

Daily Life 501

Chapter 501 Showdown On Top of The Crane

The moment he was killed with a headshot by WF, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's hands had already dropped from the keyboard.

He had never ever expected WF to pick up that person's AWM from earlier and then promptly kill him with a headshot! This was the best sniper rifle in the game and it didn't matter if you were wearing a helmet – no matter how many helmets or much armor you were wearing, one shot was all it took to kill you.

From this distance, even if Wang Ling wanted to provide reinforcement, he wouldn't make it.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was overwhelmed by a sense of uncontrollable despair.

He had just wanted to show off a little in front of Wang Ling, but hadn't expected things to turn out the other way.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed inwardly; It was so hard to play games nowadays...

But he had to admit that this WF's skills were pretty good.

"Brother Ling, you need to watch out. This person is probably aware of our location." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took his headphones off and spoke to Wang Ling next to him.

Wang Ling grunted quietly.

To be able to restrain Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal to this extent, provided it was without using a cheat, was ample proof that WF's level was very high. Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal claimed that he hadn't played this game in a very long time, during the period when frenzy over the game had been at its peak, he and Immortal Toya had burst into Huaxiu's top fifty chart while playing duo mode.

This WF thus had to be ranked in the top fifty at the very least, and he was clearly an old hand who was intimately familiar with the map.

Given the strength of his vision, Wang Ling could see tiny pixelated dots moving around on the map without needing to enhance his eyesight. But from start to finish, WF had never revealed his location; he took advantage of various blind spots and would switch covers to conceal his position.

This was enough to demonstrate how superior he was.

But Wang Ling had felt all along that this WF was probably someone close to him...

He narrowed his eyes slightly as he manipulated his character and quickly looked for another target within shooting range.

On the other side was another team driving a jeep as they slowly entered firing range...

He had just opened his scope and had yet to make a move when he promptly heard the crisp sound of a gunshot from afar.

"Bang!"

An AWM directly struck the jeep and it exploded on the spot.

System: Player "WF" has used "AWM" to kill players "Woshizhazhahui","Woshiguitianle"...

Wang Ling: "..."

Very good...

Wang Ling was now almost certain that this WF was definitely someone close to him and was very likely out to get him...

...

Following WF's crazy slaughter, more and more doubts emerged in Daoist Guang's live stream room.

This was in fact normal; when a player's performance surpassed what regular people could understand, it was inevitable that most people would accuse him of using cheats. Previously, when Daoist Guang's live stream had just started to become popular, people had also had doubts about him. It wasn't until he had killed twenty people with a katana in one go while carrying a little brother that the doubts had noticeably decreased.

When all was said and done, even those trolls hadn't seen such an operation before, and really hadn't known how to diss it...

At that time, a super administrator from the cultivation live stream platform had specially come over to monitor Daoist Guang's live stream data and had found nothing unusual.

Back then, the steady increase in Daoist Guang's fans and the continuous support from Light Chasers had been able to some extent to disrupt the trend of people with "good intentions" painstakingly claiming that Daoist Guang was cheating.

Frankly speaking, whether he was cheating or not purely depended on whether the audience bought it or not...

For someone who played so well, unless his identity matched his strength, most of the people watching would think he was no different from those immortals who cheated.

"Lord Island, is that WF really not cheating? I just don't believe it!"

"His ID is all over the public screen now."

"Could this be some guru's side account?"

Looking at the bullet messages, Daoist Guang felt that the situation wasn't right, and he asked Father Wang, "Brother Sleep, what does that anti-cheat brother of yours say?"

"He's already checked this person out, and the data is all normal; he isn't using cheats. This anti-cheat system which my friend designed would have immediately detected aimbot and wallhack cheats," Father Wang replied with a smile.

After all, it was Little Ming who had designed the anti-cheat software.

Who was he... he was the most powerful brain in the nation!

No matter how excellent their marksmanship was, many live streamers nowadays chose to use wallhack cheats so that their games would be more entertaining to watch. This helped them to detect as many enemies as possible as well as to acquire the supplies they needed.

A wallhack cheat was the most difficult one to detect. Nowadays, live streamers with money could choose to use split screens, and viewers watching the live stream wouldn't be able to detect anything unusual at all.

Software that could detect a wallhack cheat immediately could already be considered to be very advanced.

Of course, almost no one doubted Father Wang's words.

Because previously, Wang Ming had already used this anti-cheat punishment software to bring water friends back to life with the world-shaking "Samsara of Heavenly Life"... compared with this, being able to detect a wallhack cheat was a completely ordinary operation!

At that point in time, Daoist Guang and Father Wang were crouched down in a small house outside the airfield on the edge of the safe zone. They planned to move after the next safe zone appeared, so had decided to squat here for a bit.

At that moment, Daoist Guang heard the sound of the door opening downstairs. It was so loud that all the water fans in the live stream room heard it.

They had company!

Daoist Guang and Father Wang aimed their rifles at the corridor entrance. This person would die if he dared show his head.

But his footsteps stopped at the top of the stairs.

"Don't be nervous, it's me."

Then, the water fans in the live stream room heard an unfamiliar voice.

Little Ming?

Hearing Wang Ming's voice, Father Wang let out a sigh of relief. "Lord Island, this is my friend who designed the anti-cheat software."

Daoist Guang nodded his head and lowered his rifle. "Little brother, thanks for your trouble. Do you need anything? I have everything."

"I'm fine, I'm fine."

Wang Ming smiled. "When I punished those cheaters earlier, I picked up all their equipment."

Water fans: "..."

Daoist Guang: "..."

Father Wang: "..."

Daoist Guang: "Then that brother WF really isn't a cheater?"

"Not at all, I've already checked him out. No game company or live stream platform has anti-cheat software as good as mine," said Wang Ming. "But I'm about to go face him."

"Where is this brother?" asked Daoist Guang.

"This brother moves very quickly, but I want to duel him here on the crane."

Wang Ming replied promptly, an inscrutable smile on his face. "I know he's definitely watching Lord Island's live stream, which is why I specially came over to explain the situation to Lord Island."

Daoist Guang: "Then little brother, your meaning is...?"

Wang Ming: "I hope Lord Island will come with me and broadcast our battle! Everyone, don't interfere! I just feel that this guy is too arrogant, and I'll represent everyone in venting their anger!"

A live broadcast, huh...

Wang Ling took a look at the live stream room; Wang Ming's voice hadn't surprised him at all.

But very quickly, Wang Ming added: "There's another thing, and that is that I want to take this opportunity to display my skills for my silly little brother."

Wang Ling: "... Motherf**ker...

Chapter 502 A Fight Between Immortals

As he said these words, Wang Ming knew that Wang Ling was definitely watching the live stream.

He knew Wang Ling's personality too well, and it took practically nothing to guess what Wang Ling's intentions were.

Wang Ming thought it was a rare opportunity to show off.

He couldn't compare with Wang Ling when it came to cultivation strength, but in this digital world of games, at least, Wang Ming felt that he could do anything.

Daoist Guang and Father Wang had a jeep that had been fully kitted out – they had specially prepared it in order to dash to the circle. Wang Ming now was in the driver's seat as he blared the horn and floored the gas, headed in the direction of Youtiao.

Of course, it wasn't Wang Ming who was really driving the jeep, but the "TTXS" character he had created.

So he completely wasn't worried about turning the car over, and instead performed many inhuman maneuvers in it.

"Speed up!" Wang Ming ordered TTXS, and the jeep abruptly revved to its maximum speed.

There were various types of obstacles on the edge of the airfield. Once they were in range, many people would often abandon their cars and choose to walk since there were many typical cases of cars blowing up after running into obstacles, killing the people inside.

When the jeep jumped over a boulder, a lot of the people in the bullet messages thought that the car was going to flip.

"Ahhh! The airfield's iron gates are just up ahead, can't you go around the stone block?! Crazy live streamer!"

"Damn! The car's going to flip!"

"It's definitely going to blow up..."

"That's the death rock, I've flipped my car here so many times."

"This anti-cheat brother doesn't know to drive, I bet he never got his license!"

A lot of discussion was happening in the live stream room at that moment.

In the end, a scene beyond anyone's expectations happened. When the jeep jumped over the stone block at high speeds, not only wasn't there a crash, it seemed to rise up as it blew through the iron gates up ahead like a tornado.

What the hell?! What kind of operation was this?

No one knew that this was a smart maneuver performed by Wang Ming's software character after it had done the precise calculations, and they thought that it was Wang Ming himself who had done it. In an instant, 666s were pasted all over the live stream room; even Daoist Guang and Father Wang hadn't expected it.

"Wasn't that awesome?" Wang Ming asked coolly.

"I really couldn't tell that little brother would have this sort of skill." Daoist Guang tsked.

To be honest, this was a pretty stunning performance.

With these driving skills, Wang Ming could already star in Fast and Furious 8 Plus...

"Wow! This anti-cheat little brother's technique is too awesome!"

"Coach, teach me!"

"Coach: 'No matter how much you want to learn, I can't teach you!' This move is too difficult, I won't be able to learn it!"

Glancing at the bullet messages in the live stream room, Wang Ming couldn't help laughing. "Do you guys want to learn? I can teach you. Mm, this technique is called the Cyclone Magnum Hurricane! The four racing brothers, please understand!"

Water fans: "..."

Father Wang and Daoist Guang: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

What damn Cyclone Magnum Hurricane! Was the Spin Cobra going to suddenly catch up to him from behind then?!

...

This required meticulous and highly precise maneuvering. Wang Ming was very confident in the software he had designed. The game was just one large ball of data, and not only could the software's built-in AI system control the character precisely, it also brought out the best of the character's abilities based on what it could reasonably do given the available data.

That was to say, whatever Wang Ming's character could do was already the maximum operation possible in this game.

It was already down to the final circle, and there were less than thirty people left.

Gunfire had already stopped.

In the live stream, some cheeky water fans had given this battle a name: Showdown At the Summit of the Crane (Youtiao)...

Everyone's attention was on this moment.

All the water fans participating in the match this time had already agreed that until Wang Ming and Fang Xing's great battle was over, no one was allowed to open fire.

Soon, the jeep arrived at the crane and Wang Ming got out.

"Good luck, brother," Daoist Guang said solemnly.

In the end, Father Wang chose to stay in the vehicle while Daoist Guang followed behind Wang Ming, tasked with broadcasting the fight live.

They were several body lengths apart. Because Daoist Guang controlled the view perspective in the live stream room, he could only switch angles as much as possible in order to provide the water friends in the live stream room with a clearer view.

On the other side, that mysterious WF finally revealed himself for the first time.

It was a female character with a ponytail and a baseball cap on her head. The black jacket and miniskirt which she was wearing were rare fashion items in the game; most importantly, this miniskirt was pink in color!

The miniskirt was the most valuable of all the rare fashion items, while a limited edition skirt could sell for a very high price.

Usually, a miniskirt could sell for several thousand, maybe even over ten thousand HNY.

Players could trade and obtain miniskirts online.

However, only the pink miniskirt couldn't be bought... That was because there were only three limited edition pink miniskirts on the entire server and it was forbidden to sell this item on its own!

Hence, it could only be bought linked to an account.

Previously, an account which had the pink miniskirt had sold at the super high price of three thousand immortal gold... for a lot of ordinary players, this value was already beyond what they could imagine.

A game account that could sell for three thousand immortal gold just because of a piece of clothing was jaw-dropping.

The bullet messages peppered the screen in Daoist Guang's live stream room after WF showed up in the flesh.

"What the hell?! What did I see? A pink miniskirt!"

"As expected, there's no understanding the world of the rich."

"That's not necessarily the case, the player might not have bought it. But if he had gotten it through a lottery draw, then this little brother's account must be a very old one."

For many of the players who were intimately familiar with this game, the pink miniskirt had already become a symbol of sorts... it was the symbol of a master.

To put it another way, this player WF really was something...

At that moment, Wang Ming's and Fang Xing's characters were face to face.

The tension was at its peak.

Everyone's gazes were fixed on the image from Daoist Guang's perspective.

Father Wang...

Loopy Toad and Wei Zhi...

Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal...

Everyone was watching attentively.

As if they had already talked it over, the two people standing face to face switched out the guns in their hands for sniper rifles.

98K rifles in this fight?

Wang Ling also stared blankly at this scene.

Very quickly, everyone heard the sound of two overlapping gunshots.

Shots fired!

Wang Ming's character reacted almost the moment Fang Xing opened fire, and he swiftly ducked sideways behind an iron pillar on the crane while returning fire at the same time.

This happened almost synchronously with Fang Xing opening fire; it was a quick and smooth response which the eye couldn't keep up with at all.

But if a person had dynamic vision, they could see this scene very clearly.

Wang Ling saw Fang Xing's bullet hit the center of the iron pillar in front of Wang Ming, while Wang Ming's return fire was blocked by the frying pan which Fang Xing had instantly switched to...

"He can do even that..." Everyone was dumbfounded; the two players were shooting each other at close range, but unexpectedly no one had been hit.

But it was at that moment when everyone saw a jaw-dropping scene...

Daoist Guang also saw Wang Ming take out a frying pan!

Wang Ming's character waved it languidly!

Bang!

The bullet which Fang Xing had deflected with the frying pan... was actually sent flying back at him again!

"What the f**k!"

Daoist Guang couldn't help swearing.

What the hell!

This was a fight between immortals! From the manga "The Racing Brothers Let's & Go!!" which was created as a tie-in to toy company Tamiya's mini-4WD toy car franchise. Another car model styled as a rival in the manga series.

Chapter 503 Selling the Game to You for Just Ninety-Eight HNY Is a Real Loss

What was going on?!

Not everyone was at the Soul Formation stage, and Wang Ming's and Fang Xing's moves were so fast that through Daoist Guang's perspective, the audience could only just barely see two people waving the frying pans in their hands relentlessly. However, the viewers couldn't clearly make out what was happening at all.

Although it was now an era of national cultivation, to be able to find ten people at the Soul Formation stage among the close to ten million viewers in Daoist Guang's live stream room would already be considered pretty good; to track this bullet volley, one had to have the dynamic vision of the Soul Formation stage at the very least.

"You can adjust the play speed in the live stream room! Everyone, slow the image down to the lowest it can go, and if you try hard enough, you'll be able to see it clearly!"

At this water friend's tip in the live stream room, everyone started to try it out.

"You really can see it clearly! It's just that there's a bit of a lag!"

"It's not lag, it's because their movements are too quick, and Lord Island's live stream speed can't keep up at all!"

Crossing his arms in front of the computer screen, Wang Ming used voice commands to manipulate his character into executing all kinds of fancy counterattacks. "Twist Serve!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Everyone then saw Wang Ming's character wave the frying pan and hit the bullet to the ground.

The bullet landed at a strange angle and spun continuously before bouncing up!

This had all happened in a flash; the bullet's trajectory speed got even faster and it instantly flew at the face of Fang Xing's character.

A little bit more and it would have been a headshot!

But Fang Xing was also very quick to react, and he swiftly brandished the frying pan to deflect the bullet from his face and send it back.

When they saw this maneuver, it wasn't just the water friends in the live stream room but also Daoist Guang and his company who couldn't help trembling with stupefied expressions.

Father Wang: "What the hell! What kind of operation is that?"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "My god! The Swallow Counter?"

On the other side, Fang Xing had only just sent the bullet back, but Wang Ming had already manipulated his character into putting on a show yet again.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "What the f**k?! Bear... Bear Drop?!"

This time, even Loopy Toad and Wei Zhi couldn't help crying out in unison, "Damn! Bear Drop?!"

These were advanced skills that were included in the new release of Guide to Glory – New Edition written by the legendary Great God Ye based on games that were currently popular. Furthermore, all these skills were from the 'Frying Pan Special Collection' in the new book edition, which covered all kinds of skills that involved frying pans.

But there were very few people who could truly master these skills...

...

The two individuals facing each other as they used their frying pans to volley the bullet between them were enjoying themselves.

Wang Ming rewrote his software to include a private voice interface; only Fang Xing would be able to hear whatever Wang Ming said through this interface.

Steepling his fingers together as he sat in front of the screen, Wang Ming said with a faint, inscrutable smile, "Give up, Student Fang... You can't beat me in this world."

"Oh~ so it's Brother Ming," Fang Xing said brightly as if he was suddenly enlightened.

He noticed that he had already entered a private voice channel.

"You already knew it was me." Wang Ming smiled.

Wang Ming didn't think it was strange at all that Fang Xing knew who he was. In fact, Wang Ming had secretly investigated him and knew the other party's real identity.

Due to Fang Xing inheriting Immortal She Pi's tremendous power as a child, he had been sent to a national secret orphanage after he had been born. The orphanage had been established by the Magnificent Immortal Special Army Brigade and housed all kinds of gifted children from all over the nation. Often, if young children who had inherited enormous power didn't receive proper guidance, they would very likely stray off the right path as they grew up.

Of course, Wang Ling was a special case. That was because Father Wang and Mother Wang had firmly believed that they could teach Wang Ling well, and as reality proved, they had indeed achieved this.

Wang Ming was naturally one of those gifted, but because he hadn't been able to cultivate since young, he remembered how his parents had thus assumed he was a regular kid and had brought him up accordingly. They didn't sense anything unusual about him except for the fact that he starting talking at an especially early age.

As for how he came to the attention of Huaxiu Cultivation Academy of Science... that was purely because he had recommended himself.

Wang Ming recalled that he had been four when he had snuck out of bed while his parents had been asleep to use the computer. He had hacked into the national information database and found the email of the president of the academy, and had then sent him a thesis he had written on magic treasures.

Wang Ming heard that when President Qi had read the thesis back then, it had become smeared with his excited tears...

Thus, strictly speaking, Fang Xing was connected to Magnificent Immortal. When he was seven years old, he underwent their personality assessment test before Magnificent Immortal helped him find a couple who were looking to adopt. It was actually the Fang couple who adopted him back then who had given him the name Fang Xing.

In the orphanage, he hadn't had a name, only a number.

It had been: 36...

Wang Ming had discovered some of this information himself, while Zhai Yin had provided him the rest.

Given Magnificent Immortal's status, the majority of the information which Zhai Yin supplied was much more reliable than what most people gathered through hearsay.

"It looks like Brother Ming knows quite a lot," Fang Xing replied as he waved the frying pan and returned fire.

"Of course I would notice when my little brother's being spied on every day. Student Fang Xing, absence makes the heart grow fonder – isn't it improper to follow him even into a game to play?"

"Brother Ming, the same goes for you. Didn't you also follow him here?"

Wang Ming grit his teeth. "It was a coincidence for me!"

At that moment, they had already hit the same bullet back and forth a dozen or so times.

It was during Wang Ming's next counterattack that Fang Xing suddenly noticed that the bullet's attack trajectory had changed slightly.

When he brandished the frying pan, the bullet actually evaded his block at a peculiar angle, like a lightning arch.

At the moment, Fang Xing had already sensed the unfavorable turn in events. "Brother Ming is really incredible, thank you for the experience!"

This time, Wang Ming's bullet successfully struck Fang Xing in the head.

Fang Xing was instantly killed!

The jaws of the stunned water friends in the live stream room all dropped; they felt that Wang Ming's abrupt switch in tactics seemed a little familiar...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's expression changed at the sight of this scene. "The hell?! This is..."

Seeing that he had killed Fang Xing, Wang Ming smiled as he felt fulfilled.

It was a good thing he was resourceful!

He had edited the software with data on the national ping pong play style!

On the side, Daoist Guang gaped at Wang Ming. "Little Brother, is this... a ping pong play style?"

Wang Ming nodded his head. "That's right! To be precise, it's the national ping pong play style! As soon as I use this, how can you hope to trade bullets with me?"

Everyone drew in sharp breaths at this scene.

"..."

Even Wang Ling's lips couldn't help twitching as he watched.

Selling the game to you for just ninety-eight HNY is a real loss for the game company! This and the next two techniques mentioned are from the manga and anime series "Prince of Tennis."

Chapter 504 Wang Ming Who Was Only Cool for Three Seconds

Wang Ming wasn't the slightest bit surprised at this result. He indeed didn't have any talent for cultivation, but he didn't think he would lose when it came to anything digital like games.

Daoist Guang's live stream room was already full to bursting!

Because of Wang Ming's and Fang Xing's godly operations, the link to the live stream room had been shared like crazy. As a result, audience numbers in Daoist Guang's live stream room had very quickly broken the critical ten million mark and was surging ahead toward eleven million.

In the study, Father Wang and Lie Mengmeng were gaping wide enough to put eggs in their mouths.

Father Wang could already foresee that after Daoist Guang's match was over today, the video of Wang Ming and Fang Xing's battle would go viral thanks to the water friends.

Secretly taking a deep breath, Father Wang forced himself to calm down and decided to send Wang Ming a voice message. "Little Ming, is this really alright..."

Father Wang felt that Wang Ming might have gone a little too far this time – while Wang Ling had to hide his true strength, Wang Ming at the same time had to hide this true identity... In some sense, these two brothers were actually quite similar.

Although Wang Ming had used this character TTXS, it was very easy now to hunt people down on the Internet. If some meddlesome online friend really did expose Wang Ming's identity, it would be a huge problem!

"Uncle, don't worry, it's alright."

Wang Ming sent a blithe voice message.

Father Wang: "Aren't you afraid you'll be hunted down on the Internet?"

"Hunting me down? Uncle, you're really thinking too much!" Wang Ming laughed.

Hunt him down? How could it be that easy!

He had indeed been a little high-profile today after using the computer in the lab for a bit of fun to hack the game company's server twice as well as personally eliminate Fang Xing.

But Wang Ming was confident that he hadn't left any holes behind.

If the game company's technical team would never realize he had ever been inside at all, then the idea of those online users wanting to hunt him down was complete nonsense.

It was Old Qi who had helped register a whole bunch of fake identities for him. When Wang Ming had delivered the talisman to Wang Ling back then, there had still been a misunderstanding with the police and he had been taken in. In the end, after investigating for a long time, the only information the police had on him was "Wang Xiaoer" this fake identity.

"You should always hold back a little. Once today's video gets out, you'll definitely draw attention," said Father Wang.

"It's fine, it's fine; I'll erase the video and ensure no one sees it! And don't worry about the game company coming after me to pay them back. Don't I still have Old Qi here? Worst comes to the worst, I'll just have him call the game company later and act cute with them!"

"...Cough!" President Qi almost sprayed a mouthful of coffee on Wang Ming's screen when he heard this as he promptly choked!

When all was said and done, he was also one of the Ten Founding Generals of Huaxiu nation!

He was on par with Yi Jianchuan, Jiang Lei and Sun Dakang... How high was his status?

Acting cute with others – what kind of operation was that?!

"It's not very nice to always bother President Qi." Father Wang of course knew what kind of person this Old Qi whom Wang Ming referred to was – after all, Old Qi's top superior was Father Wang's fan, so it wasn't like Father Wang didn't know anything about this matter.

"It's fine, uncle! I'm the Deepwater Wolf and Old Qi is the Apostate Wolf! We've been like a granddad and grandson duo all these years, perfectly concealing my true identity!" Wang Ming laughed.

Father Wang: "..."

President Qi: "..."

Old Qi felt that he had spoilt Wang Ming a bit too much over the years. Although they had a superior and subordinate relationship, he had never assumed the manner of a superior to order Wang Ming to do anything.

For one thing, Wang Ming was indeed efficient and very reliable.

For another, he had come here when he had still been very young.

Old Qi had discovered Wang Ming when the latter was four and had groomed him in secret for three years before bringing him back directly to the research institute.

After all these years, Old Qi had already long regarded him as his own grandson.

But Old Qi realized that in the last few years, it seemed that the number of times he had had to clean up Wang Ming's mess had increased, almost at a skyrocket rate.

Seeing how absorbed Wang Ming and Father Wang were in their chat, President Qi looked at the time and couldn't help giving a reminder. "Little Ming, Zhai Yin will be back soon..."

"It's fine! I'm quitting now, but I have time for one solo round!" Wang Ming waved his hand.

"But..."

"No buts! She's just a woman, us men need to be resolute and strong-willed!" Wang Ming replied without turning his head around.

As soon as he said this, Wang Ming suddenly felt a slender hand press down on his shoulder with an extremely cold and gloomy air...

Wang Ming: "..."

From the sensation on his shoulder... it definitely wasn't President Qi's hand!

"Pla, ying, games?"

Zhai Yin's gaze was fixed on Wang Ming's back, her unreadable expression making Wang Ming tremble...

Holding the coffee cup, Old Qi couldn't help sighing before he stood up and pat Wang Ming's shoulder as he bit back a smile. "Not only am I the Apostate Wolf, I'm also a prophet!"

Wang Ming: "..."

...

On the other side, the game was still ongoing.

After Wang Ming had had his character TTXX dispose of Fang Xing, the water friends in the live stream room soon noticed that this anti-cheat little brother's character was starting to twitch abnormally.

"Was he disconnected?" Daoist Guang was startled.

Father Wang dropped his forehead in his hand. "No... he's being punished..."

Daoist Guang: "..."

Even though Wang Ling didn't know exactly what had happened to Wang Ming, he was certain that Zhai Yin was involved...

Daoist Guang got back into the jeep and the water friends match resumed. It was already down to the last circle.

Because Wang Ming had disconnected and Fang Xing had been killed, there were twenty-eight players left.

Wang Ling was still on the roof of that small building.

The circle was very small now and Wang Ling predicted that a melee would undoubtedly happen next.

But from beginning to end, Wang Ling had yet to see Loopy Toad and Wei Zhi.

Given Loopy Toad's personality, he felt that this thing might be lying low somewhere.

The circle on the map was already very small with the sound of gunshots mixed into the scene as the number of people continued to fall but at a very slow rate.

In the final leg in the safe zone, a lot of people wouldn't act as recklessly as before and would start to become especially cautious.

At this time, Wang Ling suddenly heard the subtle sound of a door opening!

Someone had gone around to come in from behind!

He instantly raised his guard.

At the same time, still on the roof, he heard this team's conversation.

"Brother Dog, it looks like this house has already been looted. There might be people inside!"

"Mm, be careful." Loopy Toad nodded.

"By the way, Brother Dog... how long are you going to play today before you go home?"

"At most just one more round."

"So soon?"

In front of the screen, Loopy Toad shook out its green fur. "I don't know why, but as soon as I stepped into this house, I feel like my master's staring at me!"

Wang Ling: "...From the Chinese boardgame "Werewolf," and refers to the werewolf who is good at hiding and surviving to the end. The werewolf who wins the trust of the villagers and the prophets, though in the game it's by selling out other werewolves.

Chapter 505 Wang Ling Has Already Seen Through Everything

Keeping silent on the rooftop, Wang Ling quietly listened to Wei Zhi and Loopy Toad's conversation.

The man and the dog vigilantly searched every room in this house; it was a round, small-scale military factory with a lot of machinery and equipment. A lot of LYBs would typically be lying in wait in a place like this.

In the end, this was a shooting survival game. If you could survive until the end, there was nothing to be ashamed of even if you won without killing anyone. Thus, in this game, top and regular players had their own play styles.

Top players staked everything on their marksmanship, while regular players relied on their wits; principles or whatnot didn't exist in this game.

Because the building Wang Ling was currently in was in the center of the safe zone, Loopy Toad and Wei Zhi were especially careful as they searched the house. It had obviously already been looted by other people, and as long as there was no one else hiding here, it would definitely be the most advantageous position in the current safe zone.

The only place to shoot at this building from was the crane, but it was already outside of range after the circle's contraction, so this unpredictable factor could basically be eliminated.

Wei Zhi and Loopy Toad's characters moved with their backs against each other as they finished searching the first and second floor; now only the third floor and the roof were left.

"Brother Dog, are you really going to leave in a bit?" Wei Zhi really felt that it hadn't been long enough.

Two game rounds, even if they were quality rounds, at the most only took one and a half hours, which actually wasn't enough time to enjoy playing to the fullest.

"Brother Dog, how about... I talk directly to your master?" At that moment, Wei Zhi suggested that Loopy Toad come clean; it was better to talk the situation over.

As a professional pet trainer, there were a lot of times when the relationship between a pet trainer and a spirit beast wasn't like that between an owner and a pet. To Wei Zhi, an outstanding pet trainer should treat the spirit beast they had formed a contract with as a friend. This could only be beneficial in the long run, and was also a technique for enhancing rapport.

A lot of times, a spirit beast's personality would indirectly reflect its master's personality.

Looking at Loopy Toad's personality, Wei Zhi felt that its master should be a relatively open-minded and outgoing person.

Actually, these bright words seemed incompatible with Wang Ling, but there was actually nothing wrong with what Wei Zhi had said — although Wang Ling didn't open his mouth to speak, he at least had an active mind!

"No no no, it's still better for me to go back..." Loopy Toad still felt a little fear; for some reason, as he moved his character from the first floor to the second floor, and then to the third floor, the feeling that it was being stared at by little Master Ling became stronger, as if he was gazing at Loopy Side on the side and listening to it speak!

"Alright then." Wei Zhi flattened his lips and didn't insist. Originally, he hadn't intended to play games today, but he had been swept up by Loopy Toad's momentum and in the end, his interest had been roused. Now that Loopy Toad had suddenly said it would be leaving shortly, he was disappointed.

Wei Zhi realized that he really did like Loopy Toad!

Although he was now already under immense pressure from insufficient spirit beast rations, even moonlighting as a spellmaster for spirit beasts, after his encounters with Loop Toad, Wei Zhi still desired in his heart to raise a dog!

Seeing Wei Zhi's taciturn expression next to it, Loopy Toad suddenly said, "Worst comes to worst, we can look for an opportunity to connect online again. I bought a computer."

Wei Zhi was stunned. "How did you get the money..."

Loopy Toad: "It was a business transaction with a compatriot."

Wei Zhi: "..."

Wang Ling was startled at this reply. But very quickly he thought of a possibility; he felt that Loopy Toad's source of income was most likely Little Silver. He remembered a chat with Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal when the other man had brought up the issue of Little Silver's living situation. That was because Little Silver ate a lot every day and always ordered take-out in bulk – Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had thus directly transferred one million into Little Silver's card.

So Little Silver did have money, but as for why he and Loopy Toad had made a business deal, that was something Wang Ling needed to verify later.

Wang Ling had in fact come up with a lot of possibilities, and had felt that this was the most logical one since he knew that Little Silver and Loopy Toad had added each other as friends; when they had done so, Loopy Toad had even teased Little Silver a bit by showing off its leg.

Huaxiu nation's mobile pay system was currently the most developed in the world and it was very convenient to transfer money online; it also amply accounted for why Loopy Toad had so much money.

Curious, Wei Zhi asked intently, "Then did you also spend money on that martial art?"

"Of course not, sale of this art is forbidden. A friend of mine gave it to me." Loopy Toad shook its head; the spirit techniques and spells that Little Silver had given to it were already out of print and couldn't be purchased anywhere.

That Basic Dog Skills volume in particular, which was probably the spirit technique which the holy Dog clan had been famous for back then, was something which Dog Saint had personally researched and which was very suitable for dogs to learn!

The third floor of the military factory was very wide, and the two of them chatted as they searched the rooms, completely unaware that Wang Ling was eavesdropping from the rooftop.

"So you've learned them all?" asked Wei Zhi again.

"No... I'm still studying them."

Loopy Toad gave a sigh. "How can it be so easy?"

"Were you triggered after coming back from that Demon Hunters Association town the last time? I don't remember you cultivating any spirit techniques before."

Loopy Toad: "..."

Speaking on this topic, Loopy Toad was suddenly struck with sorrow.

It wasn't that it didn't know spirit techniques! It was that it couldn't use them! All the arts and spirit techniques of the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan were currently stored in its brain, but none of them were suitable for Loopy Toad apart from the Space Swallowing Spell and Tongue Technique.

Loopy Toad felt it was like switching from a magician to a warrior halfway through a game, when you couldn't use all your equipment and skills anymore.

Every spirit beast had its own traits, and there was no such thing as a close-combat warrior magician in the spirit beast circle.

"I've been fully concentrated on cultivating this art, but for my own protection, I still need to learn two moves."

Loopy Toad groaned before saying, "I'm learning all this for the sake of my tribe!"

It sounded like a joke and Wei Zhi didn't think too much about it, but it made Wang Ling think of something.

For the tribe?

Wang Ling suddenly thought he understood.

He thought of the first edition blueprint of the Gate Between Worlds which Daoist Guang had given to Loopy Toad, and coupled with its unusual behavior...

Wang Ling was now certain that whatever Loopy Toad was hiding, it most likely had to do with the Gate Between Worlds, or more precisely, it was something important that had to do with the Toad clan inside the Gate.

At this thought, Wang Ling directly exited the game.

"Brother Ling, you quit playing?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stupefied.

"Mm." Wang Ling nodded his head.

He had more or less guessed the ins and outs of the matter, so there was no need for him to continue playing, since his initial aim had been to pick out what Loopy Toad was hiding from him.

He sat in his chair and cupped his chin in contemplation for a while as he sorted out what he had just learned.

After about five minutes...

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly noticed something strange.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Huh? Brother Ling, it doesn't look like your character logged off..."

Wang Ling: "???"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal hadn't exited the game, and he switched his view to Wang Ling's character, whose body was unexpectedly halfway stuck in a nook.

He guessed that this was a bug created as a result of Wang Ling directly exiting the game.

If this was the case, no one would be able to discover Wang Ling at all!

"Holy shit, Brother Ling, we're going to eat chicken!"

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was stunned... even this was freaking possible?! A quality round is one in which you and your squad dominate the game.

Chapter 506 Mr Lu's Wonderful Use

Wang Ling seldom played games, because for him... they were really boring.

However, this game was different, and Wang Ling felt like he had discovered the fun and value of games.

At the very least, it was a bridge of communication with his family's Dog Two.

Because of Loopy Toad's unusual identity, Wang Ling was actually usually very careful not to ask it too many questions about its previous life as a demon king; he was afraid it would agitate his Dog Two and have an irreversible impact on its spirit.

In fact, after careful analysis, Wang Ling thought that Loopy Toad's experience before becoming a dog was really a heavy psychological shadow over it.

First of all...

When Dog Two had still been a demon king back then, the other demon kings had pushed it out of the Gate Between Worlds, and after landing, it hadn't looked cool for even three seconds before it had died with a single punch from ten-year-old Wang Ling.

Second was the school placement test at the start of the semester.

Dog Two's primordial spirit had been inserted into the school's testing system for students to hit like a sandbag as a ranking assessment. In the end, it encountered Wang Ling once again. Wang Ling remembered that Dog Two had been so scared back then that it had directly fallen flat on the spot, four feet pointed up at the sky and eyes rolled back...

The third and final time.

Everyone had used ghost-summoning talismans during Teacher Pan's Dao talismans lesson. After racking its brain at that time, Dog Two had abandoned most of its primordial spirit to break away and flee the school. In the end, before it could even leave the school's main entrance, Wang Ling had summoned it to the classroom.

And then, there was no "and then"...

Dog Two completely turned into a dog.

Two encounters one after another that could be considered childhood trauma – what kind of experience was that... Wang Ling felt that only Loopy Toad itself would understand.

Wang Ling didn't ask Loopy Toad about its previous life, but that didn't mean that he didn't care.

After all, this was his family's Dog Two who had already been acknowledged by everyone as part of the family. As its owner, Wang Ling could never ignore it.

From what Wang Ling could now sense, Loopy Toad's worry clearly had something to do with its tribe in the Gate Between Worlds, and something big was probably about to happen. As for why Loopy Toad hadn't consulted him directly, Wang Ling also had his own conjecture.

This was because of Dog Two's stubbornness as a demon king before it had become a dog.

Part of it also was its resolve to bid its past farewell for good.

So this guy actually wanted to personally end everything...

Wang Ling was also taken aback!

Where on earth did Dog Two get its courage from? Liang Jingru?!

Given Loopy Toad's current overall battle strength, Wang Ling felt that Dog Two would just be courting death if it entered the Gate Between Worlds now.

Wang Ling communicated his conclusions to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal telepathically.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was also shaken. "Brother Ling, you think Brother Dog's abnormal behavior recently is related to the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan in the Gate Between Worlds?" While it was a completely unexpected reply, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal did think it was completely logical.

After thinking back on it for a bit, he felt more and more that Wang Ling's answer was very sound. "Brother Dog has not yet completely cut off ties to its previous life; indeed, it's possible that this has to do with its original clan inside the Gate Between Worlds."

At this point, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at Mr Lu, who was sitting upright on the floor in an obedient manner.

After the effect of Little Silver's phlegm on serious injuries had worn off, the Spell of Creation and Rebirth had already taken effect. Mr Lu's wound was already completely healed, and his skin was just stained with a little blood.

As expected, the Tree clan's ability to recover was terrifying!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal couldn't help sighing in his heart. Luckily they had Little Silver's thick phlegm, otherwise it would have been pretty difficult to deal with Mr Lu; unless it was something like Wang Ling's single crippling and explosive strike, even other True Immortal experts might not be able to kill Mr Lu.

"How much do you know about the Gate Between Worlds, Mr Lu?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal asked.

Mr Lu was originally a tree demon that had been born in the Gate Between Worlds. While he was now lurking and "working" in the human world, he had to have some way of keeping in touch with the Tree clan in the Gate Between Worlds.

Mr Lu thought for a moment before he nodded and answered, "I have a magic artifact which indeed allows me to contact my clansmen." Since things had come to this point and he had already decided to switch sides, he no longer hid anything. He did indeed have a way of contacting his tribe inside the Gate Between Worlds, but he could only connect with some of the elders in the main Tree clan.

"Then is it possible for you to ask them about the Sky-Swallowing Toad clan's situation?"

"They'll have to ask around. The demon race actually isn't as united as humans think. Every clan fights and plots against each other as they fight over territory and resources; they're constantly using all kinds of reasons as excuses to start wars..." said Mr Lu with a sigh.

If the demon world really was peaceful, he wouldn't need to risk coming to the human world to "work," and he wouldn't have been swindled into accepting a fake spirit sword.

This was truly a great humiliation...

Actually, what Mr Lu said were things that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had heard from dissident groups, but which he had yet to verify.

The demon world wasn't at peace.

In fact, someone had anonymously divulged this issue on the cultivation forum previously, but Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had always been skeptical about this information. Listening to Mr Lu now, however, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal suddenly recalled the numerous hot news items which that informant had disclosed. One of the top ones had apparently mentioned that a large-scale battle was on the verge of breaking out between two major clans in the demon world.

"We'll still have to trouble Mr Lu to make inquiries into this matter." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal looked at Mr Lu as he spoke, his chin in his hand.

Mr Lu nodded. "Alright."

"I've already discussed it with Brother Ling; from now on, Mr Lu, you'll come with me. We won't send you to the police for the time being; before that, you have to atone for your crimes. Do you have any objections?"

"No..."

Mr Lu lowered his head. Out of the corner of his eye, he kept sneaking glances at Wang Ling. As Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal spoke, Mr Lu saw how Wang Ling fiddled with the mousepad under his hand as he seemed lost in thought, which made Mr Lu tremble all over despite himself.

He had almost died on the spot earlier from a casual blow from a mousepad.

He didn't want to be hit again...

"Previously I took in a housekeeper with the surname Song, full name Song Qingshu. He's helping me manage some other estates right now. You just need to follow him around; he'll take you ahead a bit at a time on your journey of atonement." Saying this, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal laughed. "Actually, you won't be doing anything difficult; Mr Lu should be very good at it!"

"...Exactly what kind of job is it?"

Mr Lu was still feeling a little anxious.

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "Recently, the state invested huge amounts of charity contributions into setting up a lot of relief centers and orphanages in remote areas, but because they're all newly built, the smell is too overpowering. As it happens, Mr Lu can help to get rid of the smell of formaldehyde or something!"

Mr Lu: "...A Chinese singer who sang a song entitled "Courage."

Chapter 507 With All Due Respect...

Wang Ling sent a text message that afternoon, and Odd Zhuo quickly drove from his office directly to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's place. Since the incident with the Demon Hunters

Association had yet to be fully resolved, Odd Zhuo, who was the chief commander of this operation, even had to sacrifice his weekend and remain at the office.

The entire affair was in fact completely over; the last thing missing was the capture of the legendary President Bai, and the net had already closed as far as it could go all over the country.

A large police force had been mobilized this time; not only was this a show of strength in the face of the illegal trafficking of spirit beasts, it was also a reflection of the country's vow to uphold its promises.

After the holy beasts had been wantonly massacred by human cultivators back then due to lies and slander, laws against the mistreatment and murder of spirit beasts had always existed, but the punishments imposed clearly weren't severe enough.

In recent years in particular, quite a number of spirit beasts had become in critical danger of becoming extinct, and there was a real need to draw people's attention to this problem.

So this time, when Odd Zhuo received the message from Wang Ling saying that he had a lead on that President Bai of the Demon Hunters Association, he abruptly jumped out of his chair! As for the General Administration of 100 Schools, when Odd Zhuo wasn't in the office, the deputy director Zhong Lang was still around, so there was nothing to worry about at all.

On the road, Odd Zhuo was both nervous and excited; nervous because he didn't know if he could finally catch that President Bai, and excited because he could see his shifu again!

Although Odd Zhuo felt that he hadn't really learned anything substantial while he was with Wang Ling, and was forever just being a scapegoat... he was actually enjoying himself; to become shifu's scapegoat was an honor!

Moreover, he deeply felt like this was a test of his intelligence; he didn't think that Wang Ling had truly acknowledged him yet. You had to know that in the fairy tale, when the tiger treated the cat as its teacher, it wasn't like the cat would teach it to climb trees! Odd Zhuo didn't think he was a tiger, and he probably would never reach his shifu's level in this lifetime, but he still felt that he at least learned something!

For example, he was becoming better and better at being a scapegoat!

And most importantly, Odd Zhuo felt that he was becoming more and more slick and sly at handling things! This was all thanks to his shifu's intangible and earnest guidance.

Learning was a gradual process and the future stretched ahead of him, so Odd Zhuo wasn't anxious at all.

By the time he arrived at Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's place, it hadn't actually been very long, just about half an hour or so.

On the way over, Odd Zhuo had roughly asked Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal about the situation, and had learned about that forest fairy "Mr Lu."

At the villa, Little Silver jumped up to open the door.

Odd Zhuo had heard about Little Silver in detail from his shifu Wang Ling previously, and it was in fact Odd Zhuo who had even engineered to secretly transport Little Silver from Winter city to Songhai city at the time. But he had only ever seen Little Silver's beast form, and it was his first time seeing the latter's human form.

So when they met this time, Odd Zhuo was slightly dazed.

He thought that as possibly the last living holy beast in the world today, Little Silver was far more lively and cheerful than he had imagined.

And his human appearance was really a little too beautiful with a fair face and long silver hair, barefooted and dressed casually... In Odd Zhuo's view, he had a lot of potential to become a big shot in women's clothing!

"Shifu Zhuo! Master has been waiting for you!"

Little Silver greeted Odd Zhuo and led him inside.

He had a lot of respect for Odd Zhuo, who had helped him out a lot when he had sent Little Silver to Songhai city back then. Little Silver had seen how busy Odd Zhuo had been the whole time as he made the preparations. And most importantly, Odd Zhuo was the personal inheriting disciple officially approved by Master!

So Little Silver thought it made utterly perfect sense to call Odd Zhuo Shifu Zhuo.

Little Silver took Odd Zhuo to the hole he had punched open earlier, and the latter drew in a sharp breath when he saw it.

What the hell... what was this?

Little Silver waved in invitation. "Shifu Zhuo, please come in. This is the green channel!"

Odd Zhuo: "... " What damn green channel!

...

After Odd Zhuo arrived and everyone was in place, Mr Lu began to confess what he knew about President Bai as well as whatever secrets he himself was aware of.

"First of all, Mr Lu, with regard to what you said earlier about wanting to divulge information on President Bai of the Demon Hunters Association, is there anything else you want to tell us?" Odd Zhuo was in charge of asking questions while Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal took down notes on the side in a small notebook.

Because he was constantly out "courting death," Great Death-Courting Senior Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was fairly experienced in criminal investigation, which he had learned from his friends at the police station. He actually had quite a number of friends at the police station, and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal realized that his relationship with them had deepened a fair bit thanks to Little Silver.

Furthermore, he discovered that Little Silver had a somewhat toxic trait: whenever he went out, he would definitely wind up being carted off to the police station...

"Mm! I want to make a report, I want to expose him! I'll tell you everything I know about the countless crimes President Bai has committed!"

Sitting obediently on the floor, Mr Lu gave a full account: "This President Bai's full name is Bai Zhe. Let me start with how strong President Bai is; this man is extremely powerful. From my contact with him, President Bai's overall combat strength is around True Immortal level. And the most crucial thing is the self-healing system art he created himself, which can be considered monstrous. Furthermore, it seems that his physique is a little unique."

"Self-healing system art?" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was blank.

"Yes, I've seen it with my own eyes!" Mr Lu nodded. "Our Tree clan's ability to heal can already be considered heaven-defying, but Bai Zhe's ability is several hundred times stronger; no matter how big a wound is, it will heal completely in a blink of an eye."

"Can you elaborate on what his physique is like?" Odd Zhuo then asked.

"Bai Zhe's physique is a little unusual, but I don't know much about it as I've really never seen it... I've never heard of a human with an ability to heal which far surpasses the Tree clan's. And most importantly, even if Brother Little Silver could use the inhibitive effect which he has on serious injuries, it might not make a difference to this person's self-healing ability."

Mr Lu sighed and said, "All these years, Bai Zhe has had nothing to fear given his self-healing ability and his strong defense. Additionally, that black magic umbrella he carries with him can instantly create barriers and set up a space to help him escape danger. He comes and goes like a ghost as if no one was ever there..."

A human cultivator with a self-healing ability which surpassed that of the Tree clan?

Listening to all this on the side, Wang Ling was a little interested, but completely unruffled.

To be honest, he didn't think President Bai was any kind of threat to him.

It was clear that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal and Odd Zhuo also had the same thought, and their expressions were really too calm. When Mr Lu finished painting this picture with his words, he had initially thought that the people present would be a little amazed at least...

At that point, Little Silver suddenly turned to look at Mr Lu and ask very emphatically, "I'm very sorry, I have a question I want to ask Mr Lu..."

Mr Lu: "Say it, please..."

Little Silver: "If we use a mousepad as the unit of measure, may I ask, with all due respect... how many mousepads would Master need to throw to kill this President Bai, Bai Zhe?"

Mr Lu: "..."

Chapter 508 The Wu What Umbrella?!

From what Mr Lu currently knew of President Bai, the latter was someone with a strong self-healing ability; furthermore, he had created his own self-healing techniques.

To be honest, even Wang Ling was a little amazed by this.

After all, Wang Ling felt that apart from him, there shouldn't be anyone else, whether in the human or demon world, who could match the Tree clan in terms of self-healing ability. And most importantly, Wang Ling felt that there was no person that existed who could hurt him, so in reality, he had never had the chance to use his regenerative ability up until now.

His primordial qi had a powerful self-healing attribute to begin with; even a slight break in his skin would be healed at the speed of light.

Now a person with a strong self-healing ability had suddenly appeared; Wang Ling felt that in some sense, this man was also a prodigy!

In prison right now, there was the old devil who was a mage; Cheng Yu, the Master of Immortal Mansion, who was an archer; and Evil Sword God, who was a melee expert. There was also Jiang Liuyue, the Master of Shadow Stream, who was in solitary confinement. Although she wasn't as strong as the others, she was in any case an assassin. If they could catch this President Bai and put this "wet nurse" in prison, the team battle lineup would be complete!

Wang Ling sighed deeply in his heart and in truth felt a little tired.

It seemed that in half a semester, he had already sent quite a number of people to prison, and furthermore, they were all big shots. But the point was that even then, his life still wasn't peaceful.

At that moment, Wang Ling had the fanciful idea that if things continued to develop at this rate, Songhai First Prison might be packed by the time he graduated high school.

Now it was just a team battle lineup... by the time he graduated, there might be enough of them to make up an army.

This President Bai was a little awesome!

But...

There's no way he can defeat shifu!

But...

There's no way he can defeat Wang Ling!

After listening to Mr Lu's account, Odd Zhuo and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal pondered in their hearts, and almost as if they had come to an agreement after discussing it together, they had the same thought in perfect unison.

Odd Zhuo was in charge of asking the questions and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was recording everything down; this was Mr Lu's first testimony as an informant, and would be important reference for reducing his sentence in the future. All these years, Mr Lu had committed many wrongs under orders from President Bai. It could be said that he had secretly aided and abetted President Bai in the illegal trafficking of spirit beasts, so he was bound to be punished.

Although Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had arranged for Mr Lu to later follow Song Qingshu to atone for his sins by becoming an "air purifier" to eliminate formaldehyde for a period of time...

A crime was a crime!

There was no way for him to escape punishment.

The only thing possible was to give him a lighter sentence.

According to the latest "Laws Against the Mistreatment and Murder of Spirit Beasts," even a light sentence carried a minimum prison term of five years, and exoneration was almost impossible. Of course, if Mr Lu hadn't voluntarily confessed his crimes and become a witness, he could have been sentenced as an accomplice of President Bai's and directly locked up for two hundred years.

Five years was neither short nor long, but for a member of a long-lived Tree clan like Mr Lu, it would probably go by in a flash.

And if Mr Lu was sent to prison, who knew, his sentence could be commuted if he did an excellent job of purifying the prison air...

Odd Zhuo stared at what Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had written down. The latter had recorded down everything Mr Lu had said without leaving even one character out. It was Odd Zhuo's first time seeing Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's handwriting, and given the other man's lively and trippy nature, this handwriting was a little too beautiful.

There was a saying that a person's handwriting reflected their character. But Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's writing didn't give people a sense of bubblyness at all. Each character was beautiful, neat and dignified, as if they were printed, and for one brief moment, Odd Zhuo was a little dazed.

Gazing at the notes, he suddenly noticed a key point that had been written down, and he promptly looked up at Mr Lu. "Mr Lu, can you tell me where this black magic umbrella came from?"

Hearing this question, Wang Ling and Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's expressions also hardened a little.

The nation had always imposed strict controls on spatial magic treasures. Currently, most of the spatial magic treasures sold in the magic treasures trade market were for storage use, and it was impossible that any of them were powerful enough to instantly create a barrier and teleport people. But from what Mr Lu had said, this black magic umbrella clearly had an unusual origin.

Given its space teleportation and barrier abilities, its grade would surpass even that of the Purple Gold Gourd which Immortal Zhenyuan had developed back then.

After some thought, Immortal Zhenyuan said, "Although all I did was hold the umbrella for Bai Zhe, I did once privately sense the power that flowed out of it. It is at the very least a first-class holy weapon; furthermore, there's a real possibility that it could be a quasi-divine weapon... It has a very unusual origin."

Quasi-divine weapon?

Everyone present was slightly dazed.

The circulation of divine weapons was absolutely prohibited as their existence was on par with national treasures. One or two divine weapons in a country's possession were already strong deterrents, and the country would even have a strong voice on an international stage. However, divine weapons couldn't be manufactured, and instead were unique products born of nature.

At present, the highest level of magic weapons that human cultivators could create, with power equal to that of divine weapons, were only world-defying magic weapons.

Quasi-divine weapons, which were a level below divine weapons, couldn't be manufactured either, and they weren't as powerful as divine weapons.

But even if they were inferior to true divine weapons, they were still a lot more powerful than first-class holy weapons!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal cupped his chin in his hand as he pondered.

He was someone who knew all the ranked magic weapons that were on file. If this small black umbrella was really a first-class holy weapon or close to being a quasi-divine weapon, there was no way that it wouldn't be recorded on an international list somewhere.

"How bold is this man to actually dare use this type of strictly restricted magic weapon in public?!" Odd Zhuo tsked. "Does shifu, Senior Immortal or Brother Little Silver have any idea about where this black magic umbrella might have come from?"

In reality, Odd Zhuo really didn't know much about this area. After all, his experience was limited as it hadn't been long since he had graduated from university and started working. Even though his popularity and prestige had swelled after becoming a scapegoat a few times, he certainly wasn't as experienced as canny Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal.

After all, this Great Death-Courting Senior ran such a large cultivation forum, and at every minute of every hour of every day, he would be receiving all kinds of the latest gossip and news, so it made sense that he would have a lot of experience.

Folding his arms, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal racked his brains for a bit, then seemed to remember something as he suddenly looked up and said, "It's the Wuji Umbrella!"

"What?!"

Odd Zhuo was stunned. "What ji? The ji in 'funny'?!"The Chinese word for funny here is 'huaji.'

Chapter 509 The Truth About the Extinction of the Holy Beasts

"It's the Wuji Umbrella... the ji from 'supreme'!"

When Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal gave the name of the umbrella, Odd Zhuo instantly looked enlightened. Even though he didn't know what on earth this umbrella was, he felt that its name at least sounded very awesome.

He remembered seeing an online post before by a well-known magic treasures research specialist who had put up a short excerpt from his paper in which he argued that the shorter and simpler the name, the powerful more the magic treasure.

This theory was actually debatable, but Odd Zhuo felt that it made sense because he had noticed that most of the magic weapons on the ranking list of magic treasures had names that weren't more than three characters in length.

Furthermore, those with only two characters were even more amazing...

For example, Jingke...

Those with a single character were just plain awesome.

When he thought this, Odd Zhuo couldn't help sneaking glances at his shifu, Wang Ling.

Because he realized that his shifu Wang Ling's Daoist name was just one character — "Ling"...

"Wuji Umbrella?"

Mr Lu was also blank when he heard this name. He had also seen the all-time ranking chart of magic treasures in the human world. Although Huaxiu's culture was extensive and profound, Mr Lu actually didn't know much about it; in some sense, you could even say that his understanding was very poor. However, he still wouldn't overlook the names of magic treasures.

A lot of the magic treasures in the demon world were actually imitations made from designs pilfered from the human world. Magic treasure knock-offs were in fact a pretty big industry in the demon world at the moment. The humanoid demons who had integrated into the human world would try whatever they could to buy original magic treasures or obtain original design blueprints.

These original blueprints could sell for sky-high prices in the demon world...

As a matter of fact, when Mr Lu had still assumed that this fake "Skywalker sword" was real, he had initially intended to bring it with him to the demon world and then directly sell it off.

If it had been the genuine Skywalker sword, it could have been sold to a magic treasure knock-off agency in the demon world for at least double or triple its value.

Mr Lu shook his head. "I've never heard of this magic treasure before in the human world."

Little Silver was already browsing on his phone. There was an app called "Library of Magic Treasures" which was a record of all the renowned magic treasures in the world. The magic treasures inside were ranked by category, and there was also an all-time ranking chart.

The origin, grade and maker of each magic treasure in the library were clearly stated, but there wasn't any specific data on them; this app was only for listing the records and ranks of the magic treasures.

Little Silver put in the name 'Wuji Umbrella,' but in the end he discovered that the Library of Magic Treasures had no relevant record of it.

"There's really nothing on it!" Little Silver said.

"Looks like that post was actually credible." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal tsked.

An informant?

Wang Ling stared blankly.

They had now cycled back to that mysterious informant on the cultivation forum whom Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had mentioned before. In that post, the informant had already emphasized that the demon world wasn't peaceful and that a war was imminent.

In fact, this informant had revealed some other things as well... For example, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had seen something to do with this Wuji Umbrella in this post.

But he remembered that this mysterious informant had deleted the post not long after putting it up because a lot of people had questioned it.

But as the cultivation forum's highest administrator, it was at times like these that Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's level of authority was of great use.

Looking through the history of deleted items in the forum's background was a piece of cake.

Very quickly, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal found the informant's post on his computer, and he scrolled until he found the image of the Wuji Umbrella. "Have a look, Mr Lu, is this the umbrella?"

Mr Lu was very excited. "Yes! It's this umbrella!"

Who is this informant?

Wang Ling cocked an eyebrow as he asked the question telepathically.

"The person who posted it is completely anonymous, so I can't find out. In addition, it seems that they even used a fake IP address... This person built on the recent incident with the Demon Hunters Association to talk about how the holy beasts had become extinct due to lies and slander at the time – they then mentioned the Wuji Umbrella. I thought this person was just spouting rubbish back then, but now it looks like it might be some hidden big boss."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. "I actually did ask Little Black to check it out before, but he couldn't find out who it was at all."

Little Silver: "What is the origin of this umbrella?"

"Both divine weapons and quasi-divine weapons are born out of nature, and cannot be manufactured. But according to this informant, the Wuji Umbrella is in fact a man-made world-defying magic weapon," Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said, his face darkening visibly. "What's more, it was made from forty-nine different types of holy beast skins..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had already carefully weighed his words when he said this, out of consideration for Little Silver's feelings; according to what the informant had originally said in the post, it had been a bloody and brutal massacre.

Little Silver naturally froze instantly when he heard this.

Although it had been a very long time since holy beasts had become extinct, hearing that someone had actually used the skins of forty-nine holy beasts to make a world-defying magic weapon short-circuited Little Silver's brain.

The skins of forty-nine different holy beasts...

Even when the holy beasts had flourished back then, there had still only been fifty clans! But this person had actually collected forty-nine skins!

"..."

Little Silver was stupefied.

No wonder he had smelled a faint trace of something hot and spicy on Mr Lu's hand earlier!

Because Mr Lu had touched this small black umbrella...

And it was clear that this small black umbrella contained the skin of Dog Saint, who had been turned into a spicy hot pot stew back then!

Noticing Little Silver's expression, Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal really couldn't bear to continue speaking, but all this currently was important information which he had to share.

After sorting out his wording, he continued, "According to this informant, the Wuji Umbrella is actually an incomplete product, and lacks the skin of one holy beast before it's completely finished..."

Odd Zhuo clenched his teeth and couldn't help pounding the table. "What a lunatic!" No wonder the ranking list of magic treasures didn't have a record of this magic treasure – not only was it an illegal magic treasure, it was also full of evil!

"Judging from the current situation, it was probably President Bai who created this Wuji Umbrella. Even if he hadn't personally made it himself and instead hired someone else to do it, this is pretty terrible." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal sighed. "But there's something which still puzzles me: holy beasts have already been extinct for a long time, so how was he able to collect so many skins?"

"The reason is very simple."

At that moment, Mr Lu suddenly said, "I said earlier that I want to bring charges against Bai Zhe for his evil behavior. In fact, there's another very important piece of information... When I worked for him, I once accidentally learned something about the extinction of the holy beasts. If it's true, it was he who engineered the massacre of the holy beasts back then!" The Chinese word is 'taiji.'

Chapter 510 Technique for Using a Silver Bell

Sometimes the truth was often closer than you could imagine. Even Little Silver himself never expected that the truth he had been painstakingly searching for all these years would actually be so close to him, and could almost be said to be within his grasp.

"So you're saying that it was President Bai who was the source of the rumors back then which led to the extinction of the holy beasts..." Odd Zhuo was utterly stunned.

This was an unresolved case which the country had been investigating until now without any breakthroughs. After all, the level of technology back then wasn't as advanced as it was now.

The rumor that eating the heart of a holy beast could help a person comprehend the Heavenly Dao had spread roughly six thousand years ago, long before the founding of Huaxiu nation. Little Silver had only been two thousand years old at the time, a little kid among the holy beasts... When the holy beasts were discovered to be already extinct after the nation's founding, by the time they started to investigate the matter, it was already too late.

Because it was impossible to trace the source of the rumor.

But it wasn't the same now; the Internet was more advanced and cultivators had to be responsible for whatever they said on online platforms. As long as you wanted to look for something, you could. It wasn't in fact that hard to track down anonymous users, but that "informant" on the cultivation forum this time obviously knew something and had come prepared; even Little Black was unable to track this person down.

While Little Black's technology was slightly inferior to Wang Ming's, this thing wasn't impossible for the former.

If there was anything to be afraid of, it was that the other party might have laid traps.

In the end, Wang Ling thought that asking Wang Ming to investigate this matter would be more reliable; if even Wang Ming couldn't track down that informant's location, then they were really out of options.

"If this is true, President Bai's crimes are far worse than that of Cheng Yu, Master of Immortal Mansion, and the old devil." Odd Zhuo tsked; he hadn't expected to run into such a big fish this time. No wonder it was so hard to catch him!

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal twirled his pen and said, "Mr Lu, do you have any material evidence to back up your words?"

"The Wuji Umbrella is evidence. Additionally, Bai Zhe still has many other peculiar magic weapons on him. I'm guessing that these magic weapons might have also been made from holy beasts. If we can take him down, these will all be material evidence."

At this point, Mr Lu had in fact pretty much told them everything they needed to know. As for drawing President Bai out, Mr Lu had already told Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal how to do so.

In fact, even Mr Lu himself didn't know where President Bai resided. The only way he could contact President Bai, apart from using his phone, was with a silver bell. Moreover, this President Bai was very cunning. His cell phone number was different every time, and Mr Lu could only contact him through his phone once a day, after which the number would directly change.

Mr Lu had already used this when he had been outside the villa entrance earlier. The new number would only be sent to Mr Lu's cell phone at six in the morning the next day.

Apart from that, if Mr Lu wanted to meet President Bai in person, he had to use this silver bell.

When Mr Lu handed the silver bell to Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal, he specifically exhorted the latter, "There's a technique for using this silver bell. You need to ring a specific melody in a specific place before Bai Zhe will show up. The venue we settled on before was the central park."

"What melody?"

"Do you know Qiansi Xi? Just play that..."

Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

...

After that, Wang Ling used a minor spell to hide the demon qi on Mr Lu and prevent that President Bai from tracking him down. Now that Mr Lu had become an important witness, he needed to be protected, but this didn't mean locking him up somewhere since that would make it easier for President Bai to find him.

So Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal had Song Qingshu take Mr Lu to go absorb formaldehyde; probably no one would think of this possibility.

But just in case, Wang Ling drew three teleportation talismans and gave them to Song Qingshu. Like the name implied, these teleportation talismans would swiftly transport Song Qingshu and Mr Lu to the coordinates of a particular place if they felt that they were in danger. Furthermore, the coordinates were for the Wang family's small villa... If the other party dared follow them there, even if Wang Ling wasn't at home, the gremlins in the villa would be enough to make the intruder suffer.

Besides, Jingke guarded the villa, so Wang Ling wasn't worried at all.

"Thank you very much, Ling Zhenren!"

At the gate of Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's villa, Song Qingshu respectfully accepted the talismans.

After leaving Mo Immortal Castle, Song Qingshu had become more and more like a supervisor under Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal's guidance. Furthermore, he had an imposing righteous temperament that was clearly displayed on the outside; in fact, he was a promising talent.

Song Qingshu drove the car. Mr Lu sat in the front passenger seat and was afraid to move, because out of the corner of his eye, he could see Wang Ling looking at him... That mousepad earlier had really scared him! Now, he just wanted to quietly be a virtuous tree, and he completely didn't dare do anything rash...

Little Silver stood at the front door and waved. "Good luck, Mr Lu!"

"I will do my best to purify the air!"

Mr Lu looked at Little Silver resolutely and gave him a thumbs-up.

Song Qingshu said goodbye once more, then stepped on the gas and left with Mr Lu.

But with Mr Lu gone, the rest of the pressure now fell completely on Odd Zhuo.

If he wanted to catch Bai Zhe, these two days would be the best time to do so since Mr Lu hadn't completed his assignment and his demon qi was now masked. Besides, the longer Bai Zhe and Mr Lu were out of contact, the more suspicious it would look.

Although President Bai's surname meant "white"...

It was clear that he was a very suspicious man. In addition, this person had single-handedly engineered the near extermination of all the holy beasts six thousand years ago, so his heart and bones were actually very black.

"Then, according to the plan we've agreed on, Brother Silver and I will go meet President Bai tonight. Brother Odd Zhuo, you're responsible for tightening the net in the end!" Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal said.

"Then we will have to trouble Senior Immortal." Odd Zhuo nodded.

"It's fine, it's fine, it's not a big deal." Grenade-Throwing Senior Immortal was very confident since he had the Soul Suppression Ring and so had nothing to fear. As for Little Silver, after eating the crispy noodle snack, his fighting strength had been boosted to a lofty level, which could be completely described as devastating.

Wang Ling felt that it would be more than enough if these two people coordinated together and combined their battle strength to deal with that President Bai.

According to Mr Lu, President Bai's strength was at True Immortal level, but the damage he could inflict might not necessarily be at the level of a True Immortal. Perhaps the most troublesome part still was that unknown terrifying self-healing ability.

Wang Ling was very curious about this.

A human cultivator with a self-healing ability beyond that of the Tree clan; how was this possible... infinite health? This means 'puppet show,' and refers to a classical Chinese song about the affection between a puppet and its owner.