

Daily Life 931

Chapter 931: Wang Ming's Video Conference

From what Wang Ming and Zhai Yin could see, magic treasure scientific experts from all over the world were attending this video conference, some of whom were heavyweight figures. Wang Ming's gaze swept over them before his eyes turned slightly disappointed.

"Aren't they very amazing people? Why do you look a little unhappy?" said Zhai Yin.

"There are too few inventors; the ones I mentioned just now are the famous ones, while the rest are research cannon."

Zhai Yin: "Weapons?"

Wang Ming: "Mouth cannons 1 ."

Zhai Yin: "..."

The "mouth cannon" was a mystical thing; it could trigger a war, but it could also bring peace. There were people in this world who could even freely use the art of the mouth cannon to wash someone clean or throw mud at them. The only limitation was that it took three times the effort to wash someone clean than to blacken their name...

No wonder Old Qi hadn't wanted to attend this meeting; it looked like he already knew who would be attending.

Wang Ming's lips thinned.

A superior's order was the law! He had no reason to refuse Old Qi.

After thinking for a while, Wang Ming let out a sigh.

Actually, he didn't have to listen to them speak; he'd just treat it as an amusement.

In any case, they were just a bunch of armchair strategists.

Language barriers weren't a problem in this video conference, since any talk would be translated in real time by a built-in software.

In other words, when a person spoke in their mother tongue in the video, the software would translate his words into a language that everyone could understand.

After twenty minutes or so, the video conference began.

Experts from different countries appeared on the screen in very small windows that densely packed the online conference room. It was only when they were saying something that the smart video screen would pick it up and their window would be enlarged.

Wang Ming didn't rush to put forward his theory, but wanted to listen to what the foreign experts had to say.

At that moment, a window suddenly enlarged, and an uncle with a full beard in a white coat and a white canvas hat spoke.

The real-time interpretation software translated his words into a heavy "curry" accent. "Friends from all across the world, hello. I am the head of Magic Treasure Studies and lead professor of the Strategic Magic Treasure Research Society in Yinxiu nation. My name is Rossi Zeus Suess; you can call me Suess. Regarding the explosion of abnormal energy this time, my society has a new analytical report on it."

A lot of people in the video instantly quieted down. Some sat upright and still as they looked at this Professor Suess with serious expressions, while some bent their heads and seemed to be jotting down things in a notebook.

Wang Ming didn't know very much about this Professor Suess, so couldn't make much comment.

But someone who could become the head of Yinxiu's research institute should be really something.

"Our preliminary conclusion is that the abnormal energy fluctuations this time is likely largely connected to our Yinxiu's famous dish, curry."

Wang Ming and Zhai Yin took deep breaths at the same time. "..."

Sure enough, heads of institutes nowadays knew how to spout nonsense.

Professor Suess spoke very confidently. "Everyone should know how delicious our Indian curry is; our most famous signature curry rice paste is endorsed by international film celebrity Mr Wang Jingze 2 . Since the energy fluctuations this time have troubled everyone, our Yinxiu nation will take full responsibility. Our king has already decided to give every nation a twenty percent discount on curry orders! So..."

When he said that, Professor Suess's video feed was directly cut off.

Zhai Yin: "What happened?"

Wang Ming chuckled. "The super admin banned him."

Zhai Yin was taken aback. "There's even a super admin here..."

"He's with the United Nations. All international video conferences are regulated by super admins. Since Yinxiu nation's financial affairs this year aren't looking good, I guess this head had no choice and was forced to do some promotion through this video conference." Wang Ming smiled wickedly.

Although Professor Suess's video feed had been cut off by the super admin, he had already achieved his advertising purpose...

A recording of the video conference would be backed up for the leaders of various nations, and there would inevitably be those who would want to buy curry when they saw the video.

For the sake of selling curry, Professor Suess was banned from speaking for seventy-two hours.

But not long before Professor Suess went offline, another window expanded to reveal a scientist in a white lab coat who was as robust as a bear. “Hello, everyone, I am Elizabeth Putin from Maoxiu.”

This was a Maossian.

The people of Maoxiu were famous for fighting, and the nation was still a military power.

Wang Ming knew quite a bit about this group of people, and felt that some of them were pretty talented. That was because many of the latest weapons currently being developed by Huaxiu’s research institute was in collaboration with researchers from Maoxiu nation.

“Everyone, based on our analysis, we suspect that the abnormal energy fluctuations this time was a devouring phenomenon.”

As Wang Ming expected, this Mr Elizabeth from Maoxiu nation shared his view.

Wang Ming saw all the international experts raise their heads at this and send strings of bullet messages.

Zhai Yin was startled yet again. “You can even send bullet messages?”

“It’s a video conference, after all. Too many questions are asked, so a bullet message function was embedded in international video conferencing. Similarly, the software will directly translate the words,” said Wang Ming.

Zhai Yin: “...”

After that, a lot of bullet messages flew over this Maossian’s head.

Many people were asking what the devouring phenomenon was.

Thus, this expert explained, “To put it simply, this sudden phenomenon was very likely part of an alien invasion, but for some reason, they suddenly decided to abandon it, which is why the abnormal energy we detected went back to normal.

“If they hadn’t decided to give up, our Earth would have been completely in the grips of this energy in less than a day.” This Maossian expert spoke very vividly; as he explained the situation, he also gestured with his hands. “So, to deal with any future invasion from an alien civilization, and in the event that they attempt to devour the earth, I propose that cultivators all over the world unite and immediately launch the Wandering Earth project!”

The Wandering Earth project...

Realization dawned on everyone and they were stunned by this grand plan.

“Are there any specifics for this operation?” someone raised a hand and asked.

The Maossian expert raised one finger and replied, “The first step! Build new toilets on one side of the Earth! And we have to build a lot of them! My initial plan is to build a toilet park with enough toilets for half the cultivators on the planet!”

Wang Ming was shaken.

Building toilets... What kind of operation was that...

Chapter 932: Push the Earth

The Maossian expert was impassioned as he spoke. He was clearly very confident in the entire plan. When he took out his blueprints on the screen, it was a thick wad of hundreds of papers covered in all kinds of diagrams, formulas and simulation test results. It was very obvious that this Maossian specialist had been planning this for a very long time, and was just waiting for a chance to implement it.

Actually, every nation had been exploring the problem of an alien invasion all these years.

What they would be facing was a clash of different cultures; whether it was friendly diplomatic ties or a hostile invasion, it would spark conflict.

Thus, the problem which research institutes all over the world had been studying was how to use existing means to control these sparks so that they didn't ignite and the cultural exchange didn't turn into a global nuclear catastrophe.

But it was very clear that the Maossian expert's proposal would be a major undertaking.

"Why do we have to build toilets?" Someone raised the question.

"As we all know, our world is currently short of spirit qi. Before we find a reliable energy substitute for spirit qi, and as long as mankind exists, my plan for sustainable development will allow us to carry on."

The Maossian expert said, "We will build a total of two billion ergonomic toilets for Soul Formation cultivators. While we don't have that many Soul Formation cultivators in the world, setting the Soul Formation stage as the standard is also for the sake of the future. If even Soul Formation cultivators can use these toilets without any problems, then naturally so can cultivators below this level."

"So, the first step in Mr Elizabeth's plan is to construct a toilet park, and build two billion Soul Formation-standard toilets? What on earth for?"

"Of course, to guard against alien invasion and push the Earth out of the Solar System!"

After Professor Elizabeth said this, the entire video conference fell into a long silence.

They couldn't believe their ears, but were indeed awed at this Moassian expert's crazy and bold idea.

"Push it out of the Solar System? How do we do that?" After a long period of bewilderment, someone finally raised the crucial question.

The Maossian expert gave his earnest analysis: "Your imagination is lacking! You should already have had some idea after hearing about the toilet park! I already said that the Earth is currently short

of spirit qi; there isn't enough of it to compress and turn into a driving force to push our Earth out of the Solar System.

"I saw someone ask in the bullet messages earlier whether True Immortal cultivators can join hands to push the Earth out – that won't work either! It's true that a fight between True Immortal cultivators can indeed destroy the Earth, but when it comes to pushing it out of the Solar System, even strength at True Immortal level wouldn't make it move."

Saying this, the Maossian expert showed them an image.

It was a construction blueprint for a gigantic propulsion system. Not only had Professor Elizabeth drawn it in extreme detail, even the specific parameters were marked accordingly.

"This is my preliminary concept." Professor Elizabeth said, "My initial notion is for cultivators from all over the world at the Golden Core stage and above to come together and use the toilets in the toilet park, and the foul qi from their bodies will be converted into a driving force. Oh, that's right, the foul qi has another name that is easy to understand — fart!"

Everyone: "..."

"The equipment you're looking at can break down and solidify their foul qi in a short span of time, and extract the substances with a combustible effect. As everyone knows, the fart of a cultivator is different from that of an ordinary person; I don't know if any of you have experimented when you farted before. Apart from some harmful substances, our farts can in fact be recycled as energy."

"..."

"The fart of an ordinary person is comprised of 59% nitrogen, 21% hydrogen, 9% carbon dioxide, 7% methane, 3% oxygen and 1% of other things. On top of these, our farts as cultivators contain some Yin spirit qi, which is also a waste gas we produce when we cycle spirit energy through our bodies. The higher a cultivator's realm, the more the Yin spirit qi."

"..."

"If it's concentrated enough, we can use the Yin spirit qi discharged from our bodies and combine it with methane and turn it into a power source for the propulsion system. Finally, we can light up the Earth! Burst out of the Solar System! Find a new sun, and start a brand new life!"

“...”

“Oh, that’s right, it may take a very long time to implement this plan, and our future generations might have to complete it. However, it truly is a plan of the people! Furthermore, it’ll boost the sweet potato economy, and in the very distant future, the sales volume of sweet potatoes will reach its peak! This humble man isn’t talented, but I have already thought of a slogan! —’Eat sweet potatoes together, the family is better! You deserve the Wandering Earth project!’”

“...”

When the Maossian said this, the experts from all over the world who were at this video conference were all stupefied at these outrageous words, and even dropped the gel ink pens in their hands from the shock.

Wang Ming silently turned off the screen, and reflected deeply on his own life.

...

It was September 1st on Friday, the nineteenth day of the summer break.

Today, Super Chen, Dopey Guo and Little Peanut, who comprised the No. 60 High squad that visited the Office of Strategic Deception’s Internet cafe, were all wildly excited.

Super Chen and the others had contributed in the smooth confrontation against Divine Dao Star’s Star Lord, and Guo Ping had said in the game previously that they would receive a reward from the Internet cafe at the end of the game.

Since it had been said, they naturally had to see it through to the end.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal wasn’t a stingy person, and straightaway placed an online order for three identical virtual game pods to be delivered to the homes of the trio.

Their parents were dumbfounded – they had no idea at all when their sons had formed a connection with the Office of Strategic Deception. In addition, the sect head had even bought the newest virtual

game pod on the market and had them delivered to their homes. One deluxe virtual game pod cost several million!

While Father and Mother Chen expressed their thanks, they also very quietly asked the staff who came by to install the pod, “Will it affect his studies?”

“Rest assured, our sect head had these machines custom-made. Until the college entrance exam is over, there is a daily time limit on its use. Also, the pod has a game called Fengxian Prefecture : users will need to complete a daily set of exam questions, otherwise they won’t be able to play any other game. Of course, if they find this troublesome, they can wait until the fire melts all the locks, the dogs finish licking up all the flour, and the chickens finish pecking all the rice grains 1 ... only then will they be able to play.”

Father and Mother Chen: “...”

Chapter 933: A Diplomatic Gift

Super Chen and the others were wild with excitement after receiving the game pods.

“The Office of Strategic Deception really gave us such a great gift this time!” In the Grade One, Class Three squad chat group, Super Chen shared pictures of the game pod from various angles.

Fang Xing sent a grinning emoji. “Not posting them in WeChat Moments?”

“Senior Odd Zhuo already called to tell us to keep it under wraps. Getting this gift is more than enough; there’s no need to share it on WeChat.” Super Chen said off-handedly, “But it’s a bit of a pity; somehow, I feel like I’ve forgotten something about the virtual game we played yesterday.”

Right after he said that, Dopey Guo and Little Peanut also agreed.

Dopey Guo: “Super? You feel like you forgot something, too? How strange... I feel the same.”

Little Peanut tensed up. “Don’t tell me it’s a side effect?”

“Don’t worry, it can’t be a side effect.”

Fang Xing reassured them. “The virtual game pods you experienced are the latest model, and the game you played is the newest one. The game pod was designed to be connected to the brain, but in order not to overload yours, forgetting is in fact a normal phenomenon after coming out of the pod. Furthermore, the game you experienced yesterday was a restricted beta version which is still a secret.”

This speech was something Fang Xing and everyone at the Office of Strategic Deception had settled on after some discussion.

Actually, the memories of the No. 60 High School squad had been tampered with after the game.

Divine Dao Star was going to establish diplomatic relations with Earth right away, and Guo Ping, a distant uncle of Dopey Guo’s who did research, would become their space ambassador.

If Super Chen and the others still remembered the incident with Guo Ping... The whole thing would be blown open.

...

It was September 2nd, the twentieth day of the summer vacation.

Guo Ping, who had disappeared in outer space on a mission, returned to Earth, shocking the entire world.

But most importantly, Guo Ping brought back a gift from Divine Dao Star this time: it was something which Star Lord of Divine Dao Star called a “cosmic gem.” Now, it had become an important symbol of the establishment of diplomatic relations between mankind and Divine Dao Star.

Guo Ping and the head of state together attended a meeting held in the United Nations summit conference room. True Immortal head of states from every country were gathered together; it was an imposing and powerful atmosphere to astonish anyone.

The conference was made public this time, and the whole world followed the meeting proceedings closely. This was the first time mankind was establishing diplomatic relations with an alien civilization, and it seemed everyone was being very cautious.

The heads of all the countries were similarly worried about expansion by alien civilizations.

They were basically the type to be vigilant in times of peace. This was a group of very suspicious people, so Guo Ping naturally couldn't give a truthful account. Otherwise, there would be one or two leaders at this summit who would definitely start to deploy measures to defend against an alien invasion... If this led to a misunderstanding, that would be a real issue.

When you hung out with your friends, you would never carry a fruit knife on you to guard against them, would you?

That would be an act of mistrust...

All these heads of state were overly suspicious people. Guo Ping knew the importance of his report this time. He wanted to put an end to these leaders' paranoia.

After all, with Miss Bai Qiao and Student Wang Ling this good luck charm around, Divine Dao Star would no longer act presumptuously toward Earth anymore.

"Professor Guo, will you please give your report on Divine Dao Star first," said Oligei, Mixiu nation's dark-skinned head of state.

Behind him stood his personal bodyguard — it was none other than the hero cultivator Silky Web Heroine of the Mixiu Alliance of Cultivators.

Immortal Toya had met Silky Web Heroine once before, and had been utterly amazed at how she spurted spider silk from her butt in the battle with Devil Gut Fungus Lord.

Silky Web Heroine initially wasn't going to be at this conference because of her abnormal spider silk ejection (also known as abnormal leukorrhea). However, considering this was the first time that mankind was establishing diplomatic ties with an alien civilization, Silky Web Heroine had spent a lot of money to get Immortal Toya to make medicine for her.

Ever since the battle with Devil Gut Fungus Lord, the Office of Strategic Deception's international sect standing had also improved markedly; as leader of the medicine team, Immortal Toya's reputation had also been boosted.

Now, the Office of Strategic Deception's medicine team was receiving more and more orders from abroad.

Mixiu nation was still the world leader in cultivation science and technology; when the country's dark-skinned leader spoke, the atmosphere in the meeting room instantly sobered.

Guo Ping sorted out his thoughts. He cleared his throat and delivered the statement he had prepared beforehand. "Hello, leaders. I am a researcher with Huaxiu's Cultivation and Magic Treasure Research Institute. My name is Guo Ping. Six years ago, I was sent on a mission. However, I was accidentally sucked into a black hole. When I finally fell out, it happened to be on Divine Dao Star, billions of light years away..."

Guo Ping had specially altered this part. He didn't mention the energy string, which was Wang Ling's hair, that had acted as a power source... Otherwise, that would definitely cause a sensation.

Of course, Guo Ping himself didn't know that this so-called energy string was Wang Ling's hair...

This was something "developed" by Wang Ming.

This energy string had even enabled Wang Ming to obtain a year-end bonus from the research institute.

"Divine Dao Star is much further away than we thought. With the assistance of Star Lord of Divine Dao Star, they helped me upgrade my spaceship and used existing black hole technology to help me return to Earth.

"I believe everyone has also seen their diplomatic gift. This is a cosmic gem which can generate energy infinitely; we can use existing equipment to extract the energy from the cosmic gem for the continuation of spirit qi on Earth.

“Not only that, the cosmic gem can also circulate and purify spirit qi. As long as it isn’t damaged, it will be a never-ending source of spirit qi for the Earth.

“In short, the civilization on Divine Dao Star has developed in more or less the same way as Earth. It is a vast and abundant planet with many unique resources. It is the first planet to establish friendly ties with Earth, and I feel that we Earthlings should also come up with a matching list of gifts in return.”

After Guo Ping said this, the various country leaders whispered to each other.

In terms of sincerity, this gift of a “cosmic gem” from Divine Dao Star was really of great significance, and it had to be said that it would solve Earth’s most pressing situation at present...

Several thousand years down the line, the spirit qi on Earth would be completely used up and cultivators would no longer exist.

This replenishing cosmic gem was the same as giving all the cultivators in the world new hope.

At that moment, Huaxiu’s head of state said, “How about this: after this meeting, each country will offer up a gift. What do you think?”

Feixiu’s head of state raised his hand weakly. “Can... can we give them golden soil 1 ?”

Guo Ping: “Your Excellency Head of State of Feixiu, please think it over carefully... Divine Dao Star’s agriculture is very advanced; they don’t need golden soil.”

Chapter 934: Jingke and Bai Qiao

Gifts for establishing diplomatic ties were very important. The heads of state didn’t straightaway decide what their gifts would be during the live broadcast of the meeting this time. A cosmic gem was deeply significant, and it wouldn’t be easy for them to offer a gift of the same value... Thus, those at the meeting who proposed to offer their local specialties as gifts were immediately vetoed.

Even if they did offer a gift pack containing the local specialties of the various countries, this would only be one item on the list. Specialty snacks could only be regarded as extras and in no way the main gift; otherwise, the people of Divine Dao Star would definitely laugh at mankind.

In terms of the vast array of local specialties in Huaxiu alone, they could create a huge snack pack.

That same day, the Academy of Science received a task: They had to use their huge amount of data to choose the 100 most popular precious specialties and snacks...

The instruments at the Academy of Science were very efficient, and that night, they came up with a list of items based on the volume of online market orders.

Latiao , bubblegum, figs, AD calcium milk, five-spice beans, hot and sour fish, sweet melon seeds, Pop Rocks... A number of nostalgic snacks were on the list.

After the Magic Artifact Research Institute released the list, Wang Ming immediately shared a copy with Wang Ling.

Wang Ling gave the list a look.

Mm...

Crispy noodle snacks weren't on the list.

Wang Ming sent a text message to explain: "Relax. Actually, crispy noodle snacks ranked pretty high, but I tampered with the list and deleted it. How can such a good snack be given to aliens to eat!"

Reading this message, which looked like it was waiting for praise, Wang Ling was blank at first.

After a long time, he replied to Wang Ming, "You have received +1 favor from Wang Ling..."

"Why is it only +1? Shouldn't it be +999?" Wang Ming frowned.

Staring at the screen, Wang Ling laughed gently.

He knew his idiot older brother's personality too well – this guy couldn't be praised casually, or he would definitely be walking on air!

However, Wang Ming was still so incredibly happy that he didn't sleep a wink that night.

...

It was September 3rd, the twenty-first day of the summer vacation.

The number of online users playing Bai Qiao's game Cultivation Emulator had officially broken fifty million, which was an unprecedented number in the history of online gaming. The new game Apex Hero which was ranked second only had a few million online users.

The main thing was that this was only the number of players for the second round of beta testing. For the second round, Wang Ming had deliberately relaxed the limit on the number of account applications and had given out tens of millions of beta accounts; in the end, they were still all snapped up in a matter of seconds.

Even Bai Qiao herself never expected the game she had created to actually be so popular.

If this trend continued, it might become the first online game with more than 100 million users once the official version was released.

But there were two sides to every coin. Some people liked the game, and naturally there would be some who hated it.

Bai Qiao scrolled through the ratings for the game. The average rating for Cultivation Emulator

on the various major game review websites was 8.3, which was quite a good score. However, her complexion turned a little ugly after she clicked open the assessment page, because there were actually a lot of one-star negative comments in the comments section.

At the front desk of the Office of Strategic Deception's Internet cafe, Bai Qiao skimmed through these bizarre negative comments.

Some even gave odd reasons.

Negative comment 1: ★☆☆☆☆

Comment: I've never played this game, but the name doesn't sound nice. I don't like it.

Negative comment 2: ★☆☆☆☆

Comment: It's unusual to have too high a score, so I deliberately gave a one-star rating to bring down this abnormally high score. To be honest, it's disappointing that our country's games have developed to this worrying extent. Mixiu has already released so many games with a similar theme; this game just added the cultivation element. I haven't played it, but I think it's nothing new. Even in terms of game design and special effects, it can't compare with Mixiu's games. I don't know why there are so many five-star comments. Disappointing!

Negative comment 3: ★★☆☆☆

Comment: There was a commemorative CD for the game's beta test, and I initially wanted to give it to my boyfriend to cheer him up. In the end, the express delivery went missing. When my boyfriend contacted the courier who specializes in delivering games, the courier had a bad attitude, asking if he was a small bitch or a big bitch. Not only did the courier lose the delivery, he even cursed other people and called them bitches. How can we be relieved playing such a game?

Additional Comment: Sorry. I asked my boyfriend again, and he said that the courier didn't scold him, but was asking if it was a small delivery or a large delivery 1... My boyfriend got it wrong. May I ask if the rating can be modified? I realize that I can't change it, how embarrassing.

Negative comment 4: ★☆☆☆☆

Comment: Sorry, it's me again, I was the one who wrote the last comment. After my boyfriend played this game, he found it boring. I initially registered for this alternate account to give five stars, but my boyfriend said it wasn't a fun game, sorry...

Skimming through these comments, the ahoge on top of Bai Qiao's head was about to explode in anger. "This group of trolls! What are they squawking about online?! How can they simply evaluate the game without ever playing it?"

"Mrs Boss, don't be mad. These are all cloud players, it's very normal. Besides cloud players, there are also cloud readers and cloud spectators 2 . Whether something is truly good or bad, they'll only go with the flow and think that what they believe is right." Next to Bai Qiao, Su Xing smiled.

After the Office of Strategic Deception's Internet cafe resumed operation, there had been a lot of new customer registrations these days, and many sect heads had bought annual cards for the Internet cafe.

From what Su Xing could see, Bai Qiao was quite financially savvy, and wasn't just an ordinary female otaku.

Cultivation Emulator was now trending at home and abroad, and Bai Qiao promoted it online. As long as you played the game at the Office of Strategic Deception's Internet cafe, your game data would be saved on the Internet cafe's terminals.

This drew a lot of tourists to visit them.

At the same time, this drove of tourists also spurred the Office of Strategic Deception's other industries: the sect's internal spa center, the music center, the video game center, the immortal sword IMAX movie theater... all of them felt the impact of the Internet cafe as large numbers of rich tourists visited them.

"Anything that becomes a hit will definitely attract trolls. Mrs Boss, you just have to accept it," Su Xing placated her on the side.

Listening to him, Bai Qiao felt something wasn't right. "Wait, who are you calling Mrs Boss???"

"Lord Jingke is the boss, so aren't you the boss's wife..." Su Xing said.

Bai Qiao's entire face turned red. "Nonsense! I – I'm not the boss's wife! He's just a little brat! Besides, we've only joined together once! And it was only for ten minutes, he couldn't continue after that!"

Su Xing: "... Wasn't it because it was your first joining, so you couldn't keep it up for long..."

Hands on her hips, Bai Qiao lectured him. "In short, you're not allowed to call me that! I'm not the boss's wife!"

"Okay, Mrs Boss."

"Oh, right, go look for Jingke! I need to talk to him."

"No problem, Mrs Boss."

"..."

Chapter 935: Follow the Online Trail, Beat Up the Trolls

Su Xing had no idea what Bai Qiao wanted to do, but this Mrs Boss was known for her "tough" way of doing things. Although Su Xing hadn't known Mrs Boss Bai for long, her loud personality had left a very deep impression on his heart.

When he called the Wang family's small villa, it was Loopy Toad who answered the phone.

Listening to the reason for Su Xing's call, Dog Two couldn't help casting a glance up the stairs. Although Dog Two hadn't been part of the Divine Dao Star party, it had learned about exactly what had happened on Divine Dao Star from Little Silver.

And how did Little Silver know?

Naturally, it was Grenade-Throwing who told him. They were now living under the same roof, so asking for any news was only a matter of minutes for Little Silver.

So Dog Two also knew about Jingke and Bai Qiao fusing together on Divine Dao Star...

This was where the problem lay.

Since the first meld with Bai Qiao, Jingke hadn't seemed like himself. Before coming downstairs to answer the phone, Dog Two had glanced at the bed.

Lord Jingke still lay next to Little Master Ling's pillow in his peach wood sword form. However... the blade had turned pink in color! And it was steaming all the time!

In the past two days, Mother Wang had been using Jingke as a facial steamer; it didn't need to be plugged in, and all she needed to do was stick her face in front of it. Furthermore, the moisturizing effect was exceptional – even her crow's feet disappeared!

Dog Two lifted its eyelids. Lord Jingke's current state was very worrying!

...

On the other side at the Office of Strategic Deception's Internet cafe, Bai Qiao sat at the counter and waited for over ten minutes before a space fissure opened in front of her and Jingke took one step through.

Bai Qiao was clearly unhappy with Jingke's tardiness. She folded her arms, a reproachful expression on her face. "You made me wait fifteen minutes! I hate it the most when people are late! But since it's the first time, I'll forgive you – there won't be a second time!"

"Mm." Jingke didn't waste words.

To be honest, he was a little nervous.

Especially when he was right in front of Bai Qiao, his thoughts couldn't help going back to the moment they had combined back then... he had never felt like that before, as if he was floating. His mind had gone blank and even his body felt light, ultimately leaving him with an immense sense of relaxation and pleasure...

But Jingke was too shy to express these feelings, and he had spent a long time forcing himself to calm down before he came.

Fortunately, the Wang family's fridge had also been enchanted, so Jingke had deliberately spent ten minutes in the freezer before meeting Bai Qiao...

Seeing that Jingke had arrived, Su Xing hurriedly hid some distance away to observe them in secret. He knew it was wrong to act like a third wheel, but he couldn't help his curiosity.

Also, this was the first time he was seeing Lord Jingke act like a young married woman, which astonished him.

"Hey, can't you smile a little? We have the same master. Why do you always look so dead and miserable every day?" Looking at Jingke, Bai Qiao couldn't help stretching out one hand to pinch his face, only to jerk it back at the ice-cold feeling as if she had been electrocuted. "Why are you so cold?"

Jingke didn't say a word. "..."

"Forget it." Bai Qiao pulled Jingke over by the hem of his clothes to sit down next to her. She then tapped on the mouse and the keyboard to screenshot a dozen or so of the more excessive one-star negative comments.

While Jingke didn't know what Bai Qiao wanted to do, he could already make a faint guess.

Folding her arms, Bai Qiao stared at Jingke. "I'm your scabbard, so isn't it your duty as the blade to protect me?"

"Hm?" Jingke tilted his head. "Mm..."

Somehow, this relationship seemed to have been turned on its head – shouldn't it be the scabbard that protected the blade?

But after careful consideration, Jingke acquiesced for the time being, because he wanted to hear what other bizarre theories Bai Qiao was going to come up with.

“Hey, why aren’t you the least bit fired up?!”

Bai Qiao sighed. “The correct thing for you to do at this moment is get down on your knees and shout for the world to hear: ‘Jingke, this small general, is willing to lay down his life for Bai Qiao’! Only then will that create the mood!”

Jingke: “...”

“Forget it... You’re just as bone-headed as our master.” Head aching, Bai Qiao rubbed the skin between her eyebrows. She felt like she had never spoken so much before, but when she was with Jingke, she inevitably became more talkative.

She pointed at the negative comments on the screen. “I want you to clean this up for me.”

Her plan was in fact more or less what Jingke had guessed.

Jingke looked at the screen and said very slowly, “You, should, look, for, Wang Ming.”

“It’d be too boring to ask him for help. He can purge these comments with one wave of his hand behind the scenes, but aren’t these keyboard warriors who wantonly make negative comments still at large?”

Bai Qiao shrugged. “I already have their addresses. With your strength, you can open space and get there in seconds, can’t you?”

“I want you to ferret them out one by one, ask them why they gave negative comments, then have them apologize! Finally, they have to delete these negative comments! If they don’t... hmph... Don’t blame me for being ruthless...”

“Want to, kill them?”

Jingke shook his head slowly. “Ling, won’t, agree.”

“This bunch of keyboard warriors don’t contribute to society at all; they just wreck havoc all day long. Killing them would be letting them off too easy, so of course I can’t kill them! This lady still has a good heart; I’m not a devil.”

Bai Qiao chuckled. “Dealing with them is simple. If they don’t have a good attitude, you can directly send them to Songhai First Prison and leave the rest to me.”

When she said this, Bai Qiao smiled darkly. As a female game otaku, her technological skills might not be as good as Wang Ming or that Uncle Black behind Odd Zhuo, but they weren’t too shabby either.

It had been a piece of cake for Bai Qiao to track down the addresses of these trolls through their IP addresses.

Of course, Bai Qiao’s real plan wasn’t just to track down the IP addresses of this bunch and have Jingke hunt them down.

She had also used a spiderbot on these IP addresses to track down all the other comments which this group had posted online... Back when Old Devil, Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu, and Evil Sword God were arrested, these trolls had unleashed a torrent of abuse online, clamoring that the cultivation police had handled things badly and cursing eighteen generations of the three mahjong bigwigs to high heaven.

Before Jingke followed the online trail to catch these trolls and send them to prison, Bai Qiao considered sending a screenshot of these comments first to that group of bigwigs in Songhai prison for a look...

Chapter 936: Put Up Or Shut Up!

Bai Qiao discovered that the users of these IP addresses had indeed made plenty of outrageous remarks online. They all had different occupations: some were civil servants, some were ordinary office workers, and some were school students. Bai Qiao had dug up every little detail on these men except for the color of their underwear.

Although their occupations, ages and personalities were different, they all had one thing in common: they were losers in life.

“I’ll have a chat with them first in a short while. If they don’t admit their mistakes, you will fly over to them directly, clear?” Bai Qiao said, pointing a latiao at Jingke.

“Mm...” Jingke nodded.

There was no helping it; his woman was too ferocious – he could only do as she wanted.

The first person they were going to look up had a Baowan IP address. This was a province of Huaxiu, but it was a little special as it was located on a small island just across from the Huaxiu mainland. It had been part of Huaxiu since ancient times, and was an inseparable piece of land.

The IP address coordinates were for a place called Repayment Game Studio, which mainly made horror games. Cultivation Emulator’s popularity had sent the studio’s designers off-kilter, and they had mobilized all their staff to post negative comments.

Bai Qiao naturally found the person responsible: the studio’s boss.

Owner of Repayment Game Studio, Huang Youliang. Baowan native, 43 years old, mainly engaged in independent game development.

Because of Cultivation Emulator’s popularity, he had posted a large number of negative comments, and Bai Qiao had caught him in the act. From the same IP address, Bai Qiao also discovered other outrageous remarks which this Boss Huang Youliang had posted online... This man even insulted Huaxiu’s leaders! How audacious!

Unable to bear it any longer, Bai Qiao straightaway used coercive means to directly interrogate Boss Huang.

Today, Boss Huang was still feeling very depressed and wronged. He was envious to death of Cultivation Emulator’s huge success. He made games too – why didn’t he get the recognition he deserved? – No! This was the world’s fault!

Sitting on the toilet, Boss Huang was about to log into his alternate account to wildly curse everything.

He had to poke his nose into local news: “What? Another stabbing in Huaxiu? It really isn’t safe at home! It’s still better overseas! Hurry up and migrate like me! The air abroad is so good! We never have haze! It has democracy and liberty! The moon is so round!”

He had to poke his nose into entertainment news: “What? Kun Kun is an NBA ambassador 1 ? Why is it this Kun Kun? I thought it would be my family’s Kun Kun. My family’s Kun Kun is so good! It’s an internationally famous pet dog in Mixiu. How can your human Kun Kun compare with my foreign Kun Kun?”

He had to poke his nose into community news: “Hey, it’s like I said, local housing and commodities are expensive, it’s much better abroad! Everything is cheap abroad! Only by living overseas can you continue to expand on a large scale! Hurry up and migrate with me!”

He had to poke his nose into lifestyle news: “I already said there’s a lot of fake snacks at home! The rice is made from plastic! The cooking oil is recycled! I never eat them! Who knows what kind of oil rubbish snacks like potato chips, latiao or crispy noodle snacks have been deep fried in? I never touch them!”

Right after posting these words, Boss Huang suddenly felt a chill in his heart. Sitting on the toilet, it felt as if a pair of dead fish eyes were watching him from behind.

What was going on?

Why did it feel like a cold wind?

Boss Huang looked around. It was clearly a tiled wall behind him!

How could he feel like he was being watched inside a toilet cubicle in his studio?

“Hey! Boss Huang Youliang, do you know that your online comments are shit? You’re a pain in the ass!” To make Boss Huang realize what he had done wrong, Bai Qiao deliberately used Baowan’s distinctive accent to ask the question.

Inside the toilet, Boss Huang felt like his shit had all dried up. He had clearly been using his cell phone to post comments on the news when a Macao casino chat window suddenly popped up, as if his phone had a virus, and someone started interrogating him inside the chat.

“Who are you?” Boss Huang quickly typed into the chat.

“Who I am isn’t important – what’s important are your shitty comments! Do you know what you did was wrong? If you don’t, I have a thousand ways to make you understand your mistakes!” Bai Qiao replied.

“You philistine, you’re so lame. Who the hell are you? Only know how to hide behind a screen to cuss me out? I’m not afraid of a lameass like you. If you really have the ability, come out and fight me one-on-one. I can wreck ten of you!”

“So you won’t apologize?” Bai Qiao confirmed for the last time.

“What apologize, are you nuts?!” Boss Huang was very stubborn.

This was the first time he had encountered such an interesting hacker, who was calling him out from behind a screen. Did this person actually think that his reputation was a false one? He, Huang Youliang, who cursed out countless people online and was nicknamed ‘Baowan’s Number One Keyboard Warrior’? Bickering with him was just courting death!

Boss Huang Youliang chuckled. Turning his phone screen off, he was about to wipe his butt when the scene in front of him suddenly changed. He had clearly been inside a toilet cubicle, but when he lifted his head at that moment, it seemed that he had appeared at the entrance to a prison...

“Songhai First Prison...”

Darting a look at the sign, Huang Youliang was instantly alarmed. Songhai city... was a long way from Baowan. How had he ended up here while taking a dump?

However, before Huang Youliang could figure out the situation, he saw a child in a white robe staring at him with a pair of dead fish eyes. Huang Youliang blinked, and Jingke disappeared.

At the same time, a laser infrared light swept forward and flashed in front of Boss Huang Youliang.

In a short ten seconds, a dozen or so men flying on swords and wearing immortal robes dropped from the sky. Holding law enforcement lasers and tranquilizer spirit bullet guns, they surrounded him.

Huang Youliang was terrified once more.

It was actually a cultivation police law enforcement unit...

One of them took out a loudspeaker and shouted at him, "The man taking a shit up ahead, freeze! You are surrounded by Songhai's cultivation police law enforcement unit!"

"..."

Boss Huang Youliang didn't even have time to put on his pants. He immediately held up his hands, a nervous expression on his face. "Why are you arresting me?! What crime have I committed?!"

A captain jumped down from his immortal sword and said to Huang Youliang, "Huang Youliang, you are under arrest for breaking online security management laws: you've been using alternate accounts to post comments online in an attempt to divide the country!"

Youliang Huang, hands raised: "You – You have no proof!"

"No proof?" The captain of the law enforcement unit smiled. "Will you believe me if I tell you that I can name all the alternate accounts you use?"

"You can't overstep your authority! Even if I'm arrested, it should be by Baowan..."

"Wrong. It isn't Baowan, it's Baowan province! Baowan province! Baowan province!" The captain chuckled. "After you go in, you'll write that one thousand times first as punishment in front of the Old Devil."

"Old... Old Devil?" Huang Youliang trembled.

“Have you forgotten the Old Devil? When he was arrested some time ago, didn’t you say he was a toy poodle in heat?”

“...”

Chapter 937: Prison Lady Trio

What awaited Huang Youliang next wasn’t a three-party joint hearing in the prison, but the Old Devil’s domestic discipline.

Now that the Mahjong Squad were part of the atonement group, their final sentencings were also postponed.

The Old Devil, the Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu, and Evil Sword God had now all been in prison for some time, and it felt like home.

The people there were all talented and interesting when they spoke...

Their daily tasks comprised of looking after the prison crops and helping General Bai secretly deal with some wanted criminals. All these could gain them merit points, and at their final trials, their sentences could be commuted based on how many merit points they had.

There was a saying that getting a job or working for others was impossible 1 , but the crimes of these three people were too heavy, and it was very likely that they would spend the rest of their lives in prison atoning for their sins.

However, the Old Devil was a happy-go-lucky person with a strong ability to mentally adjust to his situation. The prison took care of his food and drink; he felt it would be fine for him to live here all his life. All he wanted was for General Yi to fulfill his promise and use the wheel of time to find his girlfriend’s reincarnation.

That would still take time.

When it came to bureaucracy, everyone knew – getting a seal was just like the sloth in Zootopia .

The process right up to obtaining approval would thus take a very long time. Even the Old Devil himself needed to be patient; it couldn't be rushed.

On the whole, life in Songhai First Prison was quite comfortable.

They rose at dawn to till the soil and rested at dusk.

Even with their meridians blocked, they could still get assignments from General Bai once in a while to deal with fierce offenders.

They had just carried out a mission a few days ago.

The target had been a rainy night rapist who wore an open red raincoat that exposed his hairy legs, and who liked to act on rainy days. This person was extremely fast and acted under the cover of the weather. A lot of girls had fallen victim, and before they could react, they had fallen pregnant...

When the Mahjong Squad found the rainy night rapist, the trio surrounded him.

"You... Aren't all of you already..." Caught, the pervert was stupefied, as he had never expected this situation at all.

But that was a few days ago...

The Old Devil and the others had seen a lot of this type of trash in their contact with dark forces, and catching them was just dirtying their hands.

But they had no other choice; the road to redemption was a long and difficult one.

...

On this day, inside the special call, the Old Devil and Cheng Yu were researching makeup techniques. Evil Sword God was a weakling when he went out on a mission without eyeshadow, so they had to improve their skills.

And Warden Liang had approved their application.

Warden Liang gave them a sack with all kinds of cosmetics inside.

“So many?” Untying the sack, the Old Devil stared blankly.

“They were all seized at the airport; I asked one of my colleagues there for them,” Warden Liang replied mildly.

Prisoners were also human beings, and naturally also needed to pass the time with something fun. In addition to “Fight the Landlord” and mahjong, the Old Devil and the others were also developing other things for their self-amusement, and a prison lady trio 2 act was quietly unfolding.

But the Mahjong Squad was made up of three men, and they were putting on makeup for the first time...

“How do we use these?” Cheng Yu asked.

Old Devil picked out a few cosmetics. He had never worn makeup, but relying on what he remembered of his girlfriend’s makeup bag before, he could still vaguely tell the difference between lipstick, BB cream, eye cream and whatnot.

As he was picking out the things, it suddenly occurred to him that of the three people in the Mahjong Squad, he appeared to be the only one to have had a girlfriend before...

“Give it a try first. This is lipstick. Apply it on him first.”

“Aren’t we going to practice putting on eyeshadow?”

“In any case, it’s just for fun. Just put on whatever.”

After figuring things out, the two people started to mess around with Evil Sword God's face.

Without his eyeshadow, Evil Sword God let them do whatever they wanted to him, like a daughter-in-law being bullied.

A few minutes later, Evil Sword God officially took center stage wearing lipstick, a wig, eyeshadow and blush.

"I think it's not bad," Cheng Yu commented.

"Mm, he looks very similar to Jynx 3 like this." The Old Devil nodded.

But very quickly, the two of them frowned when they realized that this eyeshadow didn't have any effect – Evil Sword God didn't switch personalities from the makeup they put on him.

"Did we put it on wrong?" Cheng Yu had a bit of a headache.

"The first step is always the hardest. Let's take it little by little."

The Old Devil pinched Evil Sword God's face. "Old Evil is pretty cute like this, don't you think?"

"Em..." Cheng Yu stared at Evil Sword God's face more closely.

"Old Cheng, just admit it. Don't you like Old Evil? I can hear your heartbeat." A sly smile played on Old Devil's lips.

"Heartbeat???" The Master of Immortal Mansion was a little bewildered.

It was true that a strong heartbeat was resounding in the air, but it definitely wasn't his.

Whose heartbeat was this?

While they were feeling puzzled, the door to the special cell opened and the prison guard who had been escorting Huang Youliang directly kicked him inside.

“Oh, it’s another newbie!” The Old Devil was overjoyed, but when he saw the man’s face, his own instantly darkened.

When Huang Youliang saw the Old Devil and the others at that moment, he was so frightened that his legs buckled and he could barely stand, and he shrank back. “You... Stay away from me!”

The Old Devil...

The Master of Immortal Mansion... and Evil Sword God!

Huang Youliang was sure he was right!

What frightened him even more was that these three people were actually in one cell...

Huang Youliang’s heart raced and he was so nervous he almost choked.

He was now bitterly regretting the reckless comments he had posted online.

Unfortunately, there was no medicine for regret in this world...

“It’s you, isn’t it... You called my venerable self a toy poodle in heat?”

The Old Devil’s light voice carried in the air. It wasn’t loud, but it carried the greatest sense of terror.

However, before the interrogation was over, Huang Youliang had already fainted, foaming at the mouth.

Cheng Yu: “Do we need to wake him up?”

Old Devil waved his hand. “It’s fine. They are quite a few people who’ve been sent over for us to play with today: They all made inappropriate online comments, and can be called keyboard warriors or a water army.”

As soon as he said the words, it seemed more people had been sent over outside the door...

These were all the keyboard warriors Jingke had caught after following the online trails; they were now all lined up outside the special cell in handcuffs.

Cheng Yu was shocked at this momentum. “So many people?”

These people were all crying noisily and shaking with fear.

There were already twenty-six of them, and the number was still increasing.

This was the first time the prison was so lively.

It was just that the number was a little too large... In less than fifteen minutes, there was already a long line outside the door of the special cell as the number of people soared to more than a hundred...

Cheng Yu was deeply shocked. “So this is an Internet water army...”

With a snort, the Old Devil opened the cell door and stepped outside. All the keyboard warriors knelt one after another and begged for mercy. “We have reflected deeply, and we will all listen to the Governor!”

Chapter 938: Governor of the Dark Network

When he heard this “Governor” title, Huang Youliang instantly tensed up as his thoughts scattered. In a flash, his clothes were drenched in cold sweat, and he was so scared that he curled up on the

ground and trembled all over. His face turned ashen at this intense sense of uneasiness, as if half his soul had fled his body.

“So? Are you familiar with this title of ‘Governor’ or not?” The Old Devil smiled coldly.

Actually, before Huang Youliang had been sent to the special prison cell, Songhai First Prison and Odd Zhuo had already started to weave a huge net. School would start up after the summer break, and Odd Zhuo had received a direct order from Secretary Sun Dakang to carry out a large-scale clean-up of the Internet during this time, in which they would punish criminals who spread unlawful information online.

So even if Bai Qiao and Jingke hadn’t discovered Huang Youliang and caught him, the General Administration of 100 Schools would have acted anyway.

None of them had discussed this operation prior to its launch, but their plans this time unexpectedly aligned.

Thus, after Huang Youliang’s arrest, Odd Zhuo promptly contacted Bai Qiao and Jingke to have them become part of the operation.

This operation to clean up the Internet wasn’t a simple one.

In the information age, cyber wars were the most complicated kind, since these “maggots” hiding behind the screen kept changing their IP addresses to make their locations hard to track down.

But as the leader directly in command of the operation, Odd Zhuo’s target this time was the leader behind the scenes who had an online water army of fifty million — the Governor of the Dark Network.

Based on what they currently knew from their investigation, this person’s cultivation wasn’t high, but he had gained a high ranking in the Dark Network due to this online water army; his codename was Governor.

“Do you know why you were arrested and sent here?” The Old Devil laughed, his gaze fixed on Huang Youliang. “I have no interest in the small fry outside, but you’ve made direct contact before with that Governor ranked seventh in the Dark Network, haven’t you, Mr Huang? I know you are a branch leader.”

Huang Youliang had a dismayed expression on his face; he hadn't expected the Old Devil to find out even this about him.

The Old Devil raised his hand, and magic hit Huang Yuliang in between his eyebrows. Instantly, he actually heard the sound of a ticking clock in his brain.

"Tell us, how do you contact the Governor?" The Old Devil interrogated him. "The clock in your brain is a curse spell which will detonate once time is up. If you don't talk before then, you won't die, but your mind will be blown apart, and you can only live in a mental asylum and receive electrotherapy for the rest of your life..."

"I don't know, I don't know anything! Wuwuwu !" Huang Youliang wailed; he hadn't cried even when his old mom died, and he never thought that a big man like him would be scared to tears.

"Crying counts as part of the time you have left." The Old Devil smiled coldly.

Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu smoothed things over. "Brother, if you have time to cry, you might as well come clean and tell us everything you know. Even if it's just a little, we won't blame you. Otherwise, we can only blow up your mind and deliver what's left to the Military Law Bureau and forcibly extract your memories."

"What you should know is that the Governor is the main target we want to capture. He's very important for reducing our final sentences, and for yours as well."

The Old Devil said expressionlessly, "You have thirty seconds left."

Huang Youliang's mind was blank; he had completely no idea what to say.

At that moment, the clock in his brain suddenly rang, which frightened him into instantly confessing. "I, I, I know! But even I very rarely have the chance to come in contact with the Governor. My status as group leader was something I bought... Also, every group is inspected on their performance! The Governor will only meet the leaders whose groups perform very well! Only they can meet the Governor!"

The Old Devil sneered again and pulled the clock hand in Huang Youliang's brain back. "Hm, I'll give you two more minutes. Tell us more about buying the group leader position. How much did you pay for it?"

"Five million... plus a villa in the countryside." Huang Youliang trembled as he spoke.

"Then how much can you earn as a group leader?"

"There are up to five thousand people in a large group. As long as I run it well enough and attract a high volume of traffic, I can recover the costs in a year. The Governor pays us based on the number of hits we get. If you want to meet the Governor, you have to run the group well and produce good results, otherwise there's no way you can meet him."

"I can't wait a year to produce good results!"

The Old Devil's eyes darkened. "Forget it, hurry up and tell us what else you know!"

"The former administrator died from overwork, which allowed me to step into this opening and buy this position," Huang Youliang said, both his hands raised in surrender.

"So you're saying that you haven't been a group leader for long?"

"Yes, it hasn't even been two days..."

"The former leader died from overwork? Then how were you connected to the group before this?"

"I was an administrator in the group. When the group leader died, I bought his account and planned to use two identities in the group."

"You, an administrator, dare to pretend to be the group leader?" The Old Devil was amused.

"No one has seen his appearance, and his account is now mine... We earn our bread and butter through the Internet; making money is our only concern. The number of people in his group has currently already reached five thousand, and each one of them is an elite. You can't get this type of

growth in just one or two years... To become a group leader, you have to take an assessment. If I didn't buy this group leader status, I wouldn't be able to pass the assessment at all."

"What kind of assessment is it?"

Knowing that Huang Youliang was prepared to come clean, the Old Devil nodded and stopped the clock in his brain.

"An exam wouldn't be a big deal, but the main thing is that we have to crossdress... But I'm too ugly!"

"Hm, indeed, you never had a chance."

The Old Devil asked, "Let me ask you, before you were arrested, did you ever think about the hazards of creating a ruckus online?"

"No... we act as water army and trolls on online news websites. The only thing we risk are our words and we don't spill blood. God knows why we've been targeted..."

"Good, well said. I have a rough idea of the situation. So what you're saying is that the group members rounded up outside don't actually know your identity as the group leader?"

"They definitely haven't seen me before."

"What are the conditions for setting up a group?"

"As long as you pass the group leader assessment, you can set up a group based on the area you're in. To control the chat group, the group leader has to do it at a designated Internet cafe in that area."

"Then for this group you bought, where is the Internet cafe which you have to go online at?"

"Crow County in Bao Bay. I bought the Bao Bay group leader position, and there's only one Internet cafe there..."

“Very well.” The Old Devil nodded, then turned to look at Cheng Yu and Evil Sword God. “Old Cheng, Old Evil, how about we make a trip to Bao Bay’s Internet cafe?”

“Become group leader?”

“That’s right! Become group leader!”

Chapter 939: Let the Bullet Messages Fly, and the Conditions For Becoming Group Leader

It was a long way from Songhai city to Baowan province’s Crow County, but it only took two hours traveling via the special passage.

Although the Old Devil trio was currently atoning for their crimes by performing meritorious service, their actions were still restricted, such as when it came to space travel. Even when they were charged with carrying out missions, they weren’t allowed to open space tunnels or use spatial spells to teleport without permission.

They all had location trackers on them which, after being improved by Wang Ming, were an enhanced class of Spirit Shackles that acted as a seal to contain their power from a computer terminal. Thus, their true realms were suppressed. However, their mission this time was mainly an online information war, which would depend on their intelligence.

Inside the familiar prison van, Huang Youliang sat between two people. He was drenched in cold sweat and had no idea what he should do.

“When we get there, you should know what to do.” The Old Devil patted Huang Youliang’s thigh.

“I know; if I disobey, my mind will be blown apart.” Huang Youliang swallowed and didn’t dare resist.

“Why did you want to become the group leader of a water army back then?” Cheng Yu asked curiously.

“I opened a game studio but the games we designed always made losses, and I had to earn extra income. Later, I heard about this alternative from a friend of mine. But I hadn’t held the group

leader position for long and I hadn't even gone to the designated Internet cafe when you caught me," Huang Youliang said with fear.

"This transaction is quite a lucrative one. So once you invest into becoming group leader, you can make money?" The Old Devil smiled.

"Not exactly..."

Huang Youliang asked, "Have any of you been a group leader before?"

"No." The Old Devil and the others shook their heads.

"After taking up this position, we need to dress up in women's clothes, rope in administrators, and reach our targets. Only after the administrators fulfill their quota of online posts can group members act as keyboard warriors and start cursing or scolding online. When there are enough posts which have obtained a certain number of views, the Governor will pay us."

Huang Youliang said, "With a large sum of money, it's split 30-70 between the group leader and the Governor."

"Group leaders only get seventy percent?"

"Seventy percent is the Governor's; for group leaders to even be able to get thirty percent depends on how he feels!" said Huang Youliang.

"Hang on, isn't this money from the Governor?" The Old Devil was confused.

"The Governor issues the money, but it isn't his. I heard that there's still someone a level higher than the Governor. An Internet water army is managed using a hierarchical system. Actually, group members don't get any money at all, and only the group leaders and administrators get a share..."

Huang Youliang said with a sigh, "There are countless people in an online water army; the Governor oversees fifty million. We group leaders just work for him, and we can't disobey the Governor at all. If we do, the group will be dissolved at best, and or we'll be killed at worst."

After hearing this, the prison trio had some idea of the situation.

The management of this online water army was a little like a pyramid scheme, which expanded downward from the administrative levels.

Although this Governor was ranked seventh in the Dark Network and held an important position, he wasn't the big boss behind the scenes; there was still someone pulling the strings and supplying the funds behind him, and it was very likely that the other party was hiding overseas.

But investigating that wasn't their job; even if they knew who it was, it wasn't any concern of theirs. Right now, the task which the prison trio had been assigned was to follow the clues to track down this "Governor" and arrest him.

Catching the Governor was their number one priority.

As for whether there was someone else behind him whom they should also catch or not, this would depend on how many points for shortening their sentences General Bai could offer...

In the prison van, the Old Devil reflected on Huang Youliang's words just then.

The water army group leaders under this Governor were strictly managed; they even had to log into their group leader accounts at designated Internet cafes.

He realized that going to Crow County to become group leader this time might not be easy.

"From what you said earlier, you have to crossdress in particular in order to become a group leader and earn money?"

"Of course..."

"Then isn't a group leader just a beggar?"

"In this world, isn't working for someone just like being a beggar anyway? But not many people can become a group leader of a water army."

The Old Devil frowned. "If a group leader has to crossdress, why is it that the group members have never before seen that former group leader who died suddenly?"

"Simple: most of the members in this group are fans of attractive voices and the former group leader's voice was very nice." Huang Youliang said, "When I bought the group leader position, the person who sold it to me gave me a special voice changer so that I would sound just like the former group leader, and no one would hear the difference."

So that was it.

The prison trio understood.

"But since you want to catch the Governor, it's very important to win over the administrators and the people in the group. Going to Crow County this time to take up the role of group leader, crossdressing is a must... But of the three big shots here..." Huang Youliang swept his gaze over the Old Devil, Cheng Yu and Evil Sword God.

After looking at them over and over again, he found that the only one who would be able to crossdress convincingly was actually Evil Sword God.

But he didn't dare directly say it, for fear that Evil Sword God would beat him up.

The shock Evil Sword God had inspired back then was no less compared with the Old Devil. He even had the guts to kill his own shifu; it could be said that he was an utterly cold-blooded figure.

Huang Youliang knew that if he offended this big shot, he would come to a tragic end

"I know what you're thinking."

The Old Devil put an arm around Huang Youliang's shoulder. "Want to see Old Evil crossdress?"

Huang Youliang: "No... no, I don't."

"A man needs to be honest. Tell me the truth, do you want to see it or not? Be honest, or there will be serious consequences."

Huang Youliang looked weakly at that delicate-looking Evil Sword God, and somehow felt that he was different from the reports about him.

He didn't know what Evil Sword God's situation was, but he still said what he was thinking in a very low voice, "I do..."

"So, you're honest after all."

The Old Devil laughed. "Don't worry, you'll be able to see it."

Huang Youliang: "..."

The Old Devil: "Because Old Cheng and I also want to see it."

Huang Youliang: "..."

Since a crossdressing group leader could quickly win over administrators and group members, they naturally didn't have a reason to reject it. To the Old Devil, this was like kneeling and begging for food, but the point was that the person doing the kneeling wouldn't be him.

Only one of the three of them needed to crossdress and reveal his face.

And it now looked like it would be none other than Evil Sword God.

"Old Evil?" The Old Devil called his name and turned to Evil Sword God, who didn't know where to put his hands.

Apart from playing cards or manual labor, Evil Sword God was thrashed practically every day in prison. Now that the Old Devil was talking to him in such an indulgent tone, Evil Sword God quivered.

Evil Sword God: "What do you want..."

“You’ll be dressing in women’s clothes later.”

“No...”

“If you do it, Old Cheng and I won’t beat you up for the next three days.”

“A week and it’s a deal...”

“Deal.”

“...”

Chapter 940: Group Leader Detention Island

As group leaders in the water army under the Governor, they were assigned Internet cafes from which they had to log into their accounts. The Internet cafe in Crow County was located in a very remote area.

It was a small county town with some parts that were still underdeveloped, and which engaged mainly in agriculture and animal husbandry. Most of the pork Zhai Yin used to fry dragon pork chops was imported from Crow County.

Well... That was to say, the dragon pig which this little Crow County bred had almost poisoned and killed the Ten Founding Generals...

When the Internet cafe’s doors slid open, all eyes turned to a delicate and pretty-looking young lady. She was very tall, had fair skin, and had long hair which fell down to her waist, giving people the sense of first love.

“What a comely young lady...”

“She’s probably not from our Crow County, is she? Crow County only has a few pretty girls.”

“She’s likely from out of town. Honestly speaking, the girls from outside are all fair.”

“How many points?”

“Ninety-five – five points off for her chest. Size A is not good enough.”

“...”

...

From what everyone could see, Evil Sword God’s crossdressing was pretty successful. Thanks to the handful of minutes which Old Devil and Master of Immortal Mansion Cheng Yu had spent in prison diligently practicing their cosmetic skills, Evil Sword God in women’s clothes was enough to pass for the real thing.

Considering that there might be spies of the Governor in the Internet cafe, the Old Devil and the others didn’t act together, but sent in Evil Sword God alone.

But the prison trio were using the “my network sharing center” technique!

That was to say, the three of them were sharing their vision and minds at that moment.

What Evil Sword God saw and heard now would be transmitted to the Old Devil’s and Cheng Yu’s minds at the same time.

The chat app which this Internet water army group used was an autonomous one. Huang Youliang had already given them both the username and the password, along with the voice changer, which was in a secret cloud drive and needed to be downloaded.

Fortunately, Evil Sword God wasn’t too out of touch with society. His computer skills were pretty good and he wasn’t a complete newbie.

When he murdered his shifu, he had done a Qiandu search online: how to kill your shifu?

The first five pages were all promoted results for secret weapons.

The search results were still fresh in Evil Sword God's mind.

"[Ad] Putian System 1 Consecrated Shuriken, only 998 immortal gold for one...

"[Ad] Putian System Gilded and Diamond-Studded Flying Guillotine, 666 immortal gold. Buy one and get three gifts...

"[Ad] Putian System Secret Weapon Store. For the first 6 yuan you spend, you get a small dragon sword hanging ornament!"

...

At this time, the Old Devil's voice rang out in the shared mental space. "Old Evil, stop recalling the past. The mission is our priority."

"Okay..." Evil Sword God's thoughts settled and he got to work.

Username, check.

Password, check.

The voice changer was ready.

Evil Sword God then took a deep breath and clicked "ENTER."

In a blink of an eye, the scene before him changed as he was actually pulled into a city which felt full of technology.

"What's going on?" Evil Sword God was a little confused. This development was somewhat unexpected.

Fortunately, the trio's mental space was connected, so Evil Sword God wasn't flustered.

“This should be the inner world of the water army. Sure enough, there’s something wrong with this Internet cafe. They use their accounts to set up a space passage. After logging in with their usernames, the group leaders will arrive in another space world.” The Old Devil’s voice rang out inside Evil Sword God’s head with his analysis.

If so, it made sense for the Governor to require all group leaders to go to a designated Internet cafe to operate the chat group.

Using his Demon Eyes, Evil Sword God tried to spread his power of sight throughout the world, and the trio had a panoramic view of the whole world.

This was a small world located in an independent space. It looked like an island which was surrounded by a space spirit sea, which was very much in the style of “a water army.”

Seeing this, the prison trio was inwardly surprised.

“It looks like there has to be an Almighty moving the pieces behind the Governor. It’s impossible for the Governor to open up an independent space with his strength alone,” the Old Devil said.

How rich were the experiences of the trio?

While their strength was currently sealed, their abundant knowledge and experiences as experts with True Immortal battle strength couldn’t be sealed; they could discern how strong this spatial spell was with one glance.

This was one of the main reasons why General Bai decided to implement this “atonement program” for the prison trio. There were few True Immortal experts to begin with. Naturally, it would be very good if they could be used.

For experts, a direct execution wasn’t actually a heavy price.

When the Old Devil shared a projected image with Huang Youliang, the latter’s face was ashen and he was frightened to death. This “group leader” position wasn’t what he had expected. He had thought he just needed to urge members in the group to post; he never thought he could be pulled into this sort of independent space world.

“It’s clear you were duped.”

Looking at the shocked expression on Huang Youliang’s face, the Old Devil said, “The group leader position you bought with five million HNY and a villa didn’t gain you anything – the design of this world space is a bit like a prison. Once you enter, you’re basically trapped and can’t get out unless you destroy the core hub.”

“I was tricked?” Huang Youliang found it hard to believe.

What Evil Sword God experienced next in this small world further confirmed Old Devil’s conjecture.

A crossdressing Evil Sword God suddenly fell into this space.

Such a “lovely and comely” girl suddenly dropping in would naturally attract the attention of the people nearby.

Something wasn’t right about these people. Most of them were bald and they moved like zombies, drooling and grinning horribly as they stared at him.

Evil Sword God was a little scared at being stared at, and he yelled in all directions, “You... Who are you?!”

As soon as he spoke, even Evil Sword God himself was taken aback... Because it wasn’t his voice! This was very clearly the cute little sister effect of the voice changer...

The Old Devil and Cheng Yu almost got hard when they heard it.

“Looks like you weren’t completely cheated. This is a genuine voice changer,” the Old Devil said.

Huang Youliang: “...”

The Old Devil reasoned that the voice changer probably wasn't just purely software, but had been enhanced with special magic. When the software was activated, the voice would have special sound effects for a period of time.

At that moment, the men in this world surrounded Evil Sword God like zombies.

“Why don't you come with us, little cutie? You can't get out. This is Group Leader Detention Island...”

“Come on, let's have fun. In any case, we have plenty of time...”

“I never thought an actual female group leader would land here.”

This group moved toward Evil Sword God as they spoke.

And what horrified the prison trio...

Was that this bunch of disgusting men all had modified female voices!

It turned out that there weren't any real women among the water army group leaders!