
Chapter 2: Wait, let this lord do a divination

There's a saying—if one doesn't enjoy being delusional once, they would've lived their youth in vain.

Everyone would have more or less experienced that phase. It was simply that some had openly displayed it while others hid it deep within their hearts. This was also the difference between being an extrovert and an introvert.

As Song Shuhang was lacking in youthful vigor, that period came rapidly and left even more quickly for him.

Therefore, during their second grade of junior high school, the boys surrounding him were all stuck within their wuxia, superhero, and celestial immortal dreams and executing their eighteen subduing dragon palm or superhero transformations. However, Song Shuhang had long lost interest in these and neither did he hold any hopes for such.

The laws of physics in this world were so very accurate. It was basically an impossible task for humans to think of jumping three stories high, launching a golden dragon out of their hands, or being able to fly while wearing their underpants outside!

However, he still loved Xianxia novels, superhero movies, and such. Perhaps deep within his heart, he was still craving for a superhero, an alien, or an immortal to appear before him one day?

Despite knowing it was impossible, he was still somewhat looking forward to it. Perhaps this was a gift that humans had?

Song Shuhang laughed while closing the chat window. Nonetheless, he did not leave the group.

He felt that the members of Nine Provinces Group were all interesting, with the chat logs that would make one feel embarrassed if exposed. From the perspective of a spectator, it was surprisingly interesting—therefore, before the admin had removed him, he decided to lurk around and look at various amusing chat logs to pass some time.

On the computer screen, the movie was still playing. It seemed like a horror film, with all kinds of scenarios constantly appearing. This movie was the greatest work of the genius thriller film director and hearsay was that many middle-aged men were all scared till they cried. There were many people who revealed that they were so scared that they couldn't head to the washroom alone after watching it.

Unfortunately, Song Shuhang ultimately did not feel frightened and instead rewinded the progress bar to the start before he had yawned again and his sitting posture slowly transitioned to a reclined posture as he felt his eyelids getting heavier...

If that genius thriller director knew his movie only had such effect on him, he would probably cry?

Muddle-headed, Song Shuhang had a dream.

It was an extremely pleasurable and beautiful dream. With celestials, superheroes, and all kinds of mystical lands.

Having free and unfettered long life, the ability to transform nature, relying on a sword while traversing the world. Since ancient times, how many people had such dreams? Merely due to the increase of one's age, the reality had shattered dreams and people could only hide their dreams deep within their hearts and not think about them.

A dream would ultimately only be a dream.



Next day, May 21st, Tuesday, 1 AM.

Within the group chat, the admin True Monarch Yellow Mountain had finally appeared online.

The moment he came, Northern River's Loose Cultivator emerged and questioned, "True Monarch, who is that 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' you'd added yesterday? Which sect does he come from?"

"The newcomer yesterday? Haven't you communicated with her? She's the daughter of an old friend of mine, born in this era. It seems as if her aptitude is excellent, she's in Third Stage Acquired Realm and will be advancing to Fourth Stage Innate Realm soon. At such a young age, she's really outstanding!" True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied while laughing out loud.

Born this era... shouldn't she be below forty years old? Being in Third Stage Acquired Realm at this age would indeed be the sign of a genius. Northern River's Loose Cultivator silently nodded. However, the counterpart's dao name is strange, Stressed by a Mountain of Books doesn't seem like a dao name.

While Northern River's Loose Cultivator was still thinking, True Monarch Yellow Mountain suddenly said, "Eh? My old friend's daughter dao name isn't called Stressed by a Mountain of Books! Wait, what the heck is this Stressed by a Mountain of Books?"

"..." True Monarch Yellow Mountain was embarrassed.

It wasn't a random guy, it was probably the person True Monarch Yellow Mountain invited yesterday.

He tried inquiring, "True Monarch, could it be that you've added the wrong person?"

"Let me check it out."

A moment later.

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sent a string of ? within the group. "To think that I've really added a wrong person. There's only a slight difference between their account numbers—I had accidentally keyed in 9 instead of 8... to think I would make such a big mistake."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator chuckled. "I thought so too, regardless of how well one integrated into the modern times, no one would use 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' as their dao name."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain continuously sent a bunch of ?.

Afterwards, he hastily added his good friend's daughter to the group.

Group Notification: 'Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather' has been added to Nine Provinces Number One Group

The name just now was conforming to the image of Nine Provinces One Group, with rich Xianxia aura assaulting one's senses. The dao name 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books' was definitely something strange in comparison to it.

Upon an addition of a newcomer, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber immediately appeared. "Oh! The new friend is a fairy? Show us your photo and announce your three sizes! If you're pretty, should we date?"

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber had long been lurking—although he was no better than a goldfish species, ultimately his memories had lasted more than 3 seconds. After being reminded yesterday, in order to prevent offending a big senior, he was carefully lurking around while observing the situation today.

Seeing how True Monarch Yellow Mountain mentioned the newcomer was the daughter of his good friend and her cultivation was in Third Stage Acquired Realm, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber relaxed. It wasn't a 'senior' level figure, so he could tease her until he was satisfied.

Rarely would they have newcomers in this group, so he has been restraining himself for quite a long time.

Once Thrice Reckless had opened his mouth, True Monarch Yellow Mountain's face instantly blackened.

"..." Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather entered a string of full stops. Then, a serene answer followed, "As the time is late, this old man's daughter has started her meditation according to schedule. Her account is currently used by this old man while waiting for fellow daoist Yellow Mountain to add me

into the group... cough... I've long heard of Nine Provinces Number One Group's distinguished and accomplished, with the gift of gab, fellow daoist Thrice Reckless. Nothing beats knowing you personally compared to the rumors. Fellow Daoist Thrice Reckless, this old man admires you and wishes to invite you for a drink sometime soon."

Thrice Reckless Mad Saber instantly felt very awkward. Meeting the girl's father while teasing the girl—there was nothing more embarrassing in this world. He was totally wishing to find a hole and squeeze inside it.

Luckily, this senior seemingly had an amiable personality while brushing it off with a few words.

Subsequently, this senior greeted other currently online members within the group while requesting them to take good care of his daughter in near future. After that, he went offline.

Seeing the departure of the senior, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber released a sigh of relief while happily typing, "Luckily, this senior seem like someone who can take a joke. Perhaps, when the opportunity arises, I will even be able to chat with Soft Feather personally."

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "..."

Northern River's Loose Cultivator: "..."

The hard-to-come-by Medicine Master whose words were as rare as gold and who rarely spoke had once again emerged. This time, he had even typed out four words, "Pray for your fortune."

"?" Thrice Reckless was puzzled

Clearly, Medicine Master whose words were as rare as gold would not explain any further.

"Look at the prefix of the new member's dao name," Northern River's Loose Cultivator hinted. One wouldn't die without being reckless, why was Brother Thrice Reckless unable to understand this?

"Prefix? Spirit Butterfly Island?" Thrice Reckless Mad Saber seemed to have yet to come around.

"Yes! Spirit Butterfly Island! Additionally, he is a senior, haven't you managed to think of anyone yet?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator hinted once more.

After a long time, Thrice Reckless Mad Saber suddenly came to realization and sent a whole chunk of ? within the group. "It's that Venerable Spirit Butterfly that fusses over every single detail?"

Venerable Spirit Butterfly was a formidable senior. He was good in every aspect, being upright and righteous... it was just that he liked to fuss over every trivial matter and could be considered to have reached great heights on the dao of being fussy. Others were just finicky but he was the extreme type that fussed over every small detail!

Northern River's Loose Cultivator was so angry that his mouth twitched. "That wasn't what I had reminded you about!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain sighed as he couldn't continue looking at it. "Thrice Reckless, my old friend had only minimized the chat, he hasn't gone offline."

That is to say... the chat logs might have been seen.

No, would definitely be seen!

True Monarch Yellow Mountain couldn't continue watching how Thrice Reckless continued to be reckless, after all, he was the junior of his chat group.

"Oh damn, I'm dead," Thrice Reckless Mad Saber seemed to have seen his near future whereby Spirit Butterfly Venerable came to pay him a visit, and the oppressive scene that would befall him. The rims of his eyes moistened, it seemed as if he had offended an even more troublesome big senior than usual this time?

Thrice Reckless suddenly released a miserable shriek. "True Monarch, please help me plea for leniency!"

True Monarch Yellow Mountain gave him a ?in reply.

No one in the group would continue paying attention to Thrice Reckless's dog-like wailing and they unperturbedly diverted the discussion to a new topic.

Northern River's Loose Cultivator asked within the group. "True Monarch, what about Stressed by a Mountain of Books?"

Su Clan's Seven questioned, "Are we going to kick him? After all, he's just an ordinary person and isn't really suited to participate in our conversations.

“Sigh, since it’s a mistake on my part, it can be counted as an affinity between us. Let esteemed me do a divination to see how I should handle this,” True Monarch Yellow Mountain replied—it was him who suddenly added the other party into the group; wouldn’t it make him lose face to suddenly kick that guy out?

He should at least do a divination as a front while using it as an excuse to kick him out.

Firstly, it would make him seem magnanimous.

Secondly, he was suddenly interested in learning divination since a while ago and his hands were itchy to try it out after learning for a few months. Regardless of what he did, he would make a divination beforehand.

After speaking, he used a Tang Poetry book as reference and used his hands to turn it over while executing a secret method of divination. An unfathomable energy extracted a verse out while forming a trigram.

The divination this time was super smooth. Ever since True Monarch Yellow Mountain had self-learnt the divination skills, it was the first time he had ever felt like that!

He looked at the divinatory results happily.

Afterwards...

True Monarch Yellow Mountain’s face became tranquil.

Then, his face turned ugly.

For now, let's look at the results: In heaven as two birds flying together, On earth as two trees with branches interlocked forever.

If he recalled correctly, this verse was written by Bai Juyi, a Tang dynasty poet. This verse was a true classic and was subsequently used to describe love?

Suddenly, True Monarch Yellow Mountain did not feel good.

Two birds flying together my a*ss, two trees with branches interlocked forever my a*ss! To still be willing to be like two trees that grow together as one, this lord would rather hang himself!

Unless he, as the majestic True Monarch Yellow Mountain, had to act out an earth-shattering love of life and death with the male 'Stressed by a Mountain of Books'? This unconsciously made him think of homosexuals during the China Warring States period—he instantly felt like he had swallowed a cockroach and was extremely disgusted.

'This must be due to this lord's divination skills being lacking. After all, I had only studied for a month... therefore, I should try again! Yes, it must be due to this!' True Monarch Yellow Mountain once again executed a secret method of divination and the unfathomable power once again flipped the Tang Poetry book.

Another verse was extracted.

The divination execution was extremely smooth and had boosted True Monarch Yellow Mountain morale. It will definitely be right this time!

He then looked at the divinatory results.

Afterwards...

True Monarch Yellow Mountain paled.

The result of the divination: If love between both sides can last for aye, Why need they stay together night and day?

Night your grandfather! This lord doesn't believe in it! True Monarch Yellow Mountain once again started another divination.

The feeling this time was even better and even True Monarch Yellow Mountain felt that his own divination skills has reached great heights at this moment!

It will definitely hit the mark!

He lowered his head to look at the divinatory results. Turning back suddenly to find that your fated person has always been standing there, by the waning lights.

"..."

"Deep breaths, deep breaths." True Monarch Yellow Mountain calmly and collectedly closed the Tang Poetry book and dejectedly looked towards the sky at a 45-degree angle—it really felt melancholic!

Afterwards, he calmly tore the hardcover version of Tang Poetry while nodding his head, "This lord does not have talent for divination and naturally isn't suited to be a divination master. Therefore, the divinatory results calculated by me must definitely be erroneous!"

He threw the shredded Tang Poetry on one side and secretly vowed within his heart to never attempt divination again!

After throwing the pieces of shredded hardcover Tang Poetry book, True Monarch Yellow Mountain typed into the group chat. "We shall leave Stressed by a Mountain of Books be for now... this lord has done a divination earlier on and found that he has affinity with me and adding him into the group wasn't by chance, but was inevitable instead! Whatever happens in the future shall depend on his own luck."

True Monarch muddled through using some divination vocabulary; regarding the divinatory results, he would definitely not reveal anything even if he was beaten to death!

Motherf*cker, even if there's fate, it must definitely be an ill-fated relationship!

"Then let's leave it for now, I reckon that he would probably leave the group in the near future. Speaking about it, True Monarch, what were the divinatory results?" Northern River's Loose Cultivator heard that True Monarch was learning divination, therefore he was curious what this senior had calculated.

" ... "

True Monarch Yellow Mountain: "Oh right, I have something urgent so I'll leave first, you guys continue chatting."

After saying that, he rapidly went offline, leaving a puzzled Northern River's Loose Cultivator without an answer.