

Daily Life 91

Chapter 91: The Proper Way to Open a Cultivation Group Chat

Now that he had a hypothesis, Wang Ling needed to validate it.

Despite being who he was, he had to admit that his omnipotence was only reflected in his ability to use all kinds of skills, large and small. In terms of experience, however, he was in the end still too young.

Cultivation encyclopedias, thousand-year-old cultivation epics, unsolved ten thousand-year-old cultivation mysteries and other literary works like these in the library... to supplement his lack of experience, Wang Ling had already memorized all of them at a very young age.

However, most of these works had been passed down orally before they were finally compiled for posterity, so he couldn't be sure whether many of these historical facts were authentic or not. When he encountered any difficulties, he would visit the cultivation discussion forum to look for guidance from the veteran seniors there.

At the age of six, he had been looking for a way to suppress his strength, so he had signed up for a cultivation forum account. There were many talented people in the forum and every day all kinds of cultivation gossip would be shared.

But Wang Ling seldom went online and most of the time he was a lurker. The online ID of the owner of the cultivation forum was "Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal," a rather mysterious rogue cultivator who frequently traveled around the world. Wang Ling felt a lot of resentment toward this "Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal" because back then, it was this guy who had conned him into joining the Seven Stars Cultivation Special Forces as a consultant!

Recently, in order to consolidate some old forum users' contacts and connections, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had specially set up a chat group in order to organize offline activities. And somehow, Wang Ling had been forcibly added to the owner's cultivation chat group...

He had initially just wanted to sneak into the forum and then anonymously create a post asking about the stone ghost mask. Who knew as soon as he went online, a chat window automatically popped up on the screen like those on porn websites — "User: Ling Zhenren 1 is now online."

Wang Ling knew it was already too late for him to log out — the chat group quickly exploded in pandemonium.

"Bloody hell?! Ling Zhenren? I didn't misread, right?! Isn't this the Ten Thousand Year King of Lurking?!"

"You didn't misread... it really is Ling Zhenren! The legendary grandmaster has finally come online! I'm so emotional!"

"Hahahaha! The online reminder function set by the owner is really awesome! Even the Ten Thousand Year King of Lurking Ling Zhenren fell into his trap!"

"..." Wang Ling looked at the IDs of these people; some were familiar to him and some not, but among them were many who had been involved in rescue operations during the demon rampage six years ago. And the female cultivator "Cailian Zhenren," who had squeezed Wang Ling to her ample bosom back then, was now the manager of this chat group.

However, Cailian Zhenren had utterly no idea of Wang Ling's real identity; in this group, the only person who had actually seen him was the owner Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal. Even then, what the latter knew about him was roughly the same as Old Li.

They all felt that Wang Ling was a thousand-year-old monster who just looked very young and who had disguised himself as a high school student in order to experience an incognito lifestyle...

Wang Ling was silent for a while, then finally typed four words. "Is forum owner here?"

Immortal Toya: "Ling Zhenren, it's better for you to call him group owner, that's what we're doing now. You haven't come online in such a long time, so you probably don't know how the forum operates now."

This Immortal Toya was also a senior in the group and was an alchemist. He would usually share gossip about refining pills in the forum and sometimes video the pill refinement process. Each time his furnace exploded, plenty of people would give him virtual gifts for it.

Cailian Zhenren sent a shrug emoji. "Then, let me explain it simply."

Wang Ling sent a question mark. "?"

It had indeed been a long time since he had logged onto the cultivation forum, but it hadn't slowed down to any sort of extent. So why did all these people seem so miserable?

Cailian Zhenren sent a string of sighing emojis. "It's not that the forum currently isn't doing well — in fact, it's very well-known... but once its reputation took off, those ignorant junior cultivators started to frequently put up flame posts. In a nutshell, the atmosphere isn't very harmonious."

"That's right!"

Immortal Toya also said, "Not long ago, a public flame post was put up in the forum by someone with the ID Xiao Clan Xiao Dingtian, requesting to break off an engagement with Nalan Xian. Scattering money in the tens of thousands, creating water armies 2 , filling the forum with scandal... what a foul atmosphere! Actually openly speaking about such a disgraceful matter, I'm understanding the youth nowadays less and less..."

When Wang Ling saw this, he basically understood the situation. The cultivation forum was not more than fifteen years old and had started to make its mark in the last few years, relying on its wealth of excellent cultivation content to attract large numbers of users. The problem with large numbers, however, was the spotty quality of users, causing the forum to become less harmonious than it used to be.

"It's just like Immortal Toya said. So we asked the owner to set up a chat group to bring together old forum users. The forum will deal with its own business over there and we'll do our own thing here. If you want to sum it up in one sentence: close the forum, protect intelligence!" Cailian Zhenren typed this string of words with righteous indignation.

"So from now on, if Ling Zhenren needs something, you can just direct it to this group, we are all on the same team here," someone with the ID Nine Times in One Night said.

Wang Ling didn't know this person; actually, there were many people that he didn't know. The total number of old users in this cultivation group chat was one hundred and eight and he really only knew a tenth of them.

Seeing no response from Wang Ling, Nine Times in One Night sent a fist salute emoji. "Nice to meet you, Senior Ling Zhenren! You can call me Nine Times Man! I've heard so much about senior. I joined the forum three years after you did, and in the seven years I've been here, I've learned a lot! I've always hoped for the opportunity to ask you for advice!"

"Nine Times Man, don't try to be funny. Senior Ling Zhenren is an existence that even the group owner has acknowledged is stronger than him. Even if you want to make jokes, there has to be a limit!" Bulang Blade Immortal laughed.

"I'm serious! What's so funny about the Sunflower Manual I'm cultivating from?" Nine Times Man sent an electrocuted emoji.

Wang Ling: "..."

Just then, someone with the ID Lightning Dharmaraja couldn't help but lecture Nine Times Man. "Nine Times Man, how many times have I told you, the martial arts of the Sunflower Manual were lost a long time ago — this book which you bought online is definitely a fake. If you cultivate fake arts and want to fight a duel with Ling Zhenren, he can just pluck one of his nose hairs and stab you to death with it!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Hearing the Sunflower Manual which he had purchased called into question, Nine Times Man was unconvinced. "What makes you say mine is fake?"

Lightning Dharmaraja sent a "hehe" emoji. "Do you dare read out the first line of its martial arts heart sutra?"

Bulang Blade Immortal: "I heard that the first line of the real Sunflower Manual is that if you want to practise this art, you must first castrate yourself... Nine Times Man, don't tell me you really..."

"Is that so? The first line of my Sunflower Manual is..."

Nine Times Man's eyes were already wet. "...Little Mother Sunflower's class has begun!"

Wang Ling, Cailian, Bulang Blade Immortal, Immortal Toya and Lightning Dharmaraja: "..."
MDZZ 3 !

Chapter 92: Shock! The Real Reason for the Owner's Disappearance Is...

Wang Ling had always felt that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, the owner of the cultivation forum, was a mystical person. There were two impressions which the old members in the group had of this owner.

First, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, who traveled all year round, was not only knowledgeable, but also knew all kinds of funny anecdotes. As long as it was cultivation gossip, he would have almost all the details. Whose pill furnace exploded, whose mythical creature had gone missing, whose child fell into an underground cave while on holiday and found an ancient magic weapon... Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could always turn all of these things into topics for idle conversation.

Second, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal really loved to court disaster. He was a very nosy person and Wang Ling had always felt that he had a very strong sense of cultivation brotherhood; no matter how big or small a matter was, as long as someone asked him for help and could pay a corresponding fee, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal would lend a hand. Wang Ling knew him to be a man full of justice. The incident that left the deepest impression on him was when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had once accepted one HNY from a little girl whose whole family had been murdered to ensure their silence — without hesitating to offend the wrong people, he had shown up at the door of the underground criminal element, knife in one hand and killed them all.

The reason Wang Ling was looking for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal this time was actually to ask for any information he might have about the stone ghost mask. If one wanted to know any cultivation inside story, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was their best bet.

While the group was engaged in a lively chat, Cailian Zhenren suddenly said, "It's rare for Ling Zhenren to be online, but it just so happens that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal isn't here at the moment."

Wang Ling was shocked. "...". Based on his understanding of this chatterbox who liked to post trivial things whenever he had the time, even if they had now switched to a chat group, for him to not show up a few days in a row was really abnormal.

Had he encountered some sort of trouble?

While Wang Ling pondered this in his heart, Nine Times Man sighed. "Group owner really hasn't been online for a long time, it's been about three or four days!"

Wang Ling was very clear on how strong Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was; he was much stronger than Old Li, hence why he was able to travel around as he pleased. Besides, he also had an ancestral magic weapon, the "Skybomb Grenade"; its effect was five hundred times far more powerful than that of a flashbomb and also had a stun effect. Even if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's strength was flagging, he would always have a way to "throw a grenade" to ensure that he could escape successfully.

"Does anyone have any information?" Cailian Zhenren asked in the group.

She clearly knew that Ling Zhenren wouldn't have shown up if it wasn't urgent. But it had now been several days that the whereabouts of the group owner Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was unaccounted for and she was a little worried.

Immortal Toya pondered for a moment, then replied, "Does anyone remember the last message sent by Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal?"

Bulang Blade Immortal: "Senior Immortal said that one of his brother-in-arms had a lab which had suddenly been destroyed and he had also lost his memory, so he can't remember who on earth had done it. So Senior Immortal said he wanted to get justice for his brother, but until now there hasn't been any more news."

"..." Wang Ling felt this seemed familiar somehow.

Before he could digest this information, Bulang Blade Immortal said again, "This is actually very embarrassing. This Senior Immortal's brother actually deals in cyberintelligence."

"Hacker?" asked Lightning Dharmaraja.

Lightning Dharmaraja had always had an unusual interest in people's online habits. Over the years, he had used his own lightning energy to cure many degenerate youngsters who had been addicted to

online games. Furthermore, every one of them ended up being promoted from worthless losers to the Foundation Establishment stage. It was said that this was all due to Lightning Dharmaraja shocking them into it.

"That's right." Bulang Blade Immortal nodded. "Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hacker brother seemed to have been investigating some old senior. Then that person single-handedly destroyed the lab. It's said a cannon was also destroyed, I think it was called... Armstrong Cyclone Jet Armstrong Cannon?"

Looking at the chat window, Wang Ling facepalmed and was completely silent. "..."

Bulang Blade Immortal seemed to have special knowledge of this matter as he continued talking. "This big cannon is amazing, it's said that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal invented it in order to destroy the headquarters of the fake milk powder crime ring."

"Fake milk powder?" Just then, Cailian Zhenren also remembered something. "I heard from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal before about a criminal gang that specializes in selling fake milk powder. This group scams those in the general population that can't cultivate by saying that after babies drink their milk powder, they can be promoted directly to the Foundation Establishment stage. The cultivation police department issued a national orange order for their arrest not long ago."

The full name of this fake milk powder group was Saint Cavalry and its members were called the Saint Milk Powder gang. Wang Ling had recently heard a lot about it on the way to school.

Although Saint Cavalry wasn't strong overall, what was frightening about them was the fervor of their milk powder pyramid scheme; they had only appeared for just three months, but their member numbers and scale of development had already surpassed many criminal organizations which had taken years or even decades to set up. Apart from Shadow Stream, they were the only other criminal organization which the cultivation police department had felt compelled to issue an arrest warrant for, which was enough to show how serious the country was about this issue.

Furthermore, many people believed that if their activities weren't effectively suppressed, the orange order would very likely be upgraded to a red order, the same as for Shadow Stream.

It should be pointed out that if the people who had been cheated into buying the fake milk powder linked hands... they could f**king encircle the earth twice over!

Listening to the group conversation, Wang Ling was lost in deep thought. He admitted that he had gone a little overboard; Uncle Black had only been doing the Zhuo family a favor in return for what they had done for him and hadn't had any malicious intentions. Instead, Wang Ling had messed up his lab and had now given criminals a chance to wreak havoc.

He sighed in his heart. Later on, he would have to think of a way to make it up to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and that Little Black.

Directly apologize? No way...

Given the current buzz around the fake milk powder scandal, people in the group were naturally starting to worry about Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's safety since he had already disappeared for a few days.

"Do you think it's possible that group owner has been kidnapped by this Saint Milk Powder gang? Pyramid schemes nowadays are crazy!" Nine Times Man threw out his speculation.

"If so, the situation is very dangerous."

Immortal Toya said, "I suggest waiting a while longer — if Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal still isn't online after twenty-four hours, we'll dial 110!"

Cailian Zhenren also agreed. "Yes! If there's a problem, look for group owner; if group owner has a problem, look for the police! No problem!"

Just as everyone was discussing this, the group chat window shook — "Group Owner: Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal is now online"!

"Bloody hell?! Online? I didn't misread that, right?" Nine Times Man sent a surprised Tuzki 1 emoji.

"It really is Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal!"

"Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, you've been offline for several days, the group was discussing whether or not you had been kidnapped by an underground organization," said Bulang Blade Immortal.

Everyone quietly waited for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's reply.

A moment later, the group exploded with a foul-mouthed voice message which Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had tossed out. "F**k! You don't know how badly destroyed my brother's lab is! This isn't even the most irritating thing! It was bad enough the asshole who did it destroyed the equipment, but even the WIFI didn't escape damage! There was no signal at all over there! No WIFI! Bloody f**k!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 93: Can the Group Chat Still Be So High Without Wifi?

Early mornings, blackouts, dieting, WIFI outage... these were the four great tortures for modern man that applied to ordinary people and to modern cultivators alike.

After Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal returned to the chat group, someone in the cultivation forum instantly stirred things up with a new post, purely as a joke — " Shock! Cultivation chat group owner Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal has reappeared after a few days' absence; it was revealed the reason for it was... no WIFI?!"

Life without WIFI had made this owner of the cultivation chat group exceptionally angry, and he publicly declared in the group that if he caught the guy who had destroyed the lab, he would remove that guy's Tower of Babel and pull out the bricks one by one...

Hence, after Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's thunderous roar, Wang Ling silently logged out...

He decided to properly sort out the questions he wanted to ask about the stone ghost mask first and then look for Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal after the latter had calmed down a little. Otherwise, given the other man's current state, Wang Ling felt that if this guy knew the truth, there was a high possibility he would throw a grenade directly at the Wang family's small villa.

The chessboard hidden behind the stone ghost mask was very large, so Wang Ling felt that it was necessary for him to take things slow, as the slightest carelessness might cause an irreparable mistake.

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After dinner, Lie Mengmeng showed up a little after eight o'clock.

The Wang family had a habit of not closing the front door while they had dinner. Lie Mengmeng, who didn't consider himself an outsider, took off his shoes and put on the flip-flops that Father Wang had specially prepared for visitors by the door.

When Lie Mengmeng entered the house, Mother Wang was washing the dishes in the kitchen and Father Wang and the old man were on the sofa watching the news, which was currently broadcasting the latest hot topic in Huaxiu nation, "One Belt, One Road." The old man was getting along in years and his hearing was a little bad; the TV's volume was very loud and he didn't notice Lie Mengmeng at the door. It was Father Wang who heard a small sound and turned his head slightly to see him.

Father Wang gestured at Lie Mengmeng, pointing upstairs. Instantly understanding his meaning, Lie Mengmeng went to the study on the second floor to wait for him.

Father Wang knew this probably had to do with Professor Jiang's psychological diagnosis. Grandfather Wang would be nervous to hear it, so Father Wang intended to listen to what Lie Mengmeng had to say first.

After closing the chat group window, Wang Ling saw Lie Mengmeng and Father Wang go into the study one after another, and the two of them began talking about the "Zeigarnik effect."

The Zeigarnik effect was a phenomenon where people easily forgot completed or resolved tasks very easily, but would always remember unfinished or interrupted tasks.

This topic had first emerged in a research report on the psychology of love which Professor Jiang had written when he was a student. The title of the report was "Why People Never Forget Their First Love."

When Lie Mengmeng entered the study, he kept Father Wang guessing at first by throwing Professor Jiang's thesis at him. After Father Wang had carefully finished reading it, he was still puzzled. "What does it mean? What does it have to do with my dad's dementia?"

"Teacher Jiang thinks that while a small part of the old man's illness is due to age, it's largely a psychological problem. His assessment is similar to what we had previously assumed," Lie Mengmeng replied.

"To put it simply, Brother Situ, your mother was very important to the old man, who had wanted to grow old with her. Very unfortunately, his wish couldn't be fulfilled and so he suffered a shock. This is a type of regret over unfinished matters and is also the Zeigarnik effect we were just talking about..."

Listening to them in the study, Wang Ling was stupefied; it was the first time that he truly realized how amazing Lie Mengmeng must have been in his psychology research studies. He had heard of Professor Jiang, full name Jiang Li, before. Renowned as the Mind Emperor, the professor had students practically everywhere. Currently, more than seventy percent of counseling psychologists in schools could more or less trace a connection back to him at the top of the hierarchy. Whenever they saw Professor Jiang outside, they would call him Grandmaster.

In contrast to these people, Lie Mengmeng was actually even more amazing, because he had been a direct student of Professor Jiang and had personally received learning instructions from him!

Given Lie Mengmeng's genius, it was highly possible he could have become the next Professor Jiang in the field of psychology if he hadn't felt like he couldn't make a living from it. Otherwise, there was no way he would have received a reply from Professor Jiang so soon, which proved that the professor still couldn't forget this student of his even after so many years.

However, it was very unfortunate that in this era, it was useless to be gifted in just academic studies as one had to be gifted in cultivation too. Professor Jiang wasn't just deeply versed in psychology, he was also a first-class cultivation expert and thus was very well-known.

Wang Ling honestly felt it was a real pity for Lie Mengmeng. The need to be gifted in cultivation was really a sore point. And the legend that eating a Foundation Establishment pill would enable even an ordinary person to instantly reach the Foundation Establishment stage... such a thing didn't exist at all!

Of course, Lie Mengmeng was not the only such case in current society where a lack of cultivation talent meant that there was a limit to what one could do, and those who couldn't do the work they

loved had to find something else. After all, not everyone could be like Wang Ming, who couldn't cultivate but had received from god a brain so powerful it could even terrify the government.

"So, Near Expert, your meaning is...?"

"No, no, no, this is just a thought Professor Jiang had. I'm just passing the message on for him," Lie Mengmeng said with a serious expression. "The best solution right now is to fight poison with poison. Have the old man properly resolve his feelings in order to make up for this psychological trauma. This is called the substitution effect in psychology. However, this approach isn't one hundred percent foolproof."

Father Wang was silent for a second, then asked, "Then what, specifically, do we need to do?"

"It's very simple; did the old man have... a first love? If at this time, he is able to see his first love, the substitution effect may work. Even if his unique brand of dementia can't be fully cured, I think making up for his psychological trauma will nevertheless alleviate it significantly."

First... love?

After hearing this, Father Wang thought for a few seconds, then suddenly remembered the "slightly green" girl the old man had mentioned previously. "...I heard my dad talking about a girl before. It was someone he had liked when he was a young chef, but I don't know whether she was his first love or not."

"That's it!" Lie Mengmeng snapped his fingers with a "pa". "The old man's dementia can flare up anytime, and if he can still remember that girl under those circumstances, that's enough to prove that he has a deep fixation with her. Surely she was his first love!"

"Oh! Then what we have to do now is to think of a way to find this slightly green girl, then get her to meet the old man?" asked Father Wang.

Lie Mengmeng nodded. "Exactly!"

Realization suddenly dawned on Father Wang.

He then looked in the direction of Wang Ling's room and gestured encouragingly. "Go, Ling Ling! Whether grandpa can be cured or not now depends on you!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Chapter 94: The Most Horrifying Thing

After Lie Mengmeng left, Father Wang rummaged around in the store room at home and found a vintage rosewood box. This was a burial object which the old man had prepared for himself in advance and which he had asked Father Wang to bury with him once his time was up.

Father Wang knew that the box contained a lot of the old man's secrets. After the latter had started suffering from dementia, he had left the rosewood box with Father Wang in case he forgot about it one day, with repeated warnings to not open it. But now, for the sake of curing the old man's dementia, Father Wang really had no other choice.

"You, like a drop of rain, nourish my heart; you, like a rainbow, capture my gaze; you, like a bright moon, seep radiantly into my heart, like a torrential stream that falls into a beautiful waterfall; I wish to take your hand, to run and jump beneath the setting sun, to execute a graceful bicycle kick.

"Ah~ I like you. I like your cool attitude toward my small tricks; I like how quickly you speak; when I go shopping for clothes with you, I like it when you act small and confused. Crossing the road hand in hand with you, we don't have to go too far, since our next stop is happiness."

In the study, Father Wang read this love letter aloud. The old man had written this on a sheet of oil paper in his youth; the immature handwriting could only just be made out on it.

Both Father Wang and Wang Ling shuddered in unison, and even Loopy Toad's fur stood on end... f**k, this type of love letter, which mixed together sentences from the compositions of primary school students and popular song lyrics — could someone really confess with this?!

Loopy Toad sincerely doubted how effective this love letter could have been.

Father Wang pointed at the stack of letters inside the box. Every single one of them had been penned by the old man in a variety of styles. Everyone knew that in his youth, the old man had been a patron saint of love whose history of love affairs was much richer than Father Wang's. Moreover, the old man was good at matching the solution to the problem, and would change his writing style in his love letters according to his lovers' personalities and tastes.

After going through several letters, Father Wang had finally found this letter to first love written in a fresh, literary style.

Apart from it, there were letters in a demure and nostalgic style, such as:

"You are the white clouds and I am the black dirt. Whether you are seventy-one years old or I'm seventy-five years old... I will take your hand and grow old with you. When I'm old, I will still board your worn ship with my old boat ticket..."

There were letters in a nerdish style, such as:

"I will forever be, the lonely square root of three 1 . The three is as beautiful a number as can be. But under the ugly square root sign, how I wish I were a nine. For with a little arithmetic, nine could thwart this evil trick. But if this square root sign were you, I would agree to be a two, so that you could divide me endlessly..."

Finally, there were letters in a flirtatious and forceful style, such as:

"I hope one day, you can teach me a lesson on my round bottom with your gentle hands; I hope you can kiss my red-hot biceps with your sexy red lips..."

...

After reading these love letters, Father Wang finally understood why the old man had already sorted out his burial object and solemnly told him not to open it. After all, these things were really shameful. The old man could never have imagined that before his dark history could be buried with him, it would be uncovered and read one by one by his son and grandson.

Closing the box, Father Wang passed the letter to first love to Wang Ling. "Is there a way to track down your grandfather's first love?"

Wang Ling frowned with some hesitation.

Currently, the only people who had touched this letter were Wang Ling himself, Father Wang, the old man and that slightly green girl.

Out of the Three Thousand Great Spells, the Great Recollection Spell could use an object to track down the location of an individual who had touched it before. But it had two conditions. First, the person who touched it must still be alive. Second, Wang Ling must have seen the person before.

Putting the first condition aside, the second one was a big problem. If this was a normal situation, Wang Ling could definitely use his memory retrieval ability to search the old man's memory for the slightly green girl's features, and in reverse order, track her down to her current location.

But the old man's memory was now muddled by his dementia. If Wang Ling used the memory retrieval skill, he would only see something similar to the white noise on TV. And even if he pushed forward searching for clues, after so many years, no one could say for sure how much of that "slightly green" girl was left in the old man's memory. Conversely, there was the risk that it could aggravate his dementia.

Father Wang again thrust the letter under Wang Ling's nose. "How about sniffing it out? Most likely some of that slightly green girl's scent is still on the letter."

Wang Ling: "... There is an actual f**king dog here, why the hell are you asking me to do the sniffing?!

The corners of Wang Ling's mouth twitched, but because he was afraid that Father Wang would unfairly dock his pocket money again, he stifled the urge to argue with him. Instead, he dodged the letter so that it got passed to Loopy Toad. Given the current situation, he could only rely on this guy. After all, Loopy Toad had been learning to be a dog for so long and Wang Ling felt it was now necessary to test the results of its training.

Previously, when it had still been a toad, it had practiced mouth techniques, and was best at tongue skills.

Now that it had turned into a dog, Loopy Toad's cultivation path had naturally changed.

Everyone knew that a dog's nose was very sharp. As a demon king, Loopy Toad was trying hard to adapt to its current body.

When Wang Ling passed it the letter, Loopy Toad sniffed it carefully, and suddenly felt that the scent on it seemed familiar somehow.

Was there really a result already?

Too amazing!

Seeing Loopy Toad's reaction, Father Wang felt sincerely moved in his heart.

Although Loopy Toad understood human language, this current body was still a hindrance in the end, and it hadn't yet cultivated to the point that it could speak. Everything had to go through Wang Ling's Mind-Reading Ability before Wang Ling could pass word on to Father Wang. After he had heard Loopy Toad's reply, slight surprise flashed across Wang Ling's face.

Father Wang's eyebrow twitched involuntarily as he looked at Wang Ling. "You're saying... Loopy Toad said that it's smelled the scent on the letter before at No. 60 High School?"

Wang Ling nodded, and Father Wang's expression cleared as he instantly slapped his hands together. "Your grandfather did mention, back then, that girl graduated with a teaching major. True, there's a real chance she has continued teaching in school! But who on earth is that female teacher?"

Father Wang's curiosity had been completely aroused.

His family's old man had a first love who unexpectedly turned out to be a teacher at his son's school?

To be able to catch the old man's eye, the girl must have been an enchanting beauty when she was young! Furthermore, from the fresh, literary style in that letter to first love, Father Wang could almost immediately picture a pure and lovely maiden with long and elegant hair in his mind... even if she was old now, she still at least had to be an attractive existence for her age!

But this was just Father Wang's assumption. Wang Ling had seen almost all the teachers at No. 60 High School; if you were looking for a mature, attractive person...

Wang Ling felt that Old Antique could be counted as one... as for other people...

He shuddered in spite of himself, and didn't dare to continue this line of thinking.

No matter how he thought about it, it made him feel indescribably flustered.

...

It was late at night. Under the cover of darkness, Wang Ling instantly teleported to No. 60 High School with Loopy Toad. Following its lead, he drew up in front of the door to one of the teachers' offices, which was for teachers of the elite classes. Wang Ling had seen most of them; there were many female teachers, but as for those who were mature and attractive... he blanked on who it could be.

Then he instantly teleported inside the office with Loopy Toad. Huddled in Wang Ling's clothes, it lifted its nose and sniffed...

It was over there...

It directed Wang Ling toward an office desk.

Right after that, Wang Ling felt like he had encountered the most horrifying thing ever in his life so far.

Because this office desk... actually f**king belonged to Teacher Pan!

Chapter 95: It's an Unnatural Morning

Wang Ling used the Space Sketching Skill to draw Teacher Pan's image on paper. The last time he had used this skill was when he had asked Zheng Tan to look for Wang Ming. He hadn't expected that this time he would be drawing his own teacher-in-charge!

Gazing at Wang Ling's sketch, Father Wang pushed his black-rimmed glasses up and was lost in an enigmatic silence. "..."

The woman in the drawing was a long-term office worker who was fairly chubby since she sat down most of the time. Although it wasn't to the point of having a bucket waist yet, it was apparent that there was already a floater ring around her belly. There were streaks of grey hair in her flyaway ponytail, and age had added quite a number of wrinkles to her face. No matter how hard Father Wang tried, he couldn't match Teacher Pan with the image of that youthful girl in his mind...

"Are you sure... your teacher-in-charge, Teacher Pan, is that slightly green girl?"

Wang Ling kicked Loopy Toad in its furry butt, and it let out an aggrieved woof.

Ss ! —

Father Wang couldn't help drawing in a sharp breath... this really was a f**king huge shock!

It was the middle of the night; Mother Wang was upstairs putting on a face mask while the old man had already fallen asleep much earlier on. The Wang family's father and son couldn't stop sighing as they leaned lifelessly against the sofa in the study and stared at the drawing of Teacher Pan.

The most troublesome thing wasn't that Teacher Pan was Grandfather Wang's first love, but that now, Wang Ling had to find a way to arrange for the two of them to meet. This was the trickiest part!

Completely overwhelmed by this matter, Father Wang didn't even have the mood to type and just wanted to calm down... after placing the picture on top of the table, he went upstairs to sleep.

Back in his small bedroom, Wang Ling didn't sleep a wink the whole night as he tried in vain to think of a way for the old man and Teacher Pan to meet by chance perfectly without making it seem too abrupt after so many years.

This was a real pain in the ass...

Early the next morning, it was almost dawn when Wang Ling left home. Once again, the old man sat by the front door, basking in the sun.

This time, the old man had put two cold dishes in Wang Ling's lunchbox. One was black fungus and cucumber salad, the other fuqi feipian 2 .

Wang Ling was taken aback. "...". Somehow, he felt that there was some meaning behind these two dishes.

As he stretched out his hand to take the lunchbox, the old man pulled him in. "Ling Ling, I dreamt of your grandmother again..."

Wang Ling was silent.

"She'd become young again, as pretty as before..." The old man grinned happily. "The day she passed away, I held her in my arms and she whispered to me that in our next lives, we... we would be married again."

Saying this, the old man's eyes watered a little, though he tried to hold the tears back. "She told me in my dream that she wanted to eat my cold dishes... these two dishes, Ling Ling, please help me burn 3 them for her!"

Wang Ling: "...". In the end, these weren't made for me?!

...

Today at school, the atmosphere in every class was unusually harmonious, since Secretary Dakang had sent over an inspection team. The act of copying homework had dwindled significantly in each class. As Wang Ling stepped into the teaching building, he caught sight of a young man with a blue ribbon around his arm walking through the corridor and inspecting each class to check if anyone was breaking this rule.

Wang Ling had heard of this young man; he was called Yu Heng, a Grade Three senior at No. 60 High School. He was also the current group (clan) leader of the inspection group of the Student Union of No. 60 High School, and had been given the nickname "Clan Leader Yu"!

The thing about him was that he was very experienced and sophisticated in his duties. There would always be students breaking the rules in school early in the morning, but as long as Clan Leader Yu didn't catch them at it, he wouldn't bother exposing them; since he would be graduating soon, there was no point in offending people needlessly. Additionally, he also didn't have a habit of doing repeat inspections. He would do a casual sweep of each class as he walked by and consider his duty done. The reason was simple — as a graduating student of Senior Grade Three, he hadn't finished his own damn homework yet! When did he have extra time to do inspections?!

But he had no choice, since in many cases, school leaders just liked to create meaningless regulations. He didn't believe that nobody copied homework in those key city high schools... of course, this didn't mean that he encouraged this type of behavior.

This was the so-called "what is rational is real, and what is real is rational"...

Clan Leader Yu felt that it was understandable for students to copy homework once or twice if they were unable to finish it on time due to some unpredictable factors.

When Wang Ling arrived at class, he saw Clan Leader Yu step into Grade One, Class Three. Clan Leader Yu swept his gaze lazily around the class and asked a little tiredly, "Who is your commissary in charge of studies?"

Little Peanut stood up and raised his hand.

"I am..."

Little Peanut wasn't tall, and looked like a primary school student in front of Yu Heng. He lowered his head and blinked. "Senior Yu, don't worry, our class is very serious! We definitely... don't have anyone who copies homework here."

Yu Heng's dead fish eyes rested on Little Peanut for a while. With one glance he could tell that this wooden and adorable junior brother was lying. His tells were: wavering speech, shifty eyes, unnatural hand and feet movements... also, what the hell was with this mysterious blush?!

But since nobody had indeed been caught red-handed copying homework, Yu Heng didn't bother to make a fuss. "Well, today's inspection ends here." Upon saying this, he even patted Little Peanut on the head, exclaiming in his heart that this lad had a bright future.

Whether it was in primary school, junior high school or senior high school, Grade One students were always the most cautious and timid; after committing even the smallest misdeed, they would be deathly afraid of being caught, and so were on edge the whole time. As an old driver 4 who had been studying at No. 60 High School for three years, Clan Leader Yu had seen into Little Peanut's heart with one glance. But all these didn't matter, since he reckoned that before long, Little Peanut would become an old pro at this.

When Wang Ling got to his seat, Clan Leader Yu had already swiftly finished his inspection and was ready to leave. Just as he stepped out of Grade One, Class Three, Master of Dopey cried out, "Don't worry, Clan Leader Yu, we outstanding youngsters uphold the three values and have resolved to never copy homework!" After saying these words, Master of Dopey felt the red neckscarf 5 hidden at the bottom of his heart glow even brighter.

Little Peanut covered his face a little ashamedly. "Classmate Guo, your, your nose..."

Master of Dopey rubbed his nose and unexpectedly discovered that it was bleeding. "Ah, I must be too excited! Yep, that has to be it! The righteousness inside my heart is telling me that copying homework is a very evil deed!"

Wang Ling fixed his eyes on Master of Dopey. "..." This guy had definitely used the Four Pens Technique to copy homework!

After that, Master of Dopey returned to his seat. But as soon as his butt touched the chair, he immediately stood up as if he had been electrocuted.

Wang Ling then heard Master of Dopey sigh, "Ai , my ass hurts... I shouldn't have used the Five Pens Technique..."

Wang Ling: "..." What weird shit did you f**king get up to this morning?!

Chapter 96: Old Antique's Time for Gossip

It was May 19th, the fourth Tuesday after the start of semester, and time for Old Antique's familiar history class.

Outside the door, students saw a fatty with a tough, stocky build walk step by step toward the classroom before climbing onto the dais in Grade One, Class One on the dot.

Old Antique seldom brought a textbook with him to class, since the test points in it were already etched in his mind.

Wang Ling thought that in some sense, it was very hard to not use a textbook and at the same time still make the class an enjoyable experience for everyone. In the whole of No. 60 High School, Old Antique was really an excellent example of this teaching model. Furthermore, this method of teaching without a textbook in fact really tested a teacher's capability.

One weekend and one Monday had passed since the exchange meet. In a short three days, Old Antique's figure seemed to have expanded tremendously... the love affair between Old Antique and Director Xie of No. 59 High School was no longer a secret. Wang Ling knew that Old Antique's way of showing his love would definitely be to take Director Xie out to eat, eat and eat.

Wang Ling thought that it wasn't just Old Antique, but Director Xie must also be fatter than what she used to be...

"Recently a lot of things have happened. I wonder if everyone has heard of an organization called Saint Cavalry?"

When Old Antique said this, discussion in the class clearly started to heat up. Obviously, after being exposed by the media, this fake milk powder pyramid scheme had aroused widespread public concern in the community.

Old Antique's hand glowed with spirit light before he placed a tin can on the table. "I bought this can of fake milk powder directly from a Saint Milk Powder. At that time, he strongly recommended that I become a agent for them."

"Teacher, then what happened next?" Feather Lin asked curiously.

"Then, I persuaded him to give me this milk powder without me having to pay a single cent... after that Saint Milk Powder was done listening to my lecture, he made up his mind to sincerely repent and become a new person!"

Upon saying this, many students burst into laughter as they thought Old Antique was talking big as usual. Only Lotus Sun and Wang Ling's hearts skipped a beat... back then, when he had said he could shoot someone dead with a piece of chalk, a lot of people had taken it as a joke, but in the end, he really had shot someone dead with one.

Thus, it was obvious that this incident very likely did happen...

There clearly was another reason for Old Antique to begin class this time with the matter of Saint Calvary peddling fake milk powder. After the lesson on "Reruns and the Evolution of Ancient TV Shows in HuaXiu Nation," "A Modern History of Huaxiu Nation" was the most important component of the theory of history class, which Old Antique would definitely test them on in the midterm and final exams since it covered a wide range of topics.

He had used the matter of Saint Cavalry selling fake milk powder as a vivid introduction in order to capture the students' interest.

When the class began to calm down, everyone knew that the real event was about to start...

"With regard to the modern history of Huaxiu nation, we should start with the First Gua Pi 1 War, which was a catastrophic and shameful part of our national history." Old Antique couldn't help heaving a sigh when he defined it in such a way. "Back then, in order to defend against the army led by Devil Emperor Gua Pi, countless senior cultivators of Huaxiu nation sacrificed their lives... perhaps some students are puzzling over what gua pi means here. Let me explain, melon rind is actually a type of drug. Long ago, people would usually mash it and roll it into a cigarette. Once you took a puff, you wouldn't be able to resist taking a second one, and the more you puffed, the lower your intelligence became."

Everyone: "..."

"The most critical thing was that once you puffed on melon rind, you'd become addicted to it."

Everyone: "..."

Old Antique smiled. "Back then, the Gua Pi Army formed very quickly, much like the current Saint Cavalry. This is why the current government is concerned about Saint Cavalry, as they are worried that it'll follow the Gua Pi Army's disastrous policy. Although it's been proven that the substances contained in the fake milk powder are harmless to the human body, this is still vile behavior that is an attack on the national economy."

Everyone couldn't help nodding; students who had prepared for this lesson knew that back then, at the very beginning before the Gua Pi Army's meteoric rise, it had relied on a pyramid scheme in order to gather large numbers of members in a short span of time. It was just that back then, the appearance of that pyramid scheme hadn't immediately attracted Huaxiu nation's attention, and by the time the state reacted, the situation was already irredeemable.

According to Old Antique's customary teaching style, he would usually quickly run through the lesson's framework first before starting the class.

"A Modern History of Huaxiu Nation — On the First Gua Pi War": this major historical incident started with Devil Emperor Gua Pi peddling the melon rind drug through a pyramid scheme model. Old Antique had a deep understanding of this period in history, since it was a time of national shame. Back then, foreigners had jokingly called this period in Huaxiu's history the "National Melon-Puffing Era." Therefore, to this day, the theory of history class exams would always include this test point every year with the aim of engraving this history in the students' memories so that they would never forget this national shame.

After quickly running through the cause of the First Gua Pi War, it was Old Antique's time for gossip once again.

This time, what he wanted to gossip about was Devil Emperor Gua Pi.

"I wonder, how much does everyone know about Devil Emperor Gua Pi?" Old Antique asked as he stood on the dais.

Old Antique paused for a moment, and seeing that the whole class was completely silent, he revealed his trademark smile. "This Devil Emperor Gua Pi was reputed to be immensely strong. Take a simple example, there are records that our General Yi, one of the ten founding generals of Huaxiu nation, once fought Devil Emperor Gua Pi. At that time, when the two clashed, Devil Emperor Gua Pi held his ground while General Yi was forced three consecutive steps back."

The whole class was in an uproar!

How powerful was General Yi?

He was a sword saint! A legendary figure who along with General Shi of the Ministry of National Defense had beheaded the demon gods!

"However, as far as I know, Devil Emperor Gua Pi had in fact been grievously injured back then and had been forcing himself to endure. And so, after the First Gua Pi War, he vanished without a trace, and no one knows his exact whereabouts," Old Antique said.

"Maybe he's already dead?" someone asked, arousing the curiosity of most of the students in class.

"Rumor has it that he is already dead. From the start to the end of the Second Gua Pi War, command of his Gua Pi Army had been succeeded by his personal disciple, Immortal She Pi. But it is very strange that until now, there has been no news at all of Devil Emperor Gua Pi's death. This makes me a little suspicious, and I wonder whether this Immortal She Pi had imprisoned this wounded shifu to seize his power." Old Antique shared his musings.

Master of Dopey cried out in surprise, "Prison play?! Bloody hell?! Is this Devil Emperor Gua Pi a masochist?"

"A master and disciple couple or whatnot is the most interesting!" Feather Lin's face was filled with excitement as she promptly wrote a one million-word boys' love novel in her mind.

"Of course, there is a more believable rumor that in order to escape his disciple's pursuit, Devil Emperor Gua Pi sealed his own soul into a magical object, which in legend is a cursed mask..."

When Old Antique said this, Wang Ling, whose face had been lowered the whole time, suddenly raised his head.

Chapter 97: There Is a Mo Immortal Castle in Legend

A cursed mask?

Could it be the stone ghost mask?

Wang Ling thought it was inconceivable. If there really was some old man hiding inside the stone ghost mask, there was no way his spiritual senses would have missed such a critical detail... he was now more firmly convinced of his previous assumption.

That is, this stone ghost mask was a twin magic treasure.

If what Old Antique said was true, this Devil Emperor Gua Pi had hidden inside the twin stone ghost mask in the other world, but could certainly remotely control the stone ghost mask in Wang Ling's possession.

Wang Ling felt that he had gotten caught up in something troublesome; furthermore, it was quite the thorny problem.

While he was still pondering this, Old Antique had finished with his gossip on Devil Emperor Gua Pi and had started to run through related knowledge points on "The Second Gua Pi War."

"After the First Gua Pi War which we talked about earlier, the former commander of the Gua Pi Army, Devil Emperor Gua Pi, retreated to parts unknown. It was his disciple, Immortal She Pi, who took charge of the Gua Pi Army and continued to wreak havoc on the national economy. Furthermore, Immortal She Pi attempted to take advantage of a population addicted to melon rind in order to tear down the might of Huaxiu nation and then seize power over the country. Of course, in order to stabilize the situation during this period, the nation negotiated many times with this second generation leader of the Gua Pi Army, Immortal She Pi, and signed a number of unequal treaties. Since you will one hundred percent be tested on the contents of these treaties, I'll highlight the main points for you in brief..."

The contents of these treaties were pretty much the same, and didn't contain anything out of the ordinary. At this point, Old Antique brought up something interesting again. "Does anyone know the outcome of the Second Gua Pi War?"

Top students in the class would definitely have looked over the lesson in advance. After Old Antique asked this question, everyone saw Lotus Sun immediately raise her hand, then stand up, her pretty figure capturing the attention of all the boys and girls in class.

"In the Second Gua Pi War, three founding generals of Huaxiu nation, General Yi, General Shi and General Sun, joined forces to suppress and capture Immortal She Pi alive. General Lin burning all the melons in the Humen region was a turning point which brought an end to the Gua Pi Army's regime as well as its pyramid scheme and its heavy toll on the national economy. It was also a

demonstration of the national cultivation spirit shown by Huaxiu nation's cultivators in their vigorous defense of the country!"

"Well said!"

Old Antique nodded with satisfaction, then narrowed his eyes. "But, does anyone know what happened to this Immortal She Pi in the end?"

No one in class said anything; it appeared that Immortal She Pi's end wasn't a main test point, and had never appeared in the theory of history textbook.

Wang Ling carefully recalled the historical cultivation tales that he had read before, only to realize that he had very little memory of anything to do with Immortal She Pi; even then, most of it were trivial details. This only proved one thing — after the end of the Second Gua Pi War, Huaxiu nation as the victor had concealed a small, unrevealed part of history, and the tale of Immortal She Pi was clearly part of this...

Everyone's eyes were on the dais, where Old Antique smiled with a trace of cunning... once again, they were stunned.

It could only be said that Old Antique truly was Old Antique...

Although they didn't know how he had learned this inside story in history, when it came to the wealth of historical knowledge he possessed, there was no one in class who would dare question it.

Thus, Wang Ling found himself more and more curious about Old Antique's identity.

Really, what kind of man was this?

To know so much and still be alive... Wang Ling felt that it really was a f**king miracle!

"Back then, after the Second Gua Pi War, Immortal She Pi had been sentenced to ten years of being struck by thunder and lightning for crimes against the national economy, treason, civil unrest and drug-trafficking. After that, Immortal She Pi was to be executed under Leifeng Pagoda."

When Old Antique spoke up to this point, a lot of people in the class swallowed nervously and shivered in fear.

"But as far as I know, right before Immortal She Pi's execution, the executioner discovered that the prisoner was pregnant... after that, following a discussion meeting held by Chief Hou of the National Execution Office, it was decided that Immortal She Pi would be allowed to give birth. After all, the child was innocent."

Someone couldn't help asking for the conclusion to the whole story. "What happened after that?"

"After that, Immortal She Pi gave up the hiding places of the last of the high-ranked Gua Pi Army officers who were still at large in exchange for a chance at redemption. Rumors are that Immortal She Pi could have avoided execution and be sentenced to life imprisonment instead, but in the end, Immortal She Pi refused this arrangement."

"Why was that?"

"Of course, it was because Immortal She Pi wanted to fight for the rights of the child. If the people knew that Immortal She Pi had a child, it would definitely be forced to endure cold eyes and censure. Therefore, before being executed under Leifeng Pagoda, Immortal She Pi kowtowed three times to Chief Hou of the National Execution Office and pleaded that he help hide the child's true identity."

"..." Hearing this, everyone already had nothing else to say. Since Immortal She Pi had already asked the nation to hide this secret, how the f**k did you know about it?!

"Actually, this period in history isn't some sort of secret. The story of Immortal She Pi's three kowtows under Leifeng Pagoda can be found in university history textbooks, though most of them cover it very briefly. This isn't a compulsory test point, but as my students, I hope for everyone to have a little understanding of history."

A grin split Old Antique's chubby face. "I wonder, after listening to this story, what has everyone learned from it?"

Little Peanut raised his hand diffidently. "Teacher wants to say... that a mother's love is great?"

"Not really."

Old Antique shook his head. "What I want to tell you is that Immortal She Pi was actually a man. But his physiology was different from a normal person's, and he was a hermaphrodite."

Everyone: "..."

...

Before long, the theory of history class was over and Old Antique's face glowed as he left to the sound of the students' cheers.

And then, the whole class energetically started discussing the details of the theory of history lesson which they had just had.

Super Chen was red-faced with excitement at what he had just heard. "When should we organize a trip to Leifeng Pagoda?"

Wang Ling: "... Are we going to visit Bai Suzhen 1 ?

"If Immortal She Pi's child is still alive, calculating the age, he or she should be our grandfathers' age?" Lotus Sun said.

"I don't care about that! What I really want to know is whether Immortal She Pi's kid is also a hermaphrodite!" Feather Lin had an excited expression on her face. This veteran fujoshi's brain was full of words like hermaphrodite, self- gong and self- shou , which frightened Wang Ling a little.

Master of Dopey shrugged, and gave his own opinion. "Hermaphrodite or not, most people nowadays call for gender equality. Do you know how many types of human genders there are?"

Master of Dopey laughed "hehe" as he stretched out a palm and started counting carefully.

"There are five types of human genders in all: man, man-oriented, bisexual, woman-oriented, and woman."

"..."

"Tch, don't give me such weird looks! This is knowledge I picked up through my hard work in my extra-curricular studies." Master of Dopey waved his hand. "Do you know Mo Immortal Castle?"

Wang Ling was startled for a moment. If he wasn't mistaken, this was the name of a tuition center which had been enjoying widespread popularity in the last two years.

"This is where I go for extra lessons. If you can learn and sing the theme song a day after entering the school, your school fees will be cut in half!"

Saying this, Master of Dopey cleared his throat and started to sing...

"There is a Mo Immortal Castle in legend, with an extraordinary Lord of the Castle. Any Mo Immortal who receives his guidance can look forward to a better world..."

"..."

Hearing this song, Wang Ling and the comrades around him fell into complete pandemonium.

Chapter 98: Heard That the Parent-Teacher Conference Is the Cause of Roast Meat with Bamboo Shoots

Close to the end of school, Dopey Guo came up to Wang Ling and placed two bags of high-quality dog food on his desk. The bags with the three big words "Soul Servant Shop" on it didn't state a manufacturer, and only gave the date of manufacture and the expiry date.

This dog food had been produced by Dopey Guo's family. Wang Ling glanced at the date of manufacture and saw that it was yesterday — asking a pet shop to customize food for soul pets was actually quite a commonplace practice. With regard to Classmate Dopey Guo, Wang Ling concluded that apart from his performance in his studies, Little Student Guo was nonetheless a faithful and reliable person.

"I missed Loopy Toad a lot these two days without it around." As Dopey Guo spoke, he pushed up his glasses out of habit. "These two bags of dog food were tailor-made for it. If it's not enough, come look for me to get more. Oh, by the way, the flavor is labeled in the bottom left corner of the bag."

Hearing Dopey Guo's words, Wang Ling immediately shifted his gaze for a look.

In the bottom left corner of the white bag of dog food were the striking words "New Orleans Fly Flavor"...

...

When Wang Ling returned home, he found Father Wang smoking on the sofa. It had already been a full twenty-four hours since they had discovered the true identity of the old man's first love. It was clear that until now, Father Wang still hadn't come back to his senses from such a shocking fact.

The most troublesome part in this matter was that it was purely the old man's one-sided love, so Wang Ling couldn't find an opportunity or excuse at all to get Teacher Pan to come out. The crucial point was that she was his teacher-in-charge. Even he thought that this was an impossible mission, and he had no idea where to start...

Father Wang looked blankly at the old man, forever bustling around busily in the kitchen with Mother Wang, and heaved a deep sigh. "Ling Ling, about your grandfather's matter, try and think of something else. By the way... just now, your school sent a message to the group chat. There's a parent-teacher conference next Monday evening at six. Did you know about this?"

Wang Ling frowned; he had heard Teacher Pan mention it before in class, but hadn't expected it to be held so soon.

Next Monday...

Was the first dark Monday since the start of school about to happen?

Wang Ling grumbled in his heart.

For a child growing up, the parent-teacher conference was a vital part of education. Through direct interaction with class teachers, parents could readily learn from them how to make roast meat with bamboo shoots 1 taste better.

Of course, compared with other people, Wang Ling had never dreaded the superficial show that was the parent-teacher conference.

First, his grades were very unremarkable and right down the middle as required by Father and Mother Wang. That was why in past parent-teacher conferences, Wang Ling had almost never received any specific sort of evaluation from his teachers.

Second, even if there were teachers who did single him out for criticism, Father and Mother Wang were powerless to do anything about it. Because... they couldn't physically punish him for the sake of his education. Shadow Stream's Red Ribbon killer, team leader Xu Ying, was a very good example why...

The last thing was... actually, Wang Ling could count on his fingers the number of times that Father and Mother Wang had attended a parent-teacher conference, since most of the time, they found someone else to replace them.

As expected, Wang Ling hadn't said anything before Father Wang picked up the newspaper on the coffee table and pushed up his glasses. "I've been very busy with my new book recently, so I have to stay home to type. Your Uncle Song has already been rushing me for my manuscript. Your mom has to take care of your grandfather, so she probably isn't free to go. So for the parent-teacher conference, just ask your friends to replace us as usual."

Wang Ling: "..."

...

It wasn't time for the Wang family to eat yet, so Wang Ling returned to his bedroom feeling a little vexed. As soon as he entered, he saw Loopy Toad lying on the ground with a pen in its claws as it scrawled something in its diary.

After Loopy Toad's spirit had been forced to take the form of a dog, it had gone from resisting and abandoning itself to despair in the beginning to now gradually accepting reality, which was definitely a U-turn in its attitude. Obviously, this guy had already started to adapt to human life.

It was extremely inconvenient to hold a pen with claws. Even if Loopy Toad had used spirit energy to help unblock its veins and make its claws more flexible, it was still restricted by its physiology. It had wanted to practice writing in its diary at first, but after some consideration, it decided to start with simple drawings in order to improve its proficiency in using a pen.

Loopy Toad had been practicing since the afternoon, and the trash can overflowed with unfinished drafts.

Wang Ling looked at the final drawing that had cost Loopy Toad several painstaking hours of practice; although the lines still weren't smooth and the whole picture still looked like a crude mosaic, from the composition of two circles and several triangles, Wang Ling could make out that what it had drawn was probably a sparrow.

For a dog that could draw, this already wasn't a simple thing...

Rubbing Loopy Toad's head, Wang Ling thought it simply was a waste of talent for this guy to not perform in the circus.

Loopy Toad: "... This picture is clearly a f**king parrot! That dumbass f**king bird Dopey that bullies me every day!

Wang Ling: "... Parrot, your ass! She bullies you every day but you still drew her. So it turns out you're a masochist!

A person and a dog stared for a long time at this abstract portrait of a bird. Wang Ling already had no words to describe this drawing style...

At this moment, he felt a slight vibration from his electronic wristwatch; surprisingly, someone had sent him a message at this time of day.

Only a few people had Wang Ling's number, so he opened the message suspiciously. There were only a few short words in the message: "Brother Ling, contact me on QQ!"

Without needing to check the number, he just looked at the ID and knew who had sent him this message... it was definitely Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

After he logged onto QQ, a chat window from Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal instantly popped up. "Brother Ling, I heard from the comrades in the group that you were looking for me? I'm really sorry. In order to help my junior brother, I went off to do something. That brother of mine had a lab that was destroyed by some bastard and I was actually going to talk it over with you. Shall we help my junior brother out by pulling that bastard out and beating him up?"

"..." Wang Ling sent an ellipsis to confirm his existence.

And then, looking at this string of text, he sunk into a long silence...

Obviously, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was already used to this "Brother Ling" and his reticent manner. "About teaching this bastard a lesson, let's discuss it later. By the way, why was Brother Ling looking for me?"

After a short silence, Wang Ling selected the "stone ghost mask" photo in his photo gallery and sent it.

He then typed out a message which he sent with the photo. "This mask, have you seen it before?"

Chapter 99: Devil Emperor Gua Pi's Weakness

"Bloody hell?! The stone ghost mask?" On the other side, when Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal saw the image Wang Ling had sent him, his expression changed and his hands were swift as the wind as he sent several sigh and rage emojis. "Brother Ling, you're too much! You actually went looking for this stone ghost mask behind my back — how could you not ask me to come with you for something so interesting?"

Seeing Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's reply, Wang Ling's heart was instantly at ease; it was very obvious that the other man clearly knew about the stone ghost mask's specific history.

"Has Brother Ling verified what this stone ghost mask is made from?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked before Wang Ling could ask his own question.

His reply was a short few words. "Primordial black crystal."

"Right! This is definitely the stone ghost mask!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal seemed particularly excited. "The legendary stone ghost mask is made from primordial black crystal! Where did Brother Ling get this mask from?"

"Online shopping," Wang Ling answered honestly.

Uh...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stupefied for a moment, completely unable to believe this fact...

"Brother Ling, you and I have been brothers for so many years, please tell me the truth... who on earth is this 'online' that you speak of?"

Wang Ling replied seriously, "Internet..."

This time, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal rubbed his eyes to ensure that he hadn't misread Wang Ling's message reply, then he instantly clutched at his liver and kidneys, feeling like he really needed to take two bottles of Liuwei Dihuang pills 1 in order to recover.

...God f**king damn, online shopping!

Online sellers were so powerful these days that even a forbidden magic object could actually be casually found online!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't be any more shocked. "Brother Ling... do you know how many people are looking for this stone ghost mask right now?"

Then, he used quite a few minutes to calm himself down.

"Back then, after the rumor leaked out that Devil Emperor Gua Pi had been sealed away, grandmasters with Nascent Soul realms and above brought whatever power they had to bear in their search for this mask. There is a rumor that whoever inherits the mask will obtain Devil Emperor

Gua Pi's legacy and supreme spells... although these rumors have been denounced, from all my years of investigation, I can say that seventy percent of them are true. This magic object has really caused too much of a stir!"

Wang Ling typed an ellipsis. "..."

Because it was suspicious no matter how he looked at it. Leaving aside the fact that the legacy had to be inherited through one of the Three Thousand Great Spells, the "Great Blood Origin Spell," Wang Ling thought that even if Devil Emperor Gua Pi really did know how to use it, inheriting legacy through it was complete nonsense.

There were many conditions for the use of the "Great Blood Origin Spell." One of the most stringent requirements for perfect transference was a compatible blood match, like for a bone marrow transplant in medicine. Wang Ling felt that it was utter nonsense to be able to find an absolutely perfect match in the vast sea of people that existed today.

At this point, it went back to the problem of the lesser natures of cultivators. Namely, even though they knew that they weren't a match, they still decided to take the chance to try and obtain more power in a short period of time...

Senior cultivators always said that in cultivation, one should rely on their own efforts and take it step by step. Wang Ling couldn't agree more with this remark — it could be said that he was one of those whom, because of the excessive growth of his realm, had fallen victim to an unsteady foundation and thus couldn't control his strength precisely.

Thus, the most likely consequence of someone forcefully inheriting a legacy was that they would experience an inner deviation and eventually lose all their cultivation and become crippled.

This was an excruciatingly painful and incredibly risky process. The nation had always maintained a strict ban on the use of the "Great Blood Origin Spell" since it offered the body no advantage whatsoever. Wang Ling really didn't get why there were still mule-headed people willing to try it.

At the very least, he felt that this stone ghost mask had nothing to do with inheriting legacy at all, and instead was very likely to be a trap which had been left behind by Devil Emperor Gua Pi.

In fact, it was not just Wang Ling who thought so. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal also expressed his own concerns.

They got down to business.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal brought the subject back to Devil Emperor Gua Pi. "Brother Ling, do you know the reason why Devil Emperor Gua Pi vanished back then?"

When he heard the other man's question, Wang Ling was silent for a second. Old Antique had just gossiped about this during the theory of history lesson, so it was fresh in his memory.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal continued, "I'm sure Brother Ling knows that back then, Devil Emperor Gua Pi's first true disciple was Immortal She Pi. In the outside world, most of the rumors are that Immortal She Pi sealed his own wounded shifu away in order to seize power. But in fact, that wasn't the case. I heard through the grapevine that this master and disciple had a very good relationship."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said enthusiastically, "Actually, during that time, Devil Emperor Gua Pi had been researching how to undo the Great Evil Containment Wave..."

Looking at the text in the chat window, Wang Ling couldn't help raising his eyebrows, because not only had he heard of this spell, he had used it before himself.

This was a spell that, through specialized research, had been invented to be used against villains, evil spirits, devious sects and so forth, and was one of the Three Thousand Great Spells.

"This Great Evil Containment Wave had always been a thorn in his side, so Devil Emperor Gua Pi had been deeply engrossed in studying how to crack it. After decades of research, it seemed that he had found the answer. And so, he asked his disciple Immortal She Pi to use the Great Evil Containment Wave on him in order to confirm the effectiveness of the spell..."

Wang Ling was listening very intently. "Then what?"

"Then? There was nothing..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sent a shrug emoji. "In the end, Devil Emperor Gua Pi was sealed inside the stone ghost mask. Furthermore, he had never found a chance to escape after that."

After hearing the whole story, Wang Ling truly couldn't be bothered to even make fun of it. "..."

"So I've been running around over the years looking for this stone ghost mask. This thing is a magic weapon that must be taken seriously. It would be a disaster if it fell into the wrong hands. In theory, the stone ghost mask is not a true magic weapon... but with Devil Emperor Gua Pi sealed inside, he's now like a weapon spirit," said Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

Wang Ling: "..."

For this magnificent first-generation devil to fall to this level... he felt that there really wasn't anyone else like Devil Emperor Gua Pi this gua pi 2 in the whole world.

Of course, if you really wanted to find some gua pi with the same stupid nature, he thought that Loopy Toad, who had been a demon king, would definitely be at the top of the list.

After listening to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's explanation, most of Wang Ling's suspicions about the stone ghost mask had already been clarified. The one thing still left unexplained was whether the mask was one of a pair of twin magic objects.

After seeing the message which Wang Ling had sent to him, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help but nod. "That is just like Brother Ling! You can even think of the possibility of twin magic weapons! In fact, I already had doubts early on... think about it, so many people look for the stone ghost mask every year, but no one has ever clearly tracked down Devil Emperor's aura. Why on earth is that the case? But if we follow Brother Ling's way of thinking, then everything makes sense. I also feel that the stone ghost mask which Brother Ling has is probably just a replica, and the original has definitely been hidden away. But to be absolutely sure, I think I should take a look for myself first. So, Brother Ling, when can we arrange to meet?"

Meet?

Wang Ling wanted to refuse at first.

But when he considered this matter of the stone ghost mask, he thought carefully for a moment, then as usual, replied with a brief few words. "Meet at the Wang family's villa" ...

Chapter 100: Father Wang's Mystic Eyes of Death Perception

Wang Ling seldom made friends of his own accord. Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal could be considered one of the few friends that he had made in his sixteen years of life.

This had to do with the biased, good impression which he had of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal; for example, this Senior Immortal overflowed with a sense of righteousness all year round and would cause a ruckus with hesitation, roaring for evil to be vanquished as he showed up on someone's doorstep with a knife. Second, Wang Ling felt that there was something a little mystical about their friendship... like the immortal fate which cultivators often spoke of.

He had once calculated that the alignment of his immortal fate with that of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was unexpectedly as high as seventy percent! This was also one of the main reasons why Wang Ling had acknowledged this man.

But given that the alignment of their immortal fates was as high as seventy percent, he had been unable to escape being cheated by Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

It was said that good friends were for cheating and good brothers were for betraying... Wang Ling felt that this remark was one hundred percent true.

He had had less contact with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal after the latter had duped him into working as a spells consultant for Old Li and that bunch of people three years ago. Unexpectedly, Wang Ling was mysteriously and inexorably connected to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal once again, this time because of the stone ghost mask.

He felt that this was the legendary immortal fate at work.

Or, it could be said that it was evil fate causing mischief...

...

After agreeing with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal on the time, the doorbell of the Wang family's villa rang at this somewhat inconvenient moment.

Using his spiritual senses, Wang Ling immediately saw that the two men in suits and sunglasses from Landscape Manor had come again...

Furthermore, the "sincerity" which the men in suits had brought with them this time wasn't that small leather suitcase any longer, but a massive wheeled luggage case, big enough for an adult to fit in...

After Father Wang opened the door, the two men in suits very consciously changed out of their shoes, then bowed deeply to him. "Hello, Mr Wang!"

Father Wang, however, was utterly dumbstruck by the luggage case in front of him. "..."

According to his initial visual estimates, if this luggage was full of cash, there had to be at least thirty million yuan in there!

"After our last friendly negotiation with Mr Wang, the Lord of the Castle lectured us severely upon our return. So this time, we've come with even more sincerity than before and would like to renegotiate with Mr Wang." The two men in suits gave professional and largely insincere smiles which made Father Wang shudder.

At the same time, he had also noticed a problem; this time, these two men were wearing swords at their waists which flashed now and then, making Father Wang a little cautious.

He looked in the direction of Wang Ling's bedroom, and father and son came to a tacit understanding through their thoughts; he was well aware that Wang Ling must have noticed what was happening, and he wasn't worried at all about what these two sword-bearing men in suits could do to him.

"Mr Wang, can we go in and talk?"

"Mm... come in." Father Wang made a gesture of invitation.

After the last visit, the two men were already familiar with the layout of the Wang family's small villa; this time, they pulled the luggage up next to the sofa in the sitting room. After pushing the luggage handle down, they lay the luggage case flat on the floor.

Seeing that they were about to open it, Father Wang looked meaningfully at Mother Wang so that she pulled the old man away from watching TV and up the stairs. The old man was prone to letting his imagination run wild — if even Father Wang himself couldn't help but be agitated at seeing so much money, for the old man whose dementia had yet to be cured, Father Wang was very worried that it might give him a heart attack.

The two men in suits were also very sensible and didn't open the luggage case until Mother Wang had helped the old man up the stairs.

When they opened it, bundles of ten thousand yuan spilled out with crackling sounds.

When Father Wang saw the rolls of bright red cash, his eyes couldn't help but flash. To be honest, apart from the inside of Zhao Dehan's private villa in the TV series 1, this was the first time that Father Wang had ever seen so much money, and it was a critical blow to his worldview.

"Here, forty million." One of the men looked at Father Wang. "What do you think of our sincerity this time, Mr Wang?"

Father Wang pursed his lips; actually, in his heart, he was a little tempted. To him, it was just a beat-up mask after all; if he could sell it, he would. But he was also well aware that Wang Ling had to have his own concerns if he was keeping the mask and didn't want to sell it.

That was an object that even his son was worried about...

Father Wang leaned back against the sofa and crossed his legs. He lit a cigarette and inhaled deeply, then exhaled smoke like a dragon directly onto the pile of money. "This is my son's mask, and he's resting now. I can't make the decision."

The two men in suits understood.

Father Wang's meaning was already very clear despite the fact that he was using Wang Ling as an excuse to tactfully refuse them. Between the lines, his meaning was: not selling!

The two men clenched their fists, then the tall one suddenly placed both his hands on the coffee table as he looked straight at Father Wang. "Mr Wang, I hope you will carefully reconsider. After all, you are just an ordinary family. Your wife is just a housewife and has no income. Your father has dementia, and it's difficult to guarantee what the rest of his life will be like. Plus, your only son

is only at the Foundation Establishment stage... and you, even if you are a popular web novelist, surely you can't earn this much money even if you work for the rest of your life?"

What the man said was packed with threats between the lines.

Standing in his bedroom, Wang Ling heard every word very clearly.

For a magnate corporation like Landscape Manor, which was on par with Huaguo Water Curtain Group, it wasn't difficult at all for them to investigate the Wang family's background. But both Wang father and son had already been mentally prepared for this.

Father Wang pushed up his black-rimmed glasses. "Can I take this as coercion?"

"This stone ghost mask is something that our Lord must have, so I hope Mr Wang can be mature about this. I believe that apart from our Landscape Manor, no one else will be able to offer you such a high price," the tall man replied.

Then the man smiled and grasped the sword hilt at his waist. "Of course, if Mr Wang persists in being stubborn, we don't mind employing other methods..."

The moment the man had grasped his sword hilt, Father Wang had already felt a spiritual pressure pushing down on his shoulder. It disappeared quickly, however, because the moment the man had released his spiritual pressure, in his bedroom, Wang Ling had also sent out his aura to settle on Father Wang...

Then, this became a scene which made the two men in suits sweat buckets!

It was clear that this was only a very ordinary middle-aged man at the Qi Condensation stage, so the two men in suits hadn't anticipated how his aura unexpectedly started to increase steadily, an overwhelming spiritual pressure that suddenly fell back like a huge building to collapse onto them.

What the bloody f**k?!

Then, the two men felt their knees bend of their own accord, and they couldn't stand upright.

...This! How was this possible?!

According to the data obtained from the group's investigation, this Wang Jiao was only at the Qi Condensation stage! How could he instantly suppress the both of them, who were at the late Golden Core stage? F**k! Con man! ...This fellow was definitely a Nascent Soul grandmaster!

The two men in suits felt a pressure from Father Wang which they had never felt before!

From behind his black-rimmed glasses, Father Wang's gaze shot straight out like the Mystic Eyes of Death Perception 2 , his eyes glowing so brightly that the two men's legs grew weak, and inch by inch, they were forced to lay prone on the floor — even their sunglasses were directly crushed.

Ten seconds later, the tall man spoke with difficulty. "...Elder brother, I was wrong! If you continue staring at me, I'll piss my pants!"

Next to him, the shorter man felt like crying but had no tears to shed. "F**k! I've already pissed my pants, what do I do?!"

Father Wang: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."