

Daily Life 951

Chapter 951: Super Chen's New Discovery and the Origin of His Hairstyle

Ever since Father Chen's mouth cannon attack on Tiger Liang at the hospital, four-year-old Super Chen seemed to have understood something about the art of language.

The next day, he didn't stare at the half-bald trunk of the old pagoda tree, but sat under the tree to read A Comprehensive Collection of Crosstalk .

Father Chen thought that Super Chen was probably upset about what happened yesterday and had yet to calm down. From afar, reading a book under the pagoda tree made it look like he had retreated into himself.

Father Chen didn't urge him to cultivate, and instead sat down next to Super Chen and said attentively, "Son, cultivating body techniques shapes the body and nourishes the mind. I'm very proud of you for bravely stepping forward to save that poor mute girl yesterday."

Honestly speaking, Super Chen had made tremendous progress, and as his father, Chen Yi was indeed very happy from the bottom of his heart. Nowadays, even helping an old woman who had fallen down took courage 1 , to say nothing of confronting a kid five or six years older than you.

Father Chen thought that Super Chen had one hundred percent inherited his brave, hot-blooded and fearless personality, and then some.

Four-year-old Super Chen seemed braver than Father Chen had been at that age.

Father Chen didn't rebuke Super Chen at all for hitting Tiger Liang yesterday, and instead shouldered the responsibility; Father Chen and his son were very clear on who had been right and wrong. Yesterday, Father Chen had paid the medical fees so that Liang Heng couldn't find any fault with them. On the contrary, it was Liang Heng's disappointment of a son acting up in the hospital who made a fool of himself in front of so many onlookers.

But something seemed to have gone wrong somewhere, as Super Chen seemed a little withdrawn today.

Picking his words, Father Chen wanted to ask, “Son, you did nothing wrong yesterday. So...”

“I know.” Holding A Comprehensive Collection of Crosstalk , Super Chen replied, “Dad, I’m pursuing the art of language.”

“The – the art of language?”

“‘A gentleman uses his mouth and not his fist.’ Father, what you said to Tiger Liang yesterday left him speechless, which was so cool! So I think that apart from regular physical cultivation, I also need to practice smooth talk,” Super Chen replied excitedly.

For one moment, Father Chen was unable to respond; it turned out the problem was what had happened at the end yesterday!

He had only shot his mouth off at the time when he could no longer stand Tiger Liang’s aggressive and vile attitude. Teaching this sort of kid a lesson was actually very easy — the questions he had asked yesterday had hit Tiger Liang’s sore spots, as a second rich generation who never studied.

Father Chen never expected to inadvertently trigger in his son a fascination with the art of language.

He couldn’t help laughing. “So, what art of language have you discovered in this Comprehensive Collection of Crosstalk ?”

Four-year-old Super Chen thought for a while before answering seriously, “Smoking!”

Father Chen: “...”

Super Chen: “Drinking!”

Father Chen: “...”

Super Chen: “And perming hair! 2 ”

Father Chen: “But you’re a kid. Underaged children aren’t allowed to drink or smoke, which is also in our family rules.”

Super Chen: “But... isn’t there still perming hair?”

“Mm, you have a point, son.” Father Chen smiled faintly.

And so, when Super Chen was four –

To prevent his son from going overboard in his pursuit of the art of language, and instead have him focus on cultivating body techniques, Father Chen duped him into going to the hairdresser’s and told the barber, “Just trim my son’s hair a bit.”

Super Chen was four that year.

It was the year he got a crew cut.

And he had maintained that hairstyle to this day.

...

After the conflict with the Liang family, the Chen family’s Strength Super Martial Dojo suddenly experienced a boom in business. In one month, the dojo accepted close to twenty disciples, many of whom were preschoolers just slightly older than Super Chen.

There were two reasons for this change.

First, the Liang family’s Balance Magic Center had always been a well-known school in this area, but the son of the head of the center, ten-year-old Tiger Liang, had lost to four-year-old Super Chen. This news spread from the hospital that day.

So since that day, people had marveled at the strength of the “Iron Sand Palm.”

No one had expected a four-year-old to be able to use this move to beat up Tiger Liang badly enough to be wrapped up like a mummy after that.

Of course, the incident had naturally become increasingly exaggerated. After all, none of them had personally witnessed it. The very first person who spread the news had only relied on hearsay and Tiger Liang's wretched-looking appearance.

Second, the fight between Super Chen and Tiger Liang had directly helped boost Strength Super Martial Dojo's name. This family body techniques dojo run by Father Chen had always had a good reputation, but with the rising trend in magic, the dojo's disciples slowly decreased in number. However, with this fight, the dojo was thrust into the limelight.

Plus, human beings were animals who always liked to follow the trend.

When parents felt that other people's kids were more outstanding, their first reaction wasn't that there was something wrong with their own kid's learning ability, but more that they weren't giving them the right supplementary lessons!

After the end of the incident starring Super Chen and Tiger Liang, some parents immediately signed up at Father Chen's body techniques dojo, and the number of applicants continued to increase... There were a number who got refunds from Balance Center before coming over to sign up.

Father Chen could practically imagine Liang Heng's furious look.

All in all, there were both pros and cons for Father Chen as a result of this incident.

On the plus side, their family business had improved and he would no longer need to kneel on a washboard as punishment very night for their poor business...

But the downside was also very obvious.

His fellow brother Liang Heng had always like to compete with him since the beginning.

Back then, a female college teacher had kissed Father Chen in a game of Truth or Dare. His fellow brother had mistaken her for his girlfriend, and in the following month, had captured this teacher's heart and put on a show of French kissing her in front of Father Chen on Valentine's Day.

Now, Father Chen had unintentionally stolen Balance Center's business; god knew what mean trick this unlucky brother of his would use against him.

Father Chen didn't care if it had to do with himself.

He looked at Super Chen in the courtyard, and somehow felt uneasy.

While he was thinking, two familiar figures showed up at the entrance to their courtyard.

Wang Xiaoling and her mother were at the entrance of the Chen family's dojo. Mother and daughter huddled together under the "Strength Super Dojo" sign, gratitude and some timidity in their eyes.

"I'm looking for the dojo leader..." Wang Xiaoling's mother said, her voice shaking slightly.

Chapter 952: Father Chen's Disciple

With one glance, Father Chen could tell that this was Wang Xiaoling's mother. The woman was very dirty. It seemed that she had mustered up all her courage to stand timidly at the entrance of the dojo with her daughter. She didn't even dare lift her head, but only surveyed everything inside the dojo out of the corner of her eye.

Her shoes were very old. It was clear that the woman had already cleaned them before coming to the dojo, but they still looked dusty.

"Come on in." Father Chen smiled. He had seen Wang Xiaoling's mother before, and thought that she was a woman who didn't have it easy, so the Chen family would gather together the dilapidated items and jars at home and put them in one place for Wang Xiaoling's mother to pick up.

Of course, they didn't charge anything.

Father Chen and Mother Chen were both warmhearted people. They could imagine how difficult it was for a mother with a mute girl.

Now, standing here and in tune with the girl's memory, Wang Ling was also feeling very moved.

Wang Xiaoling felt nothing but grateful deep in her heart. Although Wang Xiaoling was very young, Super Chen rescued her. Wang Xiaoling didn't know how it felt to like someone, but she was standing at the entrance of the dojo, and just like her mother, had drummed up the courage to come here.

The moment she saw Super Chen, Wang Ling could clearly feel his face unconsciously start to turn hot.

He felt that this first-person perspective was pretty amazing...

Looking at the way the story was unfolding, it was very obvious that this "Wang Xiaoling" was an important part of Super Chen's childhood.

Each time he considered this, Wang Ling couldn't help but feel torn inwardly.

The memory fragment about "Wang Xiaoling" which he had grabbed earlier was gray in color... This hinted that the story about Wang Xiaoling didn't have a very good ending...

So Wang Ling was very curious to know what happened later.

...

Although Father Chen invited her in, Xiaoling's mom continued to stand at the dojo entrance and didn't dare enter.

The dojo was so clean and she was afraid she would get it dirty. After careful consideration, she decided not to go in. She stood at the entrance, and along with Wang Xiaoling, bowed to Father Chen. "Thank you, thank you, Teacher Chen.

"Teacher Chen, please take this..." The woman was clutching a bag and was clearly a little nervous. Inside the bag was spirit fruit she had just bought. The spirit fruit actually wasn't worth much for many people, but Father Chen knew what Xiaoling's family situation was like – this was the best thing Xiaoling's mom could come up with.

“Public opinion was fair in this incident; Xiaoling’s mom, you don’t have to be so polite. Thank you for the spirit fruit.” Father Chen accepted the bag of spirit fruit. Actually, he wasn’t a fan of how sweet and fragrant they were, but he wanted to put Xiaoling’s mom at ease so that in their dojo at least, she didn’t have to be so humble.

Taking the bag of fruit, Father Chen persisted in inviting Xiaoling’s mom in, an amiable smile on his face the whole time. “Xiaoling’s mom, do come in for a chat. I have something to discuss with you.”

It was close to dusk, and pretty much all the children in the dojo had left. Super Chen, Xiaoling and her mom were the only ones left in the dojo. Seeing that Xiaoling’s mom was hesitating, Super Chen directly stepped forward to drag Xiaoling away. The two kids ran to the back of the dojo, which had some of the toys that Super Chen usually played with.

Xiaoling’s mom was embarrassed by his enthusiasm, but when she saw her daughter actually smile the moment Super Chen dragged her off, Xiaoling’s mom froze for a moment.

She hesitated at the entrance before finally taking off her shoes outside and then stepping barefoot on the dojo’s cold wooden floor.

When they sat down on yoga mats, Father Chen came straight to the point. “Xiaoling’s mom, I want to ask for your help with something.”

“Me? Help...” Xiaoling’s mom thought she had heard wrong and couldn’t quite believe it. She was someone who collected rubbish – what could she help him with?

“It’s like this: my Super Chen will be five soon, which is just the right time to learn sword fighting, and I’m going to have him practice it.

“He doesn’t yet have a foundation in sword fighting, but in general, it’s best to find someone on the same level to practice sword fighting with, which will be more effective.

“Xiaoling might not be able to speak, but I can see that she’s a smart girl and she plays well with our Super Chen. Also, she’s of the right age...”

On the side, Wang Ling, who had possessed Wang Xiaoling's body, was playing with Super Chen. These were memory fragments, so even if Wang Ling didn't want to move, his body would move on its own to replay what happened in the memory...

So while he was playing with Super Chen, he was also eavesdropping on what Father Chen was saying.

For some reason, Father Chen's words sounded like he was setting up a marriage interview...

Unfortunately, Father Chen wasn't Father Wang or any sort of literary scholar. He had already done his best to phrase his "appeal" in a way that didn't sound like he was arranging a marriage interview.

But clearly, he had failed.

"My Xiaoling doesn't have the least bit foundation in anything at all, let alone sword fighting..." Xiaoling's mom was a little worried.

"Xiaoling's mom, you don't have to worry about that. I'm just looking for a partner for Super Chen." Father Chen said, "Our body techniques dojo also offers sword fighting programs. I have a wise saying: when the sword is inseparable from the body, style and the body both blossom 1."

Xiaoling's mom: "..."

Wang Ling was astonished. "..."

What damn "both blossom"...

"Of course, Xiaoling won't be a training partner for nothing. From now on, you and your daughter can live in the dorm behind the dojo, like some of the kids who board here. Every month, I will pay Xiaoling some money for being a training partner. Xiaoling can also take this opportunity to learn some self-defense techniques, so that she'll no longer be bullied by brats like Tiger Liang in the future."

Father Chen said in a sincere tone, "Xiaoling's mom, what do you think?"

Xiaoling's mom was deeply touched by what he said. She was well aware that by doing this, Chen Yi was trying to help her and her daughter.

At that moment, her heart shook with gratitude as well as fear; more than that, she was in awe of this overwhelming favor she had received. She gazed at Xiaoling, who was playing with Super Chen nearby.

Xiaoling hadn't worn such a happy smile on her face in a long time.

They were originally a pitiful mother and daughter duo who had survived domestic abuse. After Xiaoling's father died, they were no longer subject to the abuse in their lives, but Xiaoling could no longer speak...

"Then let Xiaoling stay." Xiaoling's mom lowered her head; in the end, she was too embarrassed to inconvenience Father Chen by staying. "I can still live off of recycling... if I move here, no one would be able to find me..."

Father Chen nodded. "No problem, Xiaoling's mom. Don't worry, you can leave Xiaoling with me. As for the dorm in the back, I'll still leave you and Xiaoling a double room. Come by anytime you want to see Xiaoling and keep her company."

He knew that this was as far as they could go for now with this matter.

Chapter 953: The Sword Is Inseparable From the Body

When the sword is inseparable from the body, style and the body both blossom.

While this was something Father Chen had made up, it wasn't something he randomly said: after all, parodies shouldn't be nonsense, and adaptations shouldn't be groundless recreations 1.

In senior high school, sword skills and body techniques were taught as part of the PE class under the direction of PE teachers, while the university curricula was more comprehensive.

In the Alliance of Ten Thousand Cultivation Schools' study plan, students had to master the basic use of a weapon before senior high, and that weapon was a sword.

All "swords" were the same in essence, and being able to master sword fighting would also help in the use of some other weapons.

The assessment of sword skills had always been very important prior to entering university. Conversely, there were various types of weapons one could learn in university. Sword fighting was no longer a compulsory course, except for students who chose the sword fighting department.

Sword fighting assessments began in the second year of primary school.

Although Super Chen was only four years old, he still had to master the necessary basics, especially since he was a child of an ancient martial arts family. Wang Ling could imagine how strict Father Chen was with Super Chen's training. After all, not everyone was like Wang Ling, who could do everything as soon as he was born.

Wang Ling hadn't learned swordsmanship in much detail and also didn't have a foundation in it, but he did know the deepest profound truth and prowess of Sword Dao... The advantage of comprehending the profound truth was that there was no need for Wang Ling to hold a sword at all, and he could practically fight automatically. Thus, Wang Ling wasn't keen on using a sword each time he fought, because it didn't give him any fighting experience at all. As soon as he used the sword, it was just like grinding in local mobile games, and was a pain in the ass.

In contrast, slapping was a lot more satisfying.

That evening, at Father Chen's kind invitation, Xiaoling's mom stayed at the dojo and had dinner there. That very night, she went back to the shabby room she rented to pack up Xiaoling's clothes and bring them over. These were all old clothes, some of which were secondhand. Xiaoling's mom said there were also diapers used by the Little Dragon Maiden; who knew if this was true or not.

The clothes in his hands, Father Chen was a little touched. Xiaoling's mom got along well with the people in the neighborhood. Except for some unreasonable ones like the Liang family, basically no one gave Xiaoling and Xiaoling's mom a hard time.

"I'll take good care of her, Xiaoling's mom. You can come by anytime if you miss Xiaoling." Father Chen smiled.

Xiaoling's mom felt teary and her heart was moved. There were a lot of things she wanted to say, but in the end, she couldn't open her mouth, and could only bow deeply to Father Chen. "I will have to trouble you to take care of her." What Xiaoling's mom worried about the most was that no one could look after Xiaoling at home when she went out to recycle rubbish for money. Because of their financial difficulties, Xiaoling couldn't go to school and hadn't even been to kindergarten.

Xiaoling was going to be old enough for primary school soon.

With one stroke, Father Chen's help had solved the mother and daughter's desperate situation.

Of course, Father Chen wasn't just a do-gooder. He did pity Xiaoling and her mother, but part of the reason in fact was that Xiaoling had a pretty good root bone! Father Chen had discovered this on the way back from the hospital.

While Father Chen's realm wasn't high – only at the Foundation Establishment stage – he had been the head of a body techniques dojo for many years, after all, and so was able to discern Xiaoling's talent.

It was just that Xiaoling hadn't received any structured training before, like her mother said, and would definitely be on the losing end if she fought Super Chen for real.

But Father Chen already had a plan to tackle this problem.

...

The next day, Father Chen prepared two 20kg sports wristbands for Super Chen which would increase the weight on him. They looked small, but were in fact very heavy. Super Chen wasn't prepared when he received the wristbands, and he pitched forward, almost toppling over.

"Dad, what are these?" Super Chen asked.

"Weight bands, made of very highly dense material. They look light, but are in fact very heavy. You'll wear these in your training with Xiaoling later, which will level the playing field," Father Chen said.

“Do I really have to fight her...” Super Chen felt a little awkward.

“Do you think your father is the Holy Mother or a living Bodhisattva? Like I said yesterday, Xiaoling’s root bone is quite good, and you have zero foundation in swordsmanship, so she’s the perfect opponent for you.”

With that, Father Chen handed Xiaoling and Super Chen two plastic swords. Wang Ling knew that these were special training swords for Sword Dao beginners. During practice, when the sword touched the body, it would promptly turn as soft as jelly, so there was no need to worry about hurting the other party.

But this kind of special training sword wasn’t cheap. Wang Ling had inspected the storeroom in Father Chen’s dojo before, and everything inside had been nothing but wooden swords. These two training swords looked very new, and Father Chen must have bought them just recently.

Wang Ling thought Father Chen was a man who lived up to his name. He was loyal, kept his promises, and knew how to conduct himself. Wang Xiaoling had had a miserable life, and it was her good fortune to be able to run into Father Chen.

And Wang Ling felt that Super Chen had definitely inherited his father’s personality in some way. There was no need to take a paternity test to confirm that they were one hundred percent father and son...

But Wang Ling was especially curious: How did Super Chen come by his “blessed mouth”?

...

In the dojo, Father Chen had Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling stand facing each other. They gave a Dao salute before bowing to each other.

With a wooden sword in hand, Father Chen started giving instructions from the side. “Sword skills and body techniques are the same, yet not. They both rely on strength and nimbleness. However, body techniques emphasize strength, while swordsmanship stress nimbleness.”

Super Chen and Xiaoling exchanged dismayed and bemused looks.

Super Chen wasn't wearing the wristbands yet. Standing where he was, Father Chen looked at Super Chen. "Come, Super Chen. Attack me with all your strength." He deliberately didn't call Super Chen "son," both to demonstrate how serious he was and to take Xiaoling's feelings into consideration.

It had to be said that Father Chen was truly a warmhearted man.

"Hai yah!"

Super Chen grit his teeth and raised his sword high before slashing down at Father Chen. The sudden yell startled Wang Ling, but it had to be said that this indeed was Super Chen's hot-blooded style.

Without moving from his spot, Father Chen calmly blocked the blow with the wooden sword, and then, with a bang, Super Chen's training sword was directly sent flying by Father Chen's "Swimming Dragon Raising Its Head" move.

"Look at the dial on your sword," Father Chen said.

Super Chen checked.

The hilt of the training sword was fitted with a dial which could show how much force the sword had used just then.

Super Chen's dial read: "10kg."

Of course, this wasn't all of Super Chen's strength.

"Super Chen, Xiaoling, look at mine." Father Chen handed them the wooden sword, which was also fitted with a dial.

The sword had actually only used 50g, which was about the weight of an egg, to send Super Chen's sword flying...

Super Chen was in some disbelief. "This..."

“To use a sword, brute force alone is not enough,” Father Chen explained with a smile.

Super Chen and Xiaoling nodded hard at that moment.

Of course, it hadn’t been Wang Ling’s idea to nod his head.

He had possessed Xiaoling’s body, but if he didn’t move, Xiaoling’s body would move on its own according to Super Chen’s memory.

For Wang Ling, it was as if he was now going through a first-person game with a movie storyline.

During this boring summer break, it was something pretty interesting to experience.

“Come, Xiaoling, it’s your turn. Come and experience the advantage of being nimble.” At that moment, Father Chen suddenly turned his head to speak to Wang Xiaoling.

Chapter 954: Block The Light of a Prodigy

Wang Xiaoling stood in front of Father Chen, looking nervous. After all, this was her first time, and Super Chen was already prepared for Wang Xiaoling’s training sword to be sent flying by Father Chen. She was a girl; what strength did she have?

Holding the wooden sword horizontally in front of him, Father Chen carefully pulled back his strength. After all, he was at the Foundation Establishment stage. Xiaoling had a good root bone, but she had never had the opportunity to cultivate before. She had close to an ordinary person’s physique now, and wasn’t even at the Body Condensation stage.

If he didn’t control his strength, his aura alone could rebound on Xiaoling, so he always reminded himself to be careful to hold back during training.

“Come, Xiaoling,” Father Chen called out to Wang Xiaoling.

Copying Super Chen’s pose just now, Wang Xiaoling raised high the sword in her hand and slashed down at Father Chen’s wooden sword, which was held out horizontally.

And then...

There was no “and then.”

Under Father Chen’s and Super Chen’s stupefied gazes, the training sword and the wooden sword collided with a “bang”!

Father Chen’s wooden sword was actually cut into two by Wang Xiaoling’s slash...

“...”

Father Chen stared at the sword hilt in his hand and drew in a breath of cold air.

Super Chen: “Dad, this is...”

For a brief moment, Super Chen and his father felt suffocated by this unexpected situation.

Wang Ling, inside Wang Xiaoling’s body, also sank into silence.

He had overlooked one possibility...

He had possessed Wang Xiaoling’s body with the King’s Eye and magical ability. Even if Wang Xiaoling didn’t have a realm, Wang Ling’s surplus aura and strength would spill into the body. Even if only a little spilled out, it wasn’t something that a Foundation Establishment cultivator could withstand.

Wang Xiaoling didn’t have a realm, but that sword slash just now in fact had Wang Ling’s aura mixed into it...

All this time, Father Chen had been saying that Wang Xiaoling’s root bone was pretty good, which had actually puzzled Wang Ling.

Because Wang Xiaoling was actually just an ordinary girl, and didn't have any sort of root bone at all...

But now that this farce had happened, Wang Ling finally understood.

What "good root bone"...

Father Chen had clearly mistaken Wang Ling's overflowing aura for Wang Xiaoling's, and mistakenly thought that she was a very gifted girl!

So, no matter how reluctant Wang Ling was to admit it, from the moment Father Chen invited Wang Xiaoling into the Chen family, Wang Ling had already changed Super Chen's memory...

Would this affect the future?

What would Super Chen's future be like because of this change?

Wang Ling worried inwardly.

He had no other choice...

He could only continue to watch Super Chen's memory unfold for now.

If things got too out of hand, he could only bribe Time Heavenly Dao with a crispy noodle snack to tamper with time and set it back to when he had just been about to do his homework the day before...

But that would add another day to his boring summer vacation.

This was the sort of mystical creature man was.

In school, he longed for the holidays, but when he was on holiday, he was bored, and wondered when school would start again...

“...”

Wang Ling thought it was still better for him to wait and see first.

...

Therefore, because of this little accident on the first day of sword training for Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling, the training program ended way before what Father Chen had planned... because the wooden sword he used to coach with was cleanly split in half by Wang Xiaoling.

Wang Ling actually had considered whether he should move to possess someone else, but his aura spilling over was something that couldn't be avoided.

Even if he did possess another person, their aura would also leak.

Now, there were already changes in Super Chen's memory of the event because of Wang Ling being in Wang Xiaoling's body. If he switched to another person at this point, the situation would only get even messier...

...

Tired out by the whole day, Xiaoling went to sleep that night. Inside Xiaoling's body, Wang Ling continue to observe Super Chen's memory with his spiritual senses. He was a little impatient, and directly fast forwarded the plot at twice the speed...

The lights in the main hall of the dojo were still on. Father Chen and Super Chen were still up.

Because of Wang Xiaoling's sudden "awakening," Father Chen was seriously formulating a follow-up training program not only for Xiaoling, but also for Super Chen.

Father Chen had only thought before that Xiaoling had a good root bone; never had he expected to take in a once-in-a-century prodigy by some serendipitous stroke of fate. The most important thing to do with a prodigy was to do your best to guide them down the right path. Father Chen would do whatever he could to guide Xiaoling.

Father Chen: "Son, take off your training bands and give them to Xiaoling tomorrow."

Super Chen was stupefied. "..."

It was too real...

"Before your training, I thought that Xiaoling wouldn't be your match. Looking at today, however, there is a gap between you and Xiaoling. But you mustn't be discouraged at all, understand? You have to work harder!" Father Chen solemnly patted Super Chen on the shoulder.

"I understand, dad."

Super Chen nodded seriously. Thinking of Wang Xiaoling, he couldn't help laughing. "I never thought Xiaoling would be so awesome. Who knows what Tiger Liang will think when he finds out."

"Xiaoling has a spiritless character, and because of her family, is also a little meek. Whenever she was bullied by Tiger Liang before, she didn't dare fight back. It's hard to imagine; if Xiaoling fought back, it might not be as simple as just landing Tiger Liang in the hospital..." Father Chen said to Super Chen in a low voice. He knew what was at stake.

Father Chen gave it some thought.

With Xiaoling's strength, if she had retaliated against Tiger Liang back then, the grass on that boy Tiger Liang's tomb would probably be tens of meters tall now...

Previously, Father Chen had planned to ask some disciples who wanted to learn sword fighting to observe and learn from Super Chen and Xiaoling's training, but given the situation now, Father Chen thought this would be risky.

From now on, Super Chen and Xiaoling's training could only be carried out in secret once the dojo was empty.

If a prodigy showed off all their abilities, they would become a tall tree that attracted the wind; Father Chen understood this.

Keeping a low profile was the best protection for Xiaoling right now.

“Super Chen.”

Father Chen suddenly looked at Super Chen and called his name.

Super Chen knew that when Father Chen called him by his full name, what he was going to say was very serious.

“Xiaoling’s matter has to be kept secret. No one outside can know of your training with her, am I clear?” Father Chen enjoined him very seriously, and Super Chen nodded repeatedly in agreement.

...

Early the next morning, there were a lot of people in the dojo; Father Chen could hear the noise from a distance.

Super Chen was chatting with some of the disciples in the dojo.

All these people could be considered old clients in the dojo and were close to Super Chen. Some of the bigger kids who were over ten or so often brought snacks and toys to give to Super Chen. Basically, they were good friends with Super Chen.

Father Chen had barely stepped foot inside the dojo when he heard Super Chen introduce Xiaoling to everyone in a very exaggerated tone, like Bai Zantang in *My Own Swordsman* .

Super Chen: “How mighty was Wang Xiaoling! She wore a three-pronged headdress of purple gold and a red robe of Xichuan silk embroidered with a hundred flowers, and wielded a halberd exercise sword as she sat on top of her snorting horse Red Hare 1 ... My father, who had rushed to the front, turned to leave. Wang Xiaoling lifted the sword to chop down at my father, just like that, and with the strength of both arms, she cut him in two!”

Father Chen: “...”

Chapter 955: Bamboozling Dad

Previously, Father Chen had taken Super Chen to have his head shaved to cut off his fantasy of pursuing the art of language through “perming”... but it was no use. Four-year-old Super Chen was fluent in Beijing-accented guankou 1; who knew what crosstalk masterpiece he had secretly learned from.

Young children were quick learners, especially when it came to things that they were particularly interested in.

This time, Father Chen felt like he had been thoroughly bamboozled by Super Chen. There was a saying: “bamboozling dad is what a youngster does 2 “... Actually, Father Chen also felt he was at fault since he didn’t explain the definition of “outsider” to Super Chen last night.

Apart from heaven and earth, and you and I, everyone else were outsiders.

The dojo disciples were very close to Super Chen, and he obviously didn’t treat this group of brothers as outsiders...

It was just that Father Chen had barely stepped into the dojo before he heard Super Chen shouting that he had been split in two, which was a slightly odd feeling.

The secret that Xiaoling was a genius couldn’t be hidden anymore, at least not in the dojo.

Father Chen dropped his forehead into his hand.

Hence, at the end of the morning lesson, Father Chen called over the disciples who knew about it one by one for a heart-to-heart, and had to stress that they keep the matter secret. But whether or not it would remain a secret, he had no idea... These disciples might be old clients of the dojo, but they also took classes at Balance Magic Center; their studies didn’t intersect at all.

Father Chen couldn’t guarantee that these disciples would keep their mouths shut. Who knew, they might turn “traitor” one day and spill the beans.

If Liang Heng found out about this, it would be a huge problem...

Father Chen was a little absent-minded as he pondered this while he taught his classes that day. Some of the disciples who didn't know what was going on thought that the author of the novel Father Chen was following was on hiatus again, so he was in a bad mood.

"Did that writer of Let Go of that Wet Nurse stop updating again?" asked a disciple.

"No idea..."

A few of the disciples whispered among themselves as they left the dojo.

The only three in the know who had come early that morning felt so stifled it was uncomfortable.

Father Chen had specially looked for them at noon to enjoin them not to expose Wang Xiaoling's situation, but there were times when hiding a secret was so unbearable that you wanted to cut someone...

It was thus in this sort of situation that the wise saying which everyone had probably heard before was born: I'll tell you a secret! But you can't tell anyone else!

And so, Wang Xiaoling's secret was leaked, just like that...

Although Wang Ling was inside Wang Xiaoling's body, he saw and heard everything clearly with his King's Eye godly perspective...

...

That night, a depressed Father Chen went to read a novel to distress. Each person faced pressure, and also had their own way to distress. Father Chen's way was very simple, and that was to read a book.

Here, Wang Ling learned another secret of Father Chen's – it turned out that Father Chen was also a fan of Father Wang! That evening, the book Father Chen was reading was that Let Go of That Wet Nurse which Father Wang started writing twelve years earlier and had just finished at ten million words.

But back then, Father Wang's book hadn't been serialized for long and he had yet to sign a guru contract. His overall number of fans certainly couldn't compare with what it would be like twelve years in the future. No one could have imagined how this book would seal his status as a guru and make him rich twelve years later, with even the head of state becoming his fan.

Wang Ling never thought that he would be the source of "concern" for two fathers at the same time...

Father Chen was reading a book now because he was fretting over Wang Xiaoling's secret being leaked.

While the reason Father Wang wrote novels was in fact because he had been fretting over Wang Ling...

Mother Wang officially stopped writing when Wang Ling was three or four years old.

Before Wang Ling came up with the Dao talisman seal to restrict his own strength, he would occasionally break the furniture which the family owned. Mother Wang's author fees and Father Wang's work income weren't enough to support the family at all.

Father Wang thus furtively came up with the idea of writing novels to supplement the family income.

Who would have known that after banging out 26,000 words for the debut of *Let Go of That Wet Nurse*, it would directly become a top-ten bestseller...

It was after that that Father Wang came clean.

He told Mother Wang the truth, then quit his job to write novels fulltime to support the family. Not long after that, Mother Wang stopped writing and devoted herself to taking care of, guiding and educating Wang Ling.

Husband and wife had gone to great pains for Wang Ling.

...

That evening, Wang Xiaoling was playing with plasticine which Super Chen had given to her when she had just arrived yesterday. Super Chen was playing a video game on the side. Halfway through his game, Super Chen's wristwatch alarm suddenly rang. He tossed the game console aside casually and then took out an e-book reader from a drawer.

Wang Xiaoling was clearly confused.

Super Chen smiled at Wang Xiaoling. "It's time to study the art of language!"

Wang Ling was stunned. It turned out Super Chen was actually learning it from novels...

He saw Super Chen open the e-book page. Sure enough, Super Chen ultimately opened that Let Go of That Wet Nurse on the e-shelf... Actually, Super Chen didn't know what he should read, so he added all the books on his father's e-shelf to his own.

There was a novel called Baijie 3 which he couldn't find, but that was fine...

Super Chen now had more than ten books for his summer break, and the first one was Let Go of That Wet Nurse . After reading these ten or so books, it was enough for him to tentatively touch "the gateway to the art of language"!

He was only four years old, and there were many words he didn't recognize, but the e-book reader had an audio reading function!

And so, the online novel written by Father Wang was read out in a very jerky, electronic voice.

Wang Ling's comment was: dry and very chuuni...

After all, this was an online novel. There were some expressions for which, if you read it quietly on your own, you could imagine the protagonist's emotions and the scene in which he would utter the words. However, when they were read out loud, it might give you goosebumps.

Halfway through the chapter, the electronic voice stuttered. Super Chen thought it was something wrong with the app, but then he saw a string of streamers floating across the top of the page as a sticky...

“Wow, so much money! Someone rich has come!” exclaimed four-year-old Super Chen. Although he hadn’t been reading online novels for very long, he had clearly done some homework and knew what the gifts meant.

However, Super Chen soon realized that this massive sum wasn’t for Father Wang.

Twelve years ago, in Father Wang’s debut as a newbie, his sales, subscriptions and monthly votes all skyrocketed. As the year drew to a close, he was naturally a contender for Newcomer of the Year.

A sole gift of more than ten thousand yuan would be displayed directly at the top of the app as a sticky.

In terms of book currency, that was one million.

But that string of one million in book currency which had just appeared was a gift to another guru.

This was an advertisement as well as a show of strength against Father Wang by the gurus who were competing for the title as the new Best Author.

Chapter 956: The Gateway to the Art of Language

There had been a lot of big shots back then, and the most famous author was “Zhu Ge,” but everyone also knew Father Wang’s pen name, “Wang Situ.”

Back when he came up with this name, Father Wang actually hadn’t thought much about it, and had no idea at all that there was a guru author online called Zhu Ge. Hence, as soon as he started using this pen name and published his novel, Zhu Ge’s fans bombarded him.

They felt that Father Wang was taking advantage of Zhu Ge’s popularity as well as declaring war on this guru.

At the time, because of the clash in pen names 1 , Father Wang's first book drew a huge wave of attention. These trolls started reading his book, but in the end, they suddenly became his fans.

Not only wasn't Father Wang suppressed, this conversely helped promote his new novel.

And so, bad blood was born between them.

In short, Zhu Ge back then was a famous guru online backed by innumerable fans, including countless wealthy users who spent lavishly on all sorts of gifts all day long. For a time, there was even a rumor that Zhu Ge was a veteran author from the same generation as the Five Rebels of the Central Plains 2 , and that this "Zhu Ge" was just a newly-created alternate ID.

Reasonably speaking, big shots naturally wouldn't take notice of newbies like Father Wang. Their number of fans weren't on the same level, and Zhu Ge didn't care at all at first.

But all of a sudden, Father Wang's novel started to perform well.

Instantly, all the veteran guru authors fell silent in the face of the battle for a new "Best Author" at the end of the year.

What they feared the most every year was none other than a newbie taking the top spot, and a formidable one at that. For a time, many people wondered who was backing Father Wang, or if he had some connection to the owner of the novel website, or if he himself was rich and had paid for his novel's stats.

But Father Wang's book Wet Nurse really was popular, and the number of comments it received at one point even overtook those of veteran gurus.

Sometimes, the number of comments was a critical factor in verifying whether a serialized novel was popular or not; in this respect, Father Wang was near invincible.

Apart from this, the number of gifts which Father Wang's novel received was at an unprecedented high, and Guru Zhu Ge instantly panicked.

In a crisis, how did veteran gurus round up all their fans to obediently cast monthly votes in support?

In many cases, a lot of authors chose to sell sob stories...

For example, there was someone who claimed that their girlfriend ran off with someone else (actually not), and he was so heartbroken that he would kill himself if he didn't get monthly votes.

Or as another example, someone called Kuxuan acted cheeky online every day, saying that he broke his legs... what was tragic was that no one bought what he was selling...

Authors selling sob stories was thus a standard method and the typical marketing strategy...

But in many cases, this still depended on the people involved; only gurus could use this method, while no one would care about ordinary authors at all.

Both Super Chen and Wang Ling were four that year, and Wang Ling had only heard about what Father Wang had gone through back then and hadn't experienced it for himself. However, looking at the current timeline in this memory, it seemed to be during the period of competition between Father Wang as "Wang Situ" and Zhu Ge.

That night, Wang Ling knew he would be watching something good.

...

The next day, Father Chen arrived very early, but he wasn't in good spirits. He canceled classes for the whole day and arranged for them to be continued at a later date.

Wang Ling was inside Wang Xiaoling's body; Wang Xiaoling and Super Chen were clearly a little bewildered, and didn't know what Father Chen was doing.

Later, a group of people arrived at the dojo. They also didn't look like they were in good shape; each one of them had dark circles under their eyes, and they looked like they had returned from a smoke-laden battlefield. Super Chen knew there most likely wouldn't be any classes today; it looked like Father Chen had arranged for other people to come and prep for something big in the dojo.

A total of five people showed up, each of whom had a bag over their shoulder. When they arrived at the dojo, they took off their shoes at the entrance and carried their bags inside.

Inside the dojo, Father Chen had already prepared a few tables.

The five of them each placed the bags on the tables, took out several sturdy laptops, and plugged in the network cables. They sat down in front of the tables and logged online, ready to start work.

“Everything ready?” Father Chen gazed at them.

“Reporting to Chief Chen! Everything is ready!” the five said in unison.

Super Chen, who until that point still didn’t know what was going on, then saw these people click open the homepage for Let Go of That Wet Nurse , and instantly understood.

Super Chen: “Dad, you’re doing this for...”

Father Chen: “That’s right! It’s all for justice!”

Wang Ling: “...”

Super Chen: “...”

Father Chen knew he couldn’t hide it, and thus spoke honestly. “Son, you probably know that your dad has been reading this book called Let Go of That Wet Nurse all this time. Last night, in the competition for rankings, another guru called Zhu Ge played the sob story card. His monthly votes have now completely surpassed those for Wang Situ’s novel. As the chief of Wang Situ’s fans, your dad is going to do battle for him today!”

Super Chen: “Fan chief?”

Even Wang Ling was taken aback when he heard this; he had just thought that Father Chan was a regular reader, and never ever expected him to actually be the chief of Wang Situ’s fans...

Wang Ling was now imagining a scenario.

Right now at No. 60 High, it was Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal who attended the parent-teacher conference on Father and Mother Wang's behalf...

If Father Wang really attended the meeting in person and happened to run into Father Chen, their interactions would be just like a fanmeet!

"Fan chief means the leader of the fan group. In order to win more monthly votes for Guru Wang Situ, I, your dad, am prepared to use all the money I've stashed away," said Father Chen. "I and these five uncles, who are leaders of sub-groups, have been busy since last night preparing for today, when we will help Guru Wang Situ climb up the rankings."

"..."

"So far, including my stash and the funds raised by the big fans, we have a total of two hundred thousand."

"Two hundred thousand..." Super Chen was amazed.

That was a pretty huge sum of money.

Although Super Chen was only four years old, he already had a concept of numbers since he would count his New Year gift money every year. He would get ten thousand each year... so two hundred thousand was equal to a total of twenty years' worth. When he thought this, Super Chen felt that this was an incredibly huge amount.

Monthly votes were cast via online red packets which cost five yuan each.

Taking the unscrupulous route like buying the votes in bulk from someone who dealt in marketing data would be cheaper, but this would be rigging the votes.

Father Chen and these fan group leaders had been busy since last night until now because they had been discussing how to climb up the rankings today.

Two hundred thousand.

In the end, they decided to do everything through red packets.

But in fact, this was just the beginning of the war for a new Best Author and monthly votes.

It was also this very war that completely opened the gateway to the art of language for Super Chen...

Chapter 957: The Fighting Spirit Aroused by the First Roll of Drums, Depleted by the Second, Exhausted by the Third

This was a tough battle, and the fan leaders on both sides were ready and waiting. Actually, Father Chen had already contributed a lot to the monthly votes last night and had even campaigned for votes for Wet Nurse in every major book forum. Very quickly, however, he realized that this was easier said than done.

In less than half an hour, all his posts were banned, and keywords to do with voting were cleanly erased. Father Chen was well aware that this for the most part was due to Zhu Ge's people playing tricks. As a veteran guru, Zhu Ge had strong connections with the bosses of many literary forums, given the publicity he gave their works.

Zhu Ge had been at the height of his momentum back then. One phone call and the promise of some benefits helped to suppress Wet Nurse, and in turn helped him save on some of the costs in the monthly votes battle.

"Super Chen!" Father Chen looked at him and said very solemnly, "Don't tell your mom about this!"

Super Chen: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

As expected, every man's pain was the same.

Spending money actually wasn't the most important thing; the most important was that this was his secret stash. All two hundred thousand of it thrown in to support his idol... How much electricity could this love generate? It was no less than Pikachu's Thunderbolt.

If the matter of him stashing money away was found out, this would be the true lightning strike from heaven.

Once his woman got angry, that oppressive strength was no less than that of the Heavenly Dao Calamity.

Wang Ling had possessed Wang Xiaoling's body; although he had altered events in Super Chen's memory, Wang Xiaoling still had her own consciousness. She was a more quiet and well-behaved girl, and a little more withdrawn because of her family background, which couldn't be changed in a short period of time.

However, Wang Ling could clearly feel the changes in her mindset. Since coming to the dojo, she and Super Chen had become closer.

If this followed a novel setup, Wang Ling felt that Wang Xiaoling was most likely the main female character in Super Chen's life...

With no training today, Father Chen order two curry omelet rice takeouts for Wang Xiaoling and Super Chen, and the two of them ate quietly on the side.

While on Father Chen's side, the battle had officially kicked off.

"Count the number of people who are currently online."

Father Chen took some deep breaths to adjust his frame of mind, and started to lead the fan leaders of Wet Nurse into battle. "The fighting spirit is aroused by the first roll of drums, depleted by the second, and exhausted by the third"—their momentum at the very beginning was hence the most important.

Father Chen knew it would be a tough battle to topple Guru Zhu Ge — when all was said and done, Father Wang's fans were limited in number, nor did he have a professional marketing team to help promote his book; he lagged far behind Zhu Ge in all aspects.

But a person should always have a dream!

What if it came true?

“I counted them last night. We currently have five groups with a total of eight thousand people. There will be a little more at night; this early in the morning, there are just over four thousand people online. Numbers peaked at over seven thousand last night.” A man wearing a sports bandana around his bald head reported the situation.

Later, Wang Ling would learn that this person was also a veteran reader who had been a website member for over twenty years. Called Lin Gang, he was also part of the first batch of fans who were the earliest to support Father Wang’s “Wang Situ” pen name.

Among the leaders of the sub-groups, Lin Gang’s group had the most people, and was almost full to bursting. With a cap of two thousand people per group, the number of members in his group always hovered at over 1990 people or so, and practically all of them were active users.

“Mm, let’s get started. How many accounts do you have?”

“We counted in the group yesterday, and so far we landed over four hundred accounts.”

“Only four hundred...” Father Chen frowned — compared with the total number of group members, this was too little.

But Father Chen could understand. In the end, a reader’s account was a more personal thing, and it was very devoted of these people to offer up their accounts.

“I’ve already set up the software for the account logins; you can import them in bulk, and the IP addresses will also be changed automatically. But there’s a limit to how many monthly votes each account can cast for a particular book each month. Subscribers can only give five votes at most, and we can only send red packets after that...” Lin Gang said.

“Not good... Wang Situ is going to drop out of the top ten!” At these words, the other group leaders clicked open the ranking list for a look, and cried out in alarm.

He had still been in the top five last night!

Father Chen also clicked open the ranking list for a look.

Indeed, the situation currently didn't look good. The gap in votes had widened since last night. Zhu Ge's Shameless was now sitting at number one with thirty-six thousand votes.

On the other hand, Let Go of That Wet Nurse by Father Wang, under the pen name Wang Situ, was currently ranked tenth, with nineteen thousand votes.

The ninth novel had over twenty thousand votes.

And the eleventh novel was very close behind Father Wang.

Father Chen knew that this would be tough to deal with, but there was no going back at this point.

"There's no other way, we can only give it a go first. Even if we can't get first place, we have to at least secure a position in the top three." Blue veins popped out on Father Wang's forehead; he was actually rather angry. As a veteran reader on the website, it was very clear to him whether or not something fishy was involved for there to be such an obvious gap in votes on the ranking list.

Although they didn't have many accounts on hand, these were all legal accounts borrowed from fans. In the end, however, only a small number was willing to lend them their accounts.

As Lin Gang said, there was a limit to how many votes each account could give.

In terms of sales alone, Wet Nurse was number one online, while Zhu Ge's Shameless was about to drop out of the top ten in the sales chart. However, he had a lot more monthly votes than Father Wang.

Experienced readers were well aware of the reason behind this.

The other party had definitely turned to some online marketing setup...

It had an enormous amount of accounts which were far more powerful than those which Father Chen and his group had borrowed from their fans. Furthermore, this agent hacked some accounts to give monthly votes or subscribe, and then log off. There were times when many readers would access their accounts only to find that their book coins, monthly votes or recommendation votes had mysteriously decreased – this was the very reason.

...

Thus, after collecting fan accounts and funds, the first thing Father Chen did was to give a ten thousand yuan red packet.

This was to draw all the attention on the website.

A sticky announcement about the gift went up on the website. There was also a treasure box reward whereby readers could scramble for a huge sum of book coins given away in red packets of varying amounts.

This was when there was the most number of people.

Father Chen uploaded a pre-written post campaigning for votes on Father Wang's behalf in the comments section. Although Zhu Ge had used marketing tricks to spread a lot of negative information on Father Wang's Wet Nurse in the last few days, Father Chen said nothing about these lies and slander.

His announcement was very sincere; it didn't try to sell a sob story nor try to be witty; this was the very first step in the campaign for monthly votes.

Father Chen and his group had talked it over with Father Wang online earlier on.

This was Father Chen's condition.

Out of two hundred thousand yuan, Father Chen spent ten thousand yuan first to draw the attention of everyone on the website.

And now...

The real battle for monthly votes finally began in earnest.

Chapter 958: Dark Governor Lady Thirteen

The great war kicked off, and the six of them worked as one to campaign for votes and give out red packets for the monthly votes. In a short period of time, the number of people in Father Wang's book comments section gradually increased. Whether these readers had dashed over for the red packets from the treasure box, had seen the ad, or were here on the recommendation of fans, this was undoubtedly a good opportunity to grab attention with a mass update.

Father Wang wasn't in the habit of stockpiling his drafts, and had prepared for the battle of rankings throughout the night yesterday. Now, he released 63,000-words' worth of chapters in one go.

But he knew that it wasn't over and he couldn't relax yet. In a ranking competition, this update of mere tens of thousands of words was far from enough.

Apart from that, he still had to ensure the quality of each updated chapter – this was the true key to success.

Around noon, Father Wang moved up again in the rankings with the increase in his monthly votes. He now had twenty-four thousand votes, putting him in fifth place.

Although it looked like Father Wang was catching up, Zhu Ge also didn't stop updating during this period, though he wasn't as fast as Father Wang. While he also released an update of six chapters, each chapter was actually only two thousand words long... However, this still excited passionate fan readers.

"Countryman Zhu Ge Villager is really cunning... releasing six two thousand-word chapters..." The corner of Father Chen's mouth twitched; he knew that Zhu Ge was flaunting his strength to them.

Furthermore, after what happened when Father Chen and his group tried campaigning for votes in the forum last night, it was very likely that Zhu Ge had already been on guard and had also prepared for battle.

Looking at Father Chen's brow beaded with sweat as he was kept busy, Super Chen and Wang Ling were also a little tense. Super Chen was also reading Wet Nurse ; as he watched Chen Yi push for votes, Super Chen also took out his e-book reader to observe the changes in the ranking list. Burning with anger, he cheered passionately on the side: "Come on, Wang Situ! Go go, Wang Situ!"

It wasn't until now that Super Chen understood how powerful the allure of language could be. A mere novel could actually trigger a campaign involving thousands of people. An ordinary person might find it hard to imagine the scene, but Super Chen in the end was just a four-year-old kid.

His imagination was very strong, and he instantly imagined tens of thousands of people on a battlefield, throwing dictionaries like bricks at the enemy's faces. It was pandemonium.

As for the rules for the ranking list, Wang Ling actually knew more than Super Chen. He also read books, but not Father Wang's; it wasn't that this son didn't support his father.

There were two reasons.

Firstly, the protagonists in Father Wang's novels didn't eat crispy noodle snacks.

Secondly, when he read his father's books, it was easy to picture Father Wang as the protagonist, which ruined his reading experience!

Generally, if a person and an author knew each other well, it wasn't likely that the former would read the latter's books.

Whether other people felt the same way or not, this was the case for Wang Ling at least. It was weird to read a novel written by someone you knew, especially if it was someone very close to you.

In fact, Wang Ling knew what the outcome for this ranking competition would be.

But there were some things here that Wang Ling wasn't sure of.

Because ultimately, he had changed the events of Super Chen's memory; he had no idea how this small change might affect who the new Best Author was.

In Wang Ling's memory, Father Wang had seized the crown as Best Author; furthermore, it had been a crushing defeat.

After that, Father Wang reigned as champion in the monthly votes for six years running, setting a historical precedent.

In the seventh year, Father Wang no longer wanted to compete for votes. At the authors' annual meeting, some of them had given him individual red packets and beseeched him to update a little slower... That way, they still had a chance in the ranking competition.

And so, Father Wang threw his game a bit...

Of course, he returned all those red packets.

He had to consider the reputation of his peers and give them a fighting chance – after all, it wasn't very nice to dominate so harshly in a game.

At that moment, the other sub-group leaders, along with Lin Gang as their head, were all sweating profusely as they polished up the wording in the promo ad before posting in various forums to campaign for votes.

"Let's try harder." Father Chen boosted morale.

"How much money do we have left?" asked Lin Gang.

"Not much... Excluding the gifts just now and the votes campaign, we have a hundred thousand left," said Father Chen.

"So fast..." (ΩДΩ) Lin Gang and the others were shaken.

As expected, the monthly votes ranking wasn't something that small fry authors could play around with... Father Chen and his group didn't have the power to compete for rankings at all. This sort of activity which burned thousands of yuan no matter what was so excessive.

They felt a little down; they knew that Zhu Ge's side was still just observing the situation and had yet to go all out. Today was the last day of December – there was still half a day left before the bell rang at midnight for the new year.

Spending half of their funds had only gotten them up to fifth place in the list, and there was still so much time left.

What should they do?

Furthermore, this wasn't the worst news.

Father Chen was pondering how to use the remaining one hundred thousand to the greatest extent when a colorful sticky suddenly appeared above the e-bookshelf! – This was a full ten million in book currency! Which was a hundred thousand yuan!

“WTF, which fat cat is this? Which book is this gift for?” This sticky stupefied everyone present.

They opened the treasure box and were aghast to see the book title.

“It's Zhu Ge's Shameless ...” Lin Gang instantly lost heart.

“Who is this fat cat?”

They looked at the ID.

In the end, everyone's complexions paled.

“F**k, Dark Governor Lady Thirteen.”

“Lady Thirteen? She was reading Zhu Ge's Shameless ?”

In the dojo, everyone drew in sharp breaths.

They never thought Zhu Ge would actually pull in this hallowed bigwig Dark Governor Lady Thirteen for help.

She was the biggest fat cat on the Cultivation Reading Network, and also a big shot in the eyes of the readers. Basically, every book recommended by Dark Governor Lady Thirteen would draw countless readers; the power of one public recommendation by Lady Thirteen was no less than a recommendation on Qidian.

Because she lived in Dark City, her original ID had been Dark City Lady Thirteen. Later, when she became popular with so many people, she became known as Lady Governor to her fans.

So the “City” in Dark City Lady Thirteen became “Governor” 1 .

That was right; as her ID suggested, Dark Governor Lady Thirteen was female. The rumor was that her family ran a financial group and possessed unimaginable wealth, and had deep ties to Huaguo Water Curtain Group.

For Lady Thirteen, a hundred thousand was nothing more than a small red packet that she didn’t have to think twice about – it wasn’t worth mentioning at all.

“It’s over...” Lin Gang said dejectedly.

Father Chen’s body turned limp at that moment, and feeling a little twitchy, he felt around in his pocket before taking out a cigarette box.

Dark Governor Lady Thirteen had taken sides, and she stood with Zhu Ge... It could be said that they basically didn’t have any hope of winning this battle...

Chapter 959: Mysterious Lady Thirteen

The appearance of Dark Governor Lady Thirteen caught the widespread attention of website members, rendering them speechless.

Zhu Ge’s Shameless and Father Wang’s Wet Nurse were released in almost the same period, and both their sales were in the top ten, with Father Wang’s novel being the top bestseller. Nevertheless,

Dark Governor Lady Thirteen had never chosen a side nor commented on either novel or given them any gifts.

At the very beginning, many people had assumed that Lady Thirteen was preparing to do something big, and they waited for a whole month. They never thought that on this last day of the month, Lady Thirteen would unexpectedly flex her muscle and directly stand on Guru Zhu Ge's side.

With this single magnificent gift of one hundred thousand, the readers who had dropped into the comments section and whom Father Wang and his group had painstakingly worked on all morning were instantly drawn away.

Zhu Ge this sly fox! This was too cunning!

Father Chen and the rest never expected the other party to actually rely on such a fat cat.

...

On the other side, the "Closed" sign was hung up prominently at the entrance to Balance Magic Center.

Balance Magic Center was also closed today. Inside, a long table had been set up with a spread of fruits, food and drink. Liang Heng sat on one end, while both sides of the tables were occupied by some teenagers; each one was a representative of the major fan groups in Zhu Ge's camp.

That was right, Liang Heng was Zhu Ge's fan.

The truth, however, was that Liang Heng didn't read online novels – but Father Chen did! Liang Heng knew that Father Chen always voted for Wang Situ's novel, and given this competitive relationship between Wang Situ and Zhu Ge, Liang Heng would naturally stand on Zhu Ge's side and compete with Father Chen.

From the moment he met Chen Yi, Liang Heng had never lost in taking whatever he wanted, including that female teacher during their college years who had taken a fancy to Chen Yi! So what if it was a student and a teacher together? Liang Heng hooked up with her in the end and had Tiger Liang.

After Lady Thirteen's magnificent gift of one hundred thousand, Zhu Ge's votes led by a wide margin.

"Hahaha! At this rate, Wang Situ won't be able to catch up no matter how hard he tries."

"After all, our Zhu Ge is a veteran. Wang Situ is a newbie and doesn't have many fans; how can he possibly compete with our lord? This year's Best Author has to belong to our Lord Zhu Ge." The group leaders cheered inside Balance Magic Center — they were already happily celebrating what they saw as their victory.

They clinked their beer cans together in a toast, feeling so good.

At the same time, however, it was a bit of a pity that Dark Governor Lady Thirteen hadn't shown up in person.

Liang Heng had invited her over previously, and the seat at the other end of the long table had been specially reserved for her.

But she said that her company had a New Year Eve's dinner that night, and so she was unable to come.

Liang Heng hadn't read Zhu Ge's Shameless , but he spent no less money than Father Chen on the novel website; the gifts he had given in total had already exceeded a hundred thousand yuan, which was also from his secret stash of cash which he had accumulated over the years. However much Father Chen gave, Liang Heng made sure to double it!

It was at their last university alumni meetup that he had seen Father Chen reading a book, and he had covertly memorized Father Chen's reader ID. It was also from that moment on that he had started putting together a comprehensive plan.

"After all, Lady Thirteen is a lady and comes from money. She might have turned us down, but we knew she wouldn't make an appearance so easily." Liang Heng smiled faintly. "Also, no one has actually seen her. This is one thing about women – they need to keep a sense of mystery about them."

"I heard that Chief Liang spoke with Lady Thirteen before?" asked a group leader.

“That’s right.” Liang Heng nodded. “To help Guru Zhu Ge compete for Best Author, I spoke to Lady Thirteen previously; this is a little sister with a very sexy and lovely voice.”

“As expected of Chief Liang. You know so many women.”

“Chief Liang might be the first person of all the readers to speak to her!”

“Hahaha! You flatter me. But please, don’t let my wife know about this.” Liang Heng smiled very amiably.

“Of course! We understand! Don’t worry, Chief Liang!”

“One reason why I’m helping Guru Zhu Ge fight for Best Author this time is to help promote my Balance Magic Dojo; the other reason is to help take revenge for my son. You should have already heard me mention this before in the group: that barbaric father and son of Strength Super Dojo beat up my son.” Liang Heng said the words easily, but actually, one only needed to ask around for a bit to find out the truth.

However, these group leaders knew that Liang Heng himself was a fat cat, and they couldn’t offend him.

A number of them would be releasing books in the future. Given Liang Heng’s close relationship with Lady Thirteen, if they could build a good relationship with him and when the time came, ask for Lady Thirteen’s help to recommend their works on the website, their revenues would basically be guaranteed.

Each industry had its own circle, which in turn had its own rules.

These group leaders were well aware of these rules, and since they were now part of society, they would naturally do things by the rules.

Don’t ask what didn’t need to be asked.

Don’t listen to what shouldn’t be heard.

However... there were times when the truth wasn't what it seemed.

...

On the side, Father knew that they were coming to the end and losing morale. They had been busy from morning to noon, but the outcome was nothing like they had expected; the moment Lady Thirteen appeared, everyone had been drawn away.

To be able to rely on a historical novel to attract so many readers, Zhu Ge was really something.

"What should we do? Brother Chen, is there no other way?" Wet Nurse fan group leader Lin Gang asked.

"A lot of our forum posts have already been banned. Zhu Ge has a good relationship with the administrators, and as Wet Nurse fans, we no longer have a foothold in those literary forums." Father Chen frowned.

"What about other forums?"

"The users in other forums aren't novel readers; I'm afraid we won't be able to attract any novel fans there!" Father Chen raised his misgivings.

"But..." At that moment, Super Chen suddenly said, "But, if we catch the attention of some sect leader..."

As soon as Super Chen said that, everyone turned to him.

A sect leader...

Were there any sect leaders who read novels?

They didn't know.

Nor had they tried finding out.

But when it came to a forum where many sect leaders congregated, and where numerous passersby gathered for cultivation gossip, Father Chen and the group leaders instantly thought of one place — the cultivation forum!

Its leader was the famous and legendary Great Death-Courting Senior: Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal!

Chapter 960: Help From the Cultivation Forum

Wang Ling had still been very young when he first met Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, but to his surprise, the seeds of their relationship had already been planted when he was four years old.

The cultivation forum...

This type of place which was specially for comments on gossip in the cultivation circle was indeed visited by many sect leaders and major players. But did this group of people really read novels? And online novels, to boot? Everyone was a little skeptical.

Furthermore, they recalled that it was quite troublesome to register for an account on the cultivation forum. They had to answer a lot of questions about Dao, plus there was a time limit for each question. If you ran out of time, it would count as a wrong answer. There were a hundred questions in total, and you couldn't get a registration invite code unless you answered eighty questions or more correctly.

It might seem like a lot, but a senior cultivator would be able to choose the right answer with their eyes closed.

It was clearly impossible right now to compete with that Lady Thirteen, who was a crazy rich person on the Cultivation Reading Website, unless Father Chen used all his family's savings. However, he was sure that if he took the money out, his woman would chop off his hands and make him kneel on a washboard.

Father Chen dropped his forehead into his hand and felt that it might not be time to give up yet. "Alright, let's give it one last try. We'll start by signing up for an account first. I'll answer the questions, and you'll be responsible for helping me look up those that I can't answer." Father Chen

was pretty confident in the hand speed of these group leaders. After all, they were all still single, and their hand speed over the past few decades wasn't just for show...

In an era of national cultivation, people remained single for longer as the lifespans of cultivators had increased on the whole.

A Foundation Establishment cultivator could live up to 200 or 300 years old, and these people in front of Father Chen were all eligible bachelors who were each nearly a hundred years old.

"This is the only thing we can do now! Let's give it one last try!" Lin Gang was encouraged by Father Chen. In this way, this group of people started to give it their all to register for an account on the cultivation forum.

Father Chen opened the registration page, and the one hundred questions appeared immediately, comprising fifty multiple-choice questions and fifty yes/no questions.

The questions got harder and harder going down the list.

Question 1 (multiple-choice): When a cultivation forum staff member pays you a visit, what will they say specifically to confirm their identity?

A: Chris, close the door 1.

B: I'm here to repair your air-conditioning.

C: Hello, I'm from the cultivation forum, my work ID is XXX.

D: I, Lu Benwei, truly didn't cheat.

Father Chen deliberately didn't answer, but looked at his watch. The two-minute time limit had already started counting down.

"How is it? Difficult?" asked Lin Gang.

“It’s supposed to get progressively harder. This first question is general knowledge on security, and is still very easy,” Father Chen replied.

The first question was relatively simple. He chose “C” and the page immediately went to the next question.

Question 2 (multiple-choice): Wang Xiaoming is a Foundation Establishment cultivator. While training, he accidentally falls off Purgatory Cliff. Wang Xiaoming weighs 90kg and the cliff is 10,000 meters tall. As he falls at a rate of 10 meters per second, he hits and breaks two trees growing out of the cliff at an angle in succession before he speeds up again. In addition, Wang Xiaoming tries to grab at rocks jutting out of the cliff face as he’s falling off the cliff, but never succeeds. What is Wang Xiaoming’s final cause of death?

A: He was scared to death.

B: He fell to his death.

C: He died from hitting a tree.

D: He died from poison.

Father Chen: “...”

Wang Ling: “...”

Super Chen: “...”

“F**k! Is this something a human can answer?! This isn’t just a small increase in difficulty!” Father Chen clutched his head and couldn’t help cursing. His brain felt like it was hurting.

“It’s D!” Next to him, Lin Gang had already swiftly found the answer thanks to his hand speed.

“Why?”

“It’s Purgatory Cliff! The entire cliff is covered in a toxic miasma throughout the year. Hitting two trees in a row reduces his speed and cushions his fall, so he won’t die after falling to the bottom. However, he will definitely die from poison,” Lin Gang explained.

After hearing this, Father Chen realized he had almost run out of time, and quickly picked the answer.

Then it was the third question. In order to save time, Father Chen read it out loud as he analyzed it.

Question 3 (yes/no): Everyone knows that the Soul Swap Spell is a powerful demonic secret spell. The soul of a person under the spell will swap places with the soul of the closest person for a short period of time. The spell can only be broken by a third person kissing one of them. Wang Xiaoming’s girlfriend and mother are watching Temptation of the Devil , but this film disc has a demonic magic array carved into it.

As soon as the show’s male protagonist says the phrase “You’re so coy,” the two women are hit by the “Soul Swap Spell.” To break the spell, fast-thinking Wang Xiaoming knocks his girlfriend’s body unconscious and kisses his mother...

Question: After this incident, will Wang Xiaoming survive?

Father Chen: “...”

Wang Ling: “...”

Super Chen: “...”

Very quickly, Lin Gang found the answer. “The answer is no!”

Father Chen: “His mom was in his girlfriend’s body and he knocked her out and kissed his mom, meaning that he kissed his girlfriend. Isn’t that the right thing to do?”

Lin Gang: “The explanation online is: he knocked his own mom out for his wife, and after his mom woke up, she began to quarrel with his wife. In the end, the male character couldn’t take it any longer and jumped off a cliff to his death... Oh, that’s right, we’ve already answered Question 2.”

Father Chen: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Super Chen: "..."

...

By the time Father Chen completed all the questions, it was already six o'clock in the evening.

Because Father Wang had done his best with his chapter updates, his monthly votes had increased by quite a bit during this period. However, he was still behind Zhu Ge, who ranked first. The gap now was: fifty thousand votes...

Father Chen and the others looked at the list and knew that Zhu Ge had officially started to go all out. After eleven-thirty that night, Zhu Ge would continue with another strong wave to secure his position.

"This is our last hope."

Father Chen spent several hundred yuan right away to become an annual member on the cultivation forum. Soon after that, he sent a promo excerpt of the novel which he had prepared earlier to the cultivation forum, along with a link to the official version and the first few chapters which were free.

To Father Chen's surprise, he very quickly got replies to his post.

Sect Leader of Heavenly Xuan Sect Han Ren: "WTF?! Even novel ads are showing up in our cultivation forum now? Is the administrator going to do something about this? @I Am Uncle Cat."

I Am Uncle Cat was the ID of the forum administrator.

Very quickly, more and more people began to @ I Am Uncle Cat, asking him to delete the post.

Sect Leader of Star Killer Sect Song Kaihua: “I don’t read online novels. Their plots are all the same and are the most boring. Hurry up and delete the post! @I Am Uncle Cat.”

Founder of Tyrant Earth Sect Zhang Zhide: “Someone actually dared advertise something in our forum? @I Am Uncle Cat.”

...

“What now... Should we withdraw first? And send it again after a while? If this ID is banned, it’s over for us. Even if the ban is just for a few hours, it’s not worth it,” Lin Gang said when he saw the situation.

“Let’s wait and see...” Father Chen was also very nervous.

A few minutes later...

The administrator called Uncle Cat appeared.

He posted a reply: “Ah... sorry for the late reply, everyone, it was mainly because I was reading this novel just now... Actually, I think it’s pretty good...”

Many people sent him question marks: “???”

But very quickly, Father Chen saw that the people who had asked for the post to be deleted earlier actually deleted their original replies.

Sect Leader of Heavenly Xuan Sect Han Ren: “WTF! It really is very good! Don’t delete the post! I want to read it!”

Founder of Tyrant Earth Sect Zhang Zhide: “It’s actually different from the online novels that I know of? Let’s study it a bit...”

Sect Leader of Star Killer Sect Song Kaihua: “Mm... so delicious!”

Father Chen and Lin Gang: “...”

Wang Ling: “...”

Super Chen: “...”