looks just like yours and Lord Jingke’s kid!”

Bai Qiao instantly blushed. “Who – who’ll have a kid with him?!”

Gritting her teeth, she made the character’s hair longer, then added an ahoge on the top of the character’s head as she quickly corrected herself. “It doesn’t look like him! I’m making a character of myself!”

And so, Bai Qiao’s character profile was the following:

Character name: Bai Ge

Gender: Female

Intelligence growth factor: 8/10

Endurance growth factor: 8/10

Defense growth factor: 8/10

Strength growth factor: 8/10

Physique growth factor: 10/10

Appearance growth factor: 10/10

Good value: 10/10

Evil value: 0/10

Personality: Dumb

“Why is everything 8, apart from appearance and physique?” asked Dog Two.

“I already said I was making a character of myself, so of course the appearance and physique has to be like mine! As for everything else, I’m the strongest! There is no way any other girl in the world can be stronger than me!”

Everyone: “...”

“Master, what kind of person are you going to design?” Little Silver curiously asked at that moment.

Wang Ling was looking at the chart; he already had some idea in mind.

He started to create his own character.

Character Name: Qin Zong 1 ...

Chapter 910: The World Created By God

The character Wang Ling created was quite unique.

Everyone looked at the data for Group Favorite Wang's character.

Character name: Qin Zong

Gender: Male

Intelligence growth factor: 2/10

Endurance growth factor: 2/10

Defense growth factor: 2/10

Strength growth factor: 2/10

Physique growth factor: 2/10

Appearance growth factor: 2/10

Good value: 5/10

Evil value: 5/10

Luck value: 10/10

Personality: Both good and bad, Zen, carefree, vivacious

“Master designed an ordinary person! But his luck is off the charts!” Little Silver thought this was very interesting. When it ran the simulation, Book of Sage Immortal would automatically classify a character with a growth factor under 3 as an ordinary person.

These character attributes weren’t set in stone and could be added to at any time. You could even choose not to set the intelligence growth factor; thus, when the character appeared in the world, it would be as a handicapped person.

Everyone created their own characters.

Wang Ming had always longed to walk the cultivation path and envied Wang Ling for this, so he created a cultivator character for himself and maxed out all its attributes.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal set himself up as a mighty botanist who would successfully develop pea shooters to fight the zombies in the future zombie apocalypse.

...

While everyone was in the midst of preparations, Odd Zhuo suddenly thought of something. “Will these characters we’ve created develop their own consciousness in this game world we’re setting up?”

At that moment, Wang Ming said, “Relatively speaking, they’re just a bunch of data for us. However, given the high degree of autonomy in this sandbox game, these game characters living in it could have their own consciousness. We control them on the surface, but they also strive to grow within their pre-set lives in this world.”

“Sounds a bit complicated.” Odd Zhuo frowned.

“Let me put it simply.” Wang Ming said, “Just like how we might be called gods when we create these game characters, have you ever thought that there might be a god who created us? A pair of eyes might be watching us even now as we speak...”

Everyone in the room abruptly couldn't help shuddering.

“Shit! You scared me!” Dog Two felt all its fur stand on end.

“My fault, I shouldn't have brought up such a scary topic.” Odd Zhuo wiped the sweat on his forehead.

Actually, scientific research on this had existed earlier on, but broaching this topic again now was still terrifying.

But the atmosphere in the room turned lively with this discussion.

Wang Ling gazed out the window in a slightly absent-minded way.

“A world created by a god...” Wang Ling murmured.

Although his voice was very soft, Little Silver and Fang Xing heard him clearly.

They had long realized that it wasn't that Wang Ling didn't speak, but that there were times when he didn't want to, and just liked to stare at the screen... this was a mensao master.

But no one knew that in that moment that Wang Ling was being absent-minded, something frightening was happening.

...

It was Sunday August 29th, the sixteenth day of the summer vacation.

A brand new game called “Cultivation Emulator” entered the lives of the students on summer break.

The highly autonomous playstyle and the feeling of being the god who pulled the strings behind the scenes attracted scores of beta players: one minute after the game's release, ten thousand gift cards for permanent beta accounts were all snatched up, the frenzy double that of the 11/11 flash sales[1 An annual online sale event in China held on November 11th.].

Daoist Guang advertised it extensively in his live stream room.

After some circulation and promotion on the live stream platform, Daoist Guang had now become the number one live streamer on the number one live stream platform, setting a new record with an all-time high of an average of thirty million online users per minute.

"Many thanks to Brother Guang for promoting the game this time!" In the group, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sent a grinning emoji and expressed his thanks to Daoist Guang.

"It was nothing, Brother Grenade-Throwing, it was no effort at all. But this game is really interesting. When I played it for a bit in the live stream room just now, the number of subscribers had already broken a million. And this is just the data for one platform. Looking at all the gaming platforms put together, it won't be hard at all to break ten million in the next few days." Daoist Guang laughed. "Just nice, PUBG's popularity dropped recently, and I was looking for another game to play. With the release of Cultivation Emulator, it might become the craze."

There were a lot of reasons for a game to become a hit, and Cultivation Emulator trumped in terms of creativity.

Of course, there was another important reason, which was that it just happened to be the summer break and the students had nothing to do at home.

Super Chen was extremely excited in the small class group.

He and Dopey Guo were fanatic gamers to begin with.

There weren't any previews for Cultivation Emulator, but videos of Daoist Guang's trial run had been recorded and uploaded by Light Chasers to major video websites, which was just as good publicity as a game trailer PV.

“This game’s pretty good!” Super Chen sent several excited emojis in the group. “I was so bored I actually started playing DNF again... In the end, after my weapon upgrade failed, I lost the mood to play!”

“Weapon upgrade... How much did you spend?” Dopey Guo couldn’t help asking.

“I spent more than ten thousand in one week! I used up one tenth of my New Year money!”

“...” Wang Ling’s lips thinned involuntarily when he saw this.

Why was his classmate so rich?

Saying that, Super Chen sighed. “But I have a feeling that this Cultivation Emulator will definitely be a hit!”

When Wang Ling saw Super Chen’s message on his screen, he instantly knew the game was set... .

Super Chen: “But how annoying! They have so little beta accounts! I tried snapping one up earlier, but they were all gone before the website finished loading! Dopey, do you have an uncle who works in a game company? Think of a way to get us two accounts!”

Dopey Guo: “You bet, I really do!”

Super Chen: “...”

Wang Ling: “...”

Dopey Guo: “But the game creator isn’t a company; it’s an independent creator with the ID Mr Wang. My uncle already used his connections to question some of the game company bosses, but they all said that they didn’t know this creator. The only way now is to buy the beta accounts at a high price, but I heard that the price is already over ten thousand – plus, it’s just going to get higher and higher.”

“Mr Wang?” Super Chen was delighted. “Maybe it was Wang Ling or a relative of his who made this game?”

Wang Ling: “...”

Super Chen: “Wang Ling, I know you’re looking at the screen. Aren’t you going to say something?”

Wang Ling: “...”