

A Snake 86

Chapter 86 My Spiritual Eye

Wei Yao exclaimed, "How is that possible? They kindly adopted me and treated me well."

"Lower your head a bit so I can see your Three Souls and Seven Spirits," I said seriously to Wei Yao.

Wei Yao lowered his head and did as told, "Can you see a person's Three Souls and Seven Spirits?"

"The Three Souls and Seven Spirits reside at the brow center," I answered as my finger touched Wei Yao's brow. "I was born with the Spiritual Eye. By touching someone's brow, I can see their Three Souls and Seven Spirits."

"You give me the vibe of a Little Witch," Wei Yao sighed, then asked, "How is it?"

I gently withdrew my hand and told him solemnly what I had seen, "Just like I thought, your amnesia is indeed due to a partially damaged Earth Soul."

"Do you have a way to help me recover my memory?" Wei Yao asked me.

I nodded and handed him a knot I had made the night before, "As long as we summon back your Earth Soul."

Having heard from Chen Decheng about Wei Yao's amnesia, I suspected it might have been caused by the Earth Soul.

There is a kind of Soul-summoning Clothes that can retrieve a lost soul.

However, making two garments in one night would be too draining.

So I made a Soul-summoning knot instead, which should work with the Formation from the Soul-summoning Clothes.

I then took out a red pen and drew several complex overlapping Formations on the back of Wei Yao's hand.

As I put the pen away, my eyes swept over the ring on his ring finger, "Are you married?"

"No, it was a birthday gift from my adoptive parents," voiced Wei Yao the moment he finished speaking.

The formations on the back of his hand emitted a red glow.

As the red light flared, it illuminated the entire hospital room.

The stone on that ring shattered with a crack.

A wisp of pure white smoke flew out of the stone and headed straight for Wei Yao's brow center.

Chen Decheng cursed softly, "Damn it, my brother's Earth Soul was hidden in that ring."

Wei Yao clutched his brow and let out a pained cry, collapsing to the ground and rolling about.

The middle-aged man beside him was startled and rushed over to help Wei Yao up, "Junsheng! Junsheng, what's wrong with you?"

Seeing Wei Yao in extreme pain, red blood vessels filled the middle-aged man's eyes as he turned to me, "Master, what's wrong with my Wei Yao?"

"Oh my, why is Wei Yao in such agony?" Chen Decheng was also very worried.

I replied, "It must be that there are too many memories merging, causing a strain on his brain. He should be fine after a while."

It took a full twenty minutes.

Wei Yao's memories had finally integrated, and he quieted down.

Drenched in sweat, he slowly got up with a vacant, dull look in his eyes.

The middle-aged man kneeled by his side, worried, he asked, "Do you feel better now, Junsheng?"

"Dad, I remember you now, Dad," Wei Yao's gaze slowly shifted to the middle-aged man. Tears began to well up in his eyes, and eventually, he embraced the man tightly.

The middle-aged man could no longer hold back and burst into tears.

Touching the middle-aged man's graying hair, Wei Yao also cried out, "Dad, you've aged so much, you were so young in my memory."

"Silly boy, it's been ten years, how could I not age?" the middle-aged man patted the back of Wei Yao's head affectionately.

I understood how the uncle felt. Even though they had recognized each other, Wei Yao had never called him Dad.

It wasn't until Wei Yao regained his memory that he finally called out that "Dad."

Weeping like a child, Wei Yao gazed at the middle-aged man's weathered face, "You're only in your early forties, and you have so much white hair already. I can only imagine what kind of days you and Mom have been living since I left."