

# The Daily Life of the Immortal King

## Chapter 6: The First Day of School

It was the first day of school at No. 60 High School.

Oh, no, to be more precise, it was the first day of Foundation Establishment high school nationwide.

Huaxiu nation's education policy had always adhered to the "no rules, no order" motto. Based on a cultural heritage thousands of centuries old, this adage definitely wasn't just for show. Getting to school on time, attending morning classes, eating lunch, leaving school, wearing the compulsory school uniform... all of these had already long existed in well-preserved historical books on school rules and regulations dating back hundreds of years.

Last night, while Wang Ling had been eating his crispy noodle snack, the uniform had been sent to his home via space delivery.

The school uniform was blue and white in color, and looked like sportswear. There was even a specially printed word on the back of the uniform, a large "ELITE" for the elite class...

Although he had already prepared himself mentally, Wang Ling still couldn't help drawing in a sharp breath at the uniform style.

He understood the reasoning behind it.

It was normal for an established culture that was thousands of centuries old, or for promoting ethnic culture, or whatever... but couldn't their damn sense of style have also improved a little bit?! What the hell was up with the "ELITE" on the back of the uniform? A privilege for the elite class?

Looking at it from all sides, Wang Ling felt that the inspiration for the uniform was definitely copied off the ancient prison uniform for deathrow inmates thirty thousand years ago, which typically had the word "DEAD" printed on the front and back.

However, you couldn't say that there weren't any improvements. Almost all the pockets on the uniform were space storage, their capacities so large they would almost never be completely filled. This was a true achievement in line with Huaxiu nation's education policy, which for thousands of years had aimed to reduce the burden on students.

Clearly though, this wasn't the main point.

For Wang Ling, the heaviest burden of all was how he was going to face the worst f\*\*king day tomorrow.

From the Wang family's small villa in its mixed urban and rural area, it was ten thousand li to No. 60 High School. Almost as fast as the wind, Wang Ling ran full steam along country lanes until he arrived at the school gate in under two minutes.

After all, he had once run thirty thousand li to buy crispy noodle snacks when he had been younger. For him, this distance of ten thousand li was just too relaxing; his face wasn't red, nor was he out of breath.

As today was the first day of school, members of the guidance office along with several school leaders were greeting new students in person at the gate.

Just as Wang Ling was about to turn a corner, he could hear a few people chatting from afar.

"I heard that a new student received a SSS grade yesterday?"

"That's right, Headmaster Chen. The student is called Wang Ling, and has already joined the elite class."

"I see... seems like this student is sure to accomplish much in the future. Is Student Wang Ling a male or female student?" asked Headmaster Chen.

"A male student."

Headmaster Chen's expression was full of regret. "Ah, male students nowadays are already very perceptive. If this Student Wang Ling had been a girl, I wouldn't have mind calling her to my office to personally instruct her in her learning."

Behind him, each and every one of the school leaders and officers sighed with regret all over their faces.

Wang Ling: "..."

After tidying up his uniform, Wang Ling calmly walked through the school gate, bowing and saluting without being recognized by anyone. This was because, when he had been running helter-skelter for No. 60 High School, he had already used one of the Three Thousand Great Spells — the Great Transfiguration Spell.

Compared with an ordinary disguise technique, the biggest difference was that this powerful ability could completely alter appearances, fingerprints and DNA, and couldn't be detected by even the most advanced technology.

On the other hand, the disguise technique was based on an ancient method of makeup application which would immediately be detected by any electronic eye on the street, swiftly triggering a police alert.

In this way, Wang Ling successfully slipped into school after escaping the notice of the various leaders at the school gate... although it was obviously a tiresome effort, he felt that it was worth it.

For Wang Ling, all cheers and applause were superfluous.

From a young age, what he had always hoped for the most was a peaceful environment where he could study quietly. Unfortunately, none of his f\*\*king wishes had ever come true.

Some people said that when god closed one door, he inevitably opened a window.

In Wang Ling's case, it was obviously a more wretched situation. God not only opened both the door and window for him, he even summoned a ferocious sandstorm outside the window...

Grade One, Class Three was located on the first floor of the No. 60 High School teaching building.

Location-wise, outside the front door of the classroom was the female toilets, while outside the back door was the male toilets. At the same time, it was the class closest to the school canteen. Every time school let out for lunch at noon, a horde of elites could be seen bolting ahead to the battlefield with their tableware raised. It was a magnificent scene beyond compare.

Unlike schools in the old days, there were now less courses but longer class periods, which were rigorously aligned with the trend of the modern cultivation age. Fitness and strength training were a given, and basic courses like drawing talismans, producing spirit water, refining pills and so on would take up all of Wang Ling's time in Senior Grade One.

Senior Grade One was when students learned the important basics. Although Wang Ling had already learned all this himself when he was still in the womb, he still had to pretend to know nothing, obediently attend every class, then do his best to get average grades.

It was a real pain in the ass for him, having to constantly consider these petty things.

Making friends had always been Wang Ling's weak point. No. 60 High School had two elite classes, and there were fifteen students in his class.

After an emotionally tiring morning of selecting a class committee, Wang Ling could probably only remember a handful of names.

The brunt of it was the person who had been unanimously elected class monitor, Lotus Sun. Huaguo Water Curtain Group's Young Miss, who was at the late Foundation Establishment stage, presented herself as the standard for the beautiful, modern-day maiden. She did her utmost to display the image of a beautiful, elegant and graceful girl. But while she appeared perfectly flawless, there was enough drama in her heart to write an epic soap opera about bitter family feuds that had never been seen before in the history of Huaxiu nation.

The second was Super Chen, who was in charge of sports activities. He was at the peak late Foundation Establishment stage, and was one of the strongest young men with the greatest potential to break through to the Golden Core stage. Born into an old martial arts family, Super Chen was a muscular man obsessed with keeping fit and bodybuilding. He was probably the most energetic and exuberant person in the whole school, his blood always boiling at some random thing or other, leaving people feeling strangely stirred up and moved.

The third was Hero Guo, the political science representative at the late Foundation Establishment stage. His family operated a pet shop, which had evolved into a soul beast business in his great-grandfather's generation. He frequently carried around a parrot called Dopey, and together they would put on a two-man show, sometimes critiquing current affairs, sometimes lamenting the state of the nation and its people. He was also known as gossip central for all the classes. People had given him the nickname Master of Dopey.

The fourth person was also the one that Wang Ling was most wary of, Li Xuanjing. While it sounded like a girl's name, he was a rough-looking fellow who was one hundred and ninety centimeters tall. Like his name<sup>1</sup>, he was a man of few words, and perhaps the most unremarkable person in the class. Most crucially, Wang Ling realized that his Mind-Reading Ability couldn't be used on him, and he completely couldn't read the other boy's thoughts.

This type of situation was rare, and there were only two instances where Wang Ling would be prevented from reading minds. The first was if someone was carrying a powerful magic treasure that blocked out the signal from Wang Ling's spirit energy. The second was if someone was simple or pure enough, and didn't have a single scheming bone in their body.

Whatever the case, in Wang Ling's eyes, Li Xuanjing was a ticking time bomb that could explode any time, which was completely detrimental to his plan to hide his identity.

All in all, these were the four people around whom Wang Ling was going to have to be especially vigilant.

After the period was over, the class was filled with loud bursts of laughter. Looking around his noisy environment, Wang Ling couldn't help but sigh silently. Trying to hide his identity in this wretched hot zone was going to be f\*\*king difficult.

Glancing at the clock, Wang Ling took a book out of his space pocket, *On Talismans*, and placed it on the table.

Just then, the bell for the next class rang.

Less than a second after that, a middle-aged woman wearing gold-rimmed glasses and her hair up in a ponytail stormed through the door and up onto the dais, slapping down the blue roll book in her hands. "I could already hear all of you in the corridor when I was still in the office! You are the school's elites; making so much noise, whatever will you do next?"

This middle-aged woman was Pan Shengcong, the teacher-in-charge of Grade One, Elite Class Three. At the same time, she was also the fifth person around whom Wang Ling needed to be more vigilant...

## Chapter 7: The Great Teacher Pan

Wang Ling had already long heard about the glorious deeds of Teacher Pan Shengcong. As a leading teacher at No. 60 High School who had come back to work after retirement, she had trained quite a number of students with the greatest potential of breaking through to the Golden Core stage. Unfortunately, though they were clearly only one step away from Golden Core, by the time they graduated, they hadn't been able to break through to that stage.

But Teacher Pan was absolutely not to blame.

As the saying went, you can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make it drink; if you are lazy to cultivate in your prime, you'll regret it in your old age.

Despite countless cases of failure, Teacher Pan Shengcong was able to clutch at one last straw the year she was going to retire — No. 60 High School's legendary figure, Odd Zhuo.

That's right, the legendary Odd Zhuo, who graduated from No. 60 High School and who became famous for killing the sky-swallowing toad with one blow, used to be Teacher Pan's student.

Because of this, the school leaders had the utmost trust in her. Thus, though she had the lowest realm of all the teachers that had returned to employment after retirement, she was the leading teacher with the highest salary.

Whether or not this was the result of some back-door connection, Wang Ling didn't give a damn.

He just hoped that Teacher Pan was a little more astute, and wouldn't find trouble with him for no reason. After all, he was working hard to become a transparent existence!

Like all teachers-in-charge, Teacher Pan had sharp eyes and ears.

For example, she had been able to hear the students in class laughing when she had still been far away in her office.

Also, when she had walked down the corridor, she had seen that the students in the class next door were all diligently learning, but her own class was a mess.

As a result, Teacher Pan was infuriated; as soon as she entered the class, she slapped the roll book down loudly, making her dissatisfaction clear. "This will be my eightieth year teaching at No. 60 High School. I've been in charge of ten elite classes, and you are the tenth! Of all of them, you are the worst class that I've ever been in charge of!"

Everyone was taken aback at her words, but somehow felt like they'd heard them before.

Nonetheless, as the most difficult female teacher in the history of No. 60 High School, nobody dared to get on her bad side on the first day of school. Of course, Lotus Sun might be an exception. But Teacher Pan wasn't stupid enough to provoke her for no reason.

She didn't know any of the other students, so in that situation, Teacher Pan swiftly looked for someone to be made an example of in front of everyone else, in order to demonstrate her authority as the teacher-in-charge.

"Which one is Student Wang Ling?"

Wang Ling was startled as everyone in the class turned in unison to look at him.

Teacher Pan: "It was you, I heard your voice just now in the corridor!"

Wang Ling: "..."

"No matter how any of you got here, whether by strength or luck, since you are already here in my class, I hope all of you elites take heed! You must not be late, nor can you leave early, and don't make a racket! If you really want to challenge me, I'll have no choice but to invite your parents to school!"

This was the typical routine before the start of a new class. As the taciturn one in class, Wang Ling had almost always experienced this unjust treatment from a young age.

He remembered that the worst incident had been during Qi Condensation prep class, when he had directly summoned a meteorite which had smashed into the sports field, causing classes to be suspended for three days...

Luckily, Wang Ling had now already learned how to control his mood.

Otherwise, if he really went crazy, even he himself would be afraid.

...

Teacher Pan was mainly in charge of teaching the Dao talismans course. Apart from some of the basics of making talismans, the bulk of it was aimed at teaching the elite class advanced content.

Cinnabar, yellow talisman paper, spirit water and a writing brush — these were the four basic raw materials for drawing a talisman.

The elite class didn't spend as much time on the course basics, so the class moved at a much quicker pace. It was just the first class, but Teacher Pan had already brought the four main raw materials with her as she lectured, "I don't know if any of you have drawn a talisman before, but in my class, we're going to start from scratch. Now, I'm going to teach you how to draw a ghost-summoning talisman."

The ghost-summoning talisman, as its name suggested, was a talisman for summoning ghosts, and belonged to the summoning category of talismans.

Compared with other attack, defense, function-type or seal talismans, the ghost-summoning talisman might sound frightening, but of all the basic talismans, it was the easiest one to make. Even newbies had quite a high chance of successfully making one.

After she spoke, Teacher Pan mixed the cinnabar with spirit water, spread open the yellow talisman paper, and lifted her writing brush.

"Now I'm going to show you how to draw a ghost-summoning talisman."

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Teacher Pan as she skillfully lifted the writing brush and seemed to draw randomly on the yellow talisman paper. Just like that, a standard talisman was successfully created. The last step was to gather spirit energy and toss the talisman up into the air...

In the next moment, they witnessed a miracle.

The ghost-summoning talisman, which had been floating in the air, suddenly froze, and in the next instant, burst with a soft glow.

Everyone could see a transparent silhouette hovering in the air.

This thing was the so-called ghost.

Teacher Pan pointed at the greenish-gray thing and said, "I controlled the release of my spirit energy. What you are seeing now is the weakest of all ghosts, the hollow spirit, which doesn't have any killing intent. Because novice students can't control their spirit energy, they are likely to summon more aggressive spirits of a higher rank. But you don't have to worry, if anything unexpected happens, I will personally deal with it. Since I've already summoned this hollow spirit, I'll explain simply how to release it."

As she spoke, she dipped the tip of her forefinger into the blend of spirit water and cinnabar on the table, then quickly swiped at the area between the hollow spirit's eyebrows.

The hollow spirit let out a wretched cry and was instantly torn into two parts, which turned into wisps of vapor that then vanished.

"The area between the eyebrows is a ghost's weak point. Cultivators can easily release ghosts using a blend of spirit water and cinnabar, with the addition of a little more spirit energy. As for what is available in the market, to throw salt, use urine or chicken blood... all these are completely untrustworthy."

Teacher Pan waved her hand, and light flowed through the air as the four raw materials for making a talisman were distributed to each student. "Now you can get to work, and follow the steps I just demonstrated."

And that was it.

The classroom completely exploded, as all kinds of ghosts were summoned.

The hollow spirit which Lotus Sun summoned was a female student who had slipped and fallen from the top of the No. 60 High School building. Technically speaking, this female ghost was their senior sister.

Super Chen summoned an ancient headsman who still had nine knives stuck in his head. He had died when the family members of a prisoner on death row had stormed the execution ground, and in the confusion, the headsman had been stabbed to death.

Master of Dopey Hero Guo summoned a skeleton dog with no flesh on its bones at all, drawing strong condemnation from the dog lovers in class.

There was a saying that the purer a person was in mind and heart, the easier it was to attract dirty things. This just happened to be verified by what the class commissary in charge of studies, Little Peanut, summoned.

It was a hollow spirit that had already completely evolved into a malicious ghost. It had bloodshot eyes, one of which was hanging out of its socket, and it emitted an incredibly strong sense of resentment.

But as one of the vanguard teachers who had been at No. 60 High School for ages, Teacher Pan was worthy of her reputation.

It seemed that the instant the malicious ghost appeared, she had already dashed forward. She pulled at the eyeball until it snapped off, and in front of everyone present, she crushed it in her hands.

In their hearts, everyone gasped in admiration: "..."

So f\*\*king tough!

Almost the whole class had successfully used the materials on hand to create a summoning.

Wang Ling was the only person who was slow to act.

He had already taught himself this skill when he was still in the womb. It wasn't the least bit difficult — the number of talismans that Wang Ling could draw were probably more than what all the school teachers combined could produce.

The most difficult bit lay in the fact that he could not precisely control the release of his spirit energy.

Staring at the four raw materials on the table, Wang Ling was lost in deep thought...

Who the hell knew what he would summon?

Chapter 8: The Mysterious Legend of No. 60 High School

Everyone had probably heard the same legend from a young age — No. 60 High School used to be a graveyard.

Although Wang Ling had no way of officially checking whether this was true or not, the fact was that he could tell that the ground he was treading on really used to be a graveyard. The price for graveyard land had always been cheap, and six hundred years ago, this land had been acquired by the government's Education Department, which was when No. 60 High School had been built.

Wang Ling's hair stood on end at the thought.

No. 60 High School's sports field used to be part of the graveyard. Now, energetic students jumped around every morning to the two hundred and fiftieth set of radio gymnastics <sup>1</sup>, which was no different to disco dancing on burial mounds!

This would explain why so many bizarre things had shown up in their Dao talismans class.

In short, it was reasonable for Wang Ling to be worried.

He was unable to precisely control the release of his spirit energy. In addition, No. 60 High School used to be a graveyard. With these two deadly factors combined, Wang Ling couldn't guarantee that he wouldn't summon some weird ghost that Teacher Pan wouldn't be able to deal with.

Noticing that Wang Ling was slow to act, Teacher Pan slowly strolled over, her hands clasped behind her back. In her mind, if it wasn't because Wang Ling had good luck, then it was a bug in the system at the time which had enabled him to join the elite class. In fact, he seemed to be a real slacker.

"Why aren't you drawing a talisman? Or was there something you didn't understand from earlier? I can guide you through it!"

Didn't understand?

That was simply insulting his intelligence.

In his mind, Wang Ling silently rolled his eyes at Teacher Pan. This was a matter of life and death! What did she know?

But in this situation, he wasn't the one making the decisions. While staying low-key was the most important thing, he also didn't want to be pointed out by people as the loser who had snuck into the elite class by luck.

Staring deeply at the yellow talisman paper, Wang Ling exhaled, then lifted the writing brush.

At this moment, he could only try his best to control the release of his spirit energy...

The moment the talisman was completed, Wang Ling was already holding his breath. The people around him watched eagerly, looking forward to a show.

Like for everyone else, the yellow talisman floated in the air for a moment, and was then followed by a dazzling light.

Then, a monstrous, cyan-colored silhouette appeared in front of everyone's eyes.

In an instant, Teacher Pan turned petrified.

The surrounding students turned petrified.

Even Wang Ling himself turned petrified.

...

The sky-swallowing toad had never expected that through this method, for the third time in its life, it would be confronted with the person whose existence was like a shadow over it.

Given Wang Ling's strength, if he couldn't control his spirit energy, the chances were high that he would summon an imperial-ranked ghost.

And in No. 60 High School, the highest ranked ghost was its damn self!

After its spirit had been sealed, the sky-swallowing toad had exhausted all its options before a sliver of its soul had broken off and was able to escape the seal. But little did it think that Wang Ling would actually summon it here again.

At this moment, the poor toad's heart crumbled a little.

Looking at Wang Ling, its cold sweat flowed non-stop.

"Ribbit..." The moment it called out, the poor toad wanted to cry, but had no more tears left to shed.

It had already detected Wang Ling's killing intent; if it made the slightest suspicious move, it didn't doubt at all that Wang Ling would speedily dispatch it without the slightest hesitation.

In order to save the last sliver of its soul, the sky-swallowing toad would swallow any future humiliation it might face.

So the toad let out the simplest croak to show that it was harmless.

Who could have imagined... a monster that used to be a fifth-ranked demon king was now hard-pressed to the point that it had to rely on pretending to be a dumbass in order to prove that it wouldn't be a public nuisance.

...

Wang Ling had never expected that through this method, for the third time in his life, he would be confronted with the existence that was like a shadow over him.

The culprit who had screwed up his grand plan for two hundred years' worth of crispy noodle snacks had appeared before his eyes once again, and for the sake of holding on to what little life it had left, it was actually pretending to be a pet, submitting itself to the whims of others.

He wanted to ask if this grand demon king still had any integrity left...

But seeing this wretched appearance, Wang Ling really didn't have the heart to attack it.

...

Even though all that remained of this fifth-ranked demon was its spirit, it was still a ferocious monster in the eyes of many.

But this sky-swallowing toad was smart — with just one croak, its reputation was instantly wiped clean.

"It seems Student Wang Ling and the sky-swallowing toad are fated to encounter each other..."

Thirty seconds after the sky-swallowing toad had appeared, Teacher Pan was still bewildered.

She knew very well that with her current strength, it was unlikely that she would have been able to deal with this demon. But when it croaked, it completely set her mind at ease.

It turned out that it was just a wretched creature too weak to even utter a word!

...Then what the hell did she need to be frightened of!

"Don't worry, students, this demon is already too weak to fight back. I shall seal it."

Upon saying that, Teacher Pan used Immortal Guidance to swiftly seize the sky-swallowing toad's remaining spirit with one hand, and the ghost of the skeleton dog with the other, as she prepared to fuse them together.

Wang Ling knew very well what the outcome would be when an imperial-ranked monster was chemically fused with a low-ranked creature.

The demon king's substantial spirit energy would help reconstruct the puppy's corporeal body and also conveniently provide it a physical body to inhabit.

This was a win-win solution; on the one hand, the sky-swallowing toad's remaining spirit could be confined, and on the other, it could be seen to give the poor puppy that had been eaten after its death some closure.

Of course, the sky-swallowing toad was aware what it meant to be fused with the ghost of the skeleton dog — its spirit energy would be massively reduced and it would completely become a dog...

*Should I go along with your act of complete ignorance, or should I act like everyone's favorite toad?*

In that moment, Wang Ling could almost hear the despair in the sky-swallowing toad's heart.

Teacher Pan was indeed worthy of her reputation, as one of the vanguard teachers that had been at No. 60 High School for ages. With smooth and natural skill, almost without pause, she fused the two spirits together.

"Everyone, I have subdued the demon. How unexpected, though its spirit was already sealed, a small part of its soul had broken off. But it's alright now, it has been confined to a physical body, so it can only use a very small amount of spirit energy." Pleased, Teacher Pan said, "Everyone, just take it as our class mascot from now on."

In a halo burst of light, a brand new puppy with blue-green fur appeared in front of everyone.

"Ah, it's a Japanese akita!"

Lotus Sun's maiden heart instantly overflowed.

"But this dog's color is strange, why is it green?"

"Probably because it was fused with the sky-swallowing toad." Master of Dopey pushed his glasses up, and sighed. "We judge everything by appearance in this day and age. If you're good-looking, who's going to care about the color of your hair?"

Super Chen picked the akita up in delight, and squeezed its fat cheeks. "Shall we give him a name? How about... Loopy Toad<sup>2</sup>?"

Wang Ling: "..."

Loopy Toad: "..."

"Hey, why is it so quiet? You should *woof woof woof*, understand? You're a dog now, not a toad."

Loopy Toad: "..."

It looked silently at Wang Ling nearby, who had an indifferent look on his face.

Only now did Loopy Toad suddenly realize, the most miserable thing to ever happen to it wasn't encountering Wang Ling three times, but that though it was very angry, in front of Wang Ling, it had to keep smiling...

## Chapter 9: Loopy Toad and Dopey the Parrot

In this world, nothing could surpass the most miserable way to be reincarnated, which was into the wrong body. The example of Heavenly Marshal Zhu Wuneng <sup>1</sup> served as a warning, and Comrade Loopy Toad was unlucky enough to follow in his footsteps. It was a self-aware demon king that had struggled to get away with the last remnant of its spirit, but in the end had somehow been summoned into the classroom, then somehow forcefully fused with another spirit, and from a toad was reborn as a dog.

This could be said to simply be an epic miracle of cross-species reincarnation, and was one step away from making history.

After Loopy Toad had joined them, the atmosphere in class was clearly a lot lighter. It had already become the students' habit to rub its fat little cheeks after every class.

Most importantly, Wang Ling realized that since Loopy Toad's arrival, his own existence had suddenly diminished.

He was considerably satisfied with this.

Therefore, he gave Loopy Toad tacit consent to continue existing.

...

In the last few days, Master of Dopey Hero Guo, whose family dealt in soul pets, had taken charge of specially training Loopy Toad to bark.

This was the so-called "take things as they come," or "when in Rome, do as the Romans do"... enthusiastically training a toad that had been transformed into a dog to bark was, no matter how you thought about it, truly mystifying.

It wasn't until now that Loopy Toad realized that it had boarded a pirate ship with no hope of turning back <sup>2</sup> .

These future flowers of the motherland were bulldozing a toad into barking; this was too f\*\*king brutal and inhuman.

And so, everyone watched how Master of Dopey vigorously trained the dog.

The well-intentioned Master of Dopey had used up almost all of his time after school to collect all kinds of videos of dogs barking to show Loopy Toad. But it only ever had a dispirited expression on its face as it lay listlessly on the ground, showing completely no ambition to strive for the peak of a dog's life after being reborn as one.

Then Master of Dopey thought that perhaps he was using the wrong approach in his teaching.

After all, in its previous life, Loopy Toad had been a majestic, fifth-ranked demon king! To make a former demon king bark like a dog... if their positions were switched, Master of Dopey knew he would also feel extremely ashamed.

And so, quick-witted Master of Dopey came up with a brand new idea.

The next day, everyone saw him carry a poster into the classroom, then tack it to the back door.

Their jaws dropped. "Why do you have a *Gods of Honor* poster?"

With a proud grin, Master of Dopey brought Loopy Toad over to the poster and pointed in one corner. "See that? The Heavenly Dog! The god of dogs! It's unlikely that it loses out to your demon king status, so from now on, this should be your goal!"

Loopy Toad: "..."

Everyone: "..."

In the end, instead of Master of Dopey, it was Dopey the parrot as well as a female classmate, Feather Lin, that made Loopy Toad abandon its dignity and learn to bark like a dog.

Feather Lin, who had caught Wang Ling's attention a week after the start of school, was the sixth person on his list of people around whom he had to be extra vigilant. He even felt that she was scarier than Teacher Pan — because she was a veteran fujoshi<sup>3</sup>. As long as someone or something was male, Xiaoyu could accurately determine whether it was a *gong* or a *shou*<sup>4</sup>.

This was most apparent when Master of Dopey was coaching Loopy Toad; Feather Lin managed to turn Dopey and Loopy Toad, two different species with two different physiologies, into a couple, and even identified the *gong* and the *shou*.

Most unexpectedly, Xiaoyu had actually assigned Loopy Toad, which looked like a very powerful *gong*, as a *shou* ...

Loopy Toad naturally strongly condemned and protested this.

As soon as class was over, Feather Lin started to play matchmaker against Loopy Toad's will. "Look, from back then until now, sayings like 'crowing like a cock and stealing like a dog,' 'chicken pieces and dog fragments,' 'imitate the dog and steal the chicken,' 'clay chickens and pottery dogs'... the chicken and the dog have been recognized as a couple since ancient times!"

Loopy Toad: "... Screw chicken! This was clearly a f\*\*king parrot!

Seeing her bullshit so seriously, Loopy Toad was so angry that it let out a "woof~"...

After all, when everything was said and done, it was still a dog. Even if its spirit prevented it from crying out, the body's muscle-memory wouldn't change.

Seeing how she had provoked Loopy Toad into finally barking, Feather Lin sneered a bit. "Heh, turns out it's a tsundere <sup>s</sup> *shou*."

Loopy Toad: "..."

...

At present, it had been a week since Wang Ling started school. A number of freak accidents had led to a deviation in his plan for his high school life. He had entered a class he shouldn't have entered, and met a bunch of dopes he shouldn't have met. Nevertheless, this could still be considered a tranquil environment.

At the very least, that feeling of being under the spotlight from the entrance test had diminished significantly, in the face of powerful brainwashing due to the new Loopy Toad and Dopey couple.

But good times didn't last, and trouble was quick to arrive on his doorstep.

On Friday after school, Wang Ling sensed something unusual in the air.

He realized that someone was tailing him.

Turning to look in his peripheral vision, he immediately noted the direction which that hostile gaze was coming from.

This group of people were employing very advanced methods. They were using various high-end anti-tracking instruments, and had even resorted to various talisman formations to conceal their auras.

Unfortunately, even with these sneaky methods, they still couldn't escape Wang Ling's perception. His eyes were a million times more sensitive than the most powerful laser scanner in the world, and his ears like a sound monitor in the Earth's core. Along with

his Mind-Reading Ability, he could instantly lock onto any individual on Earth whenever he wanted.

After all, with his current supreme realm, there was no one who could rival him at all.

...

“Young Master, the target has been sighted leaving the school gate.” A man in black glasses and a black suit walked over to a black supercar, a limited edition model in Huaxiu nation, and bowed respectfully to the half-opened window.

“Keep following him to his home address, don’t miss any clues.” From the car window came a clear and cold voice.

“Yes, Young Master.”

“But Young Master... just as I was reporting to you, news has come in from ahead that the target has disappeared...”

“Disappeared?!”

Motherf\*\*ker... was that person the Flash?

“Why is Young Master insistent that we look for this person?”

The teenager at the car window sighed, a “you don’t understand” expression on his face. In looking for Wang Ling, he had already spent six long years devoted to his search. Since the year of the demon rampage, he had been making discreet enquiries about this young boy, and only this year had he finally made some progress.

“Why are you looking for this person?”

The teenager in the car explained reluctantly, “Because, he is my *shifu* 6 .”

“What? Young Master’s *shifu* ?”

The man in the suit and the old driver had the same astounded expressions on their faces.

If there was anyone around to see who was inside the car, they would definitely have been shocked.

Because this teenager wasn’t just anybody; he was the current Deputy Director of the General Administration of 100 Cultivation Schools, and an alumnus of No. 60 High School, the world-renowned legend — Odd Zhuo.

## Chapter 10: The Truth from Six Years Ago

Wang Ling perhaps already didn't remember the demon rampage six years ago too clearly, but it was still fresh in Odd Zhuo's mind.

...

The truth was that when cultivator support rushed to the coordinates of the Gate Between Worlds, the reported colossal, cyan-colored toad had already been defeated; there had been a bleeding hole in its white belly as its feet pointed up at the sky, and it was already dead.

This was a fifth-ranked demon, an all-powerful demon king among all demons!

Who the hell had done this?

The cultivators on the battlefield discussed this excitedly.

"Attention, fellow Taoists! I sense an unusual aura up ahead."

At that moment, someone suddenly made out a hazy silhouette within the smoke in front of them.

Another person swiftly cast a cleansing spell to dispel the smoke.

The spell cleared the smoke and dust away to reveal a ten-year-old child who was trembling (purely out of rage) as he stared at the sky-swallowing toad in front of him.

"Tch, it's just a kid. Fellow Taoist, you're too nervous." A female cultivator with a motherly air embraced the trembling Wang Ling.

Ten-year-old Wang Ling was just too cute for anyone to resist.

"Good boy, there's no need to be afraid, big sister will protect you."

Wang Ling: "..."

Looking at the mad woman crushing him against her melon-sized boobs, Wang Ling didn't dare make any type of move. After his earlier outburst of spirit energy, he was still in an unstable state. Even the smallest movement of his fingers would blast her head into outer space.

"...Fellow Taoist Cailian, please let go of this shota <sup>1</sup>. Look, you're suffocating him."

“Oops, so sorry about that.”

The female cultivator called Cailian promptly released Wang Ling from her melons. “Kid, tell big sister, how did this demon die?”

...

Of course, there had been no way Wang Ling was going to admit that he was the one who had killed the toad.

At that time, he had just wanted to extricate himself from this troublesome situation as quickly as possible.

So, he had randomly pointed at a person.

And that person, who had emerged from the other side of the smoke with dust all over his face, happened to be Odd Zhuo.

Odd Zhuo remembered back then that he had just been passing by when the blast of a gravitational wave had knocked him down beneath a collapsing building.

After he had broken free of the rubble, for some reason, he had been recognized as the hero who had killed the demon king.

Burdened with a heap of undeserved honors and fame exaggerated by public opinion, all these years, Odd Zhuo had reflected on himself — no matter what, he had to stay true to his original will, and avoid being led astray by these empty halos.

At the same time, he had continued investigating secretly, and it was only last year that the truth of the matter had started to emerge in bits and pieces.

It was so incredibly vexing!

No matter what, he had to chase down this person!

And then, force this man to be his teacher!

...

Wang Ling had never expected that Zhou Yi would actually investigate him.

It looked like Odd Zhuo’s years of experience at the General Administration of 100 Schools had significantly hardened his wings <sup>2</sup>.

In fact, Wang Ling hadn't left, but had performed the Great Vanishing Spell, which concealed his figure and aura. Taking up a position near Odd Zhuo's supercar, he used his Heavenly Eye to look at all of Odd Zhuo's memories.

With regard to what had happened six years ago, Wang Ling truly didn't remember it very clearly anymore.

But now it seemed that it had really become quite a prickly problem.

Also, Odd Zhuo's one-sided wish to apprentice himself to Wang Ling was a real pain in the ass.

He needed to find an opportunity to settle this sucky situation in a practical way once and for all, otherwise it would eventually turn into a disaster.

...

Early Saturday morning was typically as peaceful as Wang Ling had expected, but it was just the calm before the storm.

When he looked in the mirror that morning, he noticed his right eyelid twitching non-stop.

It would be too naïve to think that it was due to a lack of sleep.

When Wang Ling's eyelid twitched, it was an omen of coming disaster. Nothing good had ever happened when his eyelid twitched.

He recalled that six years ago before the demon rampage, his eyelid had twitched the whole night, but at the time he hadn't had any idea what it meant.

Fortunately, after washing up, his eyelid finally stopped its frenzied twitching.

He estimated that it had lasted for less than three minutes.

"Disaster level, two stars!"

This was Wang Ling's disaster-rating scale, based on how long his eyelid would twitch for.

Between zero to five minutes: disaster level was two stars.

From five minutes to one hour: disaster level of three stars.

From one hour to six hours: disaster level of four stars.

From seven to twenty-four hours: disaster level of five stars.

Over twenty-four hours: destruction of the planet.

Over forty-eight hours: annihilation of the universe.

...

However, it was still within Wang Ling's abilities to deal with a two-star disaster level.

He glanced at the monster pen and goblin eraser on the table. After he had magically transformed these two stationery items into these two gremlins yesterday, they had spent the whole night finishing off his weekend homework. Now they were drooping in his stationery pouch, fast asleep.

Everything felt right with the world today...

Wang Ling looked outside the window; the light of the sun illuminated the world, the breeze sighed through the willows, the Earth was still rotating on its axis, and the universe was still functioning. Never could he have expected the trouble he would encounter on such a peaceful weekend.

After changing out of his white rabbit pajamas, Wang Ling left his room. Mother Wang had already prepared breakfast — a runny fried egg and two black pepper sausages, as always.

"Son, come and eat." Mother Wang seemed to be in a very good mood today.

In an unprecedented move, Father Wang passed Wang Ling a black diamond fork without prompting. "Handle it with care, don't break it."

Wang Ling made an affirmative sound, and controlling his strength, he carefully pinched the fork with his fingers and raised it.

Father Wang gave him a cryptic look, and smiled crookedly. "Hurry up and eat, you have a date today, right?"

Date?

Wang Ling raised his head.

"If it's not a date, please explain to me, why is there a Maserati supercar downstairs?"

Stunned, Wang Ling went to the balcony, only to see Lotus Sun waving at him from a distance, a smile as brilliant as a Vileplume's <sup>3</sup> grin on her face.

“ ... ”

Motherf\*\*ker... why did this person know where he lived?

Wang Ling felt that the disaster level this time had been tremendously understated.

When he returned to the dining table, Father Wang's face was brimming with rare joviality.

“Son, you don't have to explain, your father supports you.”

“ ... ”

Father Wang grinned. “The girl downstairs is so thoughtful, this morning she gave your mother a limited edition L'Oréal youth-retaining elixir. Look at how happy your mother is.”

“...” *So you were bribed by a youth-retaining elixir?*

“If you don't come home tonight, be sure to stay safe.”

Father Wang gave a small grin. “Stay safe... in every aspect.”

Wang Ling: “...”

Right after that, Father Wang surreptitiously took out a box of condoms and pushed it toward Wang Ling, with a gratified “my son has grown up” expression on his face.

“ ... ”

*Crack.*

Subconsciously, Wang Ling once again broke the black diamond fork in his hand.