

Daily Life 961

Chapter 961: How Bigwigs Work

This was beyond what Father Chen and the others had expected; they never thought that Father Wang's Wet Nurse would be so well received in the cultivation forum. From the attitude of some of the sect leaders earlier, they thought that online novels were just a fun way to kill time and weren't worth reading at all.

A place like the cultivation forum was on a completely different level – it could even be said that this was where the big shots in the cultivation circle gathered. In the eyes of these sect leaders, instead of wasting their time on stereotypical online novels that were all the same, they might as well recite the heart sutras of several rare books and learn more about covert rumors and gossip to increase their experience and knowledge; even getting ready to cultivate in seclusion would be far more interesting than reading online novels.

But it had to be said that Father Wang's Wet Nurse had completely taken their breaths away. At first glance, it seemed to contain all the stereotypical elements, but it also had plenty of interesting cultivation secrets and knowledge. Besides, some major sect players could already tell that these cultivation secrets weren't made up.

The truth was that Father Wang had done a lot of research before writing his book. Although he had a low realm, his knowledge of the cultivation field wasn't necessarily any less than that of these sect leaders.

And this actually was all thanks to Wang Ling, who had enlightened Father Wang's computer.

Thus, the computer could retain all the cultivation knowledge which Father Wang looked at online and automatically make associations between them. Similar to how an academic paper was organized, it would come up with a hypothesis on some cultivation phenomenon and then ultimately compile it into a passage before incorporating it into the novel.

This was the legendary bigwig operation which only Father Wang was capable of...

Hence, Father Wang's novel might just be an interesting book to online readers, but in the eyes of these sect big shots with truly high realms, it became an exceptionally interesting academic research paper.

So instead of focusing on the fun parts and the plot of Father Wang's online book, these bigwigs focused on the sections where the protagonist entered various secret places or when spells were analyzed...

It had always been said that one's ken was determined by the level of one's realm. Many parts in Father Wang's novel seemed like cooked-up nonsense, when in fact they actually weren't, and were the real deal...

As a result, Father Chen's post in the cultivation forum promoting the novel instantly became a hot topic, and was even pinned as a sticky at the top of the first page by the administrator Uncle Cat.

It was nearly eight o'clock in the evening, and with the strength of these major sect leaders behind it, Father Wang's Wet Nurse finally started to take off!

The bugle for the counter attack had officially sounded!

...

Elsewhere, at Balance Magic Center, Liang Heng and the others couldn't sit still.

"What's going on? What's the situation with Wang Situ?" asked Liang Heng as he stubbed out his cigarette. He thought that Zhu Ge already had the win in the bag, but who would have thought that Father Wang would suddenly come out strong now, catching Liang Heng off guard.

"There are a lot of gifts... Also, they all seem to be from newly registered side accounts..." someone replied.

The group leaders on Liang Heng's side noticed that these accounts which were giving Wang Situ's novel huge gifts were all newly created; there weren't any profile pictures and even the IDs hadn't been changed from the initial IDs generated automatically at signup, and still had a string of numbers behind them...

"WTF, they're all gifts of ten million in book currency... there're more than ten in a row already..."

“Where did he get so many hot shots from, in this period of time?” Liang Heng didn’t understand.

It wasn’t just Liang Heng; the other group leaders were also confused. They had no idea what was going on. Although the Cultivation Reading Network was now the largest Internet portal for serialized online novels as well as the place where a lot of the rich congregated, this sudden gathering of fat cats on Father Wang’s side was rather much...

“Could it be some financial group young master?”

“No idea.” Liang Heng shook his head.

Even if a financial group young master was involved, it was unlikely that he would be able to create this sort of gift-giving momentum!

The most important thing was that not only were there a lot of gifts in this short period of time, but the accounts they were from weren’t the same! Even if it was a rich young master sending gifts, he wouldn’t go so far as to register so many different accounts, would he?

“Brother Liang, what should we do now?”

“How big is the gap in votes now?”

“It’s a little strange. They’ve been sending big gifts all this time: it’s already roughly six hundred thousand HNY in just three minutes. However, no one’s sending monthly vote red packets? Ten million book coins would mean a thousand monthly votes, but they’ve only caught up by six thousand votes, and haven’t closed the gap.”

“No one is sending monthly vote red packets? Really?” Liang Heng was a little stumped, and thought for a while. “Let’s wait and see first. We still have roughly three hundred thousand HNY on hand; there has to be a catch if they’re not sending red packets...”

...

Father Chen and the others were thrilled. They didn’t expect these sect leaders to be so magnanimous, sending thousands upon thousands in gifts... In a short few minutes, they had

already given Father Wang close to six hundred thousand HNY, which was beyond what Father Chen dared imagine.

But Lin Gang also realized that no one was sending monthly vote red packets...

“How come no one’s sending red packets?” Lin Gang asked.

“These sect leaders basically don’t read novels. Maybe they don’t know how to send red packets... sending money is a lot easier,” Father Chen said.

“I’ll tell them.”

Lin Gang used Father Chen’s forum account and started lobbying for monthly votes in the cultivation forum. “Thank you, sect leaders, for your support. Today is the Cultivation Reading Network’s annual Best Author competition, and I believe the esteemed author deeply appreciates everyone’s gifts!”

Immediately, there were replies below his comment.

“It’s just a small amount. I just hope that the author will write a little more about the Xuanwu secret land. His conjectures inside the novel are very interesting and truly worth studying.”

“Mm, it’s a small thing. Our sect might only be a Black-level sect, but we do have an annual revenue of hundreds of millions. This gift money is just to give the author some encouragement.”

...

Father Chen and the others stared blankly. Sure enough, this was how bigwigs actually worked!

Lin Gang replied, “But the key now is not the gifts, but the monthly votes! We’re still a long way from first place. The screenshot below shows how to send a monthly vote red packet... One monthly vote red packet costs five yuan, which is equal to five hundred book coins. We would be most grateful for the assistance of all sect leaders.”

“Tch, it seems quite troublesome.”

“It’s not hard at all...”

“No, I still feel it’s a little troublesome. How many votes now to reach first place?”

“We’re still short of forty thousand votes... It was initially a difference of almost fifty thousand, but the gifts of one hundred thousand yuan each which the sect heads sent in a row narrowed that gap. A gift of ten million book coins is equivalent to one hundred thousand yuan and one thousand monthly votes.”

“Oh... so one hundred thousand yuan means one thousand monthly votes, is that right?”

“Yes...”

“Alright, so we now have a figure. Then just keep sending gifts until we pass that number of votes.”

A sect leader in the cultivation forum quickly gave a reply.

Father Chen and Lin Gang: “...”

Super Chen and Wang Ling: “...”

Chapter 962: An Absolutely Victorious Counterattack

It could only be said, as expected of these sect leaders... Father Chen and the others were stunned. This group of sect bigwigs with hundreds of millions in annual revenue thought nothing at all of a petty sum of one hundred thousand yuan.

Father Chen ran a body techniques dojo, and when business was good, he could earn up to over a million in annual revenue, which was enough for his family to live on very comfortably. He couldn’t compare with these sect leaders, but at least he didn’t need to worry about food or clothing and could still enjoy the occasional luxury trip or two – it was a wonderfully plentiful life.

But even given Father Chen’s household situation, there was no way he could bear to spend tens of thousands of yuan like this, as if money was just like dung! As if money was nothing...

...

That day, thanks to the succession of gifts which Wang Situ received from those wealthy sects, there was an irreversible turn in the battle for top place as Best Author on the Cultivation Reading Network... All the leaders on the website were shaken. Zhu Ge was hit hard and became listless right away, not daring to say a single word.

There was no way to frame Father Wang for rigging the votes even if he wanted to, since Father Wang's votes were all sent through as gifts from the readers... The gifted votes were documented for all the readers of the website to see. It was an absolutely victorious and indisputable counterattack.

Father Chen didn't know what Zhu Ge's situation was like, but in the last half an hour of the battle for votes last night, Liang Heng had also gotten someone to share Zhu Ge's novel Shameless in the cultivation forum. In the end, Uncle Cat had directly banned the account and deleted the post... After all, not everyone had works as profound as Father Wang's.

Liang Heng was hit hard – this was the first time after university that he had lost to Father Chen, and he felt stifled and gloomy.

Not only did Zhu Ge fail to win Best Author, Liang Heng had also spent tens of thousands of yuan on monthly votes for Zhu Ge this time, but ultimately hadn't been able to save the situation.

At the same time, however, there were a number of suspicious points about the matter.

For example, Dark Governor Lady Thirteen, that daughter of a rich family, had disappeared without a trace after sending that first gift of one hundred thousand yuan, and had never shown up again.

This time, if Liang Heng hadn't known for sure that the famous Lady Thirteen would join the battle, he would never have been confident of Zhu Ge's victory from the very beginning...

Where was this Lady Thirteen now?

...

The Cultivation Reading Network's editorial department was located in the bustling downtown business start-up area. There were many outstanding young enterprises in this industrial park, and the Cultivation Reading Network was one of them. As a major online portal, the website company had expanded enough that they occupied a whole building, with the departments divided by levels.

Today, a middle-aged man with a beer belly had come to the editorial office on the second floor. He wore a military coat and a gold chain around his neck. The middle-aged man's expression was somewhat gloomy, as if he had weathered some storm.

Smoking was prohibited in the editorial office's lounge area, but the man lit his cigarette. The horrid smell of smoke filled the air, causing the editors who came by to help themselves to coffee frown despite themselves.

This man was none other than guru writer Zhu Ge of the Cultivation Reading Network. His real name was Shen Yuan.

"Teacher Zhu Ge, Chief Huang says to please go in." Just a moment later, a very beautiful female editor came to call him in. On the whole, when writers came to the editorial office, the editors didn't call them by their real names, but by their pseudonyms.

This was the first time the female editor was seeing Zhu Ge in person, and to be honest, he was nothing like she had imagined at all. Although his pen name was Zhu Ge, he looked a little vulgar and didn't have any of Zhu Ge's elegance at all.

What a real waste of this pseudonym!

The female editor struggled to continue smiling and not let her thoughts show on her face.

"What's wrong with Old Huang today? I've been waiting a long time." Zhu Ge uncrossed his legs a little impatiently.

"Teacher Zhu Ge, this way please..."

"No need, I know the way." Zhu Ge frowned. As he headed for the office, he couldn't help looking at this female editor. "Are you new here?"

“Yes...”

“You should call me Guru Zhu Ge. Understand? I’m your guru author here!”

“Sorry, Teacher Zhu Ge...” The female editor apologized.

She suppressed the anger and fire in her heart, hating that she couldn’t turn into a fire-breathing Godzilla to fry the fatty in front of her.

Actually, this female editor had been looking forward to meeting Zhu Ge today, but now she was no longer a fan!

“It’s fine, I’m very big-hearted.”

“Mm, congratulations, Teacher Zhu Ge, on winning second place for the year...”

“Just you wait, I’m going to look for your leader. Newbies really don’t know how to talk!”

“...”

Huffing in anger, Zhu Ge entered the office. Once the door was shut, the female editor breathed a sigh of relief.

Some of her colleagues who had come to get coffee gathered around her.

“Little Yuan, are you alright? Relax, that’s how Zhu Ge is... Boss Huang won’t do anything to you since you’re new.”

“Thank you, Cookie, Big Suo... I’m alright.”

“Zhu Ge placed second and he’s in a bad mood, so he definitely was holding it all in; he was venting all of it on you just now.”

“Boss Huang also seemed to be in a bad mood when he asked Zhu Ge to go in. I wonder what’s going to happen to Zhu Ge.” Little Yuan sighed.

...

On the other side, in the chief editor’s office.

Entering the office, Zhu Ge started fawning over the other party. “Old Huang!”

“When we’re in the company, call me Boss Huang.” Sitting in the boss seat, chief editor Huang Tao pushed up his glasses.

“Yes! Boss Huang!”

The corner of Zhu Ge’s mouth twitched, and the air seemed to freeze for one moment.

A while later, Zhu Ge cleared his throat and asked, “About the Best Author... is there anything Boss Huang can do?”

“Everyone saw it yesterday: Wang Situ crushed you in terms of gifts, sales and votes. Apart from killing him, there’s nothing we can do now. What, you want to dox him? Drop in on him at his place?” Huang Tao smiled.

“In fact, I did think about that before.”

“Cut it out, Zhu Ge.”

Boss Huang’s face darkened. “Do you know who gave him all those gifts yesterday?”

“Who?” Zhu Ge was blank.

“They are all sect leaders of major sects from the cultivation forum! If you dare do anything to Wang Situ, I guarantee that these sect leaders will join hands to take you down the next day.”

“Sect, sect leaders...” Zhu Ge couldn’t believe it. “How is this possible?!”

“You write historical fiction, and Wang Situ writes fantasy. Furthermore, his book contains some academic theory. Those who don’t understand just think it’s entertaining, while those who do consider it a treasure,” Chief Editor Huang said.

He steepled his fingers and rested his chin on them. “Also, we’ve always had a big rich female reader named Dark Governor Lady Thirteen in our company. You should know this person, right, Zhu Ge?”

Zhu Ge was blank. He didn’t know why the chief editor had suddenly mentioned this person, and a few drops of cold sweat ran down his face.

Zhu Ge: “This person is a reader who helped me in the ranking battle yesterday, and also one of my diehard fans, so of course I know them...”

“Haha, that’s right, of course you do. How can you not?”

Chief Editor Huang chuckled, and from a drawer took out a file which he threw onto the table. “Take a look, Zhu Ge, someone wrote an anonymous letter of complaint.”

Furious, Zhu Ge stood up indignantly. “Who’s complaining about me?!”

“Calm down, Zhu Ge.”

Chief Editor Huang gave a wry smile and stared at him with a complicated expression. “Or perhaps, I shouldn’t call you Zhu Ge...”

“Boss Huang, what do you mean...”

“What do I mean?”

Huang Tao gave a cold smile. “Actually, you’re that Dark Governor Lady Thirteen, aren’t you?”

Chapter 963: Exposed

Zhu Ge's expression instantly froze at these words. For a moment, his mind was completely blank and he didn't know what to say at all. Since last night, he had felt that something wasn't right and that things weren't as simple as he imagined, but he hadn't expected this...

For a brief moment, it was as if the air had frozen solid. Zhu Ge swallowed his saliva, his Adam's apple bobbing nervously, and he even snuffed out the cigarette in his hand. "Chief Huang, what are you talking about... I don't understand."

Chief Editor Huang Tao smiled. "Stop pretending, Zhu Ge, I know everything. The documents in this file aren't about your novel, but your identity. Open it and have a look."

This file was already open, and it was obvious that Chief Editor Huang had already gone through the contents of the report. Zhu Ge's heart trembled slightly as he picked up the file.

The file contained several sheets of information and a photo. The information contained records of investigation into several IP addresses as well as online purchases.

To hide his identity, this "Dark Governor Lady Thirteen" was a side account which Zhu Ge had bought from a market dealer in accounts back then. In order to help create the perfect image of a financial group young miss, Zhu Ge had also bought a voice changer app to hide his real identity. The account and the voice changer were shown in the information to have been bought by the same IP address – and this address pointed to Zhu Ge's place.

Zhu Ge's heart sank. If he wanted to think up an excuse, he could say that these materials were all forged and untrustworthy.

But what really unsettled him was the picture in the file. To create the image of Dark Governor Lady Thirteen back then, he had even tried showing up in women's clothing... but that crossdressing plan that time was a total failure. He spent twenty thousand yuan on a HD beauty webcam, but there was no way to cover his fat face and obese figure.

Thus, he abandoned his plan to crossdress on camera, and instead mainly relied on modifying his voice to hide his identity.

But Zhu Ge had never gone public with his crossdressing and had only tried it in private. This picture was from when he had tried it out back then; from the angle in the picture, it looked like it had been taken by his laptop's webcam...

"Zhu Ge, you disguised yourself and fooled even me. Actually, not only is there a picture, there is also a video which is currently in my hands. And it's all ironclad evidence." Chief Editor Huang sighed.

"Chief Huang, I..." Zhu Ge knew that it was all over, and he was powerless to deny it.

"You know, if the readers find out that Dark Governor Lady Thirteen is fake, it's very possible that they'll doubt our website's fair practices. If this leaks out, our website will suffer for it. Plus, you've committed fraud with this," said Huang Tao.

"Chief Huang, it's a misunderstanding."

"Whether it's a misunderstanding or not, you and I know very well. But this anonymous whistleblower left a way out and put forward a suggestion: as long as you follow it, he won't release this information on Lady Thirteen."

"What does he want me to do..." Zhu Ge's face was already black and his entire body limp, like air escaping a balloon. In his heart, he knew that his situation was hopeless...

Huang Tao pondered for a while, then said, "First, you can no longer use the Dark Governor Lady Thirteen account from now on."

"That's not a problem..."

"And one more thing, Zhu Ge: we're terminating your contract."

Chief Editor Huang raised his head and said these last words to him.

...

So that year, as soon as Wang Situ joined the website, Guru Zhu Ge left in anger. This incident made Father Wang famous on the Cultivation Reading Network

However, if not for Wang Ling skimming Super Chen's memories this time, he really wouldn't have known all the bizarre things that happened in the wake of this incident...

After Zhu Ge's defeat, Liang Huan gained nothing in return for the money which he had invested in the battle for Best Author; this was a heavy blow he had never experienced before. Balance Magic Center's business also got worse.

On the other hand, Super Chen's dad's body techniques dojo, as the victor, was vigorously promoted by Father Wang; he knew that the results of the monthly votes battle was all because of the great efforts of Father Chen and the other group leaders, for which he was immensely grateful.

After his victory in the battle for Best Author, Father Wang sent many red packets to the various fan groups to thank all the readers for their support. Furthermore, he burned the midnight oil every day for the next few days to produce tens of thousands of words for his book...

Although business picked up for Father Chen's body techniques dojo, Father Chen for some reason had a bad feeling.

The next day was New Year's Day, the first day of the new year, and the dojo was closed.

But Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling didn't stop training. They were exercising in the yard in the morning. This set of body-refining exercises had been designed by Father Chen, and he was planning to apply for a patent for it.

Father Chen said that practicing the body exercises which he had designed himself was more useful than practicing military boxing. He recalled how there had been something online previously about a college student who practiced military boxing that hadn't collapsed even after being stabbed thirty-two times while he was subduing a hoodlum. Father Chen felt that anyone who practiced his body exercises would no longer need to worry about being stabbed at all!

Strength Super Basic Body-Refining Exercises!

See results after practicing one set! You won't cry even after being stabbed!

Practicing two sets will work magic! You won't be afraid of a second stab!

Wang Xiaoling had only started training a few days ago and was still a little uncoordinated, while Super Chen had been doing these body exercises for a long time. They were almost the same age with Super Chen being a few months older. Wang Xiaoling clumsily imitated Super Chen from behind, and he deliberately slowed down so that she could follow his movements.

"Xiaoling, Super Chen?"

Halfway through practice, Xiaoling's mom's voice came from outside the gated entrance.

"Aunt!" Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling hurried over.

"I bought some fruit pancakes from West Street this morning. You haven't had breakfast, right?" Xiao Ling's mom passed them the two fruit pancakes and two cups of soybean milk which she had bought.

"Not yet, my dad's making it now." Super Chen accepted the food and ate it with a smile. "Aunt, won't you come in?"

"No, no, I'll come tomorrow! Today – today I still have something to do." Xiaoling's mom turned him down.

Super Chen found her tone a little strange. The fence was a little high and the plants next to it blocked his view a little, so he couldn't clearly make out Xiaoling's mom's face. Unperturbed, he looked for an angle in the fence and peered through the crack.

When he saw Xiaoling's mom's face, he instantly knew why she was reluctant to come in.

Her face was full of bruises.

Although she was wearing a face mask, it couldn't completely cover such severe bruises.

Who on earth had done this?

Was it Tiger Liang's side?

Super Chen made a guess.

Chapter 964 - The Law Protecting Minors in the Cultivation World

During breakfast, Super Chen was very vexed and gloomy as he ate.

He looked at Wang Xiaoling, his heart a little restless. He hadn't asked her outright just now as he didn't want to hurt her. It was said that a daughter was like a close-fitting cotton-padded jacket; it would hurt any girl to know that their own mother had been beaten up.

Wang Ling was a little moved by Super Chen's thoughts; although Super Chen was still young, he was clearly a good kid who knew how to consider other people's feelings. If a daughter was a close-fitting cotton-padded jacket, then Super Chen was a military overcoat.

This was what Wang Ling thought.

As Father Chen brought breakfast over, he saw Super Chen nibbling absentmindedly on a fruit pancake very slowly, and he immediately knew that it was probably Xiaoling's mom who had brought it over. He instantly chastised Super Chen. "Super, why didn't you ask Xiaoling's mom to come in?"

"I did, but, but auntie..." Super Chen bit back his words.

Seeing his behavior, Father Chen had an inkling and didn't ask him again.

After breakfast, Father Chen drew Super Chen to one side and then finally learned of Xiaoling's mom's injuries. Father Chen wasn't clear on the exact details, but he might be able to put together a rough idea if he asked the people in the neighborhood, and so he called his students who lived close by.

Since Xiaoling's mom lived in a nearby rental, as did some students of his body techniques dojo, Father Chen thought that his students might have seen something.

In the end, he learned something with the first call.

When asked about Xiaoling's mom, the student who received the call was a little reluctant to say anything at first on the other end of the phone – likely his parents had told him beforehand not to be a busybody.

"You can tell me, I won't tell anyone. You know that Xiaoling is also one of the kids at our body techniques dojo. Do you remember what our dojo's purpose is? We learn martial arts not to fight, but to help the weak and uphold justice! Telling us what you know is helping Xiaoling – this is a righteous act!" said Father Chen.

He knew that putting it like this was a little forceful and sounded like he was taking the high ground. He knew that it wasn't very good for him to do so, but he had no other choice as he had to know what happened to Xiaoling's mom.

The child on the other end of the phone fell silent for a short moment before relating the truth. "Dojo Chief, it's like this. I was on my balcony yesterday when I saw Chief Liang's son, Tiger Liang. His leg was in a cast, and he brought a bunch of kids over to bully Xiaoling's mom. They used fireball spells to burn all the junk she collected. They were the ones who caused those two black spots in front of the recycling stand."

He was only ten years old, which wasn't a rebellious age and was when children would basically listen to whatever their parents said; it was already very brave of him to have the courage to tell Father Chen what he saw.

After the kid was done, Father Chen found it hard to believe. "Little kids nowadays are beating up other people? Why didn't Liang Heng step in? Are you sure Liang Heng didn't show up yesterday?"

"Yes; when Tiger Liang was bullying Xiaoling's mom yesterday, Chief Liang never showed up." The child on the other end of the phone said in a low voice, "I wanted to go down and help, but my parents told me not to get involved, and to act as if I hadn't seen anything. They also wouldn't let me call the police. Dojo Chief, don't blame me for this..."

"It's fine, kid, I understand. Telling me this is already a great help to Xiaoling's mom." Father Chen comforted him.

Everyone enjoyed a good show but didn't like to get involved; this was a common problem everywhere.

It wasn't as if warmhearted people didn't exist, but for most of them, the setbacks they suffered weren't light. Actually, everyone had the intention to do good, but what they feared was if it stirred up trouble for themselves.

After another five or six minutes, the phone call ended.

Father Chen now roughly understood the situation.

Tiger Liang was definitely responsible for Xiaoling's mom's injuries.

Someone nearby had called the police yesterday, but it was already over by the time the police arrived. Also, because this bunch of troublemakers were underaged, they were all released after a few minutes of lecturing at the police station...

It could be said that Tiger Liang this brat had escaped completely unscathed thanks to the law protecting minors in the cultivation world.

However, not only was the junk which Xiaoling's mom had painstakingly collected over the whole day burned, she had also been beaten up. The crucial point was that it was kids who had done it, so the hands of the police were also tied.

But the cultivation police station did lend her civic assistance and had gotten some officers to accompany Xiaoling's mom to the hospital to deal with her injuries.

The police advised that it would be best for her to find a new place; this bunch of kids had already deliberately stirred up trouble once, and there would definitely be a second time.

Because of the law protecting minors in the cultivation world, even the police were annoyed that they were helpless to do anything about Tiger Liang.

After hearing the story, Father Chen was so furious that his body shook.

Behind a bratty kid there had to be a bratty parent. He didn't believe Tiger Liang would make trouble for Xiaoling's mom for no reason at all – most likely, Liang Heng had incited him to do so.

And Father Chen also knew that Liang Heng had already gotten wind of the fact that Xiaoling was studying at Father Chen's dojo.

Father Chen knew that he couldn't stand by and do nothing, but he also couldn't deal with it personally.

Liang Heng was still hiding in the back to observe the situation; he was using this method to provoke Father Chen so that he could come over in the end to look at his defeated appearance.

But how should he deal with this?

Father Chen lit a cigarette and pondered.

That night, he shared the whole story in the group chat for Father Wang's fan group of alliance leaders.

Father Chen was now the number one fan leader, and after that major competition yesterday, all the sect leaders had joined the fan group one after another.

Sect Leader of Heavenly Xuan Sect Han Ren: "That's too much! Isn't this bullying?"

Founder of Tyrant Earth Sect Zhang Zhide: "This leader of Balance Magic Center is sly, using kids to make trouble with an a.d.u.l.t. The law protecting minors is a good thing, but the concern is that some sc.u.mbags will take advantage of this loophole to do something illegal! Children taught by this sc.u.m wouldn't be good people either."

Sect Leader of Star Killer Sect Song Kaihua: "I think it's not too late. This kid has been led astray by his father, but he's only ten, after all. He'll inevitably make mistakes, but as long as he's straightened out in time, it'll be fine."

A discussion started in the group after everyone listened to Father Chen's story.

Father Chen also said in the group, "So far, I haven't come up with a good way to handle this. I suspect that Tiger Liang this kid will definitely go make trouble again tomorrow, and even if the police hurry over afterward, it still won't be resolved..."

Han Ren, the sect leader of Heavenly Xuan Sect, suddenly said, "Dojo Chief Chen, in your body techniques dojo, don't you..."

Zhang Zhide immediately said, "Old Han, what are you thinking? How can you incite those kids to go help out in a fight? Wouldn't that be leading them astray? Dojo Chief Chen also isn't that sort of person!"

"That's true..."

Han Ren nodded and said, "I'm sorry, Dojo Chief Chen, I put my foot in my mouth."

Before Father Chen could reply to say that it was fine, he saw Zhang Zhide, the founder of Tyrant Earth Sect, say again, "Dojo Chief Chen isn't someone like that, but I am!"

Sect Leader of Heavenly Xuan Sect Han Ren: "..."

Sect Leader of Star Killer Sect Song Kaihua: "..."

Father Chen: "..."

Zhang Zhide said, "After all, our three sects are all based in Songhai City. My son is eight years old. Old Han, Old Song, how old are your kids?"

Han Ren: "I only have one son, he's eleven."

Song Kaihua: "Hm... my younger son is nine."

Zhang Zhide: "The world is a ruthless place! It's time for them to understand how wretched it can be."

Everyone: "..."

Zhang Zhide sent an evil laugh emoji. "After all, it's just a fight between kids, and we're not breaking the law. They use their kids, we'll use our kids."

"..."

Father Chen was stunned.

Were the kids of these three sect leaders about to teach Tiger Liang a lesson?

Tiger Liang was Iron Crutch Li 1 now... It was possible that his second leg might also be broken tomorrow... A crippled immortal from a Chinese tale.

Chapter 965 - Tigress

The news that Xiaoling's mom was beaten up very quickly reached Liang Heng, but he didn't say anything. Strength Super Martial Arts Dojo was now gaining momentum. Chen Yi being the head of Wang Situ's fan group, his martial arts dojo was also highly revered – pulling him down now wouldn't be easy.

But Liang Heng had a new plan for this.

If what those students said was true and Wang Xiaoling was indeed a rare genius, luring her over to their Balance Magic Center and ultimately making her their spokesperson would help them regain their lost popularity very quickly.

However, Liang Heng also knew very well that roping in Wang Xiaoling wouldn't be easy; clearly, he had to threaten Xiaoling's mom and teach her a small lesson.

Actually, Liang Heng had privately looked for someone yesterday to ask Xiaoling's mom about transferring Xiaoling to the Balance Magic Center to study, but Xiaoling's mom had outright turned it down.

Liang Heng was someone who prized his reputation; the more he couldn't get something, the more he wanted it. Tiger Liang had also inherited this narrow-minded trait; growing up, Tiger Liang had never not had his way. Liang Heng was too tyrannical, so no one dared to provoke him so easily. However, if he continued behaving in this manner, there would most likely come a day when he would find himself in danger...

That evening, a group of children came by the Balance Magic Center, and Liang Heng ordered them plenty of takeaway chicken buckets.

They were all the kids who had gone with Tiger Liang yesterday to make trouble for Xiaoling's mom.

"Little Tiger was awesome yesterday; you'll definitely have promise once you grow up."

After praising Tiger Liang, Liang Heng then looked at the other children. "All of you were pretty good too. My family's Little Tiger is hurt, so I'll have to trouble you to take care of him."

Liang Heng was very sly. He only mentioned these three words "take care of" to the others without directly inciting these children to help Tiger Liang stir up trouble.

"Dad, it seems mom knows about what happened yesterday. She's very angry." Gnawing on a fried chicken leg, Tiger Liang pondered for a bit before he finally spoke.

"You can ignore that tigress. Instead of learning from your mother, you should learn more from me, your father." Liang Heng rubbed Tiger Liang's head, a smile on his face.

Liang Heng always called his wife "tigress," even in front of outsiders. After stealing that university teacher from Chen Yi back then, Liang Heng married her and they had Tiger Liang. After that, Liang Heng felt that they didn't have much affection for each other, and somehow felt like something was missing – the delight at winning over Tiger Liang's mom in front of Chen Yi wasn't there.

For Liang Heng, the crucial thing was to put all his efforts into grooming his son Tiger Liang; his family's tigress was nothing to be afraid of.

However fierce she was, didn't she still become his wife?

As the saying went, how can you catch a tiger cub without entering the tiger's lair 1 ...

Liang Heng didn't realize that he had ruined yet another classic saying.

...

As Father Chen had expected, close to noon the following day, Tiger Liang again took a gang of brats with him to make trouble for Xiaoling's mom. Actually, they didn't know that what they were doing would be considered criminal behavior if they were a.d.u.l.ts. Instead, they just thought it was interesting.

There was no understanding the behavior of bratty kids to begin with. Furthermore, if there were bratty parents encouraging them from behind, this would only cause their children to become even more reckless and worse than before.

Father Chen didn't let Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling do anything. Xiaoling's mom's recycling stand was near a cafe. Father Chen took Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling to the cafe, where they could sit and observe the situation.

As soon as Tiger Liang showed up on crutches, along with that bunch of brats, Wang Xiaoling pointed nervously in their direction. Super Chen gripped Wang Xiaoling's restless hand and had her calm down. "Don't worry, Xiaoling, we just need to watch the show."

Indeed, they just needed to watch the show...

Because at that very moment, the sons of three sect heads had already been waiting for a long time inside Xiaoling's mom's recycling shop.

Early that morning, a limo had brought three people over to the shop. Xiaoling's mom was stunned and thought that the group had come to make trouble again. In the end, a bodyguard had followed them, and traded all the junk inside Xiaoling's mom's shop for cash...

Of course, the bodyguard didn't need this junk at all. He had picked them up to do a good deed on one hand, and to make room for the three young masters on the other.

The recycling stand wasn't big to begin with. Cleared of junk, the place was just big enough for a scuffle between kids.

Then, the three young scions of Tyrant Earth Sect, Heavenly Xuan Sect and Star Killer Sect, with an average age of less than ten, sat on small folding stools prepared for them in advance and waited for Tiger Liang and his gang to come.

The three young masters had very smart postures as they sat on the stools. Each one of them wore a miniature Western suit and a pair of small sunglasses, and they looked incomparably cultured.

Xiaoling's mom didn't know what was going on at first, but when noon arrived and she saw Tiger Liang and the others come over again after causing trouble for her yesterday, she had a rough idea...

At first, she thought about going over to plead with them, but when she thought about how she had been burned by Tiger Liang's fireball yesterday, she still felt some lingering fear.

Seeing this, the tall bodyguard on the side smiled slightly. "Auntie, don't panic, just relax. Let kids handle their own matters."

The three young masters had their assignments, and so did he. In addition to keeping them safe, the truth was that the bodyguard was here to do damage control.

If something unexpected happened, someone was bound to show up.

He was here on the order of the sect leader of Tyrant Earth Sect Zhang Dezhi, and this counterattack was also something Zhang Dezhi came up with himself.

At that moment, Tiger Liang came over. When he saw the three cute young masters sitting inside the recycling stand, he laughed darkly and shouted, "Are the three of you Xiaoling's mom's reinforcements?"

The three scions exchanged looks and didn't say a word.

For today's performance, they had gotten the same haircut early that morning and even wore the same clothes. Apart from the difference in their heights, they looked like three brothers from a distance.

The relationship between the three sect leaders was good to begin with, so the relationship between the three scions naturally wouldn't be an ordinary thing.

"If you don't say anything, I'll take that as agreement." Tiger Liang chuckled. "One of my legs might be crippled, but let me offer you a piece of advice: get lost, or you're dead meat!"

Tiger Liang was the biggest tyrant among these brats, and when he spoke, it was with an automatically arrogant air.

But these three little scions weren't pushovers.

Balance Magic Center was indeed well-known in this area, but however famous it was, could Tiger Liang compare with biological children of three sect leaders, who trained them personally? No matter how strong Liang Heng was or how famous the magic center was, it was just a small, crappy joint in front of genuine light force sects.

The three scions couldn't figure out why a kid of a small dojo could be so pompous. The child standing in the middle made a move right away. He was the son of the sect leader of Tyrant Earth Sect Zhang Dezhi, and was only eight years old.

His movements were so quick that Super Chen couldn't react in time. When he came back to his senses, the first swing had already smashed into Tiger Liang's right cheek...

Bang!

Tiger Liang flew backward right away with a bloody mouth. Means "nothing ventured, nothing gained."

Chapter 966: What Cheek!

Seeing that a fight had already started at the recycling stand, Father Chen hesitated as he debated whether to go over and have a look. But he was then stupefied to see how excessively strong the three little scions were; they were more nimble than some of the big kids who had been training at his dojo for years.

After thinking about it, Father Chen decided not to step forward in the end. Zhang Dezhi had dispatched a bodyguard to look after them. Judging from his aura, the bodyguard was a Golden Core cultivator. He was keeping watch, so there was no way anyone would actually die.

Besides, with his father Liang Heng backing him up, Tiger Liang this brat had brought over a bunch of hooligans to smash Xiaoling's mom's stuff and even beat her up. The thought enraged Father Chen. This opportunity was hard to come by, and Tiger Liang had to be given a good thrashing no matter what.

That day, Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling gaped in awe...

Regardless of their training in the dojo, this was their first time seeing true sect disciples up close, as well as a genuine sect young master taking action in a scuffle.

Not all rich second generation kids were like Tiger Liang, who relied on his father and bullied others.

Rich second generation kids also existed relative to each other at every level of society.

Tiger Liang was a rich second generation in their neighborhood.

But compared with the sects of Zhang Dezhi and the other sect leaders, the Liang family's Balance Magic Center was like a slum... These three little scions were of noble birth and had received the best of everything from the moment they were born. They would have obtained the best training, and far surpassed their peers in all physical aspects.

Father Chen sighed with feeling repeatedly as he watched. Zhang Pingru, the son of the sect leader of Tyrant Earth Sect Zhang Dezhi, was only eight years old, but he was stronger than some of the eleven- and twelve-years-old in their family dojo.

The more superior a rich second generation kid's family background was, the more likely they had to learn more and work harder than regular people since young.

There was a good saying: Don't be afraid of others being richer or higher born than you; be afraid if someone richer and higher born is more hardworking than you...

Father Chen was deeply shaken by this point, and the young spirits of four-year-old Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling were inspired at the same time.

...

That evening, Father Chen called Xiaoling's mom, the three sect young masters, and the bodyguard who had accompanied them to the dojo for dinner. Mother Chen busied herself in the kitchen. It wouldn't be appropriate for her to order takeout on this occasion, so she wanted to do some home cooking.

Initially, the three young masters still had training in the evening, but when Zhang Dezhi and the others heard about Father Chen's invitation, they immediately agreed inside the fan group. Actually, the truth was that they had agreed out of respect for Mr Wang.

After Father Wang won Best Author, the book Wet Nurse had drawn widespread attention in the cultivation forum, and all the sect heads explored the mysteries in the novel as if they were reading a research report.

Before dinner, everyone sat at the table peeling and eating melon seeds. The three young masters sat as smartly as ever, and Father Chen deeply felt the gap compared with his child's upbringing. But Father Chen wasn't worried. Super Chen was only four years old, which was the time to be lively; that was the nature of children.

"Thank you so much for everyone's help this time." Xiaoling's mom thanked them repeatedly.

To be honest, she had already mentally prepared herself, and had known that Tiger Liang would come over again today to make trouble.

The sturdy bodyguard whom Zhang Dezhi had dispatched was called Zhu Jin. Some people called him Little Zhu, and some people called him Ah Jin.

Zhu Jin smiled and said, “Xiaoling’s mother, you don’t have to worry anymore after this. That brat got the lesson he deserved. Our three young masters didn’t do much this time – that was just a slap on the wrist.”

“What? You call that a slap on the wrist? Poor Tiger Liang...”

When he recalled Tiger Liang’s wretched appearance at noon, Super Chen slapped his thigh and couldn’t help chortling.

Wretched...

He was indeed wretched...

Tiger Liang had been sent flying with one kick at the start, like a ball that had been tossed in the air, and he had only dropped back down after a full five minutes. That bunch of lackeys he had brought with him didn’t help out at all. Seeing the momentum of these three sect young masters, they all instantly scattered...

“The kid was asking for it, not learning what is right but insisting on making trouble. And that father of his egging him on from behind is detestable!” Father Chen said angrily.

“Thank you, Chief Chen, but I’m afraid Liang Heng won’t give up...” Xiaoling’s mom had a worried expression on her face. She hugged Wang Xiaoling who was sitting next to her, and somehow felt that her daughter seemed to have a little more awareness and meat on her bones than before.

“I know, Xiaoling’s mom, I understand his personality too well.” Father Chen nodded.

“You don’t have to worry about that.”

Zhu Jin said, “Our three sect leaders have already sent lawyer letters to Balance Magic Center. If that Chief Liang is a sensible person, he won’t come looking for trouble in the short term.”

“Lawyer letter?” Father Chen was blank.

“That’s right. After all, our three young masters also sustained injuries...” Zhu Jin said.

“Where were they hurt?” Father Chen asked.

“It’s fine, they’re minor injuries.” Ah Jin sipped his tea and said, “They hit Tiger Liang so hard that they cracked their fingernails.”

” Pfft... ” Super Chen burst out laughing suddenly.

Father Chen and Xiaoling’s mom were utterly stunned by Tyrant Earth Sect’s move. It was clearly Tiger Liang who had been beaten up, but the Liang family was the one to receive lawyer letters instead... Even this could happen?

Ah Jin smiled. “There is no such thing as absolute justice in this world to begin with.”

...

It had to be said that Super Chen had amazing interpersonal skills. By the end of the meal, he was already close with all the three young masters and even exchanged contact details. While the trio were strong, Super Chen also had his own strong point, which was that he was becoming more and more of a smooth talker... After all, he had been pursuing the “art of language” during this period of time.

Father Chen was very happy about this.

It was very rare to encounter peers of a higher level. Additionally, these three little scions normally had a very packed schedule, and Super Chen was very lucky to be able to seize this opportunity.

When Super Chen did a rough comparison of his typical day with that of the three young masters, he realized his really was nothing.

Beyond what Super Chen imagined, there were so many things that the three sect young masters studied in one day. Especially eight-year-old Zhang Pingru... He was busy from six in the morning right up to two in the morning, and only got four hours of sleep every day.

Spells logical thinking, physical training, agility training, spirit qi breathing training... lessons of all sorts one after another filled his day.

Before Ah Jin took the young masters away, Father Chen was surprised when he saw Super Chen actually wearing a suit belonging to one of the scions. It was a little too big, and Super Chen had to hold up the pant legs and push up the sleeves. "Super Chen, why are you wearing Pingru's clothes?"

"It was Pingru who suggested it. He likes our dojo's Dao uniform, so I found him a set he could wear, and swapped clothes with him," Super Chen explained.

Father Chen: "What cheek!"

"If the young master likes it, just let them swap. Chief Chen, train your son well. His root bone is in fact pretty good. We have some bone-strengthening pills exclusively developed by our sect. Sect Leader has something on and was unable to come today, so this is a gift! Someone will send it over in two days! Chief Chen, please think nothing of it!" said Ah Jin with a smile.

"Thank you, Peppa!" Right after he spoke, Father Chen suddenly realized his mistake.

He had been about to say "Little Zhu 1," but somehow his brain had short-circuited and he had called out the wrong name...

"My apologies, Ah Jin..."

"It's fine, Chief Chen, I'm already used to it..."

"..."

"That's why people usually prefer to call me Ah Jin. If you call me Little Zhu, it's easy to think of something else..."

Chapter 967: Demonic Curse Software

Balance Magic Dojo was facing an unprecedented business crisis.

It could be said that there was no turning back Liang Heng's situation now. Tiger Liang was wrapped up like a dumpling when he was brought back, but fortunately he was still clear-headed. The three young masters hadn't been overly rough with him, and hadn't directly damaged his brain... But Liang Heng thought his own brain was about to break down!

"Chen Yi! This isn't over!" Liang Heng gripped Tiger Liang's hand tightly. Tiger Liang's injuries were severe and he couldn't even talk, but Liang Heng knew that it would be useless to take it to the Cultivation Court.

The three sect leaders had already sent lawyer letters to his Balance Magic Center. Right now, the only thing he could do was admit defeat – he didn't seem to have any other choice.

At the moment, there was the sound of knocking outside the center.

When Liang Heng opened the door, he was startled to see who it was.

A bald, middle-aged man with a beer belly was smoking as he stood gloomily by the entrance.

"Guru Zhu Ge?"

Liang Heng didn't know that Zhu Ge's contract with the Cultivation Reading Network had already been canceled, so Liang Heng's address was a sore blow to Zhu Ge.

They had met each other before at an offline fanmeet; only the top twenty people in the fan rankings had been eligible to attend the meet.

"It looks like things aren't good on your end either." Zhu Ge smiled coldly.

Looking at Liang Heng's similarly gloomy and frustrated expression, he suddenly realized something.

The reason why the website had terminated his contract was in fact because of pressure from these sect leaders from the cultivation forum. Although Chief Editor Hwang hadn't said too much, Zhu Ge had gotten a rough idea of the situation when he got in touch with some internal staff after the termination of his contract.

Zhu Ge held out a box of Black Toad Bone-Strengthening Powder and gave it to Liang Heng. "I know that your son was badly hurt; please accept this."

"Teacher Zhu Ge, you're too kind." Liang Heng took the gift.

His son had broken bones all over, and this could be considered just the right gift. It seemed that Zhu Ge had done his homework before coming here; he was even aware of Tiger Liang's injured condition.

Inside the center, they sat facing each other.

After a moment of silence, Zhu Ge spoke up first. "The Cultivation Reading Network has terminated my contract."

Liang Heng was stupefied. "Why?"

"Hm... because someone was putting pressure on them." Zhu Ge didn't bring up the fact that he was Lady Thirteen. Actually, it wasn't that he wanted to hide the matter, but as soon as he said something, then Liang Heng would probably be able to guess later on that he had crossdressed to disguise himself as Lady Thirteen.

For Zhu Ge, that was a very humiliating matter, and on second thought, also a little disgusting...

Who could ever imagine a fat shut-in with a beer belly dressing up in an ill-fitting Lolita costume? Zhu Ge recalled how that L size Lolita evening gown had instantly been ripped to shreds the moment he put one arm through the shoulder strap...

“Don’t tell me it was also pressure from the sects?” Liang Heng was very smart; when he saw the change in Zhu Ge’s expression, he very quickly thought of this possibility.

The fathers of the three sect young masters who had helped Xiaoling’s mom out were all fans of Wang Situ, so it wasn’t hard at all for Liang Heng to make the connection.

“I’m leaving Songhai city tomorrow for a small place to take up work as the chief editor of a newspaper there from then on,” Zhu Ge said gloomily as he puffed on his cigarette and looked at Liang Heng.

Liang Heng grit his teeth. “Guru Zhu Ge, don’t you feel unsatisfied with this? Everything you worked so hard for was snatched away!”

“What goes around comes around; there’s nothing I can be resentful about.”

Zhu Ge laughed coldly, then took out a USB key from his pocket. “Previously, a fan of mine sent me this by express delivery.”

“What’s this?” Liang Heng stared at the USB key.

“He said that it contained something that could reverse my situation. I opened it for a look, and the only thing inside is a software for casting curses,” said Zhu Ge.

“Casting curses?”

“It was probably developed by someone from the demonic path.”

“How do you cast a curse? Do you need to pay to do so?”

“I’ve never encountered anyone from the demonic path, but they wouldn’t bother chasing after worldly items like money. I opened that software for a look, and to cast a curse, you pay in life span...” Zhu Ge laughed. “So for me, this thing is basically useless. I’m already in poor health to begin with since I spend long hours sitting down and not moving as I write. Apart from the three highs[1.high blood pressure, high blood cholesterol, and high blood sugar.], I also have a fatty liver; even with the best health supplements of this era, I’ll still die in a hundred years if I don’t lose weight.”

Hearing this, Liang Heng sank into silence.

“Leaving aside whether this curse software is real or not, shaving off several decades of my life to take the other party down in revenge isn’t worth it, even if it was real. Ultimately, neither side wins, and I won’t have many years to live after that.” Saying this, Zhu Ge sighed.

Clutching the USB key, Liang Heng felt a little sorrowful at Zhu Ge’s words.

This was the first time he had lost to Chen Yi, which made him so uncomfortable. As soon as he thought of Tiger Liang’s wretched appearance, wrapped head to toe in bandages, he itched to skin Father Chen and his son alive.

After that, Liang Heng open a few cans of beer and prepared some side dishes to go with it. They drank and chatted for some time, during which Liang Heng used the laptop next to him to open the USB key and copy the file over.

His movements were very quick.

After drinking and eating for roughly half an hour, Zhu Ge looked at the sky.

“It’s about time I left, Chief Liang.” Zhu Ge climbed to his feet. He was quite huge and it looked like it took some effort for him to move. Liang Heng was about to go over and help him up, but Zhu Ge waved his hand, and bracing himself, got up on his own.

“Chief Liang, please give the USB key back to me.”

“Alright...”

...

After seeing Zhu Ge off, the first thing Liang Heng did was to open the software which he had copied over.

Like Zhu Ge had said, this was a software for casting curses. It had a slightly creepy interface; after clicking it open, a pop-up window instantly covered the computer screen with an image of a grim reaper holding a scythe.

On its tongue was a name box, above which was a note that he had to think of the person's appearance when he typed in their real name.

The prices for the different curses were also clearly marked on the page.

Liang Heng opened the menu for a look.

Mild Curse: One year of life.

Moderate Curse: Five years of life.

Heavy Curse: Eight years of life.

Super Curse: Ten years of life.

Deluxe 4-Curse Package: Twenty years of life.

Apart from the marked curse prices, Liang Heng also saw in the upper right corner that there was even an option for topping up the lifespan: he just needed to hover over it with the mouse and recite the number in his mind to complete the top-up.

When he saw this, Liang Heng smiled darkly.

While his center hadn't been doing that great in the last few days...

He still had plenty of students...

Chapter 968: Liang Heng's Wicked Scheme

Should he curse his own students?.

Liang Heng instantly thought of this plan.

Although that wouldn't be very kind of him, he had no other way. He had to take care of Tiger Liang, his wife and his old mother, and he himself was already old. But those students were different: they were still young and had long lives ahead of them. Taking a few years off their lives should be fine, right?

As he thought this, wicked thoughts started to sprout and a shadow gathered in Liang Heng's heart.

But Liang Heng felt that he should first test whether this curse really did work or not.

He typed Father Chen's name into the name box on the grim reaper's tongue and finally chose the "mild curse" option.

Right away, the reaper on the computer screen waved the scythe it was holding, and blood instantly splashed all over the screen...

Liang Heng felt like he fell into a trance for a few seconds. When he came back to his senses, the reaper's long tongue had already rolled up and there was a word on the computer screen: Processing...

It was actually real?

Liang Heng examined his own body in disbelief. His physical health had indeed declined in an instant just now, as if he had aged.

Even his skin had become a little flabbier...

After all, middle-aged people who wanted to stay fit had to diligently cultivate and exercise a lot every day... One year had been taken off his life just then, but his body was displaying the side effects right away.

If he used this on his students, they might become seriously ill for a time.

But Liang Heng wasn't unhappy.

Rather, he was delighted now...

Thanks to Zhu Ge, he was actually able to learn this method to help him achieve a beautiful reversal in fortune!

...

At roughly the same time the next day, Liang Heng was checking the curse program again when he received a video that was several minutes long inside the program's internal mailbox.

Liang Heng opened it and realized that the man in the video was actually Father Chen.

While he wasn't certain how the person taking the video had managed to get so close without being noticed, Liang Heng carefully watched the video from beginning to end without skipping over a second of it.

It could be called a compilation of Father Chen's "bad luck" for one day.

At seven o'clock in the morning, Father Chen arrived at the dojo entrance and found that a huge, red "tear down" had actually been spray painted on the door.

"What's going on..." Father Chen was utterly shocked by this massive sign of demolition in front of him.

He rubbed the red spray paint; it was the kind that was waterproof and wouldn't wash off easily...

He now needed to spend money to have the entire door removed and replaced...

Even if he complained to the worker who had done the spray painting and claimed for damages, it would take months for the complaint to be processed.

But what made Father Chen despair were the smaller words spray painted next to “tear down”: “Sorry, I sprayed the wrong place!!!”

Father Chen: “...”

Liang Heng: “...”

This was the first part of the video. Just like Father Chen in the video, Liang Heng sat in front of the video on his computer and didn’t speak for a long time.

For some reason, Liang Heng felt like laughing.

But Father Chen’s cursed day of bad luck had only just began.

...

The second part was during noon.

A fish bone actually got stuck in Father Chen’s throat while he was eating fish, and he was taken to the hospital right away.

In the video Liang Heng had received, the doctor was taking the fish bone out of Father Chen’s throat. When he fished the bone out with tweezers, the tip was even stained with blood from Father Chen’s throat. “This was really dangerous. If you had come in a little later, this fish bone would have pierced your throat.”

In the operating room, Father Chen was feeling aggrieved. Because the bone had only just been taken out, his voice was still very hoarse. “But doctor, the fish I bought is Scaleless Boneless Fish...”

This kind of fish was very popular in the market. As its name implied, it was scaleless and boneless. Both adults and children could eat it, and its meat was very delicious.

Reasonably speaking, it was impossible for him to ingest a fish bone...

“Was the fish fresh?”

“Well... The meat is a bit old...”

“Then you probably don’t know, but when you buy Scaleless Boneless Fish at the market, you should get the young or adult ones. This kind of fish isn’t truly boneless; it’s just that the bones are very soft when their young or mature, so when you eat it, it seems boneless. Too bad you bought an old one.”

“What’s wrong with an old fish...” Father Chen trembled.

“Of course you can eat an old fish, but the one you bought had osteoproliferation,” replied the doctor.

Father Chen: “...”

...

The last two minutes of the six-minute video were of Father Chen on his way back from the hospital.

Father Chen’s taxi had just arrived at a junction not far from the dojo, when a truck carrying steel bars actually went out of control and hit the taxi head-on... Fortunately, the taxi driver was a master and quick-witted. Predicting the path of the swerving truck, he stepped on the gas and accelerated. With a Cyclone Magnum Hurricane, the taxi directly overtook the truck and stopped in the safe zone up ahead.

The truck carrying steel bars hit the roadside barrier, and white smoke started to escape the front of the truck.

“I’ve been really unlucky today...” In the video, Father Chen turned to look behind him, his expression clearly a little scared as some trepidation still lingered.

In front of his screen, Liang Heng exulted!

He had only used one year of his life, but he almost killed Father Chen...

Being able to sneak around merrily behind the scenes like this made Liang Heng extremely cheerful.

His rival Chen Yi had actually suffered for real after Liang Heng had cursed him yesterday. Not only did he have bad luck for the whole day, he almost died...

And this was only a mild curse!

Liang Heng was excited.

Who knew what the effects of a moderate curse would be like?

Liang Heng raised an eyebrow.

Staring at the completed order in the curse program, he was exhilarated and he couldn’t calm down for a long time.

After seeing Father Chen’s unlucky day, Liang Heng felt that he couldn’t wait any longer...

“I’ll see what a moderate curse looks like!” Liang Heng was extremely excited.

Since a mild curse had almost killed Father Chen, would he be half-dead from a moderate curse?

Liang Heng thought for a while.

Then, he typed in a new name on the grim reaper’s tongue: Super Chen...

...

His goal actually wasn't Chen Yi's death, but to make him feel pain.

So if he put a curse on Super Chen...

As his father, Chen Yi would definitely feel even more pain!

Liang Heng thought he really was too smart!

Chapter 969: The Origin Of Super Chen's Blessed Mouth

After that day, Super Chen fell seriously ill, which started with a fever.

Super Chen had always been very healthy as he had been training since young. The onset of this sudden fever which they had no way of guarding against flustered Father and Mother Chen.

The children's hospital was very crowded as it was the flu season. At this point, neither Father Chen nor Mother Chen thought much about it. No parent would link their child's fever to a "curse"...

On the way to the hospital, Xiaoling replaced the cooling plasters for Super Chen and tended to him carefully.

Initially, Father Chen wasn't going to have Xiaoling come with them, but the relationship between the two children was really too close. And in the time that he had been taking care of Xiaoling, Father Chen also realized that she might be mute, but she was stubborn: once she made up her mind, it was very hard to get her to change it.

But Mother Chen was worried that Xiaoling would also be infected, and so had taught Xiaoling to take ample precautions. In these two days, everything the Chen family ate revolved around indigowoad root.

Indigowoad root noodle soup, stewed egg with indigowoad root, indigowoad root black tea and so on...

“We don’t need so many people to go in. All of you wait outside.” After their number was called, Father Chen carried the weak Super Chen into the clinic on his back. A lot of the parents gave them sidelong glances and made way for them.

“This boy is so pitiful...”

“It might be flu season, but for this boy to have a fever bad enough to make him faint... he’s in such bad shape.”

Many people had sympathetic expressions on their faces when they saw Super Chen’s miserable appearance.

Most of the people here were parents, so they knew how anxious a parent would be in this situation.

Father Chen had contacted a specialist. From the profile hanging on the door, this specialist was a famous doctor called Liu Min. She specialized in hard-to-treat children’s cases, and was the chief internal medicine specialist in this hospital.

Seeing Father Chen come in with Super Chen on his back, the doctor couldn’t help the anxious expression on her face. Liu Min had seen many children today, but this was the first one to have fainted from fever.

“Have you taken his temperature? How high is it?”

“42 degrees... And he seems to be getting hotter...”

“Mm, it’s pretty serious. But it’s alright, I can cure him.” Dr Liu Min was very confident.

“Thank you, doctor.” Father Chen sighed with relief.

“It’s a minor case; I had one before with a fever of over 70 degrees.”

“70 degrees...”

“That’s right. Plus, the kid’s parents were so broadminded, and even fried eggs on his forehead.”

“...”

“I’ll cool him down first.”

Dr Liu cleaned both her hands and then touched Super Chen’s forehead. Her palms shone with a bright blue light. This was the “Cooling Art,” which was just a basic spell that a lot of cultivators could in fact cast themselves. However, it took a long time to cultivate the fundamentals of this spell. Unless you were a medical specialist, most people could only use this spell as a temporary stopgap measure.

But doctors like Dr Liu were different; when they cast this sort of spell, they could thoroughly push down the temperature.

As she cast the spell, Dr Liu also observed the gauge on the hospital bed. The hospital bed was a scientific cultivation magic treasurer jointly developed by the Magic Treasure Research Institute and the Academy of Science. It could monitor all the vitals of a patient lying on it and save them from the pain of running around the different departments in the hospital.

After Dr Liu cast the spell, Super Chen’s temperature dropped from 42 degrees to 39 degrees.

But this still wasn’t the normal temperature of a human body.

“It’s not working; his temperature isn’t going down.” Dr Liu shook his head.

“Is it a viral cold?”

“Based on my experience, absolutely not,” Dr Liu said. “Is your child practicing some special art?”

“Special art?”

“Yes.” Dr Liu nodded and said, “Some parents nowadays are too strict with their children’s cultivation before the Foundation Establishment stage. They get their children to pursue advanced arts, but forget to consider whether their children are suited for it. If there is a mismatch, it can cause an abnormal fever like this one.”

Father Chen immediately denied it. “My child has always been very healthy. We run a body techniques dojo and I’ve gotten him to practice the most basic physical exercises all this time rather than pursue some advanced art.”

After ruling out the possibility of Super Chen practicing a special art, Dr Liu frowned. “When did your child’s fever start?”

“It was probably in the early hours of this morning, but it was already six o’clock when I found him. That’s when he normally starts training. It was only when I went to this room for a look that I realized he had a fever...” Father Chen sighed as he clutched Super Chen’s hand. “Dr Liu, please tell me if you know something.”

“Actually, your child is in good health. From my examination of him, we can rule out internal causes for this abnormal fever. But as for external causes... that’s out of my hands.” Dr Liu Min said seriously, “I wonder, do you have any enemies?”

“Enemies?” Father Chen was stupefied.

At that moment, he suddenly thought of Liang Heng.

Nevertheless, Father Chen couldn’t believe that Liang Heng would do such a thing to his child...

What was more, this was just speculation for now. Even if it was Liang Heng behind it, Father Chen currently had no proof.

“Dr Liu, are you saying this is caused by a curse?”

“That’s right... Judging from the various symptoms, I suspect that your child’s abnormal fever might have been caused by a curse. Our hospital also has a curse-dispelling department, but the curse on your child is a little complicated. Given that we don’t know what type of curse it is, it would take at least two days for us to undo it, but these two days would prolong your child’s illness.”

“Then, then what should I do?” Father Chen was worried.

“An unusual situation has to be handled with unusual means.” Dr Liu grit her teeth.

She straightaway wrote a series of words which Father Chen couldn’t read on the medical case file, and then stamped it with her own metal seal. “Take this medical record and go to the western part of the city to find my shifu . He might have a way! Please believe me! Your child’s illness can’t go on like this! Super Chen’s temperature is holding at 39 degrees for now, but this won’t last. You must hurry over right now.”

“Dr Liu’s shifu ? Understood! Thank you, Dr Liu!”

Father Chen was shaken by the conviction in Dr Liu’s gaze. Now that things had come to this point, he could only believe her.

...

About two hours later, Father Chen found the place with the address Dr Liu gave him.

This was a Buddhist monastery that had an air of vicissitude about it. Relying on the words Dr Liu had written and the metal seal on the medical record, Father Chen found Dr Liu’s shifu .

This was an amiable-looking monk whose hair and beard were already grizzly. His Buddhist robe fell open as he picked up Super Chen with a soft “Amitabha.”

“Amitabha. What devil would put a curse on such a young child... How cruel...”

“Master! Please help my child!”

“Mm, have no fear, benefactor.” The Zen master nodded.

Then, Father Chen saw him use the Flower Pinching Finger 1 as he flicked Super Chen’s forehead.

A golden aura poured forth and swept away the black qi inside Super Chen’s body.

After that, the Zen master wiped at his sweat. “Don’t worry! Your child is fine now.”

Father Chen was a little dubious. “Really?”

Zen master: “Mm, it’s fine now, benefactor. Your child has already been enlightened.”

Father Chen: “...”

Chapter 970: Body Enlightenment Spell

“En- enlightened...” Father Chen was stupefied by this master’s statement. In all his years, it was the first time he had heard that a human body could be enlightened...

“I don’t usually give people this sort of whole body enlightenment service, but this kid’s situation is unusual. Saving a life is better than building a seven-storied pagoda. As for the cost, there’s no need to pay.” The master smiled and said, “When the child is fully recovered, I hope you’ll bring your family here to the monastery and join me in seclusion for half a month.”

Father Chen touched Super Chen’s forehead. Although Super Chen still looked very weak, his fever was indeed gone.

Master Jin Deng’s “Body Enlightenment Spell” just now had indeed dispelled the curse.

Father Chen's expression was full of reverence. "What is honorable master's name?"

"This old monk's Buddhist name is Jin Deng."

Master Jin Deng said in a clear voice, "The reason I asked you to join me in seclusion isn't because I want you to work for me, but because I have a feeling that in the next fifteen days, the wicked character behind this will attack you again. My monastery is a little shabby, but it can protect you against evil and turn ill luck into good."

"Many thanks, master!"

Father Chen nodded solemnly.

This incident was too insidious.

Super Chen, who had always been in good health, suddenly caught a cold, and the hospital couldn't discover what was wrong with his body. In the end, it was revealed that he had been cursed... If it hadn't been for Dr Liu and Master Jin Deng, Super Chen might have fallen ill and died from this curse this time.

Father Chen couldn't help the cold sweat that burst out on his forehead at this thought.

Liang Heng...

Apart from his endlessly scheming and competitive senior brother, Father Chen truly couldn't think of anyone else he knew who would do such an evil thing.

Father Chen never thought that Liang Heng wouldn't cherish even a bit of their brotherhood ties.

"The matter of seclusion cannot be delayed. The best would be if you're able to come tomorrow."

These were Master Jin Deng's last words to Father Chen before the latter left.

“Thank you, master. After I’ve organized everything, I’ll come over tomorrow.” Father Chen nodded.

His next job was to persuade Mother Chen.

Furthermore, Father Chen was also very worried about Xiaoling’s mom, so he persuaded her and Xiaoling to go with them to the monastery for seclusion. To Father Chen’s surprise, he actually succeeded. This was because Father Chen was originally an atheist who had never prayed to Buddha for help before. Now, he suddenly planned to go into seclusion. Moreover, his attitude was so grave and serious... Mother Chen and Xiaoling’s mom were instantly alarmed.

“Master Jin Deng...”

Before she retired to be a housewife, Mother Chen used to do the census.

She repeated the name and pondered over it, somehow feeling that this Buddhist master’s Buddhist name sounded familiar.

...

On the first day of seclusion, Father Chen brought Super Chen, Mother Chen, Xiaoling’s mom and Xiaoling to that slightly time-worn monastery. The martial arts dojo was temporarily closed, with Father Chen notifying the students beforehand and telling all of them that he was going on a trip. In order to avoid losing students during this period, he gave each of them two extra free classes.

Actually shutting their business for half a month would have a pretty big impact on the Chen family’s income.

But health was more important.

Even if they knew that the person who had cast the curse was Liang Heng, they didn’t know how he was doing it or how to ward against it. Fortunately, they had Master Jin Deng to guide them.

“Benefactors, this house is for you. I hope you can cultivate your mind and live a happy life for the next half a month.” A young monk led them to a square courtyard house inside the monastery. Father Chen saw that it wasn’t just them, but other people had also come for seclusion.

“Thank you very much, little master.”

Father Chen made a Buddhist salute. “Oh, by the way, where is master?”

“Shifu is teaching people about Buddhism in the main hall. This is part of his regular ‘Today’s Teaching’ session. If you’re interested, you can sit in.” The young monk smiled.

Today’s Teaching...

For some reason, Father Chen thought the name sounded a little familiar 1.

It was Master Jin Deng who was responsible for arranging all the classes during seclusion. Since he was teaching at the moment, it naturally wouldn’t be good for Father Chen and the others to disturb him, so Father Chen took everyone to the main hall to sit in on the lesson.

There were also a lot of people there.

They found mats on the side and sat down to listen with great interest.

Father Chen later learned that people regularly came to Master Jin Deng’s monastery for seclusion. During this period, you could stay as long as you wanted as long as you paid for water, electricity and accommodation. Besides, accommodation was very cheap.

This Jin Deng Buddhist Temple had many devotees. From this point, it could be seen that this Master Jin Deng was indeed a man of ability.

Every day, there were a lot of people who attended the “Today’s Teaching” session, and there were also a lot of questions asked.

Some of them were disciples in seclusion inside the temple, who would come and ask questions whenever they had doubts, and some came from far and wide seeking guidance. All types of questions were asked...

A monkey coder with a bald head asked, “Master Jin Deng! The day before yesterday, two options suddenly popped up on my computer screen, asking me to install a patch or choose to skip... I don’t know what to do...”

“Is it a security software prompt?” Master Jin Deng smiled faintly.

“Master has such foresight! It’s a 360 Total Security pop-up... Master, please tell me what I should do...”

“Benefactor, you’re thinking too much. In fact, you have a third option: uninstall 360 Total Security.”

“Master... is wise!”

Everyone: “...”

...

The second question came from a married woman who was in seclusion at the temple. Father Chen heard that she had been waiting in line for a long time to ask a question, and only today was it her turn.

Finally, it was her turn to ask a question, and her eyes were full of tears. “Master... My son is insistent on debuting as an idol. What should I do?”

“An idol? Most children nowadays have this notion; little do they know how deep the waters are, and they can’t wade in so casually.” Master Jin Deng sighed.

“Master is right! But my son won’t listen...” The woman was helpless.

“How about this, I’ll write you a poem and you can put it on your son’s headboard.”

The woman asked, “What sort of poem?”

Taking out a golden sheet of paper, Master Jin Deng recited as he wrote, “An idol, hair parted down the middle, he gets dizzy from fancy dribbling; smokey eye makeup and hand cream, he panics when he plays basketball; suspenders and platform shoes, pants tied with a bow at the waist; he can sing, he can dance, is he male or female 1... Done, this is the poem.”

The woman: “Master... you’re so powerful...”

Everyone: “Master is amazing...”

“You flatter me.”

Master Jin Deng chuckled. “I summarized the current situation of male idols nowadays. I imagine your son is still quite young, and this is the age when he should be studying. If he is diligent and studies hard, he will certainly be successful in the future. One should be down-to-earth at all times.”