

Daily Life 941

Chapter 941: Cosmic Brain King Clan

At the same time, in an unknown spirit world, a 3D image of Group Leader Detention Island was being projected in the middle of a room. Every group leader was marked on it with a red dot, and these were all group leaders who had been detained.

They had been imprisoned on this Detention island which saw no sun for various reasons. Some hadn't met their performance quota, while some had leaked key information on their organization. Although some of them had done it accidentally, they still had to be punished.

This was the reason why the Governor of Dark Network could remain all-powerful for so many years and hadn't been toppled.

"Look, Lord Brain King, someone has snuck in," said an octopus-like monster in front of a massive computer screen.

No one would expect this to be the Governor of Dark Network's true form.

The computer screen was part of a mainframe with thousands of ports which the Governor's tentacles were plugged into.

That was right, the Governor's true form was in fact a mechanical octopus which wasn't from Earth, but had been completely created out of Lord Brain King's mouth.

An image of a brain appeared on the screen as a deep and impressive voice rang out. "It looks like this place has been discovered... We're one step closer to our grand plan, we must in no way alert the enemy."

"It looks like Lord Brain King already anticipated this. It is this subordinate who is slow-witted."

"All the people locked up on Detention island are the people we wrongly selected over the years. None of them are the smartest people I'm looking for on this planet."

“But in the end, these are just losers who vent their feelings online; why is Lord Brain King focused on them?”

“That’s not right.”

The brain on the screen flickered and said in a low voice, “There’s something called a bullet message culture on Earth, but it has now become a hotbed of trolls and keyboard warriors.

“I’ve long heard that there are a wealth of masters behind these bullet messages, so I’ve always believed that the smartest people on Earth are definitely in this group of keyboard warriors.

“In the last few years, the reason I asked you to continue expanding the water army was to find these intelligent people. Devouring the wisdom of the smartest people will pave the way for my gaining a foothold in the universe. That Divine Dao Star has devoured many planets, but my Brain clan has yet to collapse because my ability to calculate things far surpasses that of Divine Dao Star’s Star Lord.”

“Your Highness is wise, this subordinate is unworthy.”

“The stars of my Brain Clan knew that Divine Dao Planet’s Star Lord was plotting against us, which is why we’ve been fighting a guerrilla war all this time. Now, Divine Dao Planet wants to establish diplomatic relations with Earth; presumably, Star Lord must have been impressed by the intelligence of the Earthlings. I was already going to give up hope on Earth, but it now looks like it will be a huge loss if we don’t find these wise men.”

“But Lord Brain King, this subordinate thinks we might have made a mistake... The smartest person might not necessarily be among these trolls who can only post bullet messages and dislikes.”

“Are you questioning this king’s authority?”

The big brain on the screen hissed with sound, releasing brain waves that rippled out like a magical pulse and making the mechanical octopus quiver.

“Your Highness, please calm down, it is this subordinate who is slow-witted.”

“We don’t need to pay attention to these invaders for now; I have a feeling that we’ll be able to find a wise man very soon.”

Brain King said, “Also…”

The mechanical octopus: “???”

Brain King: “When I’m speaking, can you not lick the screen? Even if you are a standard bootlicker, your behavior is disgusting…”

The mechanical octopus: “I – I’m so sorry, Your Highness! I worship you too much!”

Brain King: “No, you have to fix this habit of licking the screen.”

As soon Brain King said that, the image on the screen had already switched to that of a celebrity’s picture.

This was currently the most popular idol on Earth. Not only did he have over one hundred million fans, anything he posted on his Weibo account could be shared over one hundred million times. He was a male celebrity with fair skin that was so soft it was almost translucent. Looking at him from afar, one could only ask, “Can you tell the gender 1?”

“Your Majesty, I was wrong! I will never lick the screen again!” The mechanical octopus felt like puking.

In that moment, it couldn’t control its mouth, and threw up a huge pile of screws…

...

Elsewhere, Evil Sword God realized he was trapped.

This Detention Island was so scary. It was filled with disgusting fat shut-ins, and even if they hadn’t touched him yet, Evil Sword God still felt nauseated from the bottom of his heart.

And now, these people were staring at him with hungry eyes and closing in on him from all directions.

“You... stay away!” Without his eyeshadow, Evil Sword God was very cowardly. Now, besieged by a group of bald and fat shut-ins, some of whom weren’t even wearing clothes, he made sounds of resistance.

But the voice changer was still in effect!

This directly led to the opposite reaction – some people were already so excited that they got nosebleeds. None of the group leaders imprisoned on Detention Island were female! Now that such a pretty girl had landed here, they naturally had to take “good care” of her.

“Little sister, come on! Are you playing hard to get?”

“The more you resist, the more excited we are!”

“...”

Evil Sword God had clearly underestimated how lethal an effect his crossdressing had on this group of fat shut-ins.

Adding in the fact that this bunch of group leaders had been imprisoned on Detention Island for too long, they were bursting with all kinds of emotions now and needed to take it out on something; basically, they would be excited as long as it was a woman.

“Looks like Old Evil is going to give away his first time here...” In the prison van, the Old Devil said a prayer for Evil Sword God at the scene being shared.

At that moment, Cheng Yu suddenly thought of a serious problem. “Wait a minute, Old Gua, the three of us are sharing minds now. If Old Evil really gives away his first time here, we will feel whatever he suffers...”

Huang Youliang: “...”

“F**k!” As if waking up from a dream, the Old Devil was so frightened that he broke out in a cold sweat.

If Evil Sword God couldn’t protect his “chrysanthemum” on Detention Island, all their chrysanthemums would suffer!

“Old Evil! Don’t give up, Old Evil!” the Old Devil yelled.

No longer acting like a spectator, thoughts flew quickly through his head as he searched for a way out of this hopeless situation.

Evil Sword God was about to drown in this group of squishy fatties, like a little white rabbit sinking in mud.

“Old Evil! Hurry up and punch yourself! You should be fine if you can give yourself a black eye!”

During this crisis, the Old Devil had an idea.

“Looks like there’s no other way...”

Hearing this suggestion, Evil Sword God grit his teeth, clenched his fist, and punched himself hard in the eye...

Footnotes:

Ch 941 Footnote 1

The last line of the “Ballad of Mulan.”

Chapter 942: An Unexpected Development

The moment he punched his eye, Evil Sword God glowed with boundless radiant light in the midst of the group, like Daigo transforming into Ultraman Tiga. Intangible sword qi swept out, blasting away the countless fat shut-ins around him like sand.

When this powerful momentum descended, these group leaders on Detention Island clammed up. For one moment, those who had advanced on and harassed Evil Sword God, as well as those who had been making noise on the side, froze on the spot and didn't dare move.

"You arrogant bunch, you actually dare make fun of this lord?"

"Actually dare make fun of this lord?"

"Dare make fun of this lord?"

"Make fun of this lord?"

"This lord?"

"Lord?"

...

The familiar echo resounded throughout Detention island. Sword qi swept out in all directions, cutting the clothes on dozens of fat shut-ins to ribbons.

While he had turned into the Evil Sword God whom everyone knew, he was still sharing his consciousness with the Old Devil and Cheng Yu, and they reminded him not to kill anyone there.

Now that they were performing meritorious deeds to atone for their crimes, they had to pay even more attention to their behavior.

While these people were disgusting, a light reprimand was fine and they didn't have to die for what they had done.

Evil Sword God stepped toward these people. He held no sword in his hand, but there were swords in his mind. Everyone felt that cold intent as if it was a sword resting against their necks.

If they so much as blinked, he could cut their heads off.

At the same time, Huang Youliang was watching this scene in the van.

He was just as terrified.

Evil Sword God was famed for his prowess; Huang Youliang had heard of his fearful reputation even in Baowan province.

He was suddenly very glad that he had been born in this era of order and law. If this was in the past and he had talked so much trash, someone would have dropped in on him and cut his head off long ago without any kindness or mercy.

This might not be the best era, but it was absolutely the most tolerant one

But where there was tolerance, there was impudence.

There was a saying that good people were taken advantage of, or a tame horse was easier to ride.

Didn't the online water army and keyboard warriors take advantage of the tolerance of strangers?

Without needing to punish someone as a warning to the others, Evil Sword God had shaken all of Detention Island through his momentum alone.

"I know some of you more or less know who I am. However, I came here today not for you, but for one thing." Staring at everyone in an overbearing manner, Evil Sword God seriously uttered one word: "Fairness!"

And then, he repeated and emphasized it: "Fairness!"

"Freaking fairness!"

“Fa- fairness?” someone murmured, confused.

“All of you joined the Governor’s water army organization and became group leaders. Behind your screens, you verbally abuse people who have nothing to do with you over the Internet, even cursing other people’s families and sapping their motivation to study or work!”

“...”

“Learning! Is the stepping stone of progress! Work! Is the driving force behind the development of a nation’s economy! You just malign other people behind your screens and even indiscriminately start rumors and go whichever way the wind blows!”

“...”

“When you posted these views, did you ever think about how much trouble you’re causing for other people and for society? Just because you rely on the tolerance of strangers and the fact that no one can find you behind a screen, you think you can spout rubbish? Do you think that’s fair?”

Evil Sword God’s speech was upright and vehement.

Of course, these weren’t Evil Sword God’s own words, but something General Bai had prepared beforehand; Evil Sword God was just reading them aloud through his mind-share with the Old Devil.

They were now atoning for their crimes, so they still had to follow procedure!

It could only be said that as the strongest of the Ten Generals, Explosion Saint deserved his name. These words were just like nuclear bombs in the hearts of these group leaders, which smashed their spirits and left them completely battered.

“Listen up, this lord is going to ask all of you some questions and you must answer me honestly – this is also your last chance to make up for what you’ve done.”

Evil Sword God said, "Right now, our nation is cracking down hard on Internet keyboard warriors. After you get out of here, you'll be locked up for a few years, but if you're good and plead guilty, it might only be for a few months."

These fat shut-in group leaders exchanged dismayed looks; they had turned red at Evil Sword God's speech just now, and felt too ashamed to show their faces.

"Then, what should we do..." someone asked.

"First question: who can tell me about this island?" As soon as Evil Sword God spoke, plenty of those in the know fought to be the first to raise their hands.

They were fighting for the chance to get their sentences reduced.

"You, speak." Evil Sword God pointed at a fatty who only had one strand of hair on his head.

"In the beginning, we didn't know what this place was, but the one thing we were sure of was that all of us had already been abandoned by the Governor. Furthermore, everyone here are group leaders in the water army. We were locked up here because we accidentally leaked organization secrets."

This person replied honestly, "Detention Island has a canteen and an Internet cafe. The canteen is machine-operated, and provides burgers and Coke. But these things aren't free. We have to play games at the Internet cafe and clear dungeons and gather equipment, then convert them into contribution points."

"Is there any chance of getting out?" Evil Sword God asked again.

"Not at the moment. However, once we obtain one hundred million contribution points, we can regain our freedom," One Hair said.

Hearing this, Evil Sword God as well as the Old Devil and Cheng Yu in the prison van all nodded.

The situation was pretty much what they had guessed, with some minor differences.

This was a detention island for group leaders; instead of being an assembly point for the water army, this was a place of punishment to lock up group leaders who had almost divulged the secrets of the online water army.

In other words, these group leaders had secrets no one else knew.

Thus, they were the best subjects for their investigation.

Evil Sword God then ordered these fat shut-ins to line up. He pointed to the first one in line and said, “Starting with you, introduce yourself, then tell me what you did as a water army group leader, what your relationship with the Governor is like, and whether you’ve met him or not.”

“Okay...”

The first person nodded and then said diffidently, “I, I’m Ding Lixi. My job as group leader previously was to organize people online to post negative comments on Douban. As for my relationship with the Governor, I’ve only spoken to him once online... He’s very mysterious, and won’t meet with anyone so easily.”

“Hm, next one.” Evil Sword God nodded.

“Previously, I was a group leader who mobilized group members online to send scam texts in particular.”

“Your water army also does this sort of thing?”

“We set up a special water army scam group...” This person said, “All the texts we sent basically had the same content.”

“What was the message?”

“Hello, I’m Emperor Qin. I have returned, but I’m penniless now. I need to use my royal, commanding aura to activate the Terracotta Warriors in Xi’an. Please send me some money. I don’t need much; fifty thousand would be fine. Once I have accomplished my goal, I’ll lead my troops over and appoint you Commander of the Imperial Guard.”

Evil Sword God laughed. “Is there anyone who still believes this in this day and age?”

“Whether people believe it or not, I don’t know... but one part of it is true.”

“Which part?”

The next person in line stepped forward of his own volition and shook hands with Evil Sword God.
“Hello, Lord Sword God, this one is Ying Zheng 1 .”

Evil Sword God: “???”

Chapter 943: Clues

The Ying Zheng in front of him was very fat, and a little different from what Evil Sword God had imagined – it was probably because of the junk food and lack of exercise on Group Leader Detention Island.

Evil Sword God didn’t doubt the man’s claim that he was Emperor Qin. His Purple Investigative Demon Eyes could distinguish truth from lies, and it seemed that this man wasn’t lying to him... Furthermore, Evil Sword God couldn’t find the slightest trace of spirit qi on this person.

This was an age of national cultivation. Even the bodies of cultivators at the Physical Build stage would pulse faintly with spirit qi. If they didn’t have the least bit of it at all, that person was either an alien or from ancient times.

“How did you get here?”

“Someone summoned me here with a holy relic,” Emperor Qin answered.

“Where’s the summoner?”

“I heard he was knocked out in the first round of the Holy Grail War 1 , so this emperor can’t go back.”

“...”

“This era is far more prosperous than I could have ever imagined, and this emperor settled down here... The person who summoned me shared memories of this era with me, so I know the language of this time. Unfortunately, after he died, this emperor became homeless and penniless, and I had no idea how to go back. Thus, in order to get on with life, this emperor started to write messages about being Emperor Qin.”

Evil Sword God turned pale. It turned out that that famous text message had really been written by Emperor Qin himself...

Saying this, a frustrated expression appeared on Ying Zheng’s face. “But who would have thought that such a highly irregular message would actually spread so far and wide. In the end, the Governor found this emperor, and thought that I had the aptitude to be a text message scammer, so he appointed this emperor as a group leader to get group members to write phishing text messages and send them out every day.”

Hearing this, Evil Sword God, Old Devil and Cheng Yu were dumbfounded. They never thought that there would be so many “fantastic” figures among these water army group leaders...

“You will destroy the order if you stay here,” Evil Sword God said solemnly.

“I knew this day would come sooner or later,” Ying Zheng said with a melancholy air. “This emperor’s end is near. Very soon, the situation will be forcibly rectified and I will turn into powder that will scatter on the wind. All this time I’ve been waiting, waiting for someone to find me here. Let this emperor say my final words...”

“Then... do you have anything else to say?”

“In this era of prosperity, men are not like they were in times past; too many people show off from where they hide in the shadows. If this emperor hadn’t been struggling to survive, I would have long dug a hole and buried this group of shameless and fickle criminals behind me along with that bunch of Confucian scholars 2 .”

“Mm, sounds logical.” Evil Sword God agreed.

After saying this, Ying Zheng’s body gradually started to dissipate and scatter.

At his last words, the corrective power of order descended and was about to erase him right away.

“This emperor can only be straightened out, but not exterminated. The mastermind behind the scenes thus can do nothing to this emperor. This person is an alien, not an Earthling. Also...”

When he said this, an expression of one who had been relieved ultimately appeared on Ying Zheng’s face. “The Coke in this world is too delicious.”

Evil Sword God: “...”

The Old Devil: “...”

Cheng Yu: “...”

The trio sunk into silence for a moment at Emperor Qin’s disappearance, but thanks to the important information Ying Zheng provided, they had now locked down the suspect’s basic identity.

...

Elsewhere, Odd Zhuo received information on the interrogation from Old Devil and the others; the results were outside of everyone’s expectations.

“It appears that the Governor’s human identity might be fake.” Odd Zhuo was discussing the arrest plan with Warden Liang at Songhai First Prison.

“Fake?”

“According to reliable intelligence, neither this Governor nor the person behind the former are from Earth,” Odd Zhuo said with a grave expression. Maybe they should have thought of this earlier on;

how could the criminal merely be a small Golden Core cultivator, when he could control such a large water army legion so perfectly?

If this was the case, then the severity of this matter had escalated.

This had initially been a very simple large-scale operation to clean up the Internet before school started again, but unexpectedly, aliens were now involved.

The Earth was now establishing diplomatic ties with Divine Dao Star. At this critical juncture, both sides were striving for cosmic peace, which absolutely could not be disrupted by external factors.

As for the diplomacy project, the leaders of the United Nations had decided to formulate a set of “Cosmic Laws” in collaboration with Divine Dao Star’s Star Lord to illustrate their determination to safeguard cosmic peace together.

But what power in the universe was trying to get in the way?

No one knew.

Odd Zhuo lowered his head. Somehow, he felt like he was forgetting something in the whole matter.

“Did the man who broke into my house last time tell you anything?” Odd Zhuo suddenly thought of Kong Ruye. Previously, on August 23rd, the famous Dark Network thief, Kong Ruye, had broken into the staff apartment and tried to do something unlawful against Odd Zhuo. People had given him the nickname “Thief Saint Bai Yutang 3.”

It was just that this Bai Yutang wasn’t capable of the Sunflower Acupuncture Skill...

“Does Director Zhuo think this Kong Ruye is related to this matter?” asked Warden Liang.

“Maybe.” Odd Zhuo thought for a while before replying, “He has always insisted that he doesn’t know who hired him, and that he was contacted via a customized chat app; this seems quite like the Governor’s style.”

Warden Liang: “Then what was the other party’s purpose for collecting Director Zhuo’s DNA? It doesn’t seem like they want to use it for a paternity test...”

“I have a hunch that this Governor might have been ordered by someone to look for something.”

Odd Zhuo theorized, “The other side controls a huge amount of information resources on the Internet, so it shouldn’t be difficult for him to get into our official database. Perhaps they needed the DNA to do a profile comparison...”

“So the plot thickens.” Warden Liang had a vague feeling that this matter was going to get even bigger.

At the very beginning, they had been targeting the Governor for two reasons. One was for the sake of cleaning up the online environment. The other was because the Governor was using water army groups to spread rumors, to charge fees for deleting posts, to send scam text messages, and to continually expand offline. This setup, which was very similar to a pyramid scheme, constituted a massive crime against the economy.

But it now appeared that this Governor stood accused of endangering national security and stealing information on government officials. The punishment for his countless crimes might be much worse than for Old Devil and the others.

“What should we do now, Director Zhuo?” asked Warden Liang.

“Have the Mahjong Squad continue interrogating these group leaders and see if that Governor has collected anything from them, like hair, teeth, or blood... Anything that can be used to detect DNA...” Odd Zhuo stroked his moustache as he pondered. He somehow felt that he had overlooked some detail.

Should he give his cute little shifu a call to ask?

Chapter 944: Wang Ling’s Help

Odd Zhuo didn't think he could solve the conspiracy behind this matter with his current means and abilities. His adorable little shifu Wang Ling had just recently given him a new set of equipment, but they were for dealing with cultivators on Earth. The enemy they were currently facing were aliens; not all aliens were as friendly as CJ7 1 ...

Seeing Odd Zhuo staring at the mobile phone and thinking, Warden Liang couldn't help feeling a little envious in his heart. "Director Zhuo, are you going to call the old Secretary again?"

Odd Zhuo was blank for a bit before he replied, "Mm..."

The outside world thought that Odd Zhuo's shifu was Secretary Sun Dakang, when in fact Secretary Sun was just Odd Zhuo's old leader; they didn't have a master-and-disciple relationship.

The moment Odd Zhuo had taken office as Director of the General Administration of 100 Schools, the criticism outside had never stopped, which included the jealousy of his peers and the jeers from online water armies. Odd Zhuo had still been worried about this a while ago.

But he was at ease now.

In any case, when he was feeling downhearted, he had a reason to "tease" his shifu ...

Odd Zhuo waited for a while as the phone rang, but no one picked up.

He then sent a text, but after waiting for a long time, there was no reply.

Was his shifu busy?

Odd Zhuo was well aware that usually, if there was no response to his calls or texts, it meant that his shifu

was currently busy and didn't even have time to glue himself to the screen.

In terms of importance, doing homework was more important than screen time, reviewing and researching ways to keep grades down was more important than doing homework, and eating crispy noodle snacks was more important than both of the above.

It was still more than a month before school started. Needless to say, given his shifu's personality, he was unlikely to be doing revision so early beforehand; "cramming" before the exam was the key to high scores.

So in short, there would only be one reason shifu wasn't answering his call now...

Thinking of this, Odd Zhuo put down his phone right away and stopped bothering Wang Ling.

"What's the matter?" asked Warden Liang curiously when he saw the change in Odd Zhuo's expression.

"Nothing... The old Secretary is busy with an important matter. I can't bother him," Odd Zhuo said.

"Important matter?" Warden Liang made a guess, and a strange expression appeared on his face. "Did... did the old Secretary find a partner? Has Secretary Sun done it?"

Everyone knew that almost all the Ten Founding Generals were currently single. After all, when people reached that realm stage, they practically became indifferent to the desires of the flesh. However, for the sake of passing on the Ten Founding Generals' good genes for the benefit of future generations, the head of state had been busy arranging blind dates for them all these years...

And basically every key office was very clear on the fact that if their department took in a girl that was pretty good, they could directly call the head of state to report it on the internal line.

When Odd Zhuo suddenly said "important matter," Warden Liang's imagination promptly started to run wild...

An important matter for the Ten Generals – wouldn't that be the blind dates?!

Odd Zhuo: "No... Much more important than that..." There was nothing more important in heaven and earth than Wang Ling eating crispy noodle snacks...

Unfortunately, Warden Liang wasn't on the same wavelength as Odd Zhuo, and got it wrong.

He had an utterly amazed expression on his face. "... the old Secretary has a child?"

“...”

“My god, is the old Secretary pregnant?”

“...”

Pregnant?

Of course not...

In this world, the only person who could get pregnant and make others pregnant was Tyrant Song 2
...

...

On the other side, in the independent space on Group Leader Detention Island, Evil Sword God's interrogation continued.

There wasn't much more intelligence to be gathered now. Most of the people here had had identical experiences and encounters, so Evil Sword God could only ferret out the location of the person behind the scenes through small details.

Just as he was feeling at his wits' end, someone in the crowd raised his hand. “I've seen the Governor...”

“You have?” Evil Sword God dragged the man to the front with his sword qi.

“I've only seen a rough silhouette of him, but I'm sure that the Governor is human, just like us.”

“Human?” Evil Sword God didn't think so.

Now that they had confirmed that the other party was an alien and also had some tricks, they couldn't rule out the possibility that the other party was using some special technique to hide himself.

After Divine Dao Star and Earth had established diplomatic relations, plenty of information on aliens had gradually been transmitted to Earth through Divine Dao Star as a medium. This information was public. The aliens came in all shapes and sizes; they had all kinds of appearances and some were very similar to humans, like the USB cable aliens on Convex Planet.

The other party could create "power banks" which happened to look similar to humans, and then connect with them. Despite their human-looking appearance, these "human bodies" were just the aliens' hosts. As advanced alien lifeforms, the advantage which this race had was the ability to link up with all creatures to become a "community with a shared future 3 "!

So generally speaking, the more things were explained, the more things were hidden.

Inside the van, the Old Devil and Cheng Yu had the same thought.

Since this Governor was so adamant in disguising itself as a human, then it was very likely an alien lifeform that looked nothing like a human at all... If they were using broad classifications, it could be tentatively considered to belong to the "atypical branch."

"Atypical branch..." The Old Devil was thinking.

At the same time, the scene of Detention Island was being transmitted to the "Governor's" monitor screen.

It realized that it had underestimated the people who had snuck into this secure space.

This space had been created by Lord Brain King. Unlike the typical space created with cultivation spells, this was a space built entirely on data. As long as the data wasn't destroyed or corrupted, the space would exist forever.

So even if this group of people had found some clues, the Governor wasn't afraid. It was impossible for a regular cultivator to destroy this vast space built on data.

Dimensional data and magic spells could be described as having absolutely nothing in common. Using spells to destroy this place would be utterly ludicrous.

In fact, Evil Sword God had already tried to use the sword qi to cut open a space, but that powerful sword qi sank into the sky like a basin of water splashing against a gigantic sponge, as it was instantly and completely absorbed.

“This space is strange. My venerable self can’t get out.” Evil Sword God frowned; unexpectedly, he couldn’t understand the space structure.

“Don’t worry, let me think of something.” Meanwhile, the Old Devil also had a headache.

At that moment, the Mahjong Squad seemed to be in trouble.

As a result, the mechanical octopus codenamed “Governor” was delighted. “Looks like our Brain King clan still stands above Earth cultivators!”

It sneered.

But at that moment, it saw a hand as white as jade suddenly appear in the air before its eyes...

“An enemy attack?”

It happened too fast for the mechanical octopus to react in time.

The next moment, this hand suddenly made a grab for something in one corner.

The Governor blanched, and seemed to realize what the other party was going to do.

But it was too late.

Crack!

The Governor's base router, which emitted the WIFI signal, was crushed to dust...

Chapter 945: A Distress Signal From The Mechanical Octopus

The appearance of this hand caught the mechanical octopus off guard.

The router was crushed, directly cutting off the network connection... Although this wouldn't destroy the data itself, it would severely hinder the mechanical octopus's work and control over Detention Island.

"How dare you!"

The mechanical octopus was furious. Its mechanical arms shot out to wrap around Wang Ling's white hand. From their speed alone, Wang Ling could tell that this mechanical octopus's strength was roughly at the Itinerant Immortal level.

So pathetic...

Wang Ling didn't show himself, and merely fought the mechanical octopus with one hand through the space fissure.

He knew that the Mahjong Squad was in a pickle, and that this was the problem Odd Zhuo was currently facing at work, so he decided to make a move.

As for why he was only using one hand...

It wasn't because Wang Ling was showing off how strong he was...

... But because he was holding a crispy noodle snack in his other hand, so he couldn't let go.

But the alien mechanical octopus viewed this behavior as nothing less than a taunt. Hundreds of mechanical tentacles waved in the air and turned into more shadows than the eye could see.

Wang Ling, however, couldn't be bothered discerning the situation. With that one hand stretched out of the space crack, he firmly grabbed hold of some of the real tentacles.

Boom!

His primordial qi burst in his palm, directly creating a qi explosion. The intense heat generated in that short moment instantly blew the tentacles apart.

"True Immortal..." The mechanical octopus was amazed.

He knew what the current realm stages on Earth were. The moment Wang Ling released his primordial qi, the powerful pressure immediately made the mechanical octopus think of the True Immortal realm.

But the mechanical octopus was inexperienced. It didn't know how strong Wang Ling truly was.

It also overlooked the fact that Wang Ling was fighting it with just one hand.

But even with one hand, the odds were in his favor.

After its tentacles were fried, the mechanical octopus sweated a lot of oil. It had a mechanical body, so it didn't feel pain, but it was fully aware of how troublesome the owner of this hand was.

But the mechanical octopus was still confident it could fight back. It had a mechanical body, so it wasn't afraid of death at all. Besides, its entire body was made of memory metal, and was capable of healing itself even after severe damage.

In front of memory metal, the major damage effect was rubbish and completely helpless against it.

That was the advantage of not being made of flesh and blood!

The mechanical octopus was very satisfied with its metallic composition.

Cultivators used up spirit qi. In a war of attrition, the mechanical octopus would drag a cultivator down sooner or later.

“Super 5G Online Repair Technique!” The mechanical octopus silently grit its teeth and activated this amazing ability.

The super 5G network was a super powerful network which the Brain King clan had stolen from Huawei, the top network technology supplier in the universe. The technology originated from Earth. It didn’t require WIFI and was extremely fast... Back then, Lord Brain King had taken a fancy to the technology at first glance.

However, its development had encountered many stumbling blocks, mainly because some authorities at the time didn’t know its worth and thwarted it in all aspects.

Fortunately, the Earthling who developed the technology was full of confidence. He didn’t feel dread when he was thwarted, but met the obstacles head on.

The repair spell was based on the Brain King clan’s modified version of the super 5G network.

The moment the spell was cast, the damaged bits that had already been crushed to dust on the ground actually started to gather together themselves.

The instant it activated this spell, the mechanical octopus had already decided to drag this battle out. This idea was identical to the one President Bai had had before.

But as it turned out, the mechanical octopus was thinking too much...

None of Wang Ling’s battles lasted more than five minutes.

Unless he wanted to play...

To be honest, after his brush with a person of the Divine Dragon clan on Divine Dao Star, this was Wang Ling’s second time fighting an alien lifeform.

He knew what the mechanical octopus was thinking. Wang Ling lifted his hand, and a ball of black light flew out of his palm to form a pitch black cube in the air.

This was the Space Removal Spell, an offshoot of the Three Thousand Great Dao, which could create an independent space in an instant without any signal interference! – The super 5G network signal disappeared on the spot!

An independent space?

The mechanical octopus was utterly stunned.

When it came to independent spaces, the mechanical octopus had a thorough understanding of them.

Group Leader Detention Island was an independent space, but even Lord Brain King had spent a lot of energy setting it up at the time... there was no way an independent space could instantly take shape.

This person's strength was amazing!

Was he really an Earthling?

The mechanical octopus inwardly felt that things weren't looking good. The hand's owner was a little strange, and was clearly different from its general understanding of Earth cultivators.

"Great Thousand-Hand Bodhisattva Spell..." The next moment, a voice which shook the spirit resounded inside the mechanical octopus's mind, and it almost collapsed on the spot.

Great Thousand-Hand Bodhisattva Spell!!!

The mechanical octopus was alarmed – the other party was capable of even this?

The mechanical octopus was created by Brain King, and its database contained almost all the information in the universe. It knew that this "Great Thousand-Hand Bodhisattva Spell" was a super

magical power among the thirty thousand Heavenly Dao... and a super skill among Heavenly Dao, enough to destroy the whole world!

However, it was clear that the hand's owner wasn't using all his strength, as he used just his fingers to demonstrate this move. Thousands of fingers created a huge array in the air, just like the Thousand Swords Art sword array 1 , and they fell like a thunderstorm to incessantly pierce the body of the mechanical octopus and its tentacles.

Boom...

The continuous bombardment broke the mechanical octopus into pieces. Its tentacles were instantly all blown apart! Even its forehead was hit hard, and it spat out pitch black oil as it was sent flying. It crashed into the wall behind it, and slid down the smooth surface.

"It's over, it's all over..." The mechanical octopus was in despair.

It had no idea that Earth had such a variable. Its vision became blurry; it had practically fallen apart after being pierced through by this Great Thousand-Hand Bodhisattva Spell.

"Lord Brain King... Lord Brain King, help..."

It sent out a weak distress signal, but it was blocked by the independent space and couldn't be transmitted at all.

It was all over...

...

On the other side in his bedroom, Wang Ling withdrew his hand from the crack.

He had successfully intercepted the mechanical octopus's distress signal.

Now, if they wanted to draw out this Lord Brain King, they just needed to be thoroughly prepared; once the distress signal was sent out, they just needed to wait for a sure catch.

Wang Ling took a bite of his crispy noodle snack and sent the distress signal to Odd Zhuo as a text message.

This was what it looked like after it was translated into Chinese: “I have a book called Rongzhai Six Strokes 2...”

Chapter 946: Wang Ming’s Brain Deduction Technique

“I have a book called Rongzhai Six Strokes ...”

It was obvious that the distress signal which the mechanical octopus sent before its death was a secret code. After Odd Zhuo received Wang Ling’s message, Wang Ming deciphered it in less than a minute.

“So soon?”

“It’s a code phrase from the indie game The Invisible Guardian ; you can find it after a major data search.” On the other end of the phone, Wang Ming replied, “The correct answer to the secret code is: Rongzhai Six Strokes only has five strokes.”

“I see. As expected of Teacher Wang Ming!” Odd Zhuo nodded.

“What are you going to do next?” Wang Ming knew Odd Zhuo was the commander-in-chief of this operation to clean up the Internet.

The enemy they were dealing with this time were aliens from the Brain King clan on Brain King Star. Wang Ming had found out the mechanical octopus’s origins after taking its core apart.

According to the cosmic database which Divine Dao Star had shared with them, the level of science and technology on Brain King Star was quite advanced, and they were close to entering an era of machine automation.

Babies born on Brain King Star had their brains removed and implanted into machines as bodies, greatly increasing their lifespan. The Brain King clan didn't need to worry about getting sick at all. Even if their mechanical joints wore out, any component could be instantly replaced until they no longer wanted to live.

Those who decided to die would then donate their brains to Brain King and allow the latter to absorb them, which was a pain-free process.

Of course, whether it was truly painless or not was something that only the Brain King clan knew.

This was just cosmic intelligence shared by Divine Dao Star, and much of it was from verbal accounts of local inhabitants from various other planets. The information was mixed, and they had to distinguish between what was true and what was fake themselves.

“Teacher Wang Ming, what do you think the Brain King clan's purpose is for coming to Earth this time? It looks like they're looking for someone...” Odd Zhuo was a little worried.

“Brain King, the head of the Brain King clan, can absorb brains to increase its own longevity and wisdom. I'm afraid that they're here on Earth this time to look for people with very high IQs...”

“High IQs? Wouldn't they be targeting places like research institutes? Isn't Teacher Wang Ming in danger?”

“Mm...”

Wang Ming nodded noncommittally. He thought up a number of scenarios, and after some calculation, came up with the most likely answer. “They're taking great pains to develop a water army on Earth, not just to make money, but more so to search for people through this huge water army network until they find the smartest people to present to Brain King.

“But it seems there was something wrong with the plan when it was set up at first, and they went in the wrong direction... They set up the water army and Group Leader Detention Island, likely because they wanted to find the smartest people among these group leaders. It seems that these Brain King aliens naively thought that these kings of talking big were real kings.”

“...” Odd Zhuo was utterly stupefied.

There – there was even this kind of operation?

“One more thing, Teacher Wang Ming...” Odd Zhuo suddenly said.

“Go ahead.”

“Previously, a thief called Kong Ruye broke into my place; he’s a well-known repeat offender of the Dark Network.”

“Mm, I heard about that. What did you find?”

“According to the current investigation, this Kong Ruye was also sent by the Governor, but at that time, he only wanted my hair. It’s likely that they wanted it to test my DNA, but unfortunately, they didn’t succeed.”

Wang Ming was lost in thought at Odd Zhuo’s words.

“Wait a bit,” Wang Ming said.

He then sat down and the Brain Deduction Technique started working again at that moment. Countless possible scenarios flowed through his mind, and he began to deduce them.

When Wang Ming was calculating the various possibilities in the spiritual world, it seemed to take a very long time. It felt as if a very long day or two had passed, but in fact, it was only a short three minutes.

In just three minutes, Wang Ming calculated thousands of possible outcomes and ranked them in descending order of probability.

When he was done, his head was wet with sweat.

He had overexerted himself. He had employed his brain earlier to deduce the Brain King clan’s purpose for coming to Earth. Now, after a second deduction, it actually felt like his brain wasn’t getting enough oxygen.

“Teacher Wang Ming, Teacher Wang Ming?” On the phone, Odd Zhuo was a little concerned when he didn’t hear Wang Ming’s voice after a long while.

“He’s fine. It’s just that his sugar levels are a little low now after doing the deduction. He’ll call you back later.” Zhai Yin answered on Wang Ming’s behalf, then hung up.

“How are you?”

She was so close that Wang Ming could smell her scent.

After giving Wang Ming a sugar pill that had been prepared beforehand, Zhai Yin helped Wang Ming to the bedroom on base to lie down and get some rest.

A sugar pill was a must for Wang Ming after he used the Brain Deduction Technique. This technique took a lot out of him and was harmful to the brain. The sugar pill could promptly replenish nutrients and help decrease the damage.

During the incident with the Shuigou Sect last time, Wang Ming used this technique to handle several assassins one after another in order to protect the students. He overexerted himself so much that he had directly passed out.

It was after that incident that Wang Ming really began to pay attention to the aftereffects of using the Brain Deduction Technique. However, sugar pills were only a temporary nutrient substitute, and couldn’t support extended periods of exertion.

The energy consumption increased proportionally with the use of the Brain Deduction Technique, each time using up more energy than the last.

A mere sugar pill couldn’t last him long.

In addition, the sugar pill was made from fast-acting ingredients. After long-term consumption, his body would develop anti-sugar properties.

Thus, he had to find a more perfect solution.

“Don’t use your ability so carelessly. If you go on like this, Old Qi will be angry again,” Zhai Yin said in a worried tone.

“Don’t tell... Old Qi...”

“I got it...”

Wang Ming sighed as if a weight had been lifted off him.

He knew exactly what he was doing.

He had to fix this issue of the aftereffects of the Brain Deduction Technique without delay.

But he had too much on his plate at the moment.

At this critical juncture when Earth was now establishing diplomatic relations with aliens, he had to handle the invasion of the Brain King clan properly.

It had been necessary for him to do the deduction this time.

On the other hand, while the aftereffects of the Brain Deduction Technique were heavy, it wasn’t as if there weren’t any gains.

Wang Ming felt that he was getting more and more results with each deduction – this was crucial to his study of Wang Ling’s primordial qi.

After Wang Ling had drawn the talisman seal for himself when he was a child, Wang Ming had helped upgrade it several times. There were two problems which Wang Ming had yet to resolve with the next version upgrade.

If he could increase his proficiency with the “Brain Deduction Technique,” the results would be more reliable and he would be able to solve these two issues.

Version 3.0 of the talisman seal...

He had to hurry up and upgrade it before Wang Ling graduated from senior high.

Chapter 947: Is There a Scholar Drunk Moon?

As Brain King's right hand on Earth for many years, the abrupt death of the mechanical octopus codenamed "Governor" naturally caught Brain King's attention.

A mysterious Almighty cultivator on Earth whom they didn't know about... Brain King couldn't help shivering at this thought. This was a situation he had never expected. He thought he knew everything about Earth, when in fact he didn't.

Naturally, it never occurred to him that the Brain King clan would provoke a monster of unknown strength.

"It's my fault." The instant the mechanical octopus died, Brain King's brain waves almost instantly received the signal that a life had disappeared. He sighed.

Brain King's whole body was made of light metal, and even his eyes were mechanical. Maybe it was because he had received news of the mechanical octopus's death that his mechanical eyes which had never changed now flashed red.

Maybe he should have noticed early on how "weird" Earth was...

The tyrannical Divine Dragon clan had been expanding throughout the universe since the beginning. They enslaved countless people and devoured their home planets. But after the Divine Dragons made plans to devour Earth a while back...

In the end, not only was Earth unscathed, the Divine Dragon clan's attitude changed completely...

Not only did they free the enslaved aliens, they returned the home planets to them and helped rebuild their homes, and even wanted to establish diplomatic relations with Earth.

This bigwig of unknown strength intervening from the shadows was like a Sichuan opera-style face change 1 horror story...

As one of the most intelligent life forms in the universe, Brain King felt that he had noticed this too late.

Sitting upright in his leather armchair, he kneaded his forehead and felt a slight headache.

“Are you alright, Lord Brain King?” asked the secret envoy of the Brain King clan on the side, who was assisting him.

“I’m fine.” Brain King shook his head. “Go, fetch me a primordial black crystal skull. Make sure it’s of better quality, my head hurts.”

“Yes, Lord Brain King.” The secret envoy nodded.

Brain King was facing a fierce internal struggle.

He knew that he had already provoked a terrifying Almighty whom even the Divine Dragons didn’t dare provoke. Not only didn’t they dare provoke him, they were even currying favor with him...

Nevertheless, he couldn’t stop his plan.

Since things had come to this point, Brain King felt he had to go all the way.

This had to do with the fate of the entire Brain King clan.

Brain King Star’s planet core worked by absorbing the brain waves Brain King emitted. The planet was approaching the end of its life and its aging population was a serious cause of concern. The brain waves provided by the planet’s inhabitants after they died could no longer keep the planet functioning. Brain King had no choice but to take a desperate risk and devour an alien brain.

And just a few years ago, he had detected powerful brain waves coming from none other than Earth.

It was from that moment on that Brain King knew.

There was a wise man on Earth who surpassed any on Brain King Star.

To save the inhabitants of an entire planet, he had to find this wise man.

Brain King was well aware that his move was like stepping into the eye of a storm and could be considered extremely dangerous.

But he currently had no choice.

Thinking this, Brain King looked up at the air and muttered to himself, “I am sorry, wise man of Earth... To save my people, you need to be sacrificed... Whatever it takes, this king will find you...”

“Lord Brain King, the new skull has arrived.” At this moment, the secret envoy suddenly returned.

“Mm, change it for me. Also...”

Brain King stood up. “I’m going to Earth. Brother Octopus is already dead, and I don’t have much time left. I’ll do it myself.”

...

Meanwhile, with the sudden death of the mechanical octopus, the prison mahjong trio’s mission proceeded smoothly. Group Leader Detention Island was originally an independent space built by the Brain King clan using data. It couldn’t be broken using normal means, but when the terminal router was destroyed and the network cut, the island’s bugs were instantly exposed.

With three slashes of his sword, Evil Sword God created three large holes in the island, and all the water army group leaders who had been imprisoned here were finally freed today.

A director once filmed a movie called Django Unchained . Evil Sword God felt that this historic scene could totally be adapted for a movie called Fat Shut-Ins Unchained ...

How wonderful was the smell of freedom? The moment they were released, these imprisoned group leaders were overwhelmed by myriad emotions and profound understanding...

They spent their days on Group Leader Detention Island eating junk food and gaming to obtain items over and over again until they felt like throwing up.

What had once been a source of endless joy now left them with trauma as a side effect.

However, what they would face next was a new round of punishment.

Warden Liang dispatched dozens of prison vehicles from Songhai First Prison to Crow County, which took up an entire street. Crow County's Internet cafe became an exit for Group Leader Detention Island, and the water army group leaders were led out in handcuffs by prison guards.

Many of them had complicated expressions; some were even smiling, but this definitely wasn't because they were crazy.

It was relief at being freed.

"Hey, delivery boy, how long will they be locked up for?" the Old Devil asked after grabbing one of the prison guard little brothers.

"You've rendered outstanding service this time." With a smile, the little brother replied, "For disorderly Internet conduct, they will be given a sentence of one to twelve months. Those who commit cyber fraud will be sentenced according to how much money was involved. Serious cases will mean ten or even twenty years of jail time, but not to the extent of a death penalty."

This little brother could be considered a veteran at Songhai First Prison, who was also part of the Special Punishment Team. He often delivered meals to the Old Devil and the others, so was quite familiar with the prison trio.

"So that's it." The trio nodded.

“By the way, can you not call me delivery boy? I have a name. My name is Guo Zuoren,” the little brother guard said helplessly.

Guo Zuoren...

Mm...

In fact, the Old Devil had heard the little brother introduce himself before, and the name sounded a little familiar to him for some reason.

Furthermore, looking at the little brother's appearance, the Old Devil felt that this person was connected to some person he had met before, perhaps by blood.

But who on earth could it be...

The Old Devil couldn't remember.

“You cracked the case, and Old Liang is very happy. You'll get extra with your meals tonight, so let me know what you want,” Guo Zuoren said.

“Can we order some wine?” The trio exchanged looks; they were all thinking the same thing, and the Old Devil asked on their behalf.

“What brand?” Guo Zuoren asked.

“Anything is fine?”

“Yes, only for tonight.”

“A bottle of Scholar Drunken Moon then.”

“What Drunken Moon?”

“DRUNKEN, MOON.”

“Oh...” Guo Zuoren nodded. “No problem.”

Scholar Drunken Moon was an old brand of immortal wine.

It was very famous, and naturally, there were many knock-offs.

There were now a lot of “Scholar Drunken Moon” on the market, like Most Moon, Drunk Excess, Crime Moon 2 and so on... So it was important to be very clear on the name!

Chapter 948: The Last Summer Assignment

It was September 5th, the twenty-third day of the summer vacation.

There was about a month to the end of the summer vacation. The start of a new term of every cultivation high school happened before that; that was to say, although school started on October 7th, the truth was that students had to hand in their homework and do a new round of entrance exams on October 1st.

Half a year had passed, but Wang Ling still remembered the embarrassment that happened when he entered No. 60 High the first time round. The new entrance test wouldn't affect the class groupings, and was just for evaluating each student's overall ability after half a year of learning. Some students improved, while some screwed up... What was vital was how much progress they made.

This was also a new level of difficulty in keeping his grades down which Wang Ling was now facing.

This was a lot harder than keeping his test scores down, because he had to be very clear about each of his classmate's learning situation, and then calculate the progress they made, and finally determine how much progress he himself should make...

Yes, even when it came to the rate of progress, Wang Ling had to keep his grades down to retain his middle position in class.

Wang Ling didn't like to procrastinate when it came to summer homework; he didn't want to end up doing it in a fast food restaurant in the last few days of the summer vacation like 99% of students.

Wang Ling preferred to do his homework in an orderly manner. Besides, there were some parts which he didn't personally need to write himself.

In terms of handwriting, Wang Ling already had a database of all the font types in the whole world in his brain. Using the remarkable "Great Ma Liang 1 Spell," it was easy to mimic any handwriting, so even if Wang Ling didn't practice writing his characters, he didn't have to worry that his handwriting would look bad.

Every time he handed in his homework and his exam papers, Teacher Pan always felt that Wang Ling's words looked like they were printed, each one being a uniform square...

...

The last summer assignment was to write a report.

This was also compulsory homework which all teachers-in-charge assigned their students, and which was extra credit that counted to their graduation.

Wang Ling didn't really care about this extra credit, but if he didn't write the report, his marks would be deducted...

The topic of the report: "My Classmate."

Requirements: After half a semester, you should now have some knowledge and understanding of your classmates. Please write an evaluation of no less than 800 words each on the five students whom you are the most familiar with in class. Explain how you got to know each other and how you get along (Do not make things up. Your story must be true. You can make fun of the other party, but you are not allowed to use insulting words.).

"..."

Hm...

Mentally skimming through the homework requirements set by Teacher Pan, Wang Ling felt some melancholy for the first time in a long while.

800 words actually wasn't hard... But writing five essays was a little demanding!

The point was, he couldn't have Pen and Eraser write this for him. These two gremlins wrote in a mechanical style. Wang Ling remembered when the language teacher had written a comment at the end of an essay which Pen had written for him: "You might as well copy out The Complete Classic Collection of Good Words and Good Sentences."

And so, the teacher had given that homework a low grade.

The disadvantage of mechanical writing was that the work was emotionless, and it was too obvious when you were imitating star compositions.

The report this time was on true stories.

Wang Ling felt that at the very least, he needed to have a better understanding of the five people before he could write the report.

When it came to the five people whom he had the deepest connections with in class –

They were Super Chen, Dopey Guo, Feather Lin, Little Peanut, as well as Lotus Sun, whom the author had no freaking clue about but hadn't forgotten...

Four of these five people had been on his "to watch out for" list at the start of the semester.

Now, in the blink of an eye, a semester had passed.

"How time flies..." Wang Ling murmured unconsciously.

Only one semester had gone by after 900-plus chapters. Actually, Wang Ling didn't know how many more chapters the author would have to write before he got to Wang Ling's high school graduation... No, perhaps the question was, how many more days were there before it was over?

Every time he thought about his, Wang Ling couldn't help taking a deep breath.

He calmed down, and when he opened his eyes, the golden petals in his pupils blossomed as he released all of the power of sight of the King's Eye.

Light shot through the air and tore open part of history – Wang Ling was searching for Super Chen's memories.

In the blink of an eye, Wang Ling had moved from his desk to a sea of stars. This was the memory space which the King's Eye had infiltrated, and around Wang Ling at the moment were fragments of Super Chen's memories.

Wang Ling reached out to grasp one fragment.

Memories that didn't belong to Wang Ling suddenly appeared in his mind.

Various memories and images were displayed in vivid detail like old photos.

Year 4383...

Super Chen was three years old, and could already remember things.

The Chen family ran a martial arts dojo, and Father Chen was the head.

One night in late December, it suddenly turned cold in Songhai city, and snow fell heavily along with piercingly cold winds.

When Super Chen woke up, there was already a thick layer of snow outside.

The sky was just turning light, and the world outside was white with snow. The faint light which broke through the clouds reflected off the snow, irritating Super Chen as he opened his eyes in discomfort.

It was still a little before six o'clock.

Super Chen had slept in his family's dojo that night.

When he opened his eyes, he could already hear the sound of the wooden dummy being hit outside.

Father Chen had set up some equipment for martial arts practice in the dojo's courtyard out front.

Super Chen, who was only three, couldn't fully understand how the equipment worked, but he knew he had to handle this equipment every day if he wanted to become strong.

Father Chen was bare from the waist up, revealing his muscles, and barefooted as he practiced on the wooden dummy in the courtyard.

Father Chen's punches were as quick and violent as vipers, and Super Chen couldn't follow them at all with his eyes; even trying to catch sight of their shadows was hard.

Father Chen deliberately had Super Chen live in the martial arts dojo. Their Chen family had practiced ancient martial arts for generations. Although it was now an era of national cultivation, body techniques still played an indispensable role.

However, more and more children nowadays would rather be the mage firing fireballs from the back than the man who used consummate body techniques to charge and break through enemy lines up front.

Father Chen felt that real men should charge forward! Not lie low at the back and just cast spells.

Seeing that Super Chen had woken up, Father Chen knew that the right opportunity had arrived. His aura turned heavy, and as he exhaled, he blew out a stream of white qi a dozen or so meters long like a snow-breathing dragon. Super Chen's small mouth dropped wide open with awe at this sight.

“Want to learn, boy?” Father Chen looked at Super Chen.

“Yes!” Super Chen was already enticed.

“Good boy!” Father Chen rubbed Super Chen’s small, round and empty head, picked him up and brought him out of the room to an old pagoda tree.

Father Chen: “Go, son.”

Super Chen: “???”

Father Chen: “If you want to practice martial arts, rub this tree first. From today onward, rub the bark with your hand until this tree is bald.”

Super Chen: “???”

Wang Ling: ”

Chapter 949:Strength Super Martial Arts Dojo

The foundation was naturally very important when it came to cultivating body techniques, and Father Chen had a unique cultivation method, which was to rub trees.

Quickly rubbing the palms over the rough tree bark could help both arms with strength training. One maintained a martial arts squat in this process, which also helped to inject a tiny amount of spirit qi into the dantian so that spirit qi could circulate on its own in the body. No supplementary medicines were required, and it would only take a few short years for one to reach the Qi Condensation stage from the Body Condensation stage.

There were plenty of medicines on the market now to assist those under the Golden Core stage with their cultivation, and it wasn’t like the Chen family couldn’t afford them at all. However, the foundations of children who took these supplementary medicines in the end weren’t as strong as those who progressed steadily and surely.

Children with the same realm who relied on supplementary medicines clearly couldn’t last as long in battle, and would feel tired not long after they started fighting.

This was in fact the reason why more and more people chose to become mages now.

Body techniques consumed too much energy, and kids who took supplementary medicines would lose after throwing a few punches.

This also resulted in a vicious circle in modern preschool education. At some point, in the eyes of some kids, body techniques had already become outdated, making it seem like only people who could cast classy fireballs and water bombs were the true cultivators.

“Dad... I can’t do it...”

During the first month of training, Super Chen felt like he was going to die. His palms often bled from the rubbing, and some drops of that bright scarlet red blood fell to the snow-covered ground, slowly melting the snow with a sizzle.

“Even though one is old, he may still be full of ambition 1. Do you know what an old tree’s network of roots signify?”

“Dad, are you telling me I have to lay a solid foundation?” Three-year-old Super Chen didn’t understand.

“No. It means that when you’re in trouble, you must never be afraid!”

Father Chen shouted, “Charge, and take it down!”

Super Chen: “...”

“Come, follow me! Keep rubbing the tree and take it down!” Father Chen was fired up.

Super Chen rubbed his palms on the bark, and it was so painful he almost cried.

Father Chen directed him from behind: “One, two, three, four!... Two, two, three, four!... Keep it up!... Do it again!”

Super Chen: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

And so, that year, three-year-old Super Chen rubbed the tree day after day, and when he was four, he finally understood the profound meaning of Iron Sand Palm.

...

While Super Chen's childhood seemed uninteresting, in fact it was quite productive.

Children in the cultivation world received enlightenment at an earlier age, and Super Chen was already able to speak fluently at the age of three. This proved that his aptitude wasn't bad, and Father Chen obviously took this into consideration before deciding to help Super Chen establish an early foundation.

In the sea of memories, Wang Ling reached out and plucked out another silver-gray memory fragment.

This was a dark-colored fragment, which meant that it was a heavy and unpleasant memory; it wasn't like most of the other fragments, which looked like colorful glass.

Wang Ling held the fragment in his hand and slowly closed his eyes. This time, he decided to observe Super Chen's world more closely...

And so, in Super Chen's memory world, a four-year-old girl named Wang Xiaoling appeared.

This was a transformation created from combining the King's Eye with the Great Memory Spell, and was used to conceal one's identity.

The "Wang Xiaoling" whom Wang Ling had turned into inside Super Chen's memory did exist.

Wang Xiaoling was originally an important part of Super Chen's memory. In order not to affect the order of the memory world itself, the King's Eye turned Wang Ling into an image of this girl.

It was a little like a first-person perspective and could help Wang Ling observe Super Chen more closely.

The silver-gray memory fragments represented the great changes and upheavals in one's life. Wang Ling transformed into Wang Xiaoling and observed this world through the eyes of a little girl. Instantly, the scene before his eyes grew bigger.

Everything looked big and tall in a child's world.

When he came to his senses, Wang Ling found himself surrounded by several children in a park.

"Your mother is the woman who picks up the trash around here, isn't she? She comes to my house every day to collect broken glass. She's smelly and dirty, and so disgusting."

The speaker was a fatty whom Wang Ling didn't recognize.

But the girl in Super Chen's memory knew him. Now that Wang Ling had become the girl, he also shared her memories.

The fatty was called Tiger Liang and his family was very rich. His father, who ran a magic center for kids called Balance Center, was Super Chen's father's business competitor.

In this neighborhood, the more well-known schools were the Chen family's Strength Super Martial Arts Dojo and the Liang family's Balance Magic Center.

In recent years, however, the Liang family's business had continued to prosper day by day, and the Chen family was almost drowned out by the former's fame.

Wang Ling didn't speak, because Wang Xiaoling was in fact a mute.

But he had the little girl's memories, and could sense her fear.

This made Wang Ling a little uncomfortable.

Should he make a move...

Wang Ling was hesitant.

He knew very well that he would change something if he made a move, and might change the world line of this memory... He remained silent, and decided to be patient for the time being and wait to see what would happen.

What was more, there really was no point in arguing with a bunch of little brats.

Everyone had silver-gray memory fragments in their lives, which symbolized a calamity that they had to endure; it was their fate to pass through this trial, and something they couldn't avoid.

For example, when Wang Ling was six years old and Loopy Toad had fallen from the sky and pulverized the crispy noodle snacks flagship store, that had been a calamity...

Wang Ling knew that if he forcibly changed things here, Super Chen might run into even worse trouble in the future.

Just then, a familiar voice suddenly rang out in Wang Ling's ears.

It was Super Chen.

"Let go of that girl!" Super Chen suddenly appeared in front of Wang Ling, his arms folded.

Wang Ling was in tune with the girl's memories, and at that moment, Super Chen seemed like a hero who had fallen from the sky.

"Little Brother Hu, this is Super Chen from the Chen family. He doesn't look like he'll be easy to deal with."

"That's right. Super Chen has been practicing body techniques since he was three years old. I heard he's not half-bad."

Tiger Liang was accompanied by two lackeys, who were both student members of the Balance Magic Center who viewed Tiger Liang as their leader. At the same time, they enjoyed course discounts as his flunkies; each person got up to a forty percent discount at most.

Enrollment into the magic center was at an unprecedented high. To save money, parents would have their kids deliberately approach Tiger Liang, so the lackeys around Tiger Liang just continued to increase.

“Super Chen? From that Strength Super Martial Arts Dojo, right? Body techniques?”

Tiger Liang laughed. He opened his palm and a ball of fire appeared in it. “Let’s see if your body techniques or my fireballs are stronger!”

Super Chen took a deep breath, then walked over to stand in front of Tiger Liang and gaze at him. “Get lost, or I might destroy you with my palm.”

“Hahaha! You think you can do the Buddha Palm?! You’re only four years old. What can you fight me with? An idiot plus a mute!” Tiger Liang laughed loudly.

Thud!

Without saying a word, Super Chen struck Tiger Liang in the leg with his palm, so fast that Tiger Liang couldn’t follow it.

“I might not be able to do the Buddha Palm, but I’m still capable of the Iron Sand Palm.” Super Chen pulled his hand back.

“Ahhh!”

Tiger Liang yelled in pain and clutched his leg in a fluster.

But he forgot to cancel his own Fireball Spell, and just like that, it exploded on his leg...

That year, Super Chen acted for the first time.

He saved a girl with his body technique.

That year, he was four years old.

Chapter 950: Seeds of Hatred

In the hospital, Tiger Liang, who had been injured by the Fireball Spell, was wailing bitterly. It was hard to believe that a ten-year-old kid had actually been bullied by two four-year-olds.

“That’s him! And her! They joined hands to bully me. We said it would be a one-on-one battle, but in the end, the one with the surname Chen didn’t follow the rules. He cut in halfway and hit me with a Fireball Spell!

“Father, you have to believe me. This isn’t my fault! It’s their fault! It’s everyone’s fault!”

Some of his lackeys nodded repeatedly and parroted him on the side.

“That’s right, it’s just like Brother Tiger said! They were bullying people! They’re shameless!”

...

Super Chen didn’t justify himself from beginning to end; he knew the cameras around the park had been destroyed and whatever he said would be useless.

Tiger Liang could say whatever he wanted and twist the truth.

Wang Xiaoling was a mute who couldn’t speak or even read. When Tiger Liang cried foul first before they could, she shook her head non-stop but was unable to open her mouth and argue back.

Wang Ling, who had possessed this girl’s body, could vividly feel her helplessness.

“Don’t be afraid.”

Super Chen protected her behind him, as if she was his own little sister rather than a stranger.

Father Chen had taught him that people who cultivated body techniques had to know what it meant to stand firm! It was like that old pagoda tree in front of the dojo whose trunk had already been rubbed bald; even without bark, it still stood firm and upright throughout the seasons without collapsing.

Tiger Liang's father had arrived. Seeing his son in pain, his face gradually darkened and he gazed at Super Chen before snorting coldly. "You uneducated little bastard. Since your father didn't teach you anything, I'll do it in his place..."

He threw a punch at Super Chen. Liang Heng, Tiger Liang's father, was at the Foundation Establishment stage.

This punch was extremely fast, and Super Chen could only see its shadow.

This person wasn't a cultivator who specialized in body techniques, so his punch was a little bit slow; Super Chen felt it was nothing like his father's at all.

He felt he could guess where the punch would land and dodge it completely.

Super Chen grit his teeth, his trademark unyielding expression on his face, and the resolution in his gaze appeared to pull at Liang Heng's heartstrings.

It was a manly expression on the face of a kid with a fearless and courageous spirit who had been cultivating body techniques for a year.

To be frank, Liang Heng was a little envious; he knew that when it came to mindset, his son Tiger Liang couldn't compare with Super Chen.

In that moment, Liang Heng was pretty angry, but confronted with Super Chen's gaze, he realized that he couldn't do anything to him.

And so his fist turned toward Wang Ling next to Super Chen...

Super Chen wasn't afraid of Liang Heng, who would get into trouble if he beat up Super Chen. But this little girl was different; her mother only collected rubbish, and the girl herself was mute. Even if she was bullied, what could she do?

Liang Heng had the vicious gall to instantly switch targets and aim a punch at Wang Xiaoling.

"You!" Super Chen wanted to block him but it was already too late.

"Bang!"

This punch didn't hit Wang Ling, but instead hit a figure who had swiftly appeared — it was an imposing man with a thick and broad build.

"Father."

Super Chen was close to crying as tears full of grievance welled up in his eyes, though they didn't fall in the end.

"Son, straighten your back! Don't be afraid! Why? Because I'm here!"

Super Chen: "..."

Wang Ling: "..."

Father Chen gripped Liang Heng's fist tightly. "Old Liang, isn't it a little too petty of you to hit a little girl?"

Seeing that his punch had been blocked, Liang Heng shrugged. "The wicked are bedeviled by the same – all of you bullied my son, don't think I'll just let it be!"

"You should in fact be well aware of the truth of the matter. They're young, arguments are inevitable. Indulging your Little Tiger will only harm him."

Father Chen laughed. "I'll say no more! I've paid the medical fees! Old Liang, I hope you'll watch your behavior. For the sake of the fact that we learned under the same teacher in college, don't look for trouble with my son and this poor little girl."

Father Chen sighed inwardly; be that as it may, this could be considered a decisive end to any relationship between their martial arts dojo and the Liang family's magic center.

Father Chen could not be any clearer on the type of person Liang Heng was; he had always been very competitive since college.

Now that his ten-year-old son Tiger Liang had been injured by Super Chen, who was only four years old, this was the same as the reputation of Liang Heng's magic center taking a hit from Father Chen himself.

"Son, let's go." Protecting Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling, Father Chen prepared to leave.

On the hospital bed, Tiger Liang suddenly shouted, "Father! You can't let them go!!"

"Shut up!" Liang Heng glared at him, scaring Tiger Liang into instantly shutting his mouth; Liang Heng knew himself that he was losing face doing this.

"Father, it was two against one!"

"You shut up!" Liang Heng was overwhelmed by anger.

What f**king two against one!

A ten-year-old like you couldn't handle two four-year-old kids. How humiliating is that?

And most embarrassing of all was that many onlookers had seen Tiger Liang shouting and making a fool of himself. Liang Heng could be considered famous around here, and it was always funnier to watch someone famous make a fool of themselves...

But Tiger Liang had no idea about any of this. He felt especially wronged; as someone who had been spoiled growing up, he had never experienced such frustration before.

It was that damn rubbish collector's fault!

"I'll remember this! You just wait!" Tiger Liang shouted at the Chen father and son pair as well as Wang Xiaoling.

At that moment, Father Chen paused and turned his head to examine Tiger Liang, whose leg was bound up like a dumpling.

"You... what are you looking at?!" Tiger Liang's skin crawled.

Father Chen laughed. "Nothing; I suddenly thought I should show you some care."

Tiger Liang: "Care? Then get Super Chen to bow and apologize to me! No! He's younger, so he should kowtow and apologize!"

"You misunderstand."

Father Chen shook his head. "Uncle Chen wanted to ask if you've finished your homework for the winter break already."

Tiger Chen: "..."

Father Chen: "What did you get in the final exam?"

Tiger Chen: "..."

Father Chen: "What's your ranking in class? In your whole year? Has some uncle asked you how many monster girlfriends Sun Wukong has 1?"

Tiger Chen: "..."

Father Chen: “You’re in Junior Grade Three now, and in two years, you’ll take the middle school entrance exam. How far have you progressed in your cultivation? What Physical Build level are you at now? Can you reach the Qi Condensation stage by the time you’re in Grade Six?”

Tiger Chen: “...”

Father Chen’s questions seemed simple, but they pierced the heart and drew blood. On the hospital bed, Tiger Liang was rendered speechless.

Tiger Liang just gaped like a fool and couldn’t say anything for a long time.

Alright!

Good job! Go home!

Father Chen was in a good mood when he left with Super Chen and Wang Xiaoling.

The two four-year-olds were utterly stunned by Father Chen’s operation.

That was the day that four-year-old Super Chen learned one truth.

It turned out that you didn’t need to use your fists to deal someone a deep injury... The seeds of a “mouth cannon” started to sprout in young Super Chen’s heart.