

Daily Life 971

Chapter 971: The Blessed Mouth's Initial Show Of Strength

Liang Heng received another video, but this time it came with a very official-looking notification.

The notification read:

Dear user, thank you for placing an order with the curse service once again. The curse this time was: Moderate Curse. Because it was blocked, the curse wasn't completed. According to curse service regulations, we do not give refunds in the event that the curse is blocked during the process, except for when a natural disaster such as an earthquake or tsunami occurs in the spellcaster's vicinity.

Liang Heng: "..."

That was a little unfair!

Liang Heng clicked open the latest video and realized that it was very short, even shorter than what was uploaded onto Bilibili, the biggest dove farm in the world 1 . Most importantly, freaking opening and end credits had been added to pad the video's length...

In the video, Father Chen attended to Super Chen and then took Super Chen to the children's hospital on his back, but the video abruptly cut off after they arrived at the hospital, and was replaced with white noise.

"Someone interfered with the curse?" Liang Heng checked the program notification again and again.

He had inadvertently obtained this curse program from Zhe Ge, and his first try had been a resounding success – how had the other party become aware of it?

Was it possible that an expert had lent a hand?

Liang Heng thought of this possibility.

At that moment, the program beeped.

It was a second notification from the curse program, which read: “Since the person who dispelled the curse is so powerful, we recommend that you use the high-level curses and curse package!”

Liang Heng: “...”

“Dear, are you getting a card 2 ? Top it up with ten years of your life to be a member and enjoy a twenty percent discount.”

Liang Heng: “Ten years for just twenty percent...”

“This special deal is for junior members; dear, you can consider a top up of fifty years. That’s for the highest level diamond members! You can enjoy a fifty percent discount! And it comes with a special curse service, which can make you play basketball forever like a certain someone...”

This was too malicious...

The system notification might not have directly mentioned a name, but Liang Heng could already guess who it referred to.

Putting that aside, this malicious special service was truly alarming.

Not just anyone could endure the loss of fifty years of their life in one go.

He had previously calculated how long he could live for, which was until two hundred years old. Factoring in the years he had used up for the curse program, he only had over one hundred years left.

The first curse had used one year of his life, which had tired him out. The second had used five years, and he had grown a lot of white hair overnight... These were all stress responses to his lifespan being sucked out.

The loss of fifty years of his life in one go would probably make him unable to move.

He was worried.

Suddenly, he recalled the more wicked method he had thought of previously, and that was to have his own students help out.

After all, they didn't know about the curse program.

He just need to trick them into clicking the mouse.

Crowdfunding the years of one's life!

Liang Heng had decided on his next move.

...

Elsewhere, Super Chen was bored by the life of seclusion at the temple. He didn't even know why he had to go into seclusion there – when he woke up, he was already in the monastery.

After the curse had been dispelled by the blessing, his memories before and after the fever had been affected, which could lead to memory loss.

Master Jin Deng had already spoken to Father Chen about this.

Although there might be some memory loss, it was harmless to the body.

But Super Chen still wanted to know exactly what had happened last night.

Xiaoling's mom told him that he had come down with a very high fever, but didn't give any details at all, which aggrieved him.

Suddenly taking him to the monastery, without a single thing on him... Even if he could devote all his energy to cultivating during the day, without e-books, games, or WIFI at night, he felt like dying!

Could a modern person live without WIFI?!

Next to him, Wang Xiaoling also didn't say anything. Super Chen knew that she had a rough understanding of what was going on, but the problem was that she couldn't speak and couldn't even understand all her letters yet – it would probably be impossible for her to write it down.

Then, at that moment, Super Chen thought of a way: Draw Something!

If she couldn't write, she should still be able to draw, right?

And so, Super Chen found paper and brush, and after finding an open space in the backyard, he started to play this game with Wang Xiaoling.

Super Chen said to Xiaoling, “Xiaoling, let's play Draw Something. You draw what happened yesterday. If I guess right, nod your head, and if I guess wrong, you can shake it.”

She nodded her head.

She drew a few pictures in a row and numbered them.

The first picture was Balance Magic Center's logo; she wanted to tell Super Chen that everything was caused by a curse cast by the chief of Balance Magic Center.

She hadn't known about this at first, but Father Chen had told her mom the whole story last night in order to persuade her to come to the temple, and on the side, Xiaoling had also heard it.

The second picture was of fire; she wanted to tell Super Chen that he had gotten a fever last night.

The third was of the hospital's “cross” – Xiaoling even added “120” next to it to refer to the hospital.

In the fourth picture, Xiaoling had drawn a baldy with a red glove smashing a human skull to pieces. The skull represented the curse, and the baldy referred to Master Jin Deng who had blessed Super Chen.

Such clear composition and the logical train of thought in the drawings instantly dumbfounded Super Chen, who had never expected Xiaoling to actually be so talented at drawing.

The fourth picture looked just like Saitama-sensei fighting Overlord!

After that, the drawings were done.

Wang Xiaoling put down the brush and relaxed. Actually, she was quite confident in her drawing skills. Since she couldn't speak, she often spent her time at the junkyard polishing up her drawing skills with old brushes that had been thrown away. However, she wasn't sure if Super Chen would understand them or not.

Staring at the four drawings, Super Chen praised Wang Xiaoling for a long time before he burst out laughing. "Hahaha! Xiaoling, I can't believe you're so good at drawing. With your four drawings, I completely understand what happened!

"Your first and second drawings tell me that Balance Magic Center caught fire! My dad dialed 120!"

"..."

"The reason for the fire was because Balance Magic Center was hiding a weapon of mass destruction! But that Chief Liang absolutely refused to admit it."

"..."

"Finally, who knows for what reason, a senior monk from this monastery destroyed the weapon with one punch!"

"..."

As soon as Super Chen said the words.

In the distance where Balance Magic Center was.

With a boom.

A mushroom cloud rose on the horizon.

Chapter 972: Tragic Liang Heng

There was a huge explosion in Balance Magic Center, and news of it spread like wildfire that night.

Liang Heng got what he deserved!

Father Chen didn't know what was going on, but somehow felt extremely relieved.

“My god, you don't know how big that mushroom cloud was! Fortunately, there wasn't anyone around, or it would have been a tragedy!”

“Why did it explode?”

“I heard it was a laptop that exploded; its Boeing battery overheated and went out of control before it exploded!”

“Then what's the deal with the mushroom cloud?”

“There are some laptops on the market now that are manufactured according to magic treasure configurations, and they all use spirit nuclear power; a laptop can go several decades without needing to be recharged. But Chief Liang was really unlucky with his laptop; there were quality issues with the spirit cores of that model, and they were recalled before. Maybe Chief Liang was too busy to bother; it's no wonder it blew up.”

“...”

The spirit core itself was an energy crystal made from dense spirit power molecules. The principle was similar to General Yi's Palm Sword and the Old Devil's Chaos Ball, both of which were based on the compression of spirit power.

And the fact that this technology was already on the market meant that it was already highly sophisticated, so normally speaking, the chances of an explosion happening was 0.01%, which was the probability of a plane crashing... or winning the lottery.

So, Chief Liang won the lottery...

And furthermore had hit the top jackpot.

Wang Ling watched Super Chen's memory play out through Wang Xiaoling's eyes.

In Wang Ling's own memory, he did indeed remember news of this back then, but he never expected the cause of the explosion to actually be Super Chen's blessed mouth...

It had to be said that this Master Jin Deng was pretty strong! A single body enlightenment spell could actually create such an effect...

Experts lurked among the people – the world had always been filled with plenty of fantastic oddities. Wang Ling felt that he himself was one such example – born invincible, was there anything more bizarre than that...

It could only be said that Master Jin Deng was an enigma, an unusual person with sublime thoughts.

Given Master Jin Deng's capability, Wang Ling felt that it wouldn't be difficult for the former to make a name for himself in the cultivation world as long as he wanted to.

But in the end, this master still operated his own run-down temple and used his wisdom to enlighten others, living a quiet and ordinary life...

It was worth learning such a state.

...

After returning from the temple, Father Chen asked some students about Liang Heng. It was said that Liang Heng was in very wretched condition; he had been right in the middle of the explosion, and had burns to 85% of his body.

A crappy parent who taught his kid how to bully others with fireball spells in the end was injured himself in a massive explosion – what a tragic end indeed...

When the explosion happened, alarmed residents all along the street came over to put out the fire. Each household sent out water talismans in the air, and for a moment it looked like the annual performance of the flooding of Jinshan Temple 1 .

The local fire brigade and ambulance hurried over in time to completely control the fire and rescue Liang Heng.

“Chief Liang is too unlucky...” When a student spoke to Father Chen about Chief Liang in class that day, he still shuddered with fear. He had already paid Liang Heng a visit, so he was more aware of Liang Heng’s situation.

Actually, the main reason for his visit wasn’t because he was worried about Liang Heng, but that the students were curious about what Chief Liang with burns looked like...

“Chief Liang... how is he?” Father Chen said, “I’m wondering whether I should visit him and bring a fruit basket...” No matter how bad a person Liang Heng was, he was still Father Chen’s senior brother from the same sect... Besides, Father Chen thought it would be hard for Liang Heng to stir up trouble again after receiving this retribution.

“Teacher Chen, you better not send anything. I brought him a fruit basket yesterday, but when I got there, I realized that he couldn’t eat at all... Chief Liang was burned to the point of becoming a mummy...”

“A mummy...”

“That’s right. The doctor said that for some reason, Chief Liang’s organs have aged severely. Otherwise, his injuries could still recover with time... When the explosion happened, I went over to have a look. When Chief Liang was carried into the ambulance, it looked like even his nails had been burned off.”

“You really noticed everything...”

“It’s impossible not to notice 2 !”

“...”

“Chief Liang’s life was saved, but he’s going to be a cripple from now on; his organs are so badly damaged that they’ve been replaced with artificial ones, which isn’t fully covered by medical insurance; it might be a long time before Chief Liang can pay off his medical bills.”

...

Father Chen didn’t sleep until much later that night. After thinking about it for a long time, he still decided to collect some donations on the cultivation forum for Liang Heng. Liang Heng had gotten his retribution, but his family members shouldn’t have to suffer for it. When Father Chen saw Liang Heng’s wife trying to raise money by selling their real estate, he couldn’t bear it.

All the family property and real estate, as well as the fees Liang Heng had collected from his students all these years, wouldn’t be enough to cover his costly medical bills.

Even if they wanted to file an insurance claim with the computer manufacturing company, the company had done a recall of the computer model before, so from a legal point of view, it wasn’t as if the company hadn’t taken steps to address the problem.

“It’ll be tough for the Liang family from now on.” Father Chen sighed.

Looking at his rival of so many years collapse just like that, seemingly on the verge of death, Father Chen’s heart was actually a little sorrowful.

There was no way he would make a donation himself.

But it was possible to do some charitable work.

“Dad, are you really going to help him?” Super Chen didn’t really understand Father Chen’s behavior.

“He has always liked to compete with me, but in recent years, he became a little more obsessive. He was quite aggressive when we were at school, but he actually wasn’t a bad person.”

Recalling the old days, Father Chen shared his thoughts. “Son, you’ll understand once you start school. Your time at school will be fleeting, but wonderful.”

“But I heard from some of the older brothers that school is tiring and there’s endless homework...”

“That’s just one side of it. Once you and Xiaoling start school, you’ll understand that your school days are the happiest; a lot of people only realize this after they start working.”

“But I heard that Chief Liang is going to die soon, so these donations will be useless, won’t they?” Super Chen said.

“The hospital has already saved his life. While there’s still some danger, it’s not a big problem...”

As Father Chen said this, he suddenly remembered the silk pouch which Master Jin Deng had given him when Father Chen and his group left the Buddhist temple.

Father Chen still remembered what Master Jin Deng had said.

Master Jin Deng said Super Chen would suffer a calamity when he was sixteen, but if they chose the right school for him, he would survive it.

Then the master gave Father Chen this silk pouch and told him only to open it once he returned home.

“What’s inside the silk pouch?”

“Don’t worry.”

Father Chen opened the silk pouch and looked inside. “Master chose a high school for you to attend when the time comes. It’s already late; go to bed. I’m going to write a post for donations for Chief Liang.”

“Oh...”

...

Father Chen spent roughly half an hour drafting the post. Just as he was about to send it out, a notice suddenly appeared in his university class group, which had been quiet for a long time, and all the members were @’ed in it. “Condolences on Classmate Liang Heng’s death...”

Father Chen was shocked. “Wasn’t his life no longer in danger...”

Someone in the know replied, “I confirmed it with the hospital just now. He contracted a serious infection and didn’t survive the critical stage, sigh !”

Seeing the news in the group, Father Chen turned to look in the direction of Super Chen’s bedroom and felt a chill run down his body for some reason.

Chapter 973: Guo Ping’s Visit

Withdrawing from Super Chen’s memory, Wang Ling pondered for a long while at his table.

His concluding remarks in his composition on Super Chen was like this:

“When we are young, we might waver and feel helpless, but we still grow in the end. When you don’t know the right path to choose, just become a man of indomitable spirit! You who stand on the mountaintop bathed in the sunlight, you seem so dazzling... as if you’ve been blessed...”

...

September 6th was the twenty-fourth day of the summer break. The day Earth would be establishing diplomatic relations with extraterrestrials was also approaching. There was one person's name on everyone's lips during this period, and that was Guo Ping, the scientist who had gone missing and was assumed dead on an exploratory mission of Divine Dao Star, before he was found to be alive.

It thus made sense for him to become their diplomatic ambassador who would be responsible for establishing diplomatic relations between the entire cultivation world and alien lifeforms in the universe.

Dopey Guo was utterly thrilled by this. A huge figure had truly appeared in the Guo family this time; among all of Dopey Guo's many uncles, Guo Ping had clearly leapt to the top as the strongest uncle.

Dopey Guo indeed found this hugely unexpected; this was because after their trip to Divine Dao Star last time, Wang Ling had replaced the memories of everyone from No. 60 High, so Dopey Guo had utterly no impression of this Uncle Guo of his; what was in his memory was just a regular game NPC.

"Bloody hell! Let me tell you, Guo Ping is actually my uncle, believe it or not!" In the Wechat small group chat, Dopey Guo sent an astonished emoji.

"I believe it! But why didn't you send this to the class group chat? There's more people there!" Super Chen was amused.

"It's still better to not make a big deal out of it. You're all my buddies, there's nothing for me to worry about in telling you. Other people may not buy it," said Dopey Guo.

Where there were people, there was envy. Dopey Guo had thought about it before refraining from flaunting the fact that Guo Ping was his uncle; this was for his own good as well as Guo Ping's.

If word got out, people might think he was talking big. If it reached some teacher who took it seriously and wanted him to invite Guo Ping to school to give a speech, that would be a real disaster.

Actually, Dopey Guo was quite self-aware. While it was true that Guo Ping was his uncle by blood, the problem was that they weren't close enough for him to call this uncle as he liked.

“Are you very close with Guo Ping?” Little Peanut asked at that moment.

Dopey Guo: “Not really... but my dad should be. He should still have Guo Ping’s contact. We have a Guo family WeChat group, and Uncle Guo Ping did join it before, but the group has been inactive for a long time. After I changed phones, if no one sends a message in the group, I probably wouldn’t be able to find it.”

Super Chen: “I saw your uncle on TV; for some reason, he feels familiar, like I’ve seen him somewhere before... He looks like the NPC of some game.”

Wang Ling: “...”

Dopey Guo: “Wang Ling, you’re lurking again!”

Super Chen laughed. “Hasn’t he always been like this? What, is this your first time meeting him?”

They discussed Guo Ping in the group chat all the way until noon. There was no helping it – as the cosmic peace ambassador who would be establishing diplomatic relations with extraterrestrials, Guo Ping had already been in the headlines for days.

Not only that, now that the cultivation world had links to these alien lifeforms, more and more information on these aliens as provided by Divine Dao Star were starting to appear in the public eye.

Of course, the information online which had been made public was only part of the data, and didn’t even make up five percent. During Divine Dao Star’s extremely aggressive encroachment of the universe, they practically annexed over ninety percent of planets with intelligent lifeforms. However, the Divine Dragons never ever expected to ultimately be defeated by people from Earth.

...

That very night after they chatted about Guo Ping in the group chat, a person came to the Wang family’s small villa. Dog Two was lying on its stomach at the entrance, and when it looked up, it saw a man whose face was covered up and who was completely wrapped up in bandages. Hands in his pockets, the man slunk toward the entrance.

“Who are you?”

Dog Two got up and opened its mouth right away.

Although it didn't sense any hostility from this person, it still retained a level of vigilance.

“You can actually talk without changing forms?” The visitor stared blankly when Dog Two spoke in human language. He then took off his sunglasses, face mask, sun hat and coat, as well as the bandages wrapped around him. Finally, he suddenly peeled off a layer of skin from his face.

This was a ready-made transfiguration mask sold on the market. It could also be custom-made, and all types of celebrity styles were available. It was similar to applying a facial mask; after it was on for five minutes, the mask would transform into the appearance you wanted.

But to buy a transfiguration mask, one had to register with their real name and the transaction had to be recorded to prevent people from using the mask for illegal dealings.

Huaxiu Alliance also strictly regulated the rights to produce transfiguration masks. Illegally producing them was a severe crime, and one could be sentenced to five hundred years and more if caught and found guilty.

“...” Dog Two gaped in surprise at the entrance.

This person spent a full five minutes removing all the components of his disguise – from head to toe, even all his leg hair had been completely covered.

When he revealed his true self, realization suddenly dawned on Dog Two; it had seen this middle-aged man before.

No kidding...

It was impossible not to have seen him before! He had been all over TV in these two days!

“Hello, I'm Guo Ping.” The middle-aged uncle introduced himself.

“Ask him why he’s here.” Wang Ling spoke telepathically to Dog Two from his bedroom on the second floor.

He hadn’t expected Guo Ping to come by the villa in the evening after talking about him in the group chat just that morning.

Wang Ling felt it was a little strange. He remembered that he had replaced Guo Ping’s memories. Although Wang Ling had indeed acted on Divine Dao Star, to Guo Ping’s mind after his memories were replaced, the strongest person among those present should have been Bai Qiao.

Logically speaking, Wang Ling should be a nobody after Guo Ping’s memories were replaced!

Why was Guo Ping suddenly calling on him?

“I’m here to meet Ling Zhenren,” Guo Ping replied.

“Nope, my little master is busy with his homework and very busy,” said Dog Two.

“Let me help him with it then.” Guo Ping smiled.

Dog Two: “...”

Shock! The famous scholar of Huaxiu’s Magic Treasure Research Institute and currently the popular cosmic diplomatic peace ambassador Guo Ping is actually helping a senior high school student with his homework... Is this the degeneration of humanity or a loss of morality?!

“You don’t have to refuse me like that – Wang Ming that fellow already told me everything. Also, I helped him out in the beginning with upgrading the talisman. I’ve come this time just to thank Ling Zhenren.” Guo Ping smiled helplessly.

“Thank him?”

“That’s right. Wang Ming said that it was Ling Zhenren who provided the energy string which allowed me to travel through space for so long. If it wasn’t for Ling Zhenren, I might still be drifting out in space right now.”

“...”

Chapter 974: Trouble Has Arrived

Guo Ping had come just when it was time for dinner. Although he had come uninvited, he was after all a prominent figure right now. Furthermore, Wang Ling never knew that Guo Ping had contributed to the research on his talisman upgrade.

If one had to know, even President Qi, who was like a father to Wang Ming, had been kept in the dark about the talisman seal.

Mother Wang was a little overwhelmed. “Teacher Guo has come today for...”

“It’s nothing; my nephew is Wang Ling’s classmate and has received a lot of care from Wang Ling. I dropped by today to look for Wang Ling and a bite, if possible,” said Guo Ping.

“...” Mother Wang was taken aback when she heard this. This Teacher Guo was unexpectedly acting overly familiar with them.

But the Wang family was as hospitable as always, and naturally wouldn’t turn away someone who had already come, so Mother Wang could only invite him to stay for dinner. Old Man Wang had invented a new dish, and when he saw that the celebrity who had been all over TV in the last few days had dropped by the villa, his face brightened happily. “Teacher Guo came at the right time; you must try my new dish tonight.”

“I heard that grandfather is good at cooking; I will definitely make myself at home,” said Guo Ping politely.

“Teacher Guo, you flatter me. My new dish tonight is an iced red bayberry pastry. After removing the ice bayberry flesh, I turned it into a pulp to use as filling in dough balls, which I then rolled into dough twists and deep fried at a high temperature to produce this bayberry pastry. It’s full of flavor and leaves a rich aftertaste.” As soon as his new dish was brought up, the old man couldn’t stop chattering.

“Grandfather, you’re so impressive.” Guo Ping was blank as he listened, and he laughed. “Also, you don’t have to call me Teacher Guo; Little Guo is fine.”

“Very well, Little Guo. Since you’re here for Ling Ling, I’ll call him down,” said Mother Wang.

“Don’t trouble yourself, auntie, I’ll do it,” said Guo Ping.

On the second floor, Wang Ling heard the conversation downstairs and sighed in his heart.

It was only halfway through his tranquil summer break, but now this bug had shown up.

Wang Ling was also puzzled by Guo Ping’s appearance, since Wang Ming had never even so much as hinted at Guo Ping’s involvement before. After all, creating the talisman seal was an important thing.

Just now, Wang Ling had already texted Wang Ming to ask about it, but the latter had yet to reply.

Wang Ling suddenly missed the dumbass who would usually reply in seconds.

Wang Ling didn’t know what Guo Ping was like, but through this encounter, he felt that Guo Ping was really overly familiar with him and didn’t think of himself as an outsider at all.

Guo Ping made his way up to the second floor with confidence, as if he had investigated beforehand and knew exactly where Wang Ling’s bedroom was.

When he passed by Father Wang’s study, he even stepped more lightly – he obviously knew of Father Wang’s identity. Looking at this, Wang Ming had indeed told Guo Ping a lot about them.

Arriving at the door to Wang Ling's bedroom, Guo Ping knocked on it, but there wasn't any response at all. Then, just as he turned the doorknob, a human face suddenly appeared on the bedroom door.

After the last few times Mother Wang had barged into Wang Ling's bedroom without knocking, Wang Ling had already enlightened the door.

This new member of the enlightened party was the door guardian, whose full name was Nagato.

"Our master is not receiving guests today." The door guardian was very straightforward. "If you insist on intruding, I'll have to use the Shinra Tensei 1 on you."

"Your door is quite interesting." Guo Ping laughed. Although the door suddenly speaking had given him a scare, he very quickly calmed down.

He was well aware of Wang Ling's secret, and thus wasn't too surprised by the various oddities in the Wang family's small villa.

He knew Wang Ling was avoiding him on purpose, most likely because Wang Ming hadn't told Wang Ling about this beforehand.

These two days, the research institute had been busy receiving aliens and analyzing their cultures. With the incorporation of some methods furnished by these cultures, the institute had made unexpected breakthroughs in a lot of their research which had yet to see results before this.

Wang Ming had thus been using his brain very heavily in the last two days. Guo Ping thought that the reason why Wang Ling wouldn't meet him was probably because Wang Ming had yet to wake up.

After he overused his brain, Wang Ming would fall into a very deep coma, which was often accompanied by a very high fever which at its highest could be 70 or 80 degrees... An ordinary person's brain would have long been fried.

So to prevent this from happening, Wang Ming installed a cooling system in his brain.

Hence, while Wang Ming's temperature seemed very high on the surface, the temperature inside his skull was actually normal.

Seeing that he couldn't enter, Guo Ping was a little anxious. Since he couldn't get hold of Wang Ming, he could only call Zhai Yin. "Hello? Little Yin? Has Teacher Wang Ming woken up?"

"Not yet." On the other end of the phone, Zhai Yin replied, "His stress reaction this time was more serious; it might take another day or so to cool down."

"Another day? It's already been several days, right? He hasn't mentioned the fact that I would be dropping by the Wang family's small villa, and his little brother won't let me in..."

"Did you bring any crispy noodle snacks with you?"

"No."

"Then I'm afraid you won't be able to get in today."

"..."

"How about this: I'll explain the situation to them later since I also know of it, and I'm more familiar with his little brother than you are."

"Alright, I'll have to trouble Little Yinzi. Are you cooking? I can hear something frying?"

"I'm frying steak," said Zhai Yin.

"Aren't gas stoves forbidden inside the institute..." Guo Ping had a suspicion look in his eyes since Zhai Yin's fried dragon pork had almost killed President Qi.

Since that day, the research institute had banned the use of all equipment which could be used for cooking such as simple gas stoves, induction cookers, microwave ovens and so on. Even those magic treasures which could generate heat and light fires were contained under President Qi's orders. Apart from designated staff, no one was allowed to borrow any, especially not Zhai Yin...

Theirs was an institute of science and technology, not of biological weapons...

The lethality of Zhai Yin's dragon pork could even be said to be deeply imbued with Mother Juan's flavor; as for exactly what it was like to eat it, only President Qi knew...

Although Guo Ping hadn't been back long, he was already well acquainted with Zhai Yin and her cooking.

At present, there were ten laboratory levels in the research institute. The higher the level, the stricter the safety and isolation protocols in order to prevent chemical spills and unusual gases from leaking while research was being carried out.

And as tests had shown, a level ten lab couldn't guard against Zhai Yin's dragon pork... It had to be level eleven at least.

"Old Qi won't let me cook, and I've been itching to do so for a long time. Don't worry, I'm not using a gas stove or induction cooker. I just thought that since Wang Ming's fever is pretty high this time, it would be a waste not to use it."

"You're frying a steak on a person's head?" Guo Ping was horrified.

"It's already medium rare; you can try it when you get back. Do you want some black pepper on it?" answered Zhai Yin.

Chapter 975: A New Enemy

After the battle triggered by Devil Gut Fungus Lord on the border of Mixiu nation, new fortifications had been put up there. Although Devil Gut Fungus Lord was already dead, it had seriously contaminated the environment around the border, like a nuclear disaster, and it was a more troublesome problem that needed some time to be contained.

At the same time, Devil Gut Fungus Lord's death had also gotten rid of President Bai, who had been devoured and eliminated along with him.

After a purification system with automatic cleaning properties was deployed at the defense base on the border, cultivators could no longer set foot there.

Outside the high wall, a young man with white hair and bursting with vigor appeared, an enigmatic smile on his face.

"Mose would like to remind you that you're not allowed to enter this place; please leave in thirty seconds, otherwise the alarm defense system will be automatically activated."

"Defense system?" The white-haired young man smiled. The next moment, his pupils rotated and a formidable wave of spirit power shot out to instantly burn a huge hole in the high wall.

Mose let out a weak electronic voice. "Of course, it's always too much to ask humans to remain rational."

...

"It's there." After he entered, the young man floated up off the ground as he fixed his eyes on a particular location.

It was where Devil Gut Fungus Lord had been destroyed and where the aura was the thickest.

"Be revived." The young man opened his palm, and pure white light enveloped and burned the ground with a hissing sound.

...

*Hiss hiss... *

When Wang Ming woke up, he could clearly smell the aroma of black pepper beef. Furthermore, it seemed to fill his head, as if it was on top of him...

That wasn't right; why did he smell steak?

He was just about to get up, when Zhai Yin pressed him down. "Don't move!"

Wang Ming: "???"

Zhai Yin picked up the steak on Wang Ming's head with a pair of tongs, then poked at it. "Tch, it's only forty percent done..."

Wang Ming was stunned. "So you were using my forehead as an induction cooker?"

"I haven't cooked for a long time since Old Qi won't let me. And after you passed out, I thought it would be a pity not to make use of this resource." Zhai Yin pointed at the steaks she had just fried which were piled on a plate on the table. "I just fried ten steaks or so, want to try them?"

Wang Ming wiped at his sweat. "You can keep this biochemistry weapon for yourself..."

"So narrow-minded!"

Zhai Yin pursed her lips and put down the beef. "You need to rest more. If you overload your brain, it's going to be a problem. Old Qi has given you half a month of leave, and you're allowed to go out in civilian clothing. During this time, I'll stick close to you."

"I know." Wang Ming nodded. "And establishing contact with the aliens?"

"Old Guo and the others will handle it. After he came back, his disciples also came back, and they're very quick to do things." Zhai Yin said, "When you were unconscious, Old Guo called and said that he went to your little brother's place but couldn't meet him. Do you know what's going on?"

Wang Ming patted his head; he had almost forgotten about it. He had never told Wang Ling about Guo Ping's involvement in the study of the talisman, and he had his own reasons for this.

The main reason he had pulled Guo Ping into the research back then was to have him analyze the material of the talisman seal and then manufacture the talisman's main suppressive ingredient,

namely the “Anti-Wang Ling Matter.” Guo Ping had had his own unique reasoning and ideas when it came to analyzing this thing.

Sometimes, scientific research was similar to writing, and it often needed inspiration or a different way of thinking.

“I’ll talk to Old Guo myself about this later. Also, give me the dream restorer,” said Wang Ming.

The dream restorer was a magic treasure which Wang Ming had invented for fun; it could restore the dreams a person had in a span of twenty-four hours. The dreams people had were transient memories which they would often forget after waking up, so a dream restorer like this was very convenient.

Wang Ming sometimes had dreams in which he bullied Wang Ling, and after reconstructing these dreams, he would often record and edit them into a blockbuster film that didn’t even need the addition of cheap special effects!

“You dreamed that you bullied your little brother again?” Zhai Yin sneered. She was already used to this bro-con’s style – he had created this dream restorer just so that he could reconstruct the dreams of him bullying his little brother... Zhai Yin swore that she had never met a more perverted bro-con.

“Aren’t you a little too unhappy when I dream about my little brother?” Wang Ming raised his eyebrow. “When you cook in the future, you don’t need to add vinegar...”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Zhai Yin glared at Wang Ming like a leopard gazing at its prey.

Wang Ming was instantly terrified. “Never mind, it’s nothing... Nowadays, people like to eat lemons, and it’s actually very normal for it to be a little sour... So, you decide where we’ll go tomorrow... I won’t go to my little brother’s place ”

“That’s more like it.” Darting a sidelong glance at Wang Ming, Zhai Yin then took out a brocade pouch and pulled the “dream restorer” out of it.

As Wang Ming’s bodyguard and assistant, Zhai Yin now helped him carry some of the magic treasures which he often used.

Zhai Yin: “Take it, I’m going to go figure out where we should go tomorrow.”

Wang Ming: “Alright...”

The reason why he wanted to use the dream restorer today wasn’t for any other reason but that he was very concerned about the dream he just had.

Mixiu nation’s purifying defense base on the border and the white-haired young man who had suddenly showed up there... Wang Ming could only vaguely remember the scene.

Wang Ming actually knew about Mixiu nation building a defense base after the elimination of Devil Gut Fungus Lord; previously, a collaborative research team had even come over with questions about their design blueprint

But Wang Ming had never been to this border defense base.

However, the entire base had actually appeared in his dream and everything seemed so real, which made Wang Ming feel a little uneasy.

He couldn’t forget the smile on the white-haired youngster’s face. From beginning to end, moreover, the young man had seemed a little familiar...

“How strange.” Wang Ming frowned – he had never had such an odd dream before.

When he put on the dream restorer helmet, that dream which he had had while unconscious was reconstructed.

He saw a defense base with towering walls like the Great Wall.

He also saw that strange white-haired youngster who felt familiar to him in the dream.

At that moment, that youngster turned around and smiled at him.

He had the exact same face as Wang Ling...

Chapter 976: Wang Ling and Dog Two Revisit an Old Haunt

A face exactly like Wang Ling's.

This left Wang Ming in deep thought.

He couldn't be any more familiar with that face, yet it was also unfamiliar at the same time; the boy had snow-white hair and a smile rarely seen on Wang Ling's face.

This definitely wasn't the Wang Ling whom Wang Ming was familiar with...

Was someone imitating his little brother's face? Or was the dream a premonition?

Wang Ming felt that there was something odd about the whole thing.

"What's the matter?"

When Zhai Yin returned, she noticed that Wang Ming's face didn't look good.

"It's nothing." Wang Ming shook his head. His eyes turned to Zhai Yin. "Contact Roger and ask him if there's been any attack on Mixiu's border base."

"Alright." Zhai Yin nodded and didn't ask why.

Roger was an overseas friend of Wang Ming's in Mixiu's magic treasure research institute, and they were very close. When Mixiu constructed the border defense base this time, it was Roger who had sought Wang Ming out on details in the design blueprint. It was also Roger who named Mose, the border defense system's AI robot.

...

Although Guo Ping had dinner at the Wang family's small villa, he ultimately had yet to say much to Wang Ling. Wang Ling didn't know anything about Guo Ping at all, and before Wang Ming clearly explained the situation, Wang Ling chose to keep his silence as usual. Even when he had to open his mouth, he didn't waste words.

At the dinner table, Guo Ping complimented him, "Student Wang Ling has quite the character. I like it."

Wang Ling: "Mm."

Father Wang and Mother Wang: "..."

Guo Ping: "You seem to have a good relationship with my nephew?"

Wang Ling: "Mm."

Father Wang and Mother Wang: "..."

Guo Ping: "Student Wang Ling really... doesn't waste words at all! Do you have any words other than 'mm'?"

Wang Ling: "Oh."

Father Wang and Mother Wang: "..."

Wang Ling had always been impassive when it came to people he was unfamiliar with. Father Wang and Mother Wang had specially brought this up before and felt that their son's behavior was actually very impolite. But over time, they got used to it. After all, Wang Ling was a Capricorn: it was really hard for him to get along with someone he didn't know...

Personality-wise, Guo Ping just so happened to be the opposite. He was naturally easy-going and very enthusiastic about everything. His personality was in sharp contrast to Wang Ling's, and for a time, the latter felt at a loss.

Before he left, Guo Ping received a reply from Wang Ming, who was already awake and had gotten Roger to check on the border.

Wang Ming knew that Guo Ping was still at the Wang family's small villa. Given Wang Ling's personality, Guo Ping must have gotten the "cold-shoulder treatment" when he dropped by; Wang Ming knew his brother's personality too well. He apologized to Guo Ping and blamed himself, not necessarily with the intention of protecting Wang Ling, but largely because he hadn't communicated with Wang Ling about it this time.

But Guo Ping wasn't bothered, since he was the one who had shamelessly dropped by to begin with, with the intention of feeling Wang Ling out.

While they hadn't exchanged many words, it could still be said that he now had a preliminary understanding of Wang Ling.

This was a seemingly mediocre high school student who was anything but.

As he was leaving, Guo Ping said to Wang Ling, "Student Wang Ling, shall we go to a noodle shop tomorrow? That shop does fried crispy noodle snacks."

This time, Wang Ling finally said a third word other than "mm" and "oh."

Wang Ling: "Okay."

Guo Ping was stunned. He had asked so many questions before, but the guy had appeared uninterested in all of them. In the end, at the mention of crispy noodle snacks, he felt that Wang Ling's eyes could set off nuclear bombs... Could this thing be the passcode?

...

The address of the noodle shop which Wang Ming gave to Guo Ping and Wang Ling was none than No. 3600 Spirit Stream Road, the spot where Wang Ling had killed the Sky-Swallowing Toad when he was six and the location of the original crispy noodle snack flagship store. Furthermore, Fang Xing's family's noodle shop was next to the flagship store, and Fang Xing had been the first witness when Wang Ling killed the Sky-Swallowing Toad back then.

Despite Fang Xing's ongoing invitation, Wang Ling had never been to Fang Xing's family's noodle shop. Now it just so happened to be the summer break, and after writing a personal composition on Super Chen, Wang Ling thought it was time for him to go out to collect materials and look for inspiration before writing the next personal composition.

It was September 7th, the twenty-fifth day of the summer break.

Early that morning, with Loopy Toad on a leash, Wang Ling headed for Fang Xing's place. Why had he brought Loopy Toad with him? Actually, this was deliberate on Wang Ling's part. After all, when Dog Two had descended from the sky back then, that had been a traumatic experience for Wang Ling

Dog Two actually felt very aggrieved. How was this so-called mental traumatic its fault? And even if there was trauma, could it be as big as Dog Two's? It had been killed three times! Three! Furthermore, even its species had changed in the end, hey!

The Fang family had taken Fang Xing in. His adoptive parents were good people who raised him and ran a very large noodle shop. Wang Ling heard that the Fang couple would be opening a second shop very soon.

Walking Loopy Toad, Wang Ling stood on bustling commercial Spirit Stream Road. Directly opposite them was that century-old crispy noodle snack flagship store, and next to it was the noodle shop run by Fang Xing's family.

Right in the center of this commercial street was a life-sized bronze sculpture of Odd Zhuo. There were two parts to it. One was of Odd Zhuo and the other was of Dog Two's original form as the Sky-Swallowing Toad. The bronze sculpture had been made to commemorate Odd Zhuo's great achievement six years ago. As for how Odd Zhuo had defeated Dog Two, there actually hadn't been any other witnesses apart from Fang Xing.

So the artist who designed the bronze sculpture made it up.

He made Odd Zhuo very handsome, with a very exaggerated spirit sword in one hand and a valiant expression on the statue's face as it confronted Dog Two's Sky-Swallowing Toad bronze statue.

With Loopy Toad on the leash, Wang Ling looked at the sculpture for a long time. Dozens of seconds later, the bronze sculpture actually moved...

Both master and servant were shocked!

This bronze sculpture could actually move!

The bronze statue of Odd Zhuo stabbed the sword into Loopy Toad's stomach. Then, the bronze statue of Loopy Toad started to spurt water out of its mouth, the beautiful spray sprinkling the ring of plants around it...

Wang Ling and Loopy Toad: "..."

But that still wasn't the most ridiculous thing.

There was a reticulation system at the base of the sculpture.

The vegetation had been planted in manmade spirit soil, which absorbed extra moisture that was then drained. This extra water then reaccumulated in the belly of Loopy Toad's bronze statue for reuse via the reticulation system.

Loopy Toad was thus stabbed every five minutes.

In front of the bronze sculpture, Loopy Toad rubbed its own stomach and somehow felt that it hurt...

Chapter 977: Noodle Shop Discussion

When Wang Ling led Dog Two inside, Guo Ping and Wang Ming were drinking tea, and a LCD sign on the door of the noodle shop read "Closed."

Knowing that Wang Ling would be coming today, Fang Xing had talked to his foster parents last night about closing the shop, not only in consideration of Wang Ling, but also of Guo Ping's and Wang Ming's identities.

Naturally, nothing needed to be said about Wang Ming: he was the institute's precious gem, and President Qi usually wouldn't let him out with his face exposed. There was even less to say about Scholar Guo Ping, the big figure at the center of heated online discussion in the last two days, who was both the diplomat for alien affairs and cosmic peace ambassador.

These two dropping by was enough reason to close shop for the day.

Of course, for Fang Xing, the most important person was still Wang Ling.

He knew that Wang Ling didn't really like dealing with strangers. Fang Xing had invited him over so many times, and now that Wang Ling was finally here, Fang Xing naturally had to consider all aspects of Wang Ling's mood.

That was right – after saying so much, in the end, it was still all for Classmate Wang Ling...

As Wang Ling led Dog Two in, he saw that the noodle shop was laid out in a typical way: the kitchen was right in the middle, with several pots set up and all the cooking done in front of the customers.

At the back of the noodle shop was the room for the food ingredients. Fresh ingredients were restocked and replaced on a daily basis at a fixed time. Cameras had also been set up at the back to make the whole environment open and transparent so that customers could eat with peace of mind.

Although this was Wang Ling's first time at the Fang family's noodle shop, he knew that it had a high rating online and was ranked first in the area of noodle dishes.

This wasn't something any ordinary noodle shop could achieve.

“Wang Ling, you're here.”

When Wang Ling sat down on one side with Dog Two, he saw Fang Xing come out of the ingredients room. He was wearing a face mask, a chef's hat, and a pure white apron.

“Do you know, you look very much like someone’s wife today.” Wang Ming laughed; when he had come before, Fang Xing had never dressed like this.

“My parents said they weren’t coming today, so I have to do it myself,” Fang Xing shrugged and said.

“Did they really not come, or did you send them away?” Wang Ming laughed.

Guo Ping’s gaze swept from Fang Xing to Wang Ling, the knowing expression of an old uncle on his face.

“Think whatever you like. My parents are outsiders, after all. Without them around, we can discuss things more freely.” Fang Xing gave a sunny smile. “In any case, I’m the chef today – do you want to eat or not?”

“Eat! How can we not eat?” Wang Ming cheered; he recalled those steaks which Zhai Yin had fried on his forehead when he had been unconscious yesterday... Reportedly, when those steaks had been tossed inside the chemical disposal station, they almost burnt a huge hole in the protective wall.

This was the so-called student surpassing their master; compared with Mother Juan’s cooking, Zhai Yin’s cooking had its own distinctive trait – a delayed toxic reaction...

Those who ate Mother Juan’s food would instantly “drop dead,” while Zhai Yin’s food didn’t look poisonous nor did there seem to be any problems with eating it... However, the poison would slowly take effect after a few hours – this was the most dreadful thing about it!

“Then it’s settled. I’ll go buy some crude oil.” Fang Xing smiled as he untied the apron.

“Crude oil?”

“To fry crispy noodle snacks, we need to use a special type of oil, and we have to buy them from a designated supplier, who doesn’t do deliveries. When I was checking the ingredients earlier, I noticed we ran out of crude oil.”

Fang Xing smiled at Wang Ling as he untied his apron. “Everyone, order whatever you like on the menu. If there aren’t enough ingredients, I’ll buy more while I’m out.”

“Then, a bowl of rhino horn milk noodles for me,” said Guo Ping.

Dog Two: “I want a large bowl of housefly noodles!”

Wang Ming: “I want a bowl of elegant chicken noodles.”

Wang Ling: “...”

“Okay, got it.” Fang Xing smiled. He didn’t ask Wang Ling what he wanted; in any case, he just needed to prepare a portion of each crispy noodle snack flavor.

“Go ahead and chat, I’ll be back shortly,” Fang Xing said to Guo Ping and Wang Ming before taking off his apron and leaving the noodle shop.

...

After Fang Xing left the noodle shop, the atmosphere quieted down. After some thought, Wang Ming decided to introduce Guo Ping first since he knew it had been a little awkward when Guo Ping had dropped by the Wang family’s villa last night.

“Ling Ling, let me introduce you to Professor Guo Ping once more,” said Wang Ming.

Wang Ling finally gazed at Guo Ping with an air of recognition.

“Professor Guo was indeed involved in a small part of the talisman seal research, but this small part was an important one. Thus, I think we will also need Professor Guo’s continued assistance with follow-up research on the talisman seal,” said Wang Ming.

To tell the truth, Wang Ling’s research had proceeded smoothly on all fronts with Guo Ping’s help previously. After they had received news of Guo Ping’s “death,” however, Wang Ming’s research hit a bottleneck.

Wang Ming indeed had the most powerful brain, but sometimes, this didn't mean that he could completely do without the help of a team.

Guo Ping could be considered the first comrade Wang Ming had acknowledged in the field of scientific research.

Since Wang Ming had already said this, Wang Ling naturally didn't have any complaints.

He could see that Guo Ping wasn't a bad person.

"Why do you look frustrated?" Dog Two asked at that moment. Having a new member join them should be a happy thing.

Guo Ping and Wang Ming exchanged looks, and after coming to an unspoken agreement, Guo Ping frowned. "It's like this: last night, Wang Ming received news that a huge hole had mysteriously appeared in Mixiu nation's newly constructed defense barrier on the border."

"A huge hole?"

"That's right. Furthermore, it was clearly man-made, and the AI security robot Mose was completely destroyed. However, Mose didn't send out any sort of warning before the problem was detected. This proves..."

"This proves that this person did things quickly and neatly," Wang Ming continued. In fact, the damage to the border defense barrier was just one of several things.

Wang Ming paused, and then continued. "Although we currently don't have concrete evidence, my guess... is that Devil Gut Fungus Lord and President Bai, Bai Zhe, who were already confirmed dead, have most likely been resurrected."

Resurrected...

Wang Ling sank into silence when he heard this.

The Three Thousand Great Dao did include a resurrection spell, but Wang Ling never used it as it would break the balance of life.

But the issue was that if someone had used the Resurrection Heavenly Dao, Wang Ling should have sensed it. However, there hadn't been the least bit inkling yesterday of this happening.

This person clearly hadn't used any of the Heavenly Dao, Outer Dao or even Divine Dao.

Resurrecting Devil Gut Fungus Lord and President Bai...

What was this person's aim?

It didn't seem like he was looking for a cure for constipation...

Chapter 978: Benchi Sword

Whoever the young man was or what his purpose might be, the resurrection of President Bai and Devil Gut Fungus Lord was a serious issue. These were two very troublesome enemies. Devil Gut Fungus Lord would continue to become stronger with time, while President Bai had a terrifying self-recovery ability.

If they were to revive, Wang Ling would have to slap them several more times – how tiring!

He sighed inwardly.

So, the best way to prevent this from happening was to strangle these guys in the cradle at the very beginning.

And that mysterious teenager with unusual powers was his only lead right now in tracking down those two individuals.

“Any leads on that teenager?” Wang Ling asked.

In a rare instance, Wang Ling chose to open his mouth rather than speak telepathically, which indicated how seriously he viewed this matter. And since Guo Ping had already joined their party, there was no longer anyone in the noodle shop who was an outsider.

Wang Ling hardly ever spoke aloud, and as soon as his voice sounded, Wang Ming and Guo Ping, as well as Dog Two on the ground, got goosebumps all over... It was a waste not to become a voice actor with that voice...

“Su Shangqing?” Guo Ping raised his eyebrows. In fact, he was also a passionate anime, comics and games fan in his daily life, and was quite familiar with the voice acting field. He thought that Wang Ling’s voice was somewhat similar to Su Shangqing’s.

“Su Shangqing?”

“He’s done voices for Fighter of Destiny , Battle Through the Heavens and There’s a Pit in My Senior Martial Brother’s Brain – the most important thing is that he’ll be voice acting for The Daily Life of the Immortal King !”

“I see...” Wang Ming had the expression of one who didn’t understand, but thought it was awesome anyway.

Wang Ling: “...”

Returning to the topic, Guo Ping started to talk about some information he had obtained last night, which had been put together and analyzed by Roger at Mixiu’s research institute.

“No material evidence was left behind before Mose was destroyed; not even an image capture of the youngster’s face.”

Guo Ping said slowly, “However, based on the huge hole at the border defense base, the intruder is young and about 178cm in height; we have a full set of magic treasures for reconstructing and analyzing spells, and from the focal point of the spell damage, we can determine the angle at which the attacker’s hand was raised when the spell was cast.

“A person attacking with spells usually doesn’t cast them at an exaggerated angle, and basically won’t go above shoulder height. Additionally, judging by the footprints left at the scene, the spellcaster is extremely confident in his spell attacks, as he was physically very close to the destruction site.

“This means one of two things. First, the spellcaster has a precise handle on his magic: he knows how to keep himself safe from where he’s standing when he’s casting spells. But based on the extent of the damage to the wall, that was an exceptionally fierce blast! Hence, I think the second point is more likely, and that is that this person is completely unafraid of spell damage, and is thus very conceited.

“Egoistic people like this usually want to be as cool as possible when casting spells, so they’d never stand with their legs too far apart, since that would ruin their image.”

Wang Ling as well as Dog Two on the ground almost spaced out when they listened to Guo Ping’s analysis.

“You studied criminal psychology before?” Dog Two asked.

“A little, but a lot of it is just based on scientific reasoning.” Guo Ping said, “I calculated this person’s height based on the above information, while I determined his age in light of the information which Roger sent over following the spell reconstruction. The composition of the spirit power molecules which the intruder left behind at the scene is relatively young, so I think the other party is around your age, Wang Ling.”

“?” Wang Ling frowned.

Around his age...

Could this person be another cultivation prodigy hiding in the world?

Guo Ping’s analysis made sense, and it aligned with what Wang Ming had seen in his dream. Although Wang Ming still couldn’t quite believe it, practically all the information now matched his dream.

Wang Ming had yet to share this matter with anyone.

Now, however, he felt that the others had to know. “I have something to tell you. It’s about my dream last night...”

Wang Ming raised his head, a complicated expression on his face.

...

Elsewhere, Fang Xing had run into some trouble on his way to buy ingredients. He had gone off to buy groceries on the new Benchi Sword which his foster parents had bought him. They had just picked up the sword from the Benchi 4S store yesterday, but Fang Xing had only flown it halfway when it started to leak spirit power.

Imported goods also weren’t reliable nowadays! They were all so shitty. Fang Xing remembered that in order to buy this sword, his foster parents had even been forced to pay a service fee.

He had heard them complain yesterday that customer service attitude before and after payment was like the sudden onset of a storm; they turned hostile faster than flipping the pages of a book.

As the saying went: “Benchi in hand, I own the whole world at over 600,000 HNY. But it barely inches forward, and leaks spirit power halfway. I paid the service fee in cash, and there is virtually no after-sales service 1 .”

Given that the sword was leaking spirit power, Fang Xing was forced to stop his flight and set out on foot instead to his destination.

He didn’t have a spare spirit sword on him, but he wasn’t far from his destination. Fang Xing touched down in a nearby park. There was a spirit bus stop next to the market, so he could take a spirit bus back later.

Just as Fang Xing was about to head in the direction of the market, a hand landed on his shoulder. “Classmate Fang, don’t move.”

“Who are you?” Fang Xing was instantly wary. He could feel this person’s hand but couldn’t see him, which meant one of two things.

First, this man was currently invisible.

Second, this man was using a space layer spell, which typically meant that he was invisible to others but he could still communicate with them.

Whatever the case, a person who would hide his identity like this could only be a criminal on the run.

Also, this voice sounded familiar to Fang Xing for some reason...

“What do you want?” Fang Xing asked.

“Come with us. My master wants to meet you,” said the person behind Fang Xing in a dreadful tone.

Fang Xing struggled but found that the man was as strong as an ox, and he couldn't break free of the man's hold at all.

Fang Xing grit his teeth and turned his body in a way that no regular person could to twist his arm free and throw off the man's hold.

Then, he stomped his foot, and the scene before his eyes instantly transformed.

This was the second generation intrinsic spirit field which his father Immortal She Pi had passed down to him.

This person had ill intentions, so he had to be an enemy! Thus, Fang Xing didn't think too much, and wanted a look at this person's face first before he did anything else.

Chapter 979: Bai Youquan

Although the second generation intrinsic spirit field was powerful, Fang Xing knew he couldn't let this battle drag out. His intrinsic spirit field's attribute was gravity, and anyone who stepped inside wouldn't be able to move so much as an inch.

The identity of anyone inside the intrinsic spirit field would also be fully revealed, and Fang Xing saw the person's appearance clearly: it was a familiar-looking person with deathly white skin.

The teenager wore a white shirt and jeans with suspenders under a gray coat, which gave him a very elegant air.

"Bai Zhe?" Fang Xing was taken aback; he never expected this President Bai to actually still be alive.

As far as he remembered, Bai Zhe had already been destroyed along with Devil Gut Fungus Lord, as if they had been struck down by a god; even their souls had been annihilated. There was no possibility of them being resurrected.

The person standing in front of him had the same face as Bai Zhe.

Bewildered and uncertain, Fang Xing knitted his eyebrows as he stared at the other party with a wary expression.

"No, you're not Bai Zhe..." Fang Xing frowned. Although this person resembled Bai Zhe very closely, their auras were entirely different.

The teenager with the deathly white face applauded. "As expected of the descendant of True Immortal She Pi. You can actually tell us apart. That's right, I am indeed not Bai Zhe, but his son, Bai Youquan."

"He has a son?" Fang Xing was astonished.

Bai Youquan smiled somewhat tauntingly. "True Immortal She Pi shook the cultivation world with his might back then and there wasn't anyone who didn't know him. But everyone knows he remained unmarried and alone until the end of this life. It was only at the end of his imprisonment that he gave birth to you. If a damn tranny can have an heir, why can't my dad?"

“Shut your mouth!”

Fang Xing grit his teeth as his fury surged and stirred his golden hair. He glared angrily at Bai Youquan. “Now that you’re in my intrinsic spirit field, don’t think of escaping!”

With one stomp of his foot, the ground in front of him instantly collapsed!

His footprint expanded to leave a deep hole in the ground. At the same time, a massive meteor came crashing down toward the deep hole.

Bai Youquan had clearly come prepared. Although he was stuck inside that deep hole, there wasn’t the slightest change in his expression.

He had been expecting the second generation intrinsic spirit energy, which was a family legacy and which contained True Immortal She Pi’s power. Furthermore, Fang Xing had never stopped refining it all these years, and what Bai Youquan faced now was eighty-nine times the gravity.

Indeed, it was hard for him to take even a single step.

Under such heavy gravity, even a True Immortal would find it hard to move. Bai Youquan knew that as a mere Soul Formation cultivator, he didn’t have the slightest chance of winning in a showdown with Fang Xing using normal cultivation methods.

However...

In the next moment, a golden light enveloped Bai Youquan’s body and he flew out of the hole.

Fang Xing stared fixedly at Bai Youquan, who was giving off an exceedingly strange air.

What Bai Youquan was using wasn’t spirit qi!

Instead, it was a power that Fang Xing had never seen before!

Fang Xing knew that previously, in order to deal with Wang Ling, Bai Zhe had collected four Outer Dao. However, the strength which Bai Youquan was revealing now far surpassed that of Outer Dao.

“Not divine magic, not Outer Dao... and not Divine Dao.” This was beyond Fang Xing’s expectations. Bai Youquan didn’t have a high realm, but he was displaying strength beyond what he should have.

Slowly rising out of the hole, Bai Youquan gave off an aura which Fang Xing had never sensed before. “True Immortal She Pi’s son truly lives up to his name. But I hear that you have another form. If you don’t use it, I’m afraid you might not be my match.”

His voice was low, but every word penetrated the marrow and seemed to reverberate in the soul and echo throughout the intrinsic spirit field.

“If you won’t do it, then I’ll act first.” With one step, Bai Youquan shot forward, his aura splitting the air like a dragon blade and the earth crumbling in his wake to create a terrifying abyss.

“Even this is so destructive...” Fang Xing was shocked. Wrapped in that strange aura, the other party was able to move so easily in eighty-nine times gravity – this wasn’t the strength of a Soul Formation cultivator.

“Classmate Fang, give up. You’re not my match, much less my father’s.” Bai Youquan sneered, and sent Fang Xing flying backward and spitting out blood with one punch.

Moving extremely fast, he aimed his second punch at Fang Xing’s leg.

“Snake scales!” Fang Xing responded swiftly as he sent out his life bonded magic treasure to form a protective barrier when the punch landed, but it could only cushion the impact.

This no-frills and ruthless punch was enough to fracture Fang Xing’s hip bone.

“It’s over, Classmate Fang.” Bai Youquan recited a spell, and the suspenders he was wearing suddenly slipped off him to firmly wrap themselves around Fang Xing’s limbs like tentacles!

Under Fang Xing’s stunned gaze, Bai Youquan stood in front of him in just his pants; even the gray coat and white shirt had been taken off.

A flasher...

Fang Xing stared at the other party, a storm raging in his heart. This person's realm was strange – although it wasn't high, he exhibited strength beyond his realm, and used power that Fang Xing had never seen before.

“Who wants me captured?” Fang Xing knew that it was pointless to go all out in battle for now, and he looked at Bai Youquan as he asked his question.

“My father wants to meet you.” Bai Youquan smiled. “As you can see, I'm only at the Soul Formation stage, but I'm far stronger than a True Immortal – even the Ten Generals aren't necessarily my match. And my father is still a dozen times stronger than I am!”

“Your father should already be dead...”

“Who determines life and death in this world? This is simply fate.” Bai Youquan shrugged.

“What do you want from me...”

“There's no need to beat around the bush, Classmate Fang, you can't escape me. There's no harm in telling you the truth. We're looking for True Immortal She Pi's cremation urn. After his death, the authorities gave it to you. If you give it to us, who knows, we might be able to resurrect your father.”

“You want to bring my father back to life?” Fang Xing was shocked.

Bai Youquan: “I'm not clear on how, but my father was resurrected too. I'm sure that for you, bringing your father back to life is a worthwhile deal. Surely you have many questions you want to ask him?”

Fang Xing: “What do you want from my father?”

Bai Youquan: “Everyone knows True Immortal She Pi gave birth to you on his own. When it comes to infertility, he's an expert in this field. Who else can I look for if not him?”

Fang Xing: "..."

Chapter 980: True Immortal She Pi's Cremation Urn

More than ten years ago, True Immortal She Pi was found guilty by Huaxiu Alliance, stripped of all his power, and sentenced to death. Before he died, True Immortal She Pi bore an egg which he entrusted to General Yi. The baby born from the egg was none other than Fang Xing.

Actually, Fang Xing had never given up investigating his biological father's death all this time, but had still been unable to find anything.

As he listened to Fang Xing's story on the road, Bai Youquan couldn't help the strange expression that crossed his face. "So, you're not human?"

"You're the one who isn't human..."

"But humans are mammals. You popped out of a freaking egg! Wouldn't someone say you're copying Demon King Piccolo 1?"

"Chickens are also born from eggs..."

"That's true..."

Bai Youquan had captured Fang Xing. At that very moment, they were in a spirit car. This was a unique vehicle made of a very peculiar material; it would never leak engine oil, nor cause a female graduate student to cry sitting on the hood of the engine 2 .

"True Immortal She Pi's death that year was very strange. He was Devil Emperor Gua Pi's disciple and had always worked behind the scenes. But after Devil Emperor Gua Pi was arrested, True Immortal She Pi suddenly led a large devil army in revolt, which was completely unlike the way he normally did things and rather peculiar." Bai Youquan was puzzled.

Before setting out to capture Fang Xing, he had also done his homework.

“You also think there’s something wrong with how my father died?”

“It’s just a gut feeling; I think there might be a hidden story here. But True Immortal She Pi has been dead for more than a decade; there’s not much meaning in discussing this now.” Speaking up to this point, Bai Youquan fixed his gaze on Fang Xing. “Actually, I don’t hate you. I can even help you.”

Fang Xing: “Help me?”

Bai Youquan: “Haven’t you always wanted to know the truth of what happened that year? With my father’s current strength, it would take no effort at all.”

Hearing this, Fang Xing fell silent.

“I know what you’re thinking; you’re trying to come up with a way to escape in your head. If you had gone all out in your intrinsic spirit field just now, it wouldn’t have been so easy for me to take you away.” Bai Youquan laughed. “You deliberately gave up so easily because you wanted me to take you to our base before you secretly sent the information to your comrades, isn’t that right?”

Fang Xing remained silent. He had never expected Bai Youquan this person to be so perceptive.

“Since Classmate Fang isn’t saying anything, then it looks like I guessed right.” Bai Youquan leaned back comfortably in his seat. He didn’t think much of Fang Xing’s abilities at all, and was even less worried that Fang Xing would suddenly attack him.

Bai Youquan laughed. “So, Classmate Fang Xing, don’t go looking for trouble. The address you gave me earlier for where Immortal She Pi’s cremation urn is hidden was fake, wasn’t it?”

“After you were born, some of the Ten Generals were worried that the great power you inherited would become a danger to everyone in the future, so they raised you in secret until you were four years old, then sent you to the private school Tianshi Imperial High, which had many other children with unusual gifts who had similarly lost their parents.

“However, the children who come out of Tianshi Imperial High are reclusive, so in many cases, no family is willing to adopt them.

“But you were lucky; you met your foster parents of the Fang clan, who also currently run a noodle shop. Later, you had the opportunity to transfer to No. 60 High.”

“What else do you know...” Fang Xing frowned. He felt that he had thoroughly underestimated Bai Youquan. This person knew more than he thought.

“I know everything about you.” Bai Youquan smiled. “You transferred to No. 60 High to search for your childhood hero. It was all for that Classmate Wang Ling, wasn’t it?”

Hearing this, Fang Xing couldn’t help the way his eyes widened.

There was no way anyone could know that! He had never mentioned it to anyone before!

“Are you overwhelmed, Classmate Fang?” Bai Youquan chuckled. “I may as well tell you the truth. In this newly established organization, my father is nothing more than a foot soldier – our master is far stronger than you can ever imagine.”

Listening to Bai Youquan’s words, Fang Xing felt for the first time an unprecedented sense of danger. The enemy this time was indeed nothing like any other adversary he had ever faced before.

Not only did the other side have unknown, matchless strength, they had a frightening information network that could discover things no ordinary enemy could possibly know.

“Since things have come to this point, I don’t think Classmate Fang needs to keep anything from us. The organization welcomes you with open arms; you should cherish this opportunity.” Bai Youquan crossed his legs as he spoke. He didn’t need to drive; the spirit car was in full automatic cruise mode and could steer itself.

But Bai Youquan knew that the address Fang Xing had given him was fake, so from the beginning, the car had just been going around the city in circles without actually going anywhere.

“What exactly do you want me to do?” Fang Xing sighed.

“To show us your sincerity, Classmate Fang can hand over True Immortal She Pi’s urn first, then we’ll discuss the deal. Classmate Fang can rest assured that we have no interest in the urn; we just need some of the ashes,” Bai Youquan said.

“Are you going to make milk 3 ...?”

“There’s no point in Classmate Fang asking these questions. If you want to know about your father, it’s very simple: we just need to resurrect him and you can ask him yourself.” Bai Youquan said, “You are his son, I don’t believe he’ll hide anything from you, and you will finally get the answers you have been looking for all these years.”

“Then, wait one moment.”

Fang Xing drew in a deep breath.

The next instant, his belly promptly swelled up. Bai Youquan seemed to know what Fang Xing was going to do, and he exclaimed in disbelief, “WTF, did you eat your dad’s urn?”

Fang Xing didn’t say anything. Moments later, he spat out a small black iron box that was plain and unadorned.

Immortal She Pi’s ashes were contained within.

The entire box was well preserved.

Heedless of where it came from, Bai Youquan picked up the box and used his sleeve to wipe off the drool before taking a selfie with it.

Fang Xing: “???”

Bai Youquan: “Don’t get me wrong, I’m not revealing any information on the cremation urn; I just want to post a commemorative selfie. Actually, I’ve always been a fan of True Immortal She Pi. Us fans are called iShes, and our fan club numbers are no less than iKuns 4 !”

Fang Xing: "..."

But right after Bai Youquan finished speaking, there was suddenly a blare of sirens next to the spirit car.

"Police?"

Bai Youquan rolled down the window, but the person outside wasn't wearing a police uniform.

It was a young man in sportswear and wearing a helmet, who had a megaphone on him. "Hello, this is Visual China 5 . The selfie you just took is an infringement of our image copyright. Please pay the copyright fee, friend!"