

A Snake 451

Chapter 451: Do You Find Me Annoying?

"Wife, I am just a piece of Snake Scales," Yu Longting embraced my head, completely pressing my face into his chest, "I can only stay for six Shichen."

I felt as if we had been apart for a very long time and cherished the moment, burying my face in his embrace, "That's enough, it's enough!! Yu Longting, I never even thought you could stay with me tonight."

Suddenly, I felt a tickle in my stomach, only to realize it was Yu Longting, that rascal, who had slipped his hand down and was gently touching my belly.

I'm so ticklish that I instinctively curled up, "Eh, that tickles."

"Dumpling, what's wrong?" Yu Longting keenly sensed something off with Dumpling.

At this point, there was no use in deceiving him anymore; it was plain as day, so I honestly confessed, "I ran into Yun Hao today, I encountered danger, and he saved me. But he was seriously hurt..."

"I get it, Dumpling is afraid that Yun Hao is too good to you, that my status isn't secure, so you sacrificed yourself for your dear daddy, giving your Heart Blood to Yun Hao," Yu Longting said insightfully.

Absolutely correct!!

A hundred faints!

I was impressed by Yu Longting's intelligence and looked up at him, "Yu Longting, are... are you really just a piece of Snake Scales? Lying requires kneeling on a washboard."

"I merely use the scale as a medium, so my Primordial Spirit can come here in an instant, though it certainly can't compare to the real person coming here. When I am in the form of a scale, after all..."

Yu Longting purposefully bent down, took my earlobe in his mouth, and nibbled for a bit before saying, "After all, I just can't bear to touch you in this form, so you'll have to bear with it."

What he meant was, he could actually touch me even being attached to a Snake Scale.

It was just reluctance...

Come to think of it, he's very stubborn and really cares about me.

Even in his snake form, he's always been afraid of offending me, incredibly restrained.

He could be called a modern-day Xi Shi...

"Bear what? I'm not nearly as lustful as you," I murmured, then pushed off his shirt buttons with my head, planted a light kiss on his sculpted muscles, closed my eyes, and settled down to sleep.

Yu Longting's broad palm cradled my back, "You little hypocrite."

The next day, I woke up early.

Stretching lazily, I planned to go look for Bai Yinman to carry out our plan.

A turn over in bed led me to embrace a lean but firm waist while simultaneously hearing a knock at the door, and immediately my forehead broke out in sweat, "Wait, I'm not awake yet..."

"Miss Wan, is there... a man in your bed? Could it be Mr. Yun?" Bai Yinman came looking for me proactively.

I mustn't have shut the door properly last night; it stood wide open now.

Yu Longting ruffled my hair and pulled my head back into his embrace, clearly jealous and with stern territorial awareness, he said, "Blind, are we??"

"Sorry... sorry for the intrusion," Bai Yinman clutching the little zombie demon, ran away quickly.

Only then did Yu Longting remember to ask, "Whose Western-style building is this? It's not Yun Hao's, is it? No wonder it smells of viper."

"Heh, why haven't you gone back to seclude yourself?" I chuckled awkwardly.

Yu Longting squinted half his eyes, "My true body is in seclusion, do you find me annoying? Or am I in the way?"

"I'm not annoyed by you." I looked at Yu Longting's half-dark and coldly handsome face, stepped forward, and kissed the tip of his nose. Who could be annoyed with someone so good-looking?

Yu Longting paused, then, with a flick of his sleeve, he shut the door, pressed me into his embrace, and said, "Wanwan, there are six more hours, hang tight with me and then I'll leave."

"But I still have something... I need to do..."

"What is it? Shall I accompany you?"

Chapter 452: Heartless Little Thing

Seeing Yu Longting's behavior, which made it seem like he wanted to tie me to his belt, I wore an expression of helplessness, "Be good, the Primordial Spirit is too delicate and shouldn't be exposed recklessly."

"I was actually thinking of helping you out. Seems like I can't make a good wife after all." Yu Longting's large palm landed on my head and ruffled it a little, "The person behind that zombie demon isn't simple. Let hubby find you an assistant."

"An assistant...?" I looked at him with a puzzled expression.

Yu Longting's lips curved, "Isn't Zhang Zidao planning to capture that zombie demon? You even had a fight with it."

"Zhang... Who is Zhang Zidao... Wait, wait a minute!" I suddenly realized, "Are you talking about Zhang Zidao, the one called the ancestor by the sect members, who loves wearing the Sun Yat-sen suit, and has the appearance of a young man despite his white hair?"

"Right," Yu Longting said.

I was shocked and blurted out, "How did you know I encountered... met him?"

Halfway through my sentence, I bit my tongue and looked down, feeling very guilty.

I had intentionally hidden it from Yu Longting because I didn't want him to worry. But now that he knew everything, he must be very angry that I had deceived him. How was I going to fix this...

"That zombie demon was injured, and it's obvious the wound was caused by the Zhang Family's Sharp Metal Sword Intent. Moreover, the cultivation is profound; it's not something that can be used by anyone except the very old or the dead." Yu Longting snorted, and I felt a sharp pain on my cheek as he pinched my plump face fiercely.

I looked at him guiltily, my eyes sheepish, "I was wrong, I was wrong! Yu Longting~ I just didn't want you to worry about me."

"We'll settle the matter of you lying to me later."

Yu Longting wore an expression of disdain, as if he couldn't be bothered to fuss over it now. He grasped my waist and pulled me tightly into his embrace, "Do you know how to use someone else's knife to kill? Old Man Zhang is living in a villa in the suburbs of the capital. If you don't know how to plot against someone, I can give you a tip."

"No need, Yu Longting, I've already figured out how to set a trap for Zhang Zidao!"

My eyes sparkled with excitement, and I jumped up to plant a firm kiss on Yu Longting's chin. His news was like rain after a long drought.

Yu Longting had concerns I shared; Hu Jiao was easy to deal with, but the fear was that the person behind Hu Jiao would be tough to handle.

With my mediocre skills, I was likely to fall flat on my face.

But now, the only difficulty had been easily dealt with.

"I'm leaving," Yu Longting said as he touched the spot I had kissed, a devilish smile on his lips as he ground his molars, as if he had been stirred... again.

So inside, he was probably boiling with irritation.

I pushed him, urging him, "Go on, then, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up..."

"Heartless little thing," Yu Longting said helplessly, then vanished in an instant.

In my palm, there lay a cool Reverse Scale, resting quietly.

It had been attached to by the Primordial Spirit and had depleted its Spiritual Power, losing some of its luster.

After carefully putting away the white Snake Scale from Yu Longting, I got myself a bit cleaned up and went to Bai Yinman's room to find her, "Sister Yinman, I only need you to help me with one thing. Hold a public funeral for Congcong, inviting everyone from our circles. Hold it at the villa where you live, and let's set it for tomorrow!"

"To hold a funeral... No problem, I can do it," Bai Yinman was clearly puzzled by my request but didn't ask further, agreeing immediately, yet unsure, she asked, "Is that it? Is there anything else?"

"That's all. Remember to send invitations to Hu Jiao and someone named Zhang Zidao." I gave Bai Yinman an encouraging smile, "Zhang Zidao is quite prominent, with many in the entertainment industry fawning over him. You should have the contacts to reach him."

No need for overly complicated strategies or calculations.

Not afraid that Zhang Zidao won't come; he won't be content after being beaten to near death.

Upon learning that Bai Yinman is hosting a funeral for the zombie demon, wouldn't he be eager to come and create a scene?

"I can take care of all these," Bai Yinman's eyes grew more determined as she stood up and said to me, "Miss Wan, I'll get busy with the task you've given me."

"Sister Yinman, wait a moment," I called out to Bai Yinman and waited for her to stop and turn around before continuing, "Treat Congcong well; she doesn't have much time left. She doesn't belong to this world, and leaving is the best thing for her, you understand what I mean?"

Chapter 453: As Soon as Possible, I Really Like It

"I have to send away Congcong, but can't we..." Bai Yinman's eyes were full of struggle.

The little zombie demon she held in her arms looked at me, then at Bai Yinman, seemingly understanding yet not.

Her face was full of innocence, as if she were entirely unaware of the ways of the world, but I always felt she understood every word we said.

I cut off Bai Yinman's words, firmly crushing her slim hope, "We can't, Sister Yinman. The spirits of the dead get scorched by the breath of the living world, and the pain they feel is unimaginable."

"How could this be...so, has Congcong been in pain all this time?" Bai Yinman seemed to only just grasp the reality. Congcong, appearing so cute and well-behaved now, was already different from all of us.

Seemingly very close, in reality, we were two parallel lines that could never intersect again.

I solemnly nodded, speaking to Bai Yinman with heartfelt earnestness, "Also, keeping Congcong in this world deprives her of the chance to be reincarnated."

"Miss Wan, I owe so much to...thanks to meeting you. I've been so muddle-headed, without your reasoning, I really couldn't have come to this realization." Bai Yinman bit her lip, tears falling like broken beads.

She had cried so much that her eyes had swollen up like peaches.

Looking at the concerned gaze of little Congcong, and her reaching out to wipe away the tears.

Bai Yinman instantly broke into a tearful smile, "Mommy's fine, Mommy won't cry anymore, my treasure, don't worry~"

Indeed, every child is the cherished creation of their parents, the treasure they hold in the palms of their hands.

Hearing Bai Yinman call her "my treasure," I was overwhelmed with mixed feelings.

It as if ripples spread across the lake of my heart; my initial sorrow and regret for the mother and daughter, suddenly cleared away.

This was, after all, the best outcome we could hope for, and I would help them with all my might.

I had been sitting on the living room sofa all morning, embroidering two handkerchiefs with mulberry and catalpa patterns, about to stand up and take them to Bai Yinman.

Then I noticed Han Dai standing off to the side, staring blankly. When she saw me look her way, she said, "Miss Wan, are you embroidering? I just saw...your fingers glowing...your hand movement was so fast...I thought I was having an illusion."

"Just a minor skill, I use Art to embroider, which makes it look more magical." I stretched, loosening my muscles and joints.

The man upstairs, clad in a light grey silk shirt with an incongruous little vest over it, descended the stairs with a cool air, glancing at the handkerchief in my hand, "Mulberry and catalpa... so... is this for me?"

Han Dai greeted and left, "Mr. Yun, Miss Wan, I'm going to my room."

Yun Hao acted as if he had not noticed Han Dai's presence at all, standing like a frozen sculpture, his gaze lowered to me.

"Um, Yun Hao, it isn't for you; I made it especially for Congcong and Bai Yinman." Seeing that he had finally recovered from his coma and his skin was free of snake scales, smooth and refined, I actually felt quite relieved.

Seeing his slightly displeased expression, I recalled a saying: when under a roof, one must bow the head, hastily adding, "If you want one, I can make... make one especially for you."

No way, I don't want to do it again.

Making two was tiring enough, can't I be lazy for once?

In my heart, I was screaming lazily, unwilling to do it.

Yun Hao had already agreed with pleasure, "As soon as possible, I like it very much."

"Well, if there's nothing else, I'm going up to see Sister Yinman, we have to go out later." Ever since Yun Hao made that request, which sounded almost like he was about to call me 'mother,' I felt uneasy at the sight of him.

I just wanted to escape...

Yun Hao walked over leisurely, snatching one of the handkerchiefs and admiring the embroidered mulberry and catalpa pattern closely, "There's something I have to tell you. My Snake Servant has found out, the nosy old white-bearded daoist, named Zhang Zidao from the Celestial Master's Zhang Family, lives in the same villa area as Bai Yinman."

Chapter 454: Yun Hao, Return My Handkerchief

"I was wondering how the villa area could have such tight security, needing facial recognition to enter or exit. Turns out that Zhang Zidao lives there," I said with a forced smile, noticing how his dark eyes focused intently on the embroidery.

I extended my palm, trying to retrieve the embroidered handkerchief, "Yun Hao, could you give me the handkerchief back, please?"

"Do you need me to accompany you when you leave this afternoon?" Yun Hao didn't make it difficult for me and placed the handkerchief in my hand.

I quickly grabbed it, hiding it behind me without thinking, "No need, the Cultivation Spiritual Garment isn't omnipotent. Your injuries haven't fully healed; you need to stay and take care of yourself."

"Then I'll send a few people to protect you," Yun Hao frowned slightly, offering a concession.

I guessed that this must be Yun Hao's final line, so I could only nod in agreement, "Mm, okay."

Actually, Yun Hao suffered no loss in recognizing me as his mother, at worst feeling a little guilty.

The one truly hurt was Yun Hao himself; this time he had nearly lost his life.

If he continued like this, he would eventually be doomed by betrayal. I had to think of a way to sever this bond of kinship.

Bai Yinman was holding Congcong, busily making phone calls all over the room, preparing for the funeral arrangements.

In the center of the room lay a Crystal Coffin.

The coffin was small, perfectly sized for Congcong's figure.

My heart suddenly felt empty, and I found myself inexplicably walking over, bending down to gently touch the coffin.

The cool, hard crystal surface faintly revealed the white roses filling the coffin; if opened, the fragrance inside would surely be overwhelming.

"Miss Wan, do you have any instructions? Just tell me, and I will fulfill all your requests," Bai Yinman turned her head and, seeing me, expressed surprise before asking earnestly.

I shook my head, stuffing a mulberry and catalpa handkerchief into Congcong's arms, "No instructions, I'm just here to give Congcong a gift. Congcong, you must take good care of this handkerchief and don't lose it."

"Got it, aunty, can... can you hug me?" Congcong picked up the handkerchief and looked at me earnestly.

My eyes watered as I immediately pulled Congcong into my embrace, "Of course I can, Congcong. Aunty has yet to introduce you to the little baby in aunty's belly."

"Lit...tle baby..." Congcong's face was adorably confused as she processed slowly.

I placed her small hand gently on my belly.

Congcong was astounded, her eyes wide as she watched me, "Your belly is moving."

"That's the baby moving," I explained.

Congcong repeated with a look of wonder, "Baby moving..."

Then, her lips slowly curved into a sweet smile.

Her small hand kept stroking my slightly moving belly over and over again.

This might be the last time I would ever hold Congcong.

She hadn't yet found a friend of her age and was about to say goodbye to this world.

That's why I had decided to introduce Little Dumpling to Congcong.

My Dumpling, sleeping so soundly, was curiously poked and prodded awake by the little zombie demon's hands, and she complained puffily, "Mommy, someone is touching me!"

"Miss Wan, am I hallucinating? I heard... a voice from your belly... someone talking," Bai Yinman's face turned pale, clearly frightened.

I glanced back at Bai Yinman, "You're not hallucinating. It's the little baby in my belly that's talking."

"The little baby in your belly... can... can talk?" Bai Yinman was completely shocked, standing there like a statue.

I touched my belly, telling Little Dumpling, "It's a very cute big sister who's touching you, sweet pea."

I felt Dumpling slowly open her eyes inside my belly, curious to explore the outside world, and then her attention fell on the little zombie demon, "This big sister... she's... so pretty, but... she doesn't breathe or have a heartbeat."

Chapter 455: Why Are You So Afraid of Me?

"I'm dead, so I don't breathe or have a heartbeat."

Congcong withdrew her little hand that was gently touching my belly and asked with some sense of inferiority, "Do you... really think... I'm beautiful?"

Little Dumpling earnestly said, "Little kids who tell lies won't grow tall. Sister, you're just too skinny and haven't filled out yet."

"Then how do you know... that I'll become beautiful once I fill out?" Congcong's gaze became fixed.

Little Dumpling chuckled and said matter-of-factly, "I have the Spiritual Eye, I can see your soul."

With a "smack," Congcong actually leaned in and kissed my belly, "Little brother, you're the first person in this world to call me beautiful. Thank you."

Little Dumpling was stunned for a few seconds, "You... you... you kissed me."

"What's wrong with kissing you? A girl kisses you and you think you're losing out?" I could feel Little Dumpling's shyness inside my belly, so I teased him on purpose.

Little Dumpling bashfully asked me, "Mommy, can I be friends with this young lady? The lifelong kind?"

"Why are you asking me? You're not trying to be friends with me." I decisively dodged the responsibility.

Just as Little Dumpling was gathering courage to speak, he got kissed by Congcong again, "We're friends now, Dumpling! My name is Congcong."

"Sister Yinman, if it weren't for slightly skewed values, I'd want Congcong to be my daughter-in-law." I joked intentionally to lighten the mood.

Bai Yinman did not feel offended but instead gently lowered her eyes and sighed softly, "Actually, they are quite compatible, it's a pity though, they are from two different worlds."

You never know, Sister Yinman.

If there's fate, it's truly possible there might be a chance in the future...

The premise is they have to like each other!!

Wait, what's wrong with my brain, I'm already thinking about arranging a marriage for Little Dumpling!!

Eyeing someone else's daughter.

It's downright feudal, old-fashioned, and vulgar!!

I immediately cast out this improper thought from my mind and said to Bai Yinman, "I'm leaving, Sister Yinman. Call me if you need anything."

Before I left Yun Hao's cottage, I had carried several of Hu Jiao's hairs with me, and just before departure, I inserted these strands of hair into a cloth puppet using a special technique.

An incantation for finding people was embroidered on the cloth puppet with the hair, and the moment it touched the ground, it emitted a red light and then came vividly to life.

Twisting its cloth body, it stood on the ground.

Endowed with Hu Jiao's characteristics, the cloth puppet sensed my approaching breath.

Frightened, it shrank back, "What... what are you going to do..."

"Are you in City B?" I bent down to ask.

The cloth puppet timidly nodded.

I was certain, as long as Hu Jiao was in City B, that would be enough, "Lead the way."

"Yes... yes... Master." The cloth puppet trembled and ran ahead.

I stroked my chin and followed behind the cloth puppet, "Strange, a cloth puppet with Hu Jiao's scent, why is it so scared of me?"

Seeing the cloth puppet trying to dart into the woods, I picked it up.

Suspended in the air, its legs kicked in terror, "Help, what are you going to do to me?"

I brought the cloth puppet into the vehicle arranged by Yun Hao, sat in the passenger seat, and shared the motorhome with the Snake Servant sent to protect me.

After sitting down, I casually tossed the cloth puppet into the front seat, "Driver, follow this cloth puppet's guidance."

"Yes, Miss Wan." The Snake Servant driver nodded at me and drove seriously.

The Patchwork Man trembled non-stop, inching away from me as little as possible as if I were some terrifying Great Demon King, while still fearfully giving directions, "Go straight... After leaving the woods, head southeast..."

"Hey, can you tell me why you're so afraid of me?"

Chapter 456: Coffin Shop

I couldn't resist my curiosity and asked the cloth puppet a question.

After all, the cloth puppet was a product of my art, no matter how much it resembled Hu Jiao, it couldn't defy my words.

"You... you are a very terrifying person... I cannot provoke you!!" The cloth puppet gasped in terror, falling to its knees.

It actually knelt on the spot??

I really didn't expect that Hu Jiao would be so afraid of me.

If one's conscience is clear, they need not fear ghosts knocking at their door. Could it be that Hu Jiao did something guilty and feared I would give her trouble?

After a while, the RV stopped at the entrance of an old alley.

It was afternoon; the sky was gloomy, brimming with a murky haze.

There were almost no people at the mouth of the alley.

Only a few individuals passed by occasionally.

Due to its remote location and the abandonment of nearby residences,

as well as the legends of hauntings here, the alley was utterly deserted.

"Miss Wan, please be cautious, there is a strong evil aura here," the Snake Servant warned me.

I glanced at the uniquely shaped Snake Servants and said, "You all wait for me on the bus, I will notify you by phone if I need anything."

The Snake Servants complied and boarded the vehicle.

Leaving the Patchwork Man behind, I stepped forward briskly.

My mind was full of doubt—Hu Jiao, a big celebrity like her,

in a big city like B City, shouldn't be without a property; why would she stay in a place like this?

There are just three households on both sides of the alley, and all three are desolately uninhabited.

Among them, one is even a coffin shop with severely weathered lion statues on either side.

Behind the partially opened broken door, coffins filled the space; the ground inside the courtyard was covered in white joss paper, and there were various eerie paper effigies.

The Patchwork Man dashed inside, and I pushed the door open to follow.

Meanwhile, I curled my fingers and strands of hair on the Patchwork Man started peeling off by themselves, until eventually the entire patch of cloth floated back to my hand.

"With so many pregnant women, why did you specifically target Su Wan?" At this moment, I heard a man's roar, but the sound was somewhat distorted, clearly transmitted from a phone.

I followed the sound to one side of the quadrangle, crouched beside a water tank to hide, and heard Hu Jiao's voice as well, "But she was using an alias; how could I know that Chen Yuanyuan was Su Wan? I only did it to meet your demands... the reason I targeted Su Wan and Chen Shufen... I was afraid of Su Wan's retaliation, so I didn't dare to show my face in public and could only hide in an abandoned coffin shop."

"Enough, I don't want to hear so many excuses and reasons; you have two days to find the zombie demon that is with Han Dai," the voice said.

It was Hu Jiao talking to a middle-aged man on the phone, his voice sinister and indifferent, bearing an attitude of superiority, most likely someone accustomed to holding a position of power, "If it weren't for your claim of three million for a life, I wouldn't have allowed you to use the zombie demon for such a pointless rivalry between women."

Listening to this, the original purpose of creating the zombie demon was indeed not for killing.

It was Hu Jiao collaborating with someone, proposing the request to satisfy her own desires.

Truly despicable and cruel.

I continued to listen intently, Hu Jiao's voice tinged with panic, "I was just about to tell you about this... Bai Yinman has released news about holding a funeral for her son and a farewell ceremony for the body. I'm thinking... could Bai Xuecong be with Bai Yinman?"

"Idiot! Wasn't the control of the zombie demon in your hands? If you couldn't find her, how could she have gone to Bai Yinman? Do you think I'm an idiot? Bai Yinman is just an ordinary minor celebrity!"

Upon hearing this, the voice on the other end of the phone exploded, berating Hu Jiao with harsh words.

Chapter 457: The Only Person You Should Not Provoke

Hu Jiao tentatively said, "How about... I go to the funeral tomorrow to take a look? That stupid woman Bai Yinman even sent me an invitation."

"Fine, if the zombie demon isn't at the funeral, you keep looking for it. But if it is..." The man's voice suddenly became a lot more sinister, "I will personally take care of it, and if you mess up, I'll feed you to the zombie demon, understand?"

"I understand, I understand." Hu Jiao quickly agreed.

On the other end, the man hung up directly.

Who exactly is this man?

Why would he be using Hu Jiao to create a zombie demon, when all the answers to the puzzles are right before my eyes?

With a bang, I kicked open the door to the room.

A wave of dusty air hit me in the face; the house hadn't been lived in for years and was filthy and messy.

Startled by the loud noise, Hu Jiao exclaimed, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Su Wan. You're hiding here specifically to avoid me, aren't you?"

I curled my lips, trying to show the smug expression of a big villain, "Let me think about what you've done; your people were supposed to deliver hook jade to me, to make me have a difficult childbirth. Despite all precautions, my friend couldn't stop you from running to the restaurant to cast a curse to make her have a difficult childbirth..."

"You... You really did find me, I've hidden all the way here and you still manage to find me." Hu Jiao picked up her cell phone, intending to dial that man's number.

I was quicker, plunging the Mystical Thunder cloth strip into her arm in one swift movement.

The Mystical Thunder numbed her arm, and she fell to the ground, her forehead beaded with dense cold sweat, and the phone dropped from her hand onto the floor.

"Finding you was easy. At the restaurant, I plucked a few hairs from your head." I showed Hu Jiao the hairs I had plucked from her head, "Tell me, who is the person behind you?"

"I... I don't know..." Hu Jiao stared at the strands of her own hair, barely alive in agony.

I showed no mercy and tied another fiery cloth strip around her, "Say it again, you don't know? You're still stubborn at a time like this, not shedding tears until you see the coffin!"

"I'm... I really don't know, it hurts... I'm dying of pain... I only know his surname is Wang." Unable to get up, Hu Jiao banged her forehead forcefully against the ground, "Please, I beg you, spare me. I didn't know you were Su Wan back in Spring Wind Town, that's why I offended you. If I had known you were Su Wan, I wouldn't... I wouldn't dare to provoke you..."

"Oh? You know me? Was it Mr. Wang who told you not to mess with me?" I picked up Hu Jiao's phone, unlocking it with her facial recognition.

The most recent call log was indeed marked with just the character "Wang."

Hu Jiao nodded her head in compliance, "Mr. Wang said that you are... the only one I shouldn't provoke."

I furrowed my brows. In the Geomancy Realm, where powerful figures abound, I was nothing but a shrimp.

Why would someone single me out as a person not to be provoked?

Could it be an acquaintance?

I immediately targeted Xuanjing as a suspect but felt something was off.

Xuanjing would be happy to see me done for, and he's always been the one to stir the pot, provoking.

Why would he tell people not to provoke me??

"Come inside," I said into the phone, issuing a voice command.

Soon, Snake Servants entered, and I instructed them to tie up Hu Jiao and carry her to the car.

The following day, the funeral.

Bai Yinman's home was arranged into a mourning hall.

Quite a few people from the circle came to offer their condolences.

The little zombie demon in the crystal coffin had its eyes closed, completely still.

It was dressed in a beautiful pink princess gown, its sparse baby hair tied up in a little braid, pinned with a butterfly bow hair clip.

From this view, it just looked like a normal child gone too soon.

No trace of the terrifying malice of a zombie demon could be found on its body...

Old man Zhang Zidao, dressed in an old-fashioned suit, strode into the mourning hall with a commanding presence.

His female disciple bowed down and whispered cautiously to Zhang Zidao, "Master, what are they trying to do, holding a funeral for a zombie demon?"

Chapter 458: Developed a Psychological Shadow

"Be patient and observe the changes."

Zhang Zidao placed one hand behind his back, secretly forming hand seals, readying himself as if facing an enemy at any moment.

Suddenly, his gaze fixed on Hu Jiao, who was laying flowers in front of the Crystal Coffin, "This woman..."

"What's the matter, ancestor? This is the big star Hu Jiao. Are you a fan of hers?" the young woman beside Zhang Zidao asked.

Zhang Zidao furrowed his thick white eyebrows, "Fan my foot, this woman is a puppet, such strong workmanship. She is indistinguishable from a real person!"

"The old expert has good eyesight. It seems my embroidery still needs improvement. The puppet that I made with such care has been seen through by you."

I emerged from the shadows and stood behind Zhang Zidao to greet him.

Recently, after making more clothes, I distinctly felt that my embroidery skills had significantly improved.

The puppet "Hu Jiao" was made so well that even Yun Hao's cultivation couldn't see through it.

However, Zhang Zidao, being of Grandmaster Level, possessed the rare Great Heavenly Eye.

It was no surprise that he noticed it.

Zhang Zidao's spine stiffened abruptly, and he retreated several steps, "Witch, what... what do you want to do to me!?"

"I don't intend to do anything..." My lips twitched with an awkward smile; it seemed Zhang Zidao had developed a psychological shadow against me, "I just want the old expert to come upstairs with me to watch a good show."

Seeing Zhang Zidao's defensive demeanor and his deep mistrust in me.

I handed Zhang Zidao a wooden box I had prepared in advance. As soon as he took it and was about to open it,

the man and woman beside him hurriedly stopped him, "Ancestor, the witch has a malicious mind, beware of deceit."

"If it must be opened, let me do it for you."

Zhang Zidao's expression darkened, "Step back."

The two young men and women took half a step back.

Zhang Zidao's gaze sharpened slightly as he slowly opened the lid of the box.

When his eyes fell on the exceptional quality Hook Jade Mountain inside the box, a chill flashed in his eyes, "Such a vicious Forbidden Woman Witchcraft."

"Does the old expert now have a clear idea?" I was confident, with Zhang Zidao's realm,

as soon as he saw the hook jade, he would inevitably connect all the causes and consequences by himself.

Zhang Zidao's expression shifted complexly before he nodded slightly to me, "Lead the way."

He then commanded the two youths who followed him to stay.

To the second floor, where the view was best.

Overlooking from above, one could see the entirety of the first floor.

The puppet "Hu Jiao" picked up her phone, "Mr. Wang, I've seen it, the person in the coffin is indeed Bai Yinman's daughter."

"I've sent you the photo, the zombie demon is asleep."

"I tried to awaken the zombie demon with the Art you taught me, but I wasn't successful."

Even from an entire floor away, I could still clearly hear the man's cold, angry scolding, "Useless thing, I'll have to do it myself."

"Wang Heyin..." Zhang Zidao muttered under his breath, a cold light suddenly appearing in his eyes.

Not quite understanding, I blurted out, "Who is Wang Heyin? Did the old Taoist Priest also overhear the voice from Hu Jiao's phone call?"

"You invited the old Taoist Priest up here just to make him listen to this, didn't you? Quite the dark heart you have for a little girl."

Zhang Zidao saw through my scheme of using others to achieve my goal and glanced at me with a derisive smirk, "You have invited the right person today. With Mr. Wang's strength and status at present, you, a young girl, won't be able to handle him without this old man here."

Suddenly, the whole place fell silent.

Everyone's gaze turned to the man in a black Tang suit entering through the door, wearing sunglasses. Although he was alone, his presence felt like an army of thousands.

His square face and full features were imposing, overwhelming and intimidating to the soul.

He had the extraordinary face of a reincarnated Martial God!

Born with a perfect convergence of the three florals!

That exceptional talent and aura made him seem far more formidable than the old Taoist Priest Zhang Zidao.

Many drew sharp breaths of shock, "What kind of clout does Bai Yinman have? She's supposedly just a washed-up female star, yet she can summon someone as top-tier as Wang... Wang... Heyin."

Chapter 459: Metamorphosis into an Immortal

The 'win' numbers in my mind only increased.

I had always been guessing about the "Wang" person in my contact list.

It was very likely an old acquaintance of mine, or someone under an old acquaintance.

The instant I saw Wang Heyin, I knew it was an impossibility.

No matter what, Xuanjing was just a dead fox. How could it possibly control someone like Wang Heyin?

Wang Heyin keeping Xuanjing as a pet would be more like it.

So why did Wang Heyin tell Hu Jiao not to mess with me???

"Senior, what kind of person is Wang Heyin?" I asked Zhang Zidao with a face full of eager curiosity.

Zhang Zidao glanced down at me and said, "You... you're from the Mysterious Gate Noble Family, unmatched in the world in Feng Shui and Yin Yang Embroidery. You don't even recognize Wang Heyin, the first of the twelve arbitrators of the Geomancy Arbitration Council...?? "

The face of the Old Taoist Priest, stern and serious, now was filled with shock, his expression screaming, 'Are you kidding me, girl?'

"Cough cough, my father died when I was young. My study of Yin Yang Feng Shui was entirely through self-study with his notes." I confessed, fidgeting with my fingers, "I just... don't know much about the Geomancy Realm."

Just then, Wang Heyin took out a Brass Feng Shui Compass and placed it on top of the Crystal Coffin, "Everyone, get out. This corpse has metamorphosed into a zombie demon."

The funeral was originally designed to lure the person behind Hu Jiao onto the hook.

Bai Yinman didn't invite many people. Aside from Hu Jiao being a big name, there were only a few journalists unnoticeable in the news, and several wildly famous little internet celebrities and stars.

Upon hearing Wang Heyin's words, their faces went pale,

some even took out their phones, trying to seize the opportunity to hype things up.

Just then, Wang Heyin muttered under his breath, "Heaven and earth, sovereign and relatives, teachers, hurry as the law commands."

The crazed needles on the Compass began to spin wildly, and the entire Crystal Coffin shook violently, making cracking sounds.

Congcong, dressed in her pretty princess gown and quietly sleeping, suddenly had her peaceful face distort horribly.

Her eyelids opened without warning, her eyes lacking pupils, and filled with a terrifying bloodlust.

Bang, the coffin lid was flung open.

The Compass fell to the ground.

Congcong, her face ferocious like a wild beast, drooling from the corner of her mouth, pounced towards the crowd, "Eat... eat flesh...eat human flesh..."

Immediately, the mourning hall was filled with screams.

"Help!! There's a zombie..."

Now no one dared to be curious anymore. It was like accidentally stepping into the Korean drama 'Train to Busan,' everyone was running faster than rabbits.

Only Bai Yinman stayed behind. She rushed forward desperately and hugged Congcong, "It's Mommy, Mommy's here, Congcong, don't be scared..."

I saw everything Wang Heyin did, my anger causing my fingernails to dig into my flesh. I was just about to rush out and confront Wang Heyin.

Then I heard Elder Zhang curse in my ear,

"Damn! Wang Heyin is forcibly turning a corpse into a zombie demon. Damn son of a bitch deserves to be in the Eighteen Levels of Hell."

Before he could finish, I saw Zhang Zidao rush out with his sword, "Your grandmother's legs! Little scruffy Taoist, so you're the one who created the zombie demon. If I don't uphold justice today and kill you, I won't bear the name Zhang."

"Ancestor, why are you here? You're mistaken. I'm not the one who created the zombie demon. I'm here to capture it."

Caught off guard, Wang Heyin kept retreating, slyly trying to argue his case.

Meanwhile,

Congcong, stimulated by the Compass, screamed agonizingly in Bai Yinman's arms, "It hurts so much... my heart... it hurts so bad, mommy, kill me."

Wang Heyin, busy dodging the Bronze Sword, was touched by the genuine emotions of the little zombie demon.

He was slightly stunned, then murmured to himself coldly, "So... she was moved by familial love, resisting the Blood Curse voluntarily. No wonder she didn't obey commands."

"Didn't you say you came to capture the demon? You just admitted it yourself, acknowledging you personally created the zombie demon?" Zhang Zidao's onslaught intensified, and even though Wang Heyin's movements and Taoist Arts seemed particularly strong, Zhang Zidao suppressed him completely.

Soon, Wang Heyin's shoulder was heavily pressed down by the Bronze Sword, almost forcing him to kneel on the spot.

Wang Heyin pursed his lips. While struggling to fend off the attacks, his eyes flickered with mockery. At that moment, he did not hide his connection to the zombie demon at all, and incited,

"Zombie demon, kill Bai Yinman, kill this woman... eat her heart, and you will ascend to immortality. It's like finding a needle in a haystack... I found it without any effort... hahaha..."

Wang Heyin burst into maniacal laughter, his excitement reaching a climax.

Chapter 460: Lucky, or Unlucky...

"Mom, hurry, don't stay too close to me..." Congcong's face was twisted in agony.

Bai Yinman was particularly stubborn, "Mom won't leave!"

In an instant, Congcong's little hand, like a sharp steel knife, unexpectedly plunged into Bai Yinman's chest.

Bai Yinman's pupils dilated, "Congcong..."

I inwardly cried out in alarm, it was rumored that once a zombie demon consumed the internal organs of a close relative, it would immediately ascend to immortality.

However, I had always thought that was just a legend, who knew it seemed... to be true...

"Old senior, don't be soft-hearted, kill that old beast Wang Heyin!" I hadn't expected that Wang Heyin, completely outmatched, could still pull such a stunt.

Wang Heyin was still able to control the little zombie demon because there was still a vague Blood Curse between them.

The Blood Curse, like a red thread, stretched from Wang Heyin's body, controlling the little zombie demon.

This thing is particularly difficult to undo, either the one who cast the curse willingly undoes it, or they die.

In a fury, Zhang Zidao slapped the crown of Wang Heyin's head.

In the blink of an eye.

His palm shattered Wang Heyin's Three Flowers Gathering at the Top, removing all of Wang Heyin's Spirit Root.

Before Zhang Zidao, Wang Heyin, who looked as divine as a Golden Immortal descending to the mortal world, weak as an ant, vomited a mouthful of fresh blood, the whole person wilted, "Zhang Zidao... you will regret meddling... in this."

"Old senior, Wang Heyin might look better than you, but he did not expect to be nothing compared to your blow." I flattered with my mouth, but my hands didn't hesitate, carefully pulling out little zombie demon Congcong's hand from Bai Yinman's chest, and hugging him into my arms.

Zhang Zidao seemed pleased with my words, hands crossed over his chest, "An excess is as bad as a deficit, hardly worth mentioning."

Congcong's little hand was completely stained red, his vacant eyes incredulously stared at his blood-dripping fingers, "Did I... harm mom? What... have I done..."

"Baby, you did very well, your mom just got a minor injury." I checked Bai Yinman's wound, thankfully it was in a non-fatal area, nothing serious.

But the little zombie demon could not utter a word, big tears of regret rolled down from the corners of his eyes.

Zhang Zidao took a deep breath, rubbing his red nose vigorously, "Damn, this old Taoist priest has lived such a long life, today... today I've seen it all, damn, girl, you can even rehabilitate a zombie demon... what a world..."

This old Taoist priest, the first time I met him felt like that kind of haughty deity, even a bit stubborn.

Now, it seems he's really promoting the culture of Zuan.

Quite a temperament like Zhang Shuying's...

If they are not from the same family, they wouldn't enter the same door, right?

"Old senior, I have two things to ask Wang Heyin, may I?" I suddenly felt Zhang Zidao had a somewhat endearing quality.

Zhang Zidao nodded, "Ask him anything."

I walked over, looked down at Wang Heyin, who lay on the ground, "Wang Heyin, you targeted so many pregnant women resulting in difficult births, how many zombie demons did you create altogether?"

This matter was currently urgent.

"What do you think a zombie demon is? Something any Tom, Dick, or Harry could become?" Wang Heyin looked at me as if I were an idiot.

Zhang Zidao pinched his beard, adding, "Wang Heyin is right, meeting a zombie demon is once in a thousand years. If Wang Heyin harmed many pregnant women, it could be mere chance, not every case could turn into a zombie demon."

So that's it... If only Congcong became a zombie demon...

I really don't know if it's lucky, or unlucky.

I asked further, "Why did you create zombie demons?"

"No comment," Wang Heyin arrogantly replied.

I squinted, knowing that the matter of the zombie demons would concern Zhang Zidao far more than me, and if there was any risk, he would surely be more proactive in dealing with it.

Asking like this might not yield much, so it's better to leave it to the old Taoist priest to ask himself, thus I changed to a question related to me, "Why did you tell Hu Jiao not to mess with me? Do we know each other?"