

The Daily Life of the Immortal King

Chapter 41: Bird Feather Prediction

The “Great Blood Origin Spell” was one of the Three Thousand Great Spells which Wang Ling had mastered with average proficiency. One of its sub-abilities was called “blood origin trace,” which could accurately trace bloodlines. To put it directly... it was DNA identification.

During the Spirit Energy era, the way many people inherited ancient legacy in fact depended mostly on bloodlines. The Great Blood Origin Spell had been popular at that time, and cultivators unafraid of danger would go deep into the ancient tombs of previous cultivators to find such a legacy and obtain a huge boost in their realms within a short period of time.

Now, however, the state had already ordered a ban on such methods of legacy inheritance, since the risk involved was considerable and there was a possibility of contracting a blood disease. Back then, Huaxiu nation’s first-generation leaders had even specially gathered together these cultivators who had inherited legacies in such a reckless way to denounce them publicly over the crime of “opportunistic reactionary cultivation.”

Previous generations of leaders had always felt that no matter how strong or weak one’s gift was, one should rely on their own efforts to build up their cultivation step-by-step. Depending on corrupt cultivation practices was absolutely not the right way!

Hence, after that, the use of the Great Blood Origin Spell waned. It was strictly banned by the state, thereby becoming a prohibited spell. The number of people in the world who could use this spell, apart from Wang Ling who had learned it while he was still in the womb, could be counted on one hand.

Now, Wang Ling occasionally used this spell to identify the innate gifts of the people around him, since bloodlines could also reflect talent.

When he was a child, he had always thought that there should in fact be someone like him, a person who had been born with a “silver spoon” in his mouth.

Unfortunately, to this day... he hadn’t found anyone similar to him.

He had been aware of the results of the “blood origin trace” on Dopey since entering school.

Dopey was in fact not a common parrot. Though it had hidden it very well, Wang Ling had still found out.

To be exact, it was a hybrid parrot with many noble bloodlines.

Through the blood origin trace, Wang Ling had seen the following species in its blood: the *kunpeng*¹, the nine-headed bird², the four-eyed bird³, the vermilion bird⁴, the *bifang*⁵ ... oh, by the way, there was also a Pidgey⁶.

Who the heck knew what Dopey's parents had gone through before its birth? Of course, Wang Ling didn't want to know... the one thing he could be sure of, though, was that this mix of so many bloodlines had granted Dopey a unique ability.

Under normal circumstances, Hero Guo wouldn't have Dopey reveal its ability in public, otherwise he would inevitably be suspected of playing tricks.

But now that Super Chen had called his reputation into question, Hero Guo felt it was necessary for him to reveal his hand.

He winked at Dopey... actually, this boy and bird had already come to a clear agreement long ago concerning their private and public affairs: under watchful eyes in public, Dopey would give its owner face as necessary; after they returned home, Hero Guo would have to give up this false Master of Dopey appearance in private and pay the price for his public glory by becoming a shit-shoveling officer⁷.

These complex feelings between boy and bird gave Wang Ling a sense of déjà vu. Something worth mentioning which other people were probably unaware of... was that Dopey was female. Wang Ling had already silently realized this; he just didn't want to say anything.

"Students, I'm sorry to have kept you waiting." Old Antique skipped cheerfully over to them. He had said only a few words before his wristwatch shrilled with a call. When he looked at the caller ID, he immediately waved at them, a high color to his cheeks. "Excuse me, I'll have to keep you waiting a little longer!~" Saying that, he ran eagerly to one side to receive the call.

Old Antique being this lively was already beyond everyone's comprehension...

Nice timing, while Old Antique answered the phone, it was a good opportunity to figure out what on earth was going on with him!

"There is nothing in this world that this master doesn't know!" While speaking, Hero Guo gingerly pulled out one of Dopey's feathers, causing its pure white, slightly plump body to tremble for an instant.

"What is that for?" Feather Lin asked confusedly.

“This is the Names Fortune Skill; it requires a feather from Dopey. As long as I the master hold this feather, look at the person in question and repeat their name three times, I’ll know their fortune based on the color which the feather changes into,” Hero Guo said with a mysterious air.

Dopey silently rolled its eyes at Hero Guo: *First, you spray this boss with your spit, now you want this boss to cooperate with you in your pretentious act... hehe, when we return home, you’re going to get it!*

What Names Fortune Skill... Hero Guo made this spell sound so marvelous, when in fact, generally speaking, it was just fortune-telling.

The crucial point was that this wasn’t his ability, but Dopey’s own special ability.

In Wang Ling’s opinion, though, this ability wasn’t worth much even if it was created from the combination of the bloodlines of several legendary birds.

All in all, however, the assessment results should be accurate. At least, it would be way better than the roadside soothsayers who grabbed people to say, “Benefactor, there is evil between your eyebrows, you will definitely encounter a bloody calamity!”

Rubbing the feather in his hand, Hero Guo mouthed Old Antique’s real name three times, and everyone saw that white, spotless feather instantly turn pink.

“A pink feather?” Hero Guo stared at the feather with an astonished expression.

Lotus Sun gave the pink feather a cursory look and asked, “A pink feather... what does it stand for?”

Hero Guo was already well-versed in the symbolic meanings of the feather’s colors, but for this color to appear in relation to Old Antique... to be honest, he really hadn’t anticipated it at all.

Thinking of Old Antique’s jubilant attitude earlier, as he bounced and skipped around, plus this key pink feather, the answer already seemed obvious. “A pink feather means luck in love. Old Antique has... fallen in love!”

“Oh, so it’s because he’s fallen in love...” It was mere realization at first.

After a moment of dead silence, an earth-shaking roar immediately burst out.

— What the f**k?!

Fallen?! In?! Love?!

This ageless Old Antique who only knew how to eat *latiao* was actually beginning to arrange flowers in his antique vase?!

“...”

Super Chen, Lotus Sun and Feather Lin all felt that it was inconceivable.

“...Is your feather reliable or not?” Super Chen asked again dubiously.

“Shit! You still don’t believe me?”

“I just think it’s a little too unreal! Fortune-telling using a bird feather, thinking about it, it’s too unscientific,” said Super Chen.

Wang Ling: “...” *So, you think a bird feather changing colors is very scientific?*

Super Chen was a very skeptical person and liked to split hairs a lot, especially when it came to old superstitions.

In order to verify the authenticity of this feather fortune-telling, Super Chen rudely pulled out another one of Dopey’s feathers.

This time, it hurt enough that Dopey twitched hard and gave Hero Guo a look as it gnashed its teeth, even though it had no teeth to gnash...

It didn’t care who it was that pulled out its feather; in the end, it would blame everything on Hero Guo...

Hero Guo: “What do you want?”

“Come on, our Comrade Master of Dopey! Find another person’s fortune to read.” Super Chen placed the bird feather in Hero Guo’s hand.

Hero Guo silently curled his lips; he then looked at Feather Lin and recited her name three times. The bird feather turned dark red.

It was related to her fortune, after all, so Feather Lin was a little nervous. “This color, what does it mean?”

Hero Guo carefully discerned the color of the feather and quickly read its message. “This red feather symbolizes fire on the body, so recently you had to be careful of fire and had to stay away from places that have them.”

Feather Lin looked astonished. “...This is too accurate!”

Just last week, the gay fanfiction that she had painstakingly collected over the years had been discovered by her father, who had burned them all.

Super Chen skeptically pulled another feather from Dopey's body. "Come on, read my fortune."

"..." This feather was from Dopey's belly, where its flesh was the most tender; it was so painful it made all of its feathers stand up.

Wang Ling even saw a crystal tear form in the corner of its eye...

Helpless, Hero Guo read Super Chen's fortune and saw that the feather had turned blue. He sighed and said, "You had to stay away from water in the last month."

Super Chen also showed his surprise. "...It really is accurate!" He remembered when he had been at the swimming pool last week and had gotten a cramp in his leg while swimming. If it hadn't been for the lifeguard, who had parted the water with one palm... he felt he might have died.

"Now do you believe me?" Hero Guo felt rather helpless.

At this very moment, Old Antique returned after talking endlessly on the phone, looking even more radiant than before.

"Students, your teacher has good news to share with you."

Standing in front of everyone, he didn't hide his ecstasy at all. "Teacher has found you a teacher's wife!"

Students: "..."

Wang Ling: "... Then, what was the point of plucking out the feathers?"

Dopey: "... *Psycho! You think I don't need face?!*

Chapter 42: Old Antique's Education Policy

Wang Ling hadn't imagined that Old Antique would actually announce the news so quickly. Nowadays, there were plenty of lightning marriages ¹, but who knew that there were also so many lightning love affairs.

He felt it was probably because Old Antique had gone too long without love, so once he fell into the honey river of love, he couldn't pull himself out.

It was very obvious that spring had arrived for Old Antique.

On the other hand, Hero Guo had entered a chilly winter...

Dopey wasn't an ordinary parrot. This wasn't reflected just in its special ability, born from mixing various bloodlines together, but also in the fact that Dopey had the ability to transform. While there was a very short time limit to how long it could maintain a human form, it was already more than enough time to teach Hero Guo a lesson.

Especially when Dopey saw a small bald patch amidst the spotless white feathers which it was so proud of, the result of that f**king fortune-telling...

From afar, Wang Ling could already feel the low pressure emanating from Hero Guo's shoulder. Moreover, he heard Dopey's thoughts again: *whip, handcuffs, small candle*...

Sss ! — It was just three simple nouns, but it was more than enough for his imagination.

He had never thought that even a bird could play such exciting games these days...

An Old Antique in love was even more approachable than usual, and it should have been a stress-free spirit sword training session. However, firmly oppressed by Dopey's icy cold spiritual pressure, Hero Guo couldn't be cheerful.

The morale of this story was, if you are a pretentious prick, you will pay the price. If you want to show off in front of people, your bird will use candle wax on you behind the scenes... Wang Ling felt that this incident made a very good case for the "lead a low-key life" philosophy which Father and Mother Wang had instilled in him from a young age.

For Wang Ling, this spirit sword training was predictably boring. What Old Antique was teaching was a very basic spirit sword beginner's course.

In theory, at the Foundation Establishment stage, one was completely capable of flying a sword. However, Huaxiu nation's Education Department had made "flying a sword" a university-level course in the current education system.

What most Foundation Establishment students could learn in high school was basic maintenance of their spirit swords and basic skills in flying a sword.

Of course, as students of the elite class, they may also delve a little deeper into the content and learn things such as advanced sword skills and mental sword cultivation methods. However, these lessons still weren't any challenge for Wang Ling.

A so-called true master, with a sword not in his hand, but in his heart, could use a blade of grass to cut down even the stars — this highest realm of swordsmanship had long faded into history and most people thought it was just a legend. However, Wang Ling

felt that without the restraining effects of the Dao talisman seal, it wouldn't be difficult for him at all to cut the stars down with a blade of grass.

The basic training for flying a sword mainly consisted of controlling their spirit swords to paint the figure "8" in the air. With his strength pulled back, Wang Ling carefully controlled his small wooden sword and tried his best to flunk the session, so that he didn't tear the roof off the gymnasium by mistake.

In the end, based on Old Antique's strict grading system, Wang Ling was ranked fourth of the students present in proficiency at flying a sword.

While fourth out of five people placed him in the bottom half, he was very satisfied with this ranking.

The person in last place was Feather Lin. To begin with, parent and child swords weren't very easy to control and required a level of swordsmanship that was more than two times as difficult as wielding one sword. What was worse, she had gotten the genders of her two spirit swords wrong all these years... hence, though they had been together for a very long time, they had yet to establish real rapport between them.

"If you go on like this, you'll get nowhere." Old Antique put his hands on his waist and sighed, feeling a slight headache.

An Old Antique in love was somewhat more unusual than normal, but that didn't mean he had been idle in collecting data on the previous spirit sword exchange meet between No. 59 High School and No. 58 High School.

On the surface, the students' levels in handling spirit swords appeared roughly the same among the three schools.

In fact, No. 60 High School had an advantage, because Lotus Sun's Mysterious Sea had already spawned a sword spirit. To quote a chuuni ² saying, in all of the one hundred schools, a high school student who bred a sword spirit was a very rare and extremely fearful existence...

However, the spirit sword exchange meet was a team event and employed a team grading system. If No. 60 High School wanted to emerge victorious in this exchange meet, apart from Lotus Sun and Super Chen, the two best performers currently, the other three people had to ensure that at the very least, they obtained a final average score or higher — it would only take one person holding them back to produce poor results.

What was worth mentioning was that although Wang Ling was ranked fourth, his score was just above average, which Old Antique felt was really miraculous. For some reason, he felt that the person who had scored sixty points was somehow more skilled than the one who had scored full marks.

Currently, it looked like it was just Feather Lin who was holding them back. Furthermore, her score was very discouraging. The city-wide average score in proficiency at flying a sword was sixty-five, but Feather Lin hadn't even reached the passing score.

However, Old Antique was, after all, Old Antique. Headmaster Chen had sent him to lead this team, and even if this fatty who only knew how to eat snacks had now been blessed with luck in love, his teaching prowess was beyond question.

After that, the other students left the gym except for Feather Lin. There were still two more hours before dinner, which was supposed to be free time, but Feather Lin had to do extra training.

"Teacher, am I hopeless?" This fujoshi was obviously very upset, her head hanging low. Feather Lin felt that flying a sword had become the second most painful thing in her life, after her father burning her gay fanfiction.

Girls had thin skin³, so Old Antique would always give them face. If it had been Teacher Pan, she would have long broken out into cursing, resentful that a student didn't live up to her expectations, and she would have used various radical ways to stimulate the students' adrenal gland hormones.

However, every teacher had their own teaching style.

This method of berating students in order to spur them into action did not suit Old Antique's gentle image at all. Furthermore, this was an Old Antique who was in love; it was even less likely for him to criticize a schoolgirl who was suffering disappointment in her studies.

Compared with Teacher Pan's method of goading, Old Antique was better at giving encouragement.

Additionally, he was very good at applying the right fix to any situation.

Flying a pair of parent and child swords was indeed more difficult than flying a single sword, but the principle was the same. One just needed to memorize a few more of the original basic formulas. For students in the elite class, memorizing something had never been a problem, especially for Feather Lin, who was a top student.

Therefore, Old Antique felt that it wasn't that Feather Lin couldn't learn, but that she wasn't absorbing the lesson. Additionally, he could tell that she was feeling rather depressed.

In fact, the pile of treasured gay fanfiction burned several days ago was the main reason for Feather Lin's bad mood. But Old Antique had no idea about this situation at all, so he could only judge based on his years of experience and his own observations.

After all, secretly investigating a student's private affairs would be too much like the actions of a pervert...

In situations like this, Old Antique had a lot of relevant methods for solving this type of difficult problem.

In any case, he just needed to give the right type of encouragement for the student in question.

A spirit light glowed in Old Antique's hand as he conjured up a book which he had prepared beforehand, and he gave it to Feather Lin. "I hope Student Lin will enjoy this book. The names of the protagonists are very similar to those of your parent and child swords."

Curiously, Feather Lin took the book and saw on the cover four very elegant-looking words: *Founder of Evil Sorcery*...

...

Actually, before the spirit sword training and in line with his encouragement approach, Old Antique had very considerably prepared a gift for each student early on as an emergency incentive.

For Lotus Sun, he had written a list of Wang Ling's favorite snacks.

For Super Chen, he had prepared a dumbbell with a gravity system so that he could control its weight at will.

For Hero Guo, he had prepared a little book in which he had recorded all the student gossip which only he knew.

For Wang Ling, he had prepared a packet of the just released stir-fried swamp eel-flavored crispy noodle snack...

Chapter 43: Senior He's Revenge

The wind blows on school grounds except where there are no storm clouds...

A senior with a total of 8823 marks in three years, Senior Buliang, Senior Bufeng, Senior Fengyun ¹ ...

No one knew when He Bufeng's titles and legend had started to spread around the school.

Even He Bufeng himself didn't know when it was that people had started viewing him as a delinquent.

...Was it three years ago, perhaps, after the end of his passionate first love in high school?

He Bufeng had already completely forgotten it and no longer cared. If others already saw him as a school bully and delinquent, just rolling with it sometimes was a way of freeing himself from the burden of everything.

Since becoming a delinquent, he had discovered that he could willfully enter any of the school toilets, and only after he finished peeing would the other students gingerly dare use them. The canteen auntie would give him the most meat, and everyone in the school was afraid of him, even the teachers... even Director Xie, who always had a stiff expression on her face, would retreat whenever she saw him.

Honestly, at the beginning, He Bufeng had really hated it when everyone avoided him like the plague.

However, he began to gradually learn to enjoy it.

He had been surprised when Tang Jingze came looking for him this morning. This man, who in the previous exchange meet with No. 58 High School had driven their teachers and students out of their minds, had actually humbly come looking for him to earnestly request his help in teaching those "outrageous" guys from No. 60 High School a lesson.

...

"So it's these four people?" In the male toilets where they had arranged to meet, He Bufeng dropped his cigarette butt and ground it hard under his foot as he looked at the photos and relevant information which Tang Jingze had given to him.

"Yes, that's them..." Tang Jingze replied weakly. Fang Huaqing and Liang Wei were huddled behind him, not daring to say even a single word... this Senior Buliang was really every bit as terrifying as the rumors said.

"I remember that No. 60 High School sent five student representatives this time. Did you cross off that Lotus Sun from your list? What, are you looking down on me? Think I'm not capable of fixing her?" He Bufeng looked at the data in his hands with a smile.

"..."

It was a simple question, but it made Tang Jingze shudder.

“Haha, don’t be afraid.” He Bufeng gave Tang Jingze a pat on his shoulder. “She’s the Young Miss of Huaguo Water Curtain Group, after all. It isn’t just anybody that can screw with a person like that.”

“Senior’s words make sense...”

“But I don’t have much time, at most I can help you teach one of them a lesson.”

He Bufeng pointed at the photos. “First, among these four people, I don’t make it a habit to bully women, so this one named Feather Lin can pass.”

“Mm, senior is really considerate!” Liang Wei flattered him.

Then He Bufeng pointed at Super Chen’s photo. “Second, this muscular bro seems like he would be very difficult to deal with. I don’t want to end up wrestling philosophically ² with him when I teach him a lesson. According to the data, this guy’s family also has some sort of background, so pass.”

“ ... ”

Then He Bufeng pointed at Master of Dopey in the photo. “And this one might look very silly, but his family runs a store selling soul pets. I feel that the parrot he’s carrying would be difficult to deal with.”

“ ... ”

At last, He Bufeng looked at Wang Ling’s photo. “From the information, this guy seems the easiest to bully? So let’s go with him!”

“ ... ”

Senior, are you sure you won’t reconsider?

...

Wang Ling was free to do whatever he wanted after leaving the gym. Old Antique had made Feather Lin stay back to read *Founder of Evil Sorcery* ; Lotus Sun had taken advantage of No. 59 High School’s class hours to run up to the school rooftop and try summoning her sword spirit, for the sake of strengthening their rapport; and Super Chen and Hero Guo, these two unambitious guys, had dashed back to the school dormitory right after training to play games.

Wang Ling didn’t need training, and he didn’t play games often, since he could very easily destroy any device he held in his hands. Of course, there were games in the specially developed wristwatch which Wang Ming had given to him, and the games

library was updated every Monday to include almost all of the latest games on the market.

However, Wang Ling hadn't played a single game on his watch, because the values generated while he played could reflect his reaction ability, agility and so on... he absolutely didn't want that numbers-crazy pervert to get hold of any clues about him...

He had always thought that he was actually a very boring person and had kept to himself since he was a child.

Of course, this also had to do with how Father and Mother Wang had educated him. Many times, Wang Ling had thought that if he didn't have this level of power, he would just be the most ordinary person ever.

God gave each person an opportunity, but also made everyone equal. Wang Ling had been bestowed unrivalled strength, but the price he paid for it was equally bitter.

He was unable to enjoy playing games, unable to make particularly close friends, unable to high-five his bros when he was delighted — even when he sneezed or slept he had to be careful... he had to watch his strength every so often and do his best to avoid causing any accidental injuries. This wasn't a responsibility only to himself, but more so to other people.

When he was younger, loneliness had probably been the greatest shadow over his childhood, but he gradually got used to being alone as he grew older.

However, his life seemed to have become much livelier ever since he came to No. 60 High School... especially during this off-campus school activity in the last few days. For the first time, he was experiencing what it was like to live in a group. He was very unaccustomed to it, though, and it made him feel very uncomfortable.

This free time now was truly a rare opportunity for him to enjoy some solitary peace and quiet.

...

How did that song go again?

Walk with me on the street on campus, ooh oh... ooh oh...

Whether it was No. 59 High School or the much talked-about No. 58 High School, they had similar places on school grounds like No. 60 High School's small garden.

After No. 59 High School had been expanded by that circumcision director of the school board, in addition to the wide, new trail lined by trees and the new school dormitory, a plot of land behind the dormitory building had also been expanded.

That was a sakura forest full of sakura trees.

It was sakura season, and the blooming trees had turned the forest pink. Standing in their midst gave a person the feeling of first love.

After classes at No. 59 High School were over for the day, couples could be seen elegantly pledging their love to one another under the sakura trees.

When the wind blew, sakura petals rose from the tops of the trees and danced along the ground. Several of them settled gently on Wang Ling's short hair and shoulders... the beautiful sakura and the quiet teenager... it was a uniquely beautiful scene.

Chapter 44: A Chance Encounter Between a Cat and a Human

Wang Ling raised a light pink petal, closed his eyes and carefully breathed in its fragrance.

He felt that this scent truly fit the season.

These were just very ordinary sakura trees; compared with the various spirit fruit trees sold on the market that had been grown from the seed, sakura trees didn't have any spirit aura. Still, they were indispensable for adding to the atmosphere on school grounds.

This was exactly the kind of life he wanted...

Wang Ling fully enjoyed the rare serenity. He stood silently among the sakura trees, inhaling their pure fragrance. When he closed his eyes, it was as if he was the only person left in the universe.

Suddenly, his body jolted and he shivered unexpectedly!

Of course, it wasn't because he was cold from the wind; his muscles had spasmed completely for some other reason. His body would never feel cold, he was immune to all poisons, and before any virus could even enter his body, it would be destroyed by his powerful spirit energy molecules. As a result, he had never suffered from illnesses of any kind, whether minor or major, since birth — he didn't even know what it was like to have a cold.

His muscles did spasm on occasion, usually when he was in a solitary mood. This had nothing to do with the flesh but with the nerves. Wang Ling stood at the peak above all human cultivators in terms of cultivation realms, but very few would understand how lonely it was at the top.

The Immortal King wasn't an old man who chanted prayers in a dilapidated temple all day long, nor was he a Taoist priest disillusioned with the mortal world. When all was said and done, he was just a sixteen-year-old boy who also had emotions... Wang Ling himself said that he was already accustomed to it, but while he would never admit it even if he was beaten to death, in his heart, he was actually very lonely.

He walked ahead, treading gently on the soft sakura petals. As the cool wind brushed over his cheeks, he heard faint voices on the air.

Following them, he looked in the direction they were coming from.

Under a sakura tree not too far away, a few kittens were playing happily, jumping and pouncing on the petals that drifted down. These were ordinary stray cats, which every school had.

Sometimes, he quite envied these little carefree kittens that didn't have to worry about anything. When they were hungry, some school shit-shoveling officer would inevitably feed them; when they were finished eating, they could roll around and play; when they were tired from playing, they could flop down and sleep... they didn't need to worry about controlling their strength, and were unburdened by worries or cares or limits.

Staring at these cute little kittens, Wang Ling wanted to stretch out his hands to pick one up for a cuddle, but in the end, he still pulled his hands back after taking into account the weakening effect of the talisman seal.

Under the sakura trees, a pretty boy and a few romping cats... this should have been a beautiful picture of harmony between man and nature.

However, this kind of harmony could be broken sometimes, especially when a person was capable of using the Mind-Reading Ability...

While Wang Ling was watching the kittens, he could clearly hear the voices in their hearts.

The big cat that was the leader of the little group: "Look, this human has been staring at us for a while."

Second Cat: "He could be a pervert!"

Third Cat: "We should hurry up and leave! Just now it looked like he wanted to grab us!"

Fourth Cat: "I heard previously there was a pervert who especially caught cats to make them into kebabs... it's so dangerous here!"

Big Cat: "It's exactly two o'clock, Boss Zheng Tan has a meeting to chair! Let's go, go!"

Wang Ling: "..."

Then.

The cats all ran off in one direction...

Wang Ling had experienced plenty of this sort of embarrassment since his childhood, especially when the Dao talisman seal was weak. His aura would be much heavier than normal and animals as well as insects were usually more sensitive to such a dangerous aura compared with humans.

However, not all creatures were afraid of Wang Ling. Occasionally, a few dragonflies and butterflies would recklessly rest on his shoulder and hair...

Wang Ling started to walk in the direction the kittens had run off in. Before coming to No. 59 High School, he had heard about a small man-made lotus pond in its sakura forest through his Mind-Reading Ability.

This small lotus pond was newly built and previously there had been a small incident when a sparrow had drowned by accident... some mischievous students had nicknamed the sparrow Xia Yuhe, then set up a stele for it by the side of the lotus pond, which they named "Lake Little Ming." ¹

Wang Ling was a little worried that something might happen to those kittens, so he decided to follow them. The little guys were still too young, and while the water in the lotus pond only reached roughly up to his knees, it was more than deep enough for them.

However, it turned out that he had been thinking too much...

This group of kittens obviously had their own secret base; when Wang Ling reached Lake Little Ming, it was quiet all around, with not even a shadow of a cat to be seen.

He sighed and was about to leave when he suddenly heard a meow from a nearby sakura tree, and then saw a black shadow fall into the lotus pond.

Flop!

There was a huge splash...

Wang Ling was very close to the lotus pond. Under normal circumstances, if he hadn't reacted in time, he definitely would have been drenched. However, before the water reached him, it froze in the air. After that, Wang Ling moved his fingers, and like a tide ebbing, all the water retreated back to the lotus pond.

He sighed with secret relief; because of his rampant power, he had destroyed a number of things at No. 59 High School in these last few days, from big ones like the spirit gathering arrays to smaller ones like their electronic equipment... in fact, he still felt very guilty. The water in the lotus pond was more or less also school property, but he felt that he had salvaged the situation just in time.

This wasn't Time Recall, but the Great Gravitation Spell, one of the Three Thousand Great Spells. The "Absorbing Palm" which Elder Xiao of the Xiao clan had previously been famous for also used part of the principle of this spell as reference.

Of course, using Time Recall would produce the same results, but it would consume a tremendous amount of Wang Ling's spirit energy. Besides, the main thing was that with Time Recall, the world's timeline would also be reversed... therefore, unless it was a last resort, he wouldn't use this ability so readily.

Wang Ling stood next to the lotus pond, searching for the shadow that had fallen in just now. Although it had happened in a flash, with his exceptional dynamic vision, he still could determine... that thing, was probably a black cat.

Obviously, this "black cat" was a bit dumbfounded.

After all, it had deliberately jumped down to splash this person with water.

After jumping into the water, the "black cat" had immediately retreated to the side as planned, hiding along one side of the lotus pond as it secretly observed Wang Ling. And then it had seen him use the Great Gravitation Spell...

"...Never thought that this person could use such an advanced spell!"

Who could have imagined that the first step in their carefully formulated plan to bully this person would fail — what a disastrous beginning! He Bufeng the black cat sighed in his heart.

He scurried onto a lotus leaf on one side of the lotus pond. After all, it was an artificial pond; both the lotus and lotus leaves were fake and buoyant like the kickboards used for learning to swim, so he was able to tread securely on a lotus leaf.

It wasn't the first time that he had changed into a cat, so his movements were pretty nimble. Four limbs involved a different set of movements than two legs and it had taken a lot of practice to get used to it.

This "black cat" had also officially caught Wang Ling's eye.

After a brief showdown between man and cat, He Bufeng jumped off the lotus leaf...

With a three hundred and sixty degree Thomas flair ², he plunged into the water!

And then he began to struggle hard on the surface...

Even without his Mind-Reading Ability, Wang Ling knew this guy had definitely done it on purpose!

What was more, he now knew everything... he was well aware that the black cat was actually a person who had been sent by Tang Jingze to bully him.

Under these circumstances, if Wang Ling rescued him, there would definitely be some other dirty trick that would be played on him; but if he dismissed it, he figured that he would be labeled as someone who stood aside when others were in peril. Furthermore, it would very likely affect the reputation of No. 60 High School. After all, Old Antique had said that every one of them who had come to No. 59 High School represented the image of No. 60 High School.

Rescue, of course he would rescue him...

But with a little appropriate punishment...

Wang Ling stared at the black cat struggling in the water and the corners of his mouth lifted slightly, revealing a "kind" smile.

Chapter 45: Wang Ling Is Lei Feng

After seeing Old Antique's passive skill at attracting women in his "artsy mode," Wang Ling had started to sort out his own passive skills.

Because sometimes, especially for him, the trouble wasn't always caused by the power he couldn't control, but by his "passive skills."

Thus, over the last two days, he had in fact been silently sorting his passive skills into the practical series, the chicken rib¹ series and the damn useful series... this really did make things clear and simple at a glance.

In the damn useful series, the skill that had left the deepest impression on Wang Ling was a passive branch spell called "Jumping Carp," which had originated from one of the Three Thousand Great Spells, the "Great Wave Palm." As long as he clapped his hands at a person thirty-two times consecutively, that person would start acting like Magikarp² when it utilized its Splash move: flopping around with no attack effect whatsoever.

And then, in the chicken rib series... from the name alone, one could tell that the passive skills in this series were the type that were "tasteless, but a waste to discard." Some of the skills might seem very practical, but were of no value to him.

For instance, the passive spell the “Boundless Devouring,” was a branch spell of one of the Three Thousand Great Spells, the “Great Devouring Spell”— as long as Wang Ling dropped his tears in any kind of food, the food would multiply quickly within a short period of time, one becoming two, two becoming four... unfortunately, he wasn’t a foodie. The only thing he liked were crispy noodle snacks.

He remembered using this spell to clone his crispy noodle snack when he was a kid. In the end, the crispy noodle snacks had multiplied like crazy beyond his control. At that time, he could only open a tunnel and send these magically cloned crispy noodle snacks into the boundless vastness that was the universe.

By now, these crispy noodle snacks had probably already formed their own galaxy...

So though he had a lot of passive skills, most of them weren’t very practical.

As for the practical skills series, although there were only a pitiful few, they were all abilities that he thought were very useful for hiding his cultivation realm, like the “Great Shielding Spell,” which blocked the possibility of unscrupulous people investigating him through whatever means available.

And now, in front of this “black cat movie king” floundering in the water, another one of Wang Ling’s passive skills had unwittingly activated...

His Heavenly Eye had the ability to “eliminate the false and retain the true”!

Honestly speaking, even he hadn’t expected that in this type of Foundation Establishment high school, there would actually be people who knew how to use the Transformation Spell. This was quite an advanced skill. The General Administration of 100 Schools didn’t forbid people from learning it, but given its complexity, it was useless for a Foundation Establishment cultivator to try and learn this skill on their own without the guidance of a master.

...

At this moment, the “black cat movie king” had already been struggling in the lotus pond for two whole minutes...

Faced with such a weak and pitiful kitten, this person actually had no sympathy at all!

This was what He Bufeng was thinking in his heart.

Earlier on, he had arranged for his *shamate* underling to be in position nearby to immediately take photos as evidence any time Wang Ling behaved as if he wasn’t going to do anything to save him... then the next day, they would flood the school’s Tieba ³ and BBS forums! For this small piece of news, they would only need to

write a sentimental article and exaggerate it a little, and it would definitely rile up a whole bunch of shit-shoveling officers who would condemn Wang Ling en masse.

At that time, No. 60 High School would definitely lose face.

However, the premise of the whole plan depended on the Transformation Spell working flawlessly.

...

The black cat was still floundering merrily in the lotus pond...

“...” Wang Ling stared at the black cat; no one noticed his pupils, as dark and deep as obsidian, shine with unusual radiance, like a kaleidoscope.

It had to be said that He Bufeng’s Transformation Spell was superb and he could hide perfectly from most people’s eyes and ears. Unfortunately, this petty transformation couldn’t escape the authority of the Heavenly Eye.

While He Bufeng was playing delightedly in the lotus pond, he was surprised to notice that he seemed to be creating much bigger splashes and his visual angle was changing drastically. Even the black fur on his hand seemed to be disappearing...

Huh... strange!

The situation...

Seemed a bit off...

Then, after a few short seconds.

He stood up in the lotus pond, his face full of surprise...

Standing gallantly, full of vigor, his wet balls hanging out...

...F**k!

He Bufeng had utterly never expected to turn back into a human at this moment! And the most alarming thing was that his clothes were gone!

“...” Stung by the sight, Wang Ling covered his eyes as he also thought “f**k” in his heart. Someone please tell him... why the hell had He Bufeng’s clothes been restored to nothing! This damn ability to “eliminate the false and retain the true” was really a bit too thorough! It stung the eyes! Obviously the spell had a bug somewhere!

The scene was an unimaginable embarrassment for Wang Ling.

He felt a little repentant!

He couldn't control this Heavenly Eye passive skill... the ability to eliminate the false and retain the true was indeed impressive, and could help him see through plenty of false illusions.

Clearly, however, there were times when things were restored too thoroughly, which wasn't a good thing...

At that very moment, He Bufeng felt wretched and like he had gone a little crazy — as if he was in a game and had drunk a healing potion with a transformation effect, but then found out that all his top gear had been swallowed by the system. Additionally, this feeling of wind blowing coldly on eggs made his balls ache with melancholy ⁴ ...

He covered his face and once again sank down into the lotus pond — he didn't think he had ever felt this ashamed before.

There was no one around, and his *shamate* underling was still lurking at a distance, completely unaware of what had happened.

Bracing himself, He Bufeng looked at Wang Ling and said in an entreating tone, "Classmate, could you please find me some clothes..."

Wang Ling: "..."

After thinking for a bit, Wang Ling took off his jacket and threw it beside the lotus pond.

He then lowered his head and quietly turned around to leave.

After all, he was not Super Chen and would never show interest in a brother who had stripped completely.

...

A young boy walking among the sakura trees, carrying a slightly melancholy air...

Sitting dazedly in the middle of the cold lotus pond, He Bufeng looked at Wang Ling's back as the other boy left.

He hadn't expected the Transformation Spell to wear off so rapidly. What was more, he hadn't thought that this guy, who he was supposed to be bullying, would instead come to his rescue during the most embarrassing moment of his life.

Utterly ashamed, He Bufeng climbed out of the lotus pond and put on the blue jacket which Wang Ling had given him. The sports jacket was longer than ordinary clothes and was just able to cover his embarrassing bits. Luckily school wasn't over yet, otherwise,

he would really have been embarrassed if there had been more people in the sakura forest.

“Boss, I recorded everything!” The *shamate* underling popped up next to him.

“F**k! Still want to f**king record! Delete all of it!” He Bufeng’s face twitched. He recalled the moment when he had just turned back into a human and had yet to react — still happily splashing around in the lotus pond, he would just look like a dimwit. How could he keep such a video?

“Then this person... are we bullying him or not?”

“For this type of student from another school who upholds the three views, we should open our arms and welcome him! If not for this Classmate Lei Feng ⁵, I would have completely lost face!” As He Bufeng said this, he stripped his *shamate* underling of his pants and put them on.

“...”

As the breeze brushed against his bare thighs and short leg hairs, the *shamate* underling felt a little aggrieved.

“I will have to properly thank this Classmate Lei Feng later.” He Bufeng sighed. Thinking of Tang Jingze’s group of people that wanted to stir up trouble, he keenly felt the gap in the quality of character between the students of the two schools... he couldn’t continue being a degenerate like this. No. 59 High School’s Student Union had to be completely reorganized!

The two individuals stared in the direction which Wang Ling had disappeared in for quite a long time.

Then, unwittingly, Wang Ling’s “Great Shielding Spell” was reactivated...

Almost at the same time, the two people realized an important problem...

F**king wait! —

This Classmate Lei Feng... what the f**k was his name?