

A Snake 79

Chapter 79: The Underachiever, You Definitely Can't Pass

"Is it because I didn't offer enough money?" Wei Yao slammed the table, "As long as you find them, I'll pay whatever it takes."

Granny Wu threw a handful of red rice onto the table, "Mr. Wei, see for yourself, all your rice has turned red. The connection between you and your birth parents has long been concealed by a master. How can an old woman like me divine anything for you?"

"This..." Wei Yao looked at the red glutinous rice on the table, a look of loss and shock in his eyes.

As far as I know, when consulting Granny Mi about rice, one always uses the freshest white glutinous rice of the season.

Yet the glutinous rice in front of us had turned deep red, signifying not just a simple loss of contact between Wei Yao and his parents but underlying sins.

I observed Granny Wu's silence, and based on my experience in society,

I could tell that Granny Wu was deliberately keeping herself out of trouble.

Granny Wu was extremely stern, "Zhenglin, come out and see the guest off."

Wu Zhenglin, carrying a college entrance exam vocabulary book, came out with a sigh, "Sir, please leave. You're even affecting my revision and memorization."

"Fine, I'll leave. I'll just find someone else." Wei Yao, too, had a temper. He grabbed his coat and glanced at Wu Zhenglin's vocabulary book, "Still memorizing 'aboard'? The college entrance exam is just days away, isn't it? Scholarly underachiever, you're sure to fail."

Upon hearing this, Granny Wu's face turned green, "How dare you curse my grandson? My grandson is so bright, he's sure to get into a top university."

"Curse? Curse my ass. Three thousand words, and he's only on the third? Your grandson's exam is doomed. I'm just telling you the truth!" Wei Yao left these words behind and strode towards his red sports car.

Seeing me and Yu Rongling getting off the bouncy car, his expression changed slightly, "Chen Yuanyuan? You're stalking me?"

"Stalk your sister! You've got delusions of persecution. I'm here to see Granny Wu." I glared at Wei Yao. It really was my bad luck to run into this annoying guy again just by stepping out the door.

Yu Rongling, hands in his trouser pockets, clicked his tongue at Wei Yao and chuckled, "Brother, care to make a bet? This kid from Granny Wu's family, he'll get into Emperor University."

"Ha, are you kidding me? This little waste, getting into Emperor University?" Wei Yao had a personality as confrontational as Yu Rongling's, and the two young scions butted heads just like that.

Yu Rongling whistled and popped a bag of popping candy into his mouth, "Cut the crap, just tell me if you dare to bet."

"What's the stake?" Wei Yao asked coldly.

Yu Rongling smiled, "Whoever loses, eats ten pounds of dog shit."

I was stunned. Was this... getting too intense?

The moment I thought about Yu Rongling's identity as a Snake Immortal, I knew Wei Yao was in for it.

The Snake Immortal was known for divination and was very accurate.

Wei Yao's expression faltered. He glanced at the vocabulary book in Wu Zhenglin's hand, then at me, utterly confused, "Heh, oh, so you're standing up for your little girlfriend, huh?"

"If you don't dare to bet, just say so. There's no need to beat around the bush. It's embarrassing, you know? Idiot!" Yu Rongling managed to make the popping candy in his mouth crackle.

Although I disliked Wei Yao, ten pounds of dog shit was too much, and I felt a twinge of compassion, "Hey, Wei Yao, don't bet with him. If you bet with him, you can't break your word."

If you lose a bet to an ordinary person, you might still be able to get away with not paying up.

Old folks always say not to bet with a Household Spirit; once you've promised, it becomes a contract that you must fulfill.

My words probably had the opposite effect.

"Stupid woman, cut the crap, I spit on that."

Unwilling to back down, Wei Yao declared, "You're on. After eating those ten pounds, your girlfriend would never dare kiss you for the rest of her life."

"Oh, you're so thoughtful, concerned about my lifelong happiness," Yu Rongling snapped his fingers. A golden talisman suddenly flew toward the palm of Wei Yao's hand,

and under Wei Yao's horrified gaze, it branded itself in his palm like a tattoo.