TRAFFORD'S TRADING CLUB

BOOK 02

White Jade Of Sunset Mountain

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Trafford's Trading Club

(特拉福买家俱乐部)

by

White Jade Of Sunset Mountain

(夕山白石)

Synopsis

Luo Qiu became the boss of a ‘club’ by chance.

It was a weird club that sold strange items and with servant girl that had 300 years of working experience. Countless people with dreams, hopes and ambitions came to the club to exchange anything precious they own for what they want. They would offer their lifespan, items, and even their soul. Every successful trade would increase Luo Qiu’s lifespan by a little.

“Tribute successful, your lifespan has increased by 99 years.”

As thus, Luo Qiu began his endless life of the club’s boss.

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Chapter 101: The Other Side Of Prosperity Is Loneliness

"... The contract has been set. We'll achieve what customer asks for in the future and collect the transaction fee at the end of your life. Is that OK?"

"Yeah... That will be OK. I can accept it... I can make it up..."

...

...

Finally, the big fire in the banquet hall had been put out with the firemen's effort.

"Sir! You cannot enter!"

Outside the fire, a man was kept at bay by the fireman. However, the man pushed them away forcefully, "My sister is inside the hall, you guys... get lost!"

He burst through the fireman, rushing into the scene with haste.

There was a pungent smell of burning plastic, with substances mixed with ash and water stains. However, the man didn't take notice of those, taking the route based on his memory.

There was no time for the firemen putting out the fire to stop him now. However, not long after, the man dashing into the hall halted his footsteps.

He saw Guo Yushuo and his sister as well.

He witnessed him hugging his sister, sitting down on the ground quietly. He looked down as if peering at something. The surroundings were clean... and tranquil.

The fire just now did not seem to have the heart to spread out, giving space for the embrace of the bitter pair. The man was lost in thought for a second, walking ahead to get close.

One step followed another pace, he went to them, looking down at his sister held in Guo Yushuo's arms.

What was incredible was, he had seen a ... decayed dead body a while back. A body which would have also scared her relatives. Yet, at present, she looked so beautiful.

Like she was still alive, just falling into deep sleep.

Her hands were placed on her chest in a cross. Eyes closed but with a faint smile.

"You..." A hoarse voice from his throat was released.

Guo Yushuo's shoulder flickered slightly, raising his head slowly, "Can I wait for one more second? I know the policeman is outside now... I'll turn myself in. But, can I wait for another minute, please? I just, want to have another look at her."

"You... Your eyes." The man took two steps back unconsciously.

He had lost his eyes. A pitch-black empty cavity occupied the space of Guo Yushuo's eyes, looking like he had lost them since he was born.

"I can see, I could always see everything..." Guo Yushuo laughed followed by gently saying, "I'm afraid I may forget, so I turned it into the last thing I will ever see and imprint it in my mind forever."

The man... Wenwen's brother watched his sister with that peaceful smile. He wasn't aware of the meaning behind the smile.

Her brother would rather think it was because his sister lying in Guo Yushuo's arms felt relieved of this man's guilt and shame.

Wenwen's brother took a deep breath, watching them quietly.

Soon, the police came in. Guo Yushuo brought up directly the matter, saying that he murdered his girlfriend because he couldn't sustain the pressure and escaped from reality, without resistance.

But he never breathed a word about why the dead body was so

well kept, nor the judgment about the time of death and so forth.

...

Wenwen's brother took two days to deal with the aftermath and deal with the dead body. After working until he felt exhausted, he suddenly received a call from some stranger.

"Hi, is that Mr. Wang Guoliang?"

"Yeah... Who's calling?"

"Yeah. Hi, Mr. Wang. I just want to confirm, are you Wang Jingwen's biological elder brother, her direct relative, right?"

"Who are you?"

"Well, I'm with the Comfort Insurance Company. Ms. Wang Jingwen has covered accident insurances for her mother, father and you... They are large quantity insurances, so we have to ask for the documents such as identity cards of you and your parents..."

Wang Guoliang was shocked by the phone call and the amount of the so-called insurance proceeds.

That might be a wealth that he will never be able to earn even if he had another life.

Nevertheless, unimaginable matters kept happening one after another.

"Hi, Guoliang, the doctor said your father recovered from his diabetes! And I feel energetic somehow these two days, and I can see things clearly. The presbyopia is actually gone!"

Even the new-born child, who had bronchial asthma managed to be freed from the torment of the disease. His wife cried with joy, reporting the good news by the phone.

Wang Guoliang sat here in a trance. His brain blanked while waiting to sign the documents and the dead body back.

Despite his sister having thought of to purchase insurances;

nonetheless, he didn’t think she could afford the sum insured because of the large amount of the insurance indemnity.

"Today... what happened?" Wang Guoliang gazed at the wall clock in a daze, sadly yet happily. Was it because his dead sister was blessing her family from the realm of the shades?

This seemed to be the only thing he could guess.

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Serenade for Strings in C major.

This dance music had been repeated in the messy flat. It might be replayed for a long while. Some days? Maybe even more.

He compared the music he played using the saxophone with the Serenade for Strings in C major from Tchaikovsky. It couldn’t even raise a candle to old Tchaikovsky... Boss Luo mocked himself.

He hadn’t touched the saxophone for a long time but could still finish the whole melody.

Luo Qiu’s vision fell upon the surroundings of the flat.

Pigments had been splattered everywhere. On the wall, the floor, the sofa... and a disgusting putrid odor came from the kitchen.

It was hard for people to approach several portions of red-cooked eggplant that had started growing mold a long time ago.

Boss Luo decided not to go in.

Instead, he looked at the city through the picture window.

He knew Guo Yushuo did the same, maybe with his girlfriend when she was alive.

They were young at that time with a dream to work hard in this big city. He probably said he tried to earn more to buy a house here and she perhaps had looked forward to it.

The future they imagined then, might be the most wonderful

dream in life.

But now, she would never see it, he either... what he could ‘see’, might be his girlfriend’s smile at the last dance in his memory.

Luo Qiu held a small bottle in his hands. In it were a pair of eyeballs ---the price for the last dance.

He let the pair of eyes see everything in the city beyond the window. Finally, Luo Qiu covered up the bottle with a piece of black cloth.

He turned off the gramophone and the atmosphere became lonesome.

Yet there were still myriad twinkling lights outside the window.

After all, this city was prosperous.

Chapter 102: Who Stole My Big Gun!

Romania.

The setting sun and flower sea, the castle was still quiet, or perhaps more silent than ever--- Osmond finished the legal procedures to inherit everything in the castle and this family. In the eyes of others, he was a extremely fortunate soul.

The secret of the death of all the young family members in the Ceausescu Family had been buried deeply.

No police came, no gossipers questioned, everything was like the presupposed script.

He acted as the leading actor of this script, inheriting the whole Ceausescu Family, then... becoming a puppet of the Black Religious Congregation.

He really was.

He had freedom in life but it was based on the constant service for the mysterious religious congregation.

Osmond realized he was merely a tool of the Black Religious Congregation to control the tremendous wealth of the family.

On atrium of the upper terrace located in the east wing, Osmond knitted his brows while looking out at the old well where everything happened--- in the center of the flower sea maze.

This was not the original appearance of the well anymore.

In this period, the well was transformed into a huge case made by a large quantity of steel plates on Lamias command--- He didn’t know what his half-blooded sister did in the chamber under the old well every day. All he knew was that the demon’s whisper from the bizarre sarcophagus circling around his ears turned clearly bit by bit.

"Mr. Osmond, this is today’s documents."

A tall and slim Asian-Indian lady who had light yellow skin knocked at the door and entered. Sonam... a woman representing the Black Religious Congregation--- Or it could be said she had been delegated to assist him to handle the business of Ceausescu's Family.

It was irrefutable that Osmond was attracted to this skilled Asian-Indian woman at first glimpse.

"Sonam, do you know where my sister, Lamias, is?" Osmond asked suddenly--- He resisted the feeling of being controlled by instinct, even though he'd inherited the tremendous wealth, and looked incomparable glamorous.

"It's better to ask Ms. Lamias by yourself." Sonam wore a black overskirt and high heels, looking like a secretary and avoided this question tactfully.

"If she'll tell me... I won't have to ask you." Osmond whispered inwardly.

To be honest, he was unwilling to stay alone with the woman who wore a nun's clothes yet actually kept a beast inside her heart.

"Give me the documents. After all, it's just a signature."

...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The sarcophagus kept shaking with a great noise. As if the things in it would break through the stone coffin at any time.

And now, there were seven priests with black clothes stood around the coffin. They held silver crosses while crooning continually.

"As the situation, it would need at least double the people to suppress the Impaling Duke's left hand."

Ms. Nun, Lamias, showed a serious expression, communicating with the faraway Congregation's administrator through the

satellite phone at present.

A calm and slow voice of a man came from the other side of the phone,

"Wasn’t the sealing suppose to be successful the night the power changes in Ceausescu’s Family?"

"Some things might not be revealed by Jonathan." Lamias frowned. "What I know is only the situation he told my mother. When the successor has been set, the seal will be maintained---even Osmond, I had him join at last."

"No matter what, we can’t let the Impaling Duke’s left hand break the seal so easily for now. With the current technique, I don’t believe it’s no match for the old sealing skill hundreds of years ago. Lamias, come back and carry out some new mission. As for the seal in the old castle, I’ll send others to follow up."

Lamias gave him a simple reply, hanging up and walking up to the surface from the secret chamber.

A helicopter was landing on the farther lawn. A man in a business suit came down with a black leather suitcase. As Lamias approached, the man opened the suitcase, "We remade it as per your requirements."

Lamias nodded, picking up a brand-new revolver with a ten-bullet magazine clip from the case.

She lost the one she always used a short while ago and hadn’t found it--- It was very very weird!

The nun holding a gun narrowed her eyes, aiming at the crown of an distant oak tree with the new weapon--- "Don’t let me know who stole my big gun! Or else..."

Bang---!

...

...

Achoo---!

He sneezed!

The sound was not that loud but it scared Zhang Qingrui a little who was concentrating on her work. The small bar of soil almost fell down.

She shifted attention to Luo Qiu who was sitting at the other side of the work table and found he was rubbing his nose softly.

"You got cold?"

Luo Qiu shook his head.

The club's boss would never get any illness. "It's ash."

The dust was easy to run into nostrils when the brush was sweeping the soil attached to the bones. Zhang Qingrui nodded, looking down to start to wipe hers.

The long-drawn history had made the skeleton rather brittle. Every part should be cleaned carefully so that the whole one wouldn't be broken--- and the two students were both green hands, who claimed they chose this major because they were possessed, so their work progressed quite slowly.

Only half had been done during these days--- However, it was clear that what the skeleton was before it had been broken.

"This should be... a female's skeleton."

Zhang Qingrui was wiping the bones, saying abruptly without raising her head.

"From the structure of the pelvic bone, it should be," Luo Qiu replied.

All of a sudden, Zhang Qingrui stopped her work, looking up to Luo Qiu and asked, "Luo Qiu, aren't you curious?"

"??"

""

"Where did Professor Qin Fang dig out the pair of skeleton--- by rights, archaeologists should arrive and do a thorough excavation if such things have been found. Yet he took this... well, he packed it up and brought back?"

"So what?"

"Aren’t you curious?" Zhang Qingrui was astounded by Luo Qiu, "It’s definitely not what a primitive person’s appearance looks like. Paleontology tends to be a major that explores the biological evolutionary process. If it belongs to a primitive person, it makes no sense for the professor to transport it from thousands of miles."

Luo Qiu knew the skeleton was odd. Nevertheless, he didn’t want to discuss it or do a further investigation about this question. Yet at this time, Ms. Zhang on the opposite of the work table stood up suddenly.

Her eyes glazed over, having neither facial expression nor speaking any words and walked towards the door. She put her hands on her waist gently, taking quick short steps, like a weak willow in the wind... as if she was another person.

Chapter 103: Breaking The Tao

Professor Qin Fang drove out early, saying he would head back to the university to take something. Therefore, only Luo Qiu and Zhang Qingrui were left in this several-decades old house.

Both were enrolled in the university, plus it would merely take him several hours to have a round trip, so the professor wasn't worried about burglary.

...

Due to the weird behavior of Zhang Qingrui, Luo Qiu took a glance at the clean bones on the work table.

Except the odd condition at the first day, he no longer felt any poem sentence or words coming from those bones.

Zhang Qingrui opened the door and went out, Luo Qiu maintained silent, following her after taking a glance.

He tried calling Zhang Qingrui at the back; yet, it was as if she didn't hear it, and merely walked forward with each step.

If she put on a Chinese Han Clothing, she would look like a girl from a big and noble family in ancient times.

Zhang Qingrui halted at the door under the stairs. She just stayed there, without talking or entering.

After a long time, Luo Qiu went to Zhang Qingrui, observing her face.

She was staring... at the back of this door.

Luo Qiu had a guess what that place was and looked at its position--- under the stair... the space should be used as a storage room.

Yet, he still stepped forward and grabbed the handle, trying to turn it.

"It’s locked."

Luo Qiu didn’t release it... a sound of something being turned was heard from the lock. When he turned it again, it had been unlocked---by his special ability.

Luo Qiu opened the door.

It turned out it was not the place to put sundries--- In fact, he didn’t even see the space inside because there was another door behind this one.

Luo Qiu knocked on it subconsciously-- It was a steel door.

The lock was still an electronic lock.

A normal person wouldn’t fix such a door and lock--- There might be some precious objects or something they avoid showing others.

Luo Qiu was unwilling to invade others people’s privacy unless it was absolutely necessary or in the situation where new customers came to the club.

Luo Qiu didn’t take a further action because he sensed that the object behind to metal door might be what the professor would not want to expose.

Thus, he closed the first door.

But Zhang Qingrui still maintained her staring face.

"I don’t know what you want to express." Luo Qiu fell silent for a while, before saying suddenly, "Anyway, since you are a person from ancient times, why are you still lingering here?"

Luo Qiu recalled Lu Zigang(an ancient artist and sculptor) of the time, who used to be a soul drifting in human society for hundreds of years.

Some of his characters could be seen on Zhang Qingrui.

Unexpectedly, Zhang Qingrui fell down then--- as if she ran out of

energy.

Actually she just fell asleep.

Arguably, he should be the one that was much closer to the ‘thing’ contained in the skeleton, yet this ‘thing’ chose Zhang Qingrui to possess--- Nevertheless, even though it possessed her, it still had difficulty expressing what it wanted.

Luo Qiu didn’t know much about ghosts. He thought for a while, then had Zhang Qingrui’s body float up and follow him back to the office.

He placed her to the original place, making her pose as if she was lying prone on the table, before he continued his work.

An hour later, Zhang Qingrui woke up. She looked at Luo Qiu doubtfully, "How long did I sleep?"

"A while."

"The professor..."

"He’s not back yet." Luo Qiu paused, asking her suddenly, "Are you feeling uncomfortable?"

Zhang Qingrui shook her head. "A little bit tired."

"Yeah." Luo Qiu took a nod, "Take a good rest."

Zhang Qingrui got used to it and didn’t take notice of this guy who never had a deep conversation with others. They had several small talks occasionally, to dislodge the tediousness of their work.

Professor Qin Fang called up back to them, telling that he would have dinner with his friend, so Luo Qiu and Zhang Qingrui could just lock the door and leave away.

"Let me send you home." Zhang Qingrui looked at Luo Qiu politely while on the way to her car.

Luo Qiu, who had the convenient ability which was better than any mode of transport was reluctant to take her car.

"No, thanks."

Right then, a white car was running to the house. It was Qin Chuyu... She got off the car in a daze as if she didn't see two persons standing beside.

As if thinking of something, she opened the door and entered without turning about.

"A weird person."

Zhang Qingrui mumbled. She felt Qin Chuyu was 'a person with a story' but didn't want to develop a close friendship with her.

When Zhang Qingrui came to her senses, Luo Qiu was already long gone... how unrestrained and free he was.

Zhang Qingrui smiled. She didn't hate her only classmate at all; rather, she felt comfortable during the short contact they had in class each time.

He was just a boring wooden man... but the time they shared seemed to fly by so quickly.

She didn't think she understood this young man and vice versa. Their relationship seemed to be similar to a relationship between men of virtue, which was clear and light.

Maybe... She longed for such a quiet and free lifestyle subconsciously.

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There was a place arranged for her father as his work room, while there was also a space for her to draw pictures during her leisure.

'Have I returned?'

After, Qin Chuyu came to realize she had entered the studio of the house. She frowned. These few days, she had felt distracted

and couldn’t perceive where the time went.

The origin of everything... seemed to be the picture a customer had asked her to mount.

That man hadn’t come again these days, Qin Chuyu had to wait because she didn’t have his contact information. Afterwards, she knew from the newspapers that the man had been arrested for arson and murdering his girlfriend. She then realized the picture would stay with her for a long while.

She walked to the mounted picture, lifting the cloth from it, focusing on the content again.

What was it?

A female wearing red evening dress was shown on the drawing paper... it could be regarded as a wonderful composition from any angle.

Except the woman’s face.

It was a person without a face, lack of eyes and a nose--- but something had been drawn on her face.

Intentionally or randomly, all sorts of pigments had been painted which formed the face, like chaos.

Qin Chuyu never saw such an odd way of painting a picture.

She gazed at the weird ‘face’, feeling the painter’s conflicting emotions which were incompatible, abnormal... not even a trace that could be followed.

What kind of conflicting and self-contradictory yearning feel like?

Suddenly, it was as if a vortex appeared in front of her eyes.

Her heart beat at a lightning speed and she stepped back subconsciously. Some beads of sweat emitted from her forehead and a trickle of blood spilled from her mouth.

To stare at this picture again, Qin Chuyu’s gaze turned complicated.

It reminded her of many matters. She muttered to herself, "I... even broke my Tao due to this picture... What kind of madman can finish such a fascinating picture..."

It made her recall of the name she was once called... Yu Sanniang.

Chapter 104: Thriving To The Peak

You Ye was already dressed in her usual maid costume again by the time she went back to the club at night.

It was probably because the owner of the club did not show special affection towards the altered nun gown, hence Ms. Maid took it off after she felt the freshness had subsided.

Luo Qiu went to the corner where the gramophone was located, selecting vinyl records in the cabinet. He then suddenly started speaking about what happened during the day.

After hearing it, Ms. Maid smiled subtly. "What is master feeling then?"

Luo Qiu recalled the scene before and said carefully, "It might be slightly wary towards me."

You Ye nodded and whispered, "It is not clear how the soul in the bones came into existence but it must be very weak."

As Ms. Maid was able to banish his worries, Luo Qiu put down the vinyl record and walked over to the counter before sitting down.

You Ye poured out a glass of water and pushed it to Luo Qiu, then continued, "If we assume master was a light source, then these weak souls would be a shadow. It is the same theory as the light that radiates from the astral lamp above the operating table. Would the shadow still be able to hide there?"

"So is it scared of me?" Luo Qiu gave a start.

You Ye whispered, "To say it in a more scientific manner, master you are just like a man with a powerful magnetic field. How dare these tiny electric waves get close to you?"

Thinking it was something that couldn’t be mentioned or some secret ... Unexpectedly it ended up with such a simple answer.

Luo Qiu was stupefied for a few seconds, playing around with the clean water in the glass.

"But, if the soul chose to enter into Miss Zhang's body at the same time, it seems that Miss Zhang herself should be the sort of person who is particularly vulnerable to ghosts and specters."

Luo Qiu thought about it for a while and said, "Is it something like a psychic or a person possessing the Yin and Yang eye?"

"That's the concept in the eastern world." You Ye nodded. "Or maybe they are more sensitive to souls compared to the average persons."

"Will Zhang Qingrui be affected?" Luo Qiu asked.

"If it cannot last long, it must be rather feeble," You Ye said in an intellectual voice. "After all, it will take immense power to affect a person's movements. Nevertheless, if it cannot communicate normally with Master, perhaps it is the soul that will vanish at any time. Thus I hold the view that it will be whittled away in a brief period by Miss Zhang's strong ... Yang Qi. Yeah, in the East it is called be Yang Qi."

Luo Qiu was silent ... Knowing that it was weak but still affixing itself to Zhang Qingrui resolutely.

It wanted to express something.

An important thing.

Downstairs, the thing that was hidden behind the steel door.

Boss Luo was sipping clear water while meditating when a gust of black wind rushed into the club. It revolved in front of Luo Qiu, before showing its real appearance quickly.

"Black soul, Tai Yinzi, Yo! Greeting my master, YoYo~Yo! Rock & Roll!!"

Puff---!

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Boss Luo directly choked and cough badly. Ms. Maid also stopped everything she was doing, hastily taking out her handkerchief and wiping the water remaining on her master's mouth.

Once Tai Yinzi looked at the club leader, the arm with the classic Hip-hop gesture paused stiffly.

Let's review the amazing scene again.

The old ghost, who has been imprisoned for 500 years, had gotten a huge afro sometime after being freed. His skinny body with visible ribs was wearing a fancy cardigan. As for the part under his waist, tight chaparejos could be seen, which were smooth and form-fitting.

Such an old ghost was shouting yo, yo, in front of you...

You had better shave that catfish-beard-like mustache that is hanging down from your face!!

Boss Luo, who had never seen such an eyesore of a man, merely coughed several times which made his choked throat feel more comfortable.

"Tai Yinzi, what are you doing?" Boss Luo sighed heavily, his hands touching his face, calming himself down. Tai Yinzi hurriedly replied the question from his master. "Yo, master you don't know, yo, yo, recently in this period, yo ..."

"Don't say f*ckin yo anymore!! Yo your sister!"

"I, I..."

Tai Yinzi felt a sudden panic, even You Ye looked towards her master unconsciously.

Within the short time they had come in contact... it was the first time for Tai Yinzi to hear the words with slight violence from the new master.

In a nutshell, this was the first time Boss Luo cursed!

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Luo Qiu sighed heavily again, then said quietly, "Behave normally."

"Yes, yes."

Tai Yinzi didn't dare to act anymore, hurriedly making a bow with his two hands, continuing saying after some consideration while imitating the manner of the ancients, "I think, if we want to find the suitable customers, the current social trend is a must to be understood! At present, a leader of this country said a sentence which I deeply agree. That is, to keep up with the times."

At this point, Tai Yinzi glanced at the club owner who closed his eyes and then looked at Miss Maid who was standing next to him.

'The expression of this little girl with a spurious face... is certainly making me feel frightened!!'

Boss Luo, who merely knock his own forehead with his fist and listened silently before sighing. "Go ahead."

"Yes, yes ..." Tai Yinzi swallowed, "I discover that only by practicing it personally are we be able to feel young people's ideas more clearly! Recently, I see on the Internet that the culture of our huge country is being seriously shocked by the western culture. It is a trend that the essence of culture among the wonderful land of China to be gradually forgotten."

Seeing that the two leaders of the club still had no plans to speak, Tai Yinzi bit the bullet, continuing to say, "If things go on like this, what should we do? In modern times, an upright official once said a reasonable sentence 'Learn from others' strong points to deal with them!' So I just act personally, changing my appearance, in order to blend into those western cultures ..."

"And what do you feel?" Luo Qiu asked at once.

Tai Yinzi raised his head, bowing again, "Well, I think this music called rock and roll sounds good."

"...Anything else?"

"Especially the one called Heavy Metal. It is extremely addictive!"

"...And then?"

"Though the current outfit looks sort of unusual but it embodies the vitality of life!" Tai Yinzi turned around, "I deem that is good!"

‘Can you twist your ass after shaving the catfish beard first...’

"Master, master?"

Seeing that Luo Qiu wasn’t willing to reply, Tai Yinzi called nervously.

"Is there anything else?"

"This is the potential customer I have found during this period!" Tai Yinzi took a deep breath. A card flickering white light came into being between both his hands.

It was probably the most unexpected thing he had felt all day long.

Unlike those who automatically dropped by, the potential customers who were found, were given consideration as to whether the black cards should be given and to induce them into the club eventually, and so on.

"Got it." Luo Qiu received the white card. "Go do your work."

"Yes, master!"

Tai Yinzi felt more energetic in a few seconds!

It was a good beginning!

If the master decided to give out the black card, or if he didn’t release it but plan to tempt the new customer, then it would be regarded as his first deal!

The great towers rose from the ground! Thriving! For beating the servant girl and replacing her to become the Black Soul manager of the club! To climb to the top!!!

"Wait a minute, I don't mind what you wear but scrape off that disgusting fish beard!"

"Yes..."

Chapter 105: The Loathed Zhuge

Nevertheless, it couldn’t be denied that Tai Yinzi indeed fitted into this century fairly quickly. Though something was wrong with what he was concerned with.

A hardworking Black Soul Envoy was probably what the club was delighted to hear and see---One could almost hear the laughter of the altar from the basement’s third floor.

The finger pressed on top the corner of the white card, while the opposite corner was pressed against the tabletop. In this way, the white cards rolled slowly within Luo Qiu’s sight.

This time Luo Qiu chose to take a look at the potential customer’s information with Miss Maid.

As the white card slowly turned, some indistinct frames were being played in the air … The potential customer’s recent life.

It suddenly occurred to Luo Qiu, how would the potential customer see from the perspective of You Ye’s maid who had been serving over 300 years. Therefore, he asked, "What do you think of this potential customer?"

You Ye thought for a while. "I’m afraid that the transaction fee the new potential customer can provide will only be the limited lifespan and the soul… Of course, the unhealthy organs of the new potential customer can be counted in, if it’s only a simple ambition."

It didn’t manage to attract You Ye’s interest --- Or one should say it didn’t even trigger any of her attention.

She shook her head, "It seems that in the aspect of selecting potential customers, Tai Yinzi should still give its knowledge a brush up."

The new leader, who had already gradually been familiar with the club’s business, was also silent for a moment. He suddenly

asked, "Was it the same as the last time?"

You Ye said softly, "Yup, waiting for the guests who come in by themselves or else the Black Souls would search for the customers. If the former owner thought it to be all right, he'd give out black card , all we need to do was wait."

Nonetheless, Luo Qiu asked again, "Has there ever been any deviation during the process of the deal?"

Towards this unexpected question, Miss Maid looked at her new master inexplicably, yet also wondered about the purpose of this question at the same time. She answered cautiously, "We calculate the level of payment the potential customer can provide and, mostly, everything will be in line with the initial judgment."

Luo Qiu said in a soft voice, "Do you remember Jiang Chu? At that time, among the white cards taken by Black Soul No.9, it was estimated as a soul of a medium-high level. Nevertheless, in the end, we gained a high-class one."

You Ye nodded and said, "That's right, that is an unpredictable change."

"Why?"

You Ye was absent-minded for a moment, thinking about it carefully, "Because at the end of his life, he had acquired self-forgiveness... redemption"

Luo Qiu said again, "Such as Mo Xiaofei."

You Ye thought about it deeply in this way, "If he was able to maintain his philosophy throughout his life, his would have been an exceedingly good soul at the end of his life. Just as what master said, time can brew the mellowness of courage."

When saying this, You Ye nibbled his lip and said, "My master thinks that even an ordinary soul could become resplendent."

Luo Qiu shook his head, "I don't know, just ..."

He played around with the white card in his hands and weighed his thoughts cautiously. "No matter whether the person is good or bad, I think they will have their own happiness. It is just like an original stone, which will never break. We would have no idea about whether it contains a pretty jade; furthermore, if we own it but never carve it, we won’t know what kind of brilliance it could emit."

Nonetheless, You Ye suddenly said, "The former master didn’t concentrate his efforts in this aspect."

"He might know these, as it is impossible not to be found out through such a long time... but why he didn’t go in this way? I don’t know," Luo Qiu said insipidly. "I am not him, so I don’t have his attitude either. I love being alone and also like observing human beings... It’s a little bit weird to talk about this, being a human myself; however, there are quite a few people like me who prefer this as their hobby."

At this moment, Luo Qiu walked into the counter, taking several different cocktails out of the bar, and recalling the recipe of the cocktail You Ye once made. Subsequently, he began to mix it by himself, "I don’t have any desire to persuade people to do good deeds but I want to see whether a person who is ordinary or mediocre can have moments when they are glorious."

The color of the cocktail was originally quite simple but after mixing it up, it became vivid with color. Luo Qiu pushed the mixed cocktail slowly before his face began to scrutinize.

"What’s more, if the final gained soul can become excellent, it benefits for both myself and the club itself, right?"

Boss Luo finally put a cherry on the top.

The clear white card was suddenly started burning, and finally turned black... and disappeared thoroughly when it was burnt again.

...

...

As a whole, Zhuge felt that his whole life could be summed up as--- dislike and discard.

If said in more details, it should be the life of the loathed Zhuge.

Though the conclusion could be influenced by a certain movie, Zhuge felt there was not too much difference.

Why did he say like this?

He was neither clever, nor good at school work. No matter how hard he worked, one could hardly memorize all the knowledge in textbooks. His grades were always the cornerstone in his class.

The fat had accumulated over the years and had no possibility of elimination--- He was almost isolated by females during his school time.

He was sometimes manipulated by hormones!

"Sorry, I like cute boys."

"Sorry, I love sweet girls."

"I’m sorry ... I’m cute boy."

Sports, no way.

The beach? No, I’ve... drowned before, so I’m scared of it.

Go for a drink together? Sorry... I didn’t drink.

Erotic massage?? No old hands led the way...

Go back home from work.

There were no other phone numbers in his phone’s address book except his parents’ and the

boss’s.

No friends, no girlfriend, no high salary, living in a cheap rental apartment. Even describing him as bad presence could be counted

as a compliment.

There was no activity which could kill time. Running on the road of life, sometimes he could stay in a daze until midnight and only going back home.

During still nights, he cried sadly while reading <CLANNAD> and holding his pillow.

Usually, he woke up hurriedly the next day and couldn’t catch the bus, so that he screwed up his whole day.

"Anyhow I have Nai Naizi, so I won’t feel lonely by myself."

Zhuge gave a dumb laugh.

"Nai Naizi is perfect, Saikou!!"

Zhuge, who was busy in communicating with the cute girl on the smartphone, sat on a single bed that occupied half of the room. He didn’t notice that his huge body was pressing against a black card which had appeared secretly.

Why was he loathed?

Chapter 106: Human Forming

In the carriage of the subway.

Zhuge glanced at the empty seat--- There was a girl on each side, one was fairly ordinary, and the other one should be considered ugly?

Nevertheless, he didn't take a seat on the empty seat. Looking at the ordinary girl who shifted her position and held her handbag tightly and the other ugly girl who pulled her skirt and moved as well.

It seemed that she would give you more room... but you'd better not come to sit.

Zhuge hesitated for a second and then a young man soon sat on the empty seat. Zhuge fell silent for a while before walking over to the corner of the carriage quietly.

He sighed slightly and opened his phone subconsciously-- --<love&live>.

This was a nymph mobile game which carried the function of Live2D. Zhuge would spend half of his salary on this game almost every month.

Opening more functions, purchasing props can improve the affection, more attires, more scenes... But hadn't unlocked more postures.

This is just a simple mobile game.

Moreover, he could not bear to violate Nanako who was pure and kind, didn't judge people by appearance and even considerate.

Putting on his earphones, Zhuge delivered the present for this morning.

Nanako: "I am so shy! Did Zhuge have breakfast today?"

Input Method: Yes!

Nanako: "What did you eat? According to the analysis, it seemed that Zhuge has been having unhealthy breakfasts this week? Please pay more attention to your diet."

Input Method: Yes, I got it!

Nanako: "You need to do more sports!"

Input Method: Yes!

In this way, Zhuge forgot the time completely, the gradually crowded carriage, the endless ‘standing time ’ then unknowingly arrived at its end.

When he got to the station, Zhuge squeezed out of the ticket barrier in a hurry. Without a reason, he was suddenly pushed by someone and fell down to the ground directly and the phone dropped out of his hand. At this time the awkward Zhuge burst out into a terrifying quickness. With the force from his both legs and ignoring the pain from the dive, finally, he caught the phone.

People who were rushing to work didn’t pay much attention to it; as for the one who would notice, it merely furrowed its brows at that moment.

Tai Yinzi was frowning. He had been frowning at the beginning of this morning when Zhuge went out from home...Watching this guy, he really couldn’t stand it anymore, so he gave a secret kick at that very moment.

Nevertheless, the work still needed to be done. Right now Tai Yinzi turned into a gust of ash black mist-- --Normal men couldn’t see it even though it was as black as ash.

This gust of ash black mist twined round Zhuge easily.

Soon after, Zhuge returned to the company--- a simple snack food corporation. He was a clerk in this company. Even though the title was secretary, but actually he served as a handyman.

"Zhuge! Please print this document for me!"

"Zhuge, please order 5 lunches for me, we are having a meeting!"

"Zhuge, some samples have been sent here. Please bring them over!"

Basically, there was no hope of promotion for jobs like this. Zhuge came back with a box of snack samples, wiping the sweat from his forehead.

"It's nearly 1 o'clock." Zhuge glanced at the clock on the wall subconsciously, there were a few people in the office room.

"Crap... It is the time to feed on Nanako! Mobile phone... Where is my mobile phone?"

Zhuge was stunned, it was an object that hardly left his body but at this time it wasn't in his pocket. He couldn't help feeling a little bit anxious before heading back to his seat and looking for it.

Not here...Not here... Not here?!!

Where was it?

All of a sudden, the familiar voice rang in Zhuge's ear, the office was quiet due to the lunch break; hence, it was easily heard.

"Zhuge, I like you best!"

"No, Zhuge is the most handsome person!"

"Zhuge, so great!"

It seemed that the volume had been deliberately set to the maximum, not only did Zhuge hear it himself, but also the other colleagues who were resting or eating in the office could hear.

'It's from Nanako'...A sudden panic emerged in his mind, who looked towards the source of the voice subconsciously--- a colleague, to be exact, it was an account executive who was good in business and was highly valued by the superior.

He was playing with the cellphone, as bursting into laughing. Even though it was not loud... but in Zhuge's ears, the laughter

was extremely harsh.

It was ten times more strident than the horn at the traffic lights.

"Give it back to me!"

Not having time to wonder how he knew his own password, he just wanted to retrieve his own object.

"Don’t be so mean, I’m just borrowing it for fun." The colleague laughed carelessly and casually, "I usually see you holding it like a treasure so I got curious about it!"

"Give it back to me!"

He seldom got angry--- It should be said ever since he began working here, his colleagues had never seen Zhuge angry. However, at the very moment, he was furious.

The colleague with a good performance in business was stupefied for a few seconds... There were also people in the office, hence, at this moment. he felt ashamed being growled by Zhuge in front of the other people in the office. Therefore, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "OK, OK, I give you back... It is just a game, don’t tell me you really regard it as your girlfriend? You are an adult anyhow. Could you please not be so naive? A character in a poor game acting cute to you, how could you laugh like that? Aren’t the characters in this kind of games all the same? Your girlfriend is now being played in other people’s hands? Haha... so disgusting! "

There came some laughter in lower voices.

Zhuge heard it nervously... Those were from other colleagues.

"Let me help you come back to the real world!" Right now the colleague looked at Zhuge and laughed, then scratched his finger and instantly deleted the app. He didn’t hesitate when seeing the option ‘whether to delete user’s data or not.’

Zhuge had no time to prevent it who was distracted, looking at

the interface of the phone that was conveniently placed on the desk by colleagues...The familiar icon has already disappeared.

The colleague clapped his shoulder right now, "Welcome to adults' world. Don't play this disgusting game anymore, if you want a girlfriend, just tell me, I will suggest one to you!"

"What do you know..."

"Hum?"

"You basically understand nothing... Nothing!!!" Zhuge raised his head suddenly and grabbed the collar of the man directly, growling, "You..Go to-- --!"

He swung his fist fiercely.

Unexpectedly, he didn't hit the man but was sharply trampled and pushed furiously by him. The whole body fell aback to the ground.

The colleague said unemotionally, "I am sorry! I shouldn't have despicably deleted your things, I'm really sorry! Really sorry... Zhuge, please forgive me. How much do you spend on this game? I'll give it to you. I'm really sorry, I actually didn't know this game was so important to you, I didn't know... You really regard a virtual game character as your girlfriend."

...

"You've gone too far, is it good to bully people?"

Looking at Zhuge scratching the phone silently and rushing out of the office. At the same time, the other colleague's feet thrust against the ground, the chair wheels sending him next to the first colleague.

The colleague was distracted and shrugged his shoulders, "I didn't want to do this way. But I wonder why I couldn't help doing so, it's so strange. But, if he couldn't put up with it, he deserves it... What is it? Fragile heart?"

"Hahaha, what a reason!!"

...

...

Hiding in the back stairs of the company floor, Zhuge kept poking at his phone screen ceaselessly.

Damn... Why didn't I sync it with my other accounts at the beginning?

Nanako, Nanako...

As if losing the spiritual pillar. He crouched down the stairs, lowering his head, and staring at his mobile phone screen.

That man... just that guy, the damn guy... All his fault ... All his fault!

It seemed the sound which rang from the heart.

'Why did he laugh at me?'

'I haven't offended anyone...I was content all the time...Why did he laugh at me?'

'Make fun of me?'

'Why?'

'Whom did I disturb?'

'Why could they let my Nanako...'

Zhuge held his head, the sound of the heart kept coming out and a lot of malicious thoughts poured out. Eventually, it was like countless lines intertwined with each other.

All the ideas, twisted and turned into one, 'Is the world bad? Isn't it... able to accept me?'

"Do you want to change it? Change this unfair world... Change those... who laugh at you and have them receive punishment?"

"I..."

The weird black card came into existence in the flame gently. Zhuge's eyes became dazed. The old voice seemed to constantly echo around his ears. "Make a wish... If only you do it... Money, power, status, women, and all the things..."

"I..."

His fingers touched on this weird black card at once--- His eyes whirled, darkening, then turned bright.

The old pinewood door was just in front of his eyes. A strange force led him to step up and push the door, before walking in.

"Welcome... Dear guest, what I can do for you?"

"I... I only want a person who can understand me... I only want Nanako to come back to me."

...

Looking at the new potential customer who belayed his wish directly due to the well planned early induction, Tai Yinzi, who went back to the club with the help of the black card, was also shocked.

'This script is wrong? Was this trash stupid?'

'What the hell... It was just what he wants? It's completely different from what I thought? Tai Yinzi couldn't help looking at the owner of the club.

Such a small request, there was no value in making the deal at all...

Tai Yinzi couldn't help but be embarrassed. The first step of his performance was only this trivial achievement?

But Luo Qiu just said indifferently, "Is it only to simply restore the data or is it everything?"

Zhuge lost his mind, "What I want is the real Nanako... It isn't data... Only Nanako could understand me, she won't look me down... She cares about me, enjoys chatting with me. I want the

real Nanako... I’d like to pay everything I have, including my soul."

...

...

Zhuge suddenly got a headache. When he came back to his sense... he found himself in the small room he had rented.

"Did I dream..."

He laughed bitterly, feeling as if he had a strange sweet dream...The guy who wore the clown mask and the strange scroll that finally burned in front of himself.

"The soul... I’m crazy for saying those f*ckin words." Zhuge shook his head with self-deprecation.

He took out his phone depressingly... ‘The only thing I could do is to download the game again? But... If I played it again, it would be another one?

It was no longer his Nanako.

At this moment.

The phone was suddenly glowing, and it shot up a beam of light towards the corner of the room--- In the light column, some visible colored points of light were converging slowly.

It gradually became clear and true, turning into a real person in the end.

"Na. Nanako!"

It was not the Live2D of the projection, nor the image that any 3D technology could create, but the real live person who was smiling?

"I... I’m not dreaming!"

Chapter 107: A Wonderful Girl From The Sky

Because it was around 2 pm, after the deal with Zhuge, there was no time for Luo Qiu to have the lunch You Ye prepared for him. He then had to hurry back to Professor Qin Fang's house.

It was a lengthy spiritual journey to Zhuge; yet merely a common conversation to Luo Qiu.

Of course, this conversation would not stop at this level.

They would meet later... Luo Qiu's premonition in this aspect had become sharper.

The premonition and the sensitive sixth sense probably came from the increase in the number of transactions.

...

Luo Qiu appeared at the back of the house--- Due to a customer coming in at lunchtime, he had to make up an excuse to leave.

Bypassing the old walls covered with the emerald Virginia creeper, his look was attracted by the scenery all the time. This was because he was particularly fond of such landscapes filled with the scent of history.

However, there was a figure at a window on the third floor of the house. Intentionally or not, her look seemed to fall onto him.

That should be Qin Chuyu's room.

She leaned against the sill edge on her arm.

Didn't the beautiful female painter leave her house early like usual?

Her gaze and Luo Qiu's met by chance, yet, Qin Chuyu turned about to leave, vanishing from the small angle by the window.

What was she thinking about?

Due to his eyesight becoming better and better, he could easily

see a bit of depression and indifference on Qin Chuyu's face across the window.

The depression and indifference were just like those royal blue eyes of Miss Servant the first time he met her.

Qin Chuyu, Yu Sanniang... While thinking about these questions, Boss Luo reached out to the gate bell of the house. Unexpectedly, the gate was opened at that moment.

Zhang Qingrui walked out with a handbag and was stunned when she saw Luo Qiu. "Ah, the professor said he has to prepare to meet a customer this evening, so today's work is on hold... Anyway, I thought you wouldn't come back today."

After all, the exact time the customer would come was not a predictable matter for the club. Luo Qiu felt he indeed left hurriedly 1 hour ago.

"Yeah." He nodded.

None of his stuff had been left in the house, so Luo Qiu had no desire to enter.

"So you..."

"I'm OK." Luo Qiu said without thinking, "I can go by myself. It's more convenient for me to take a bus."

Maybe it was because she did not need to be buried in the boring assignments for the remaining half day, Zhang Qingrui looked to be in a good mood, who took a joke breezily, "Let me count how many times you refused my kindness? Honestly, I feel sort of depressed being rejected by you."

"It's still early to have dinner, don't worry."

"..."

Zhang Qingrui gaped, then chuckled. Due to such short and simple words, her original jolly mood even got more relaxed.

At best, they were just classmates, not even as close as friends.

However fortuitously, they felt more relaxed getting along with each other compared to the time they spent on others.

There was nothing to care about.

With a shake of her head, Zhang Qingrui went to her car while saying, "See you tomorrow."

"See ya."

Luo Qiu took the last glance at the sill of the third floor. He thought about the inactivity of the soul in the skeleton set today. Zhang Qingrui had no abnormal conditions as well like yesterday and looked much better.

It might verify what You Ye said, that the weak soul had vanished because of Zhang Qingrui's 'Yang-Qi'.

It... didn't manage to express anything in the end.

"Astral lamp..." Luo Qiu thought of an interesting idea. If he changed business and started to defeat demons, would it be enough to retire after winning merit just by standing at the side without peach wood swords or imitating black dog to dance as a sorcerer?

"Master Luo?"

Haha.

Since there were no other things, Luo Qiu went straight back the club. Thinking that there were some things that had been delayed, he picked up the account book that he took out before, reading it slowly.

...

...

"Zhuge's room is way too messy, didn't you clean it up?"

"Er..." Zhuge sat at the edge of the bed nervously, his heartbeat accelerated as time went by, and he was too anxious to reply the conversation. "... I'm a little busy."

The Nanako in front of him, whether in height or the body proportion, was totally the same with the role he set at the time he established the account.

He thought he was dreaming, yet, after giving his belly a hard pinch, the pain had him accept everything in front of his eyes.

Zhuge could talk about everything with Nanako by typing on the internet--- Of course, Nanako could only reply the words using the judgment of the intelligent program but Zhuge didn't care about those.

But out of the screen, when the Live 2D character turned into a real figure in the three-dimensional world, Zhuge found he become stammerer.

Oh, Alexander...

Looking at Nanako bending her waist to clean the untidy objects on the cabinet, Zhuge couldn't even shift his attention away--- A girl, was cleaning his dirty, disorderly and terrible room, while berating softly, saying blaming words in a mild tone.

This was really a... really a ...

The imagination scared Zhuge; therefore, he drank a bottle of cola made in 2016 to collect himself.

A wonderful girl from the sky?

The script of my goddess?

No matter how he thought about it, this fantastic issue shouldn't happen on him.

He thought of the magical place he dreamt, checking his pockets unwittingly, then discovered he really fished out a black card.

The soul... trade.

Zhuge's hand quivered, the black card dropped onto the ground.

"Na, Nanako..." Zhuge raised his head to look at the figure who

was cleaning his room.

The one who was set into a sweet style, and now a real sweet girl, turned about gradually, making a gesture that made people feel attracted, moving her head sideways slightly with a meek smile. "Anything I can do for you?"

Zhuge deeply breathed, "Nanako... Will you disappear?"

Nonetheless, Nanako walked to Zhuge, pulling his hands gently, grasping in both her hands, saying softly, "Nanako will always be with Zhuge."

Zhuge might not have touched any female hands throughout the 21 years except holding hands with his mother during his childhood. He got excited all of a sudden.

‘Turns out a girl’s hand is really cool...’

‘But, if she could keep me company all the time...’

‘If so, even if I donated my soul, I...’

‘I am willing."

...

...

"Are... Are you Mr. Luo Qiu?"

This was the second day. Luo Qiu punctually arrived at Professor Qin Fang’s house just as he used to do formerly. When he was about to push a buzzer, he was stopped by someone else.

It was a middle-aged man in a business suit but not stoutly built. Only, the wrinkles between his eyebrows could already be seen.

Luo Qiu gave a start as he didn’t recall any memory of this man. He then nodded. "Yes, I am."

The man went straight to the matter he came for. "Well, we checked you’re the manager’s friend, so we have a question for you, when was the last time yesterday you saw our manager?"

"Excuse me?"

"Our manager has been missing since yesterday, without answering or returning our calls back all night. Our Old Mrs. is very afraid," the man said seriously. "So, if Mr. Luo has any information, please tell me."

‘Zhang Qingrui’s missing?’

Chapter 108: The Missing Professor

The middle-aged man was called Shi Shijie.

"Yesterday afternoon, around 2:30 pm, I and Zhang Qingrui said goodbye here." Luo Qiu thought for a while before saying, "I never saw her since then."

"2:30 pm?" Shi Shijie nodded, then asked, "Why are you sure it was 2:30 in the afternoon?"

Luo Qiu said, "Is it weird to watch the time as a habit?"

While Shi Shijie nodded again. "Mr. Luo, if our manager contacts you, please let me know in the first instance. Here is my contact information."

A business card... with only his name and telephone number.

He said after Luo Qiu received the card, "If Mr. Luo intends to enter, it's totally unnecessary. There seems to be nobody inside."

It appeared that Shi Shijie had arrived here for a while before Luo Qiu... It was now approximately 8 o'clock in the morning.

Had Professor Qin Fang left before he reached? Even Qin Chuyu was nowhere in sight?

"I see." Luo Qiu gave Shi Shijie a simple answer.

"Then, sorry to bother you."

Shi Shijie left, walking along a path by the house and disappearing around the corner. Soon, a black car drove off from the former corner.

Luo Qiu frowned. He didn't leave right away but walked for half a circle along with the courtyard wall of the house, arriving at the other side of the house. He closed his eyes. An ability known as 'mind's eye' began to cover within this building gradually.

This ability appeared several days ago. The scope of the ability

wasn’t large, around 20 meters. Everything in this area would have their inverted image caught by the ‘mind’s eye’ in his heart.

It was just a marvellous ability of perfect observation, feeling like his vision was set free from his body.

At this moment, Luo Qiu’s view came to the hallway of the back gate. According to his memory, his vision started moving about the house.

All of a sudden, Luo Qiu’s original body frowned. He found some traces of a tussle.

It was sure nobody now stayed in the house--- including the skeleton placed in the working room.

Boss Luo opened his eyes. Nobody else was around, so his figure instantly vanished into thin air. When he showed up again, he was in the house, at the place with traces of a fight.

In the hall of the house.

There really were some traces of a tussle. Even on some walls, there showed some dried bloodstains--- The reason Luo Qiu came into the house this way was because both the doors at the staircase had actually been opened.

And the bloodstain was right at the side.

He pushed open the unlocked door. As expected, the inside steel door was opened already; nevertheless, it was not a narrow corner under the stairs just as he had imagined.

There was another rough wooden ladder leading to the underground.

Without hesitation, Boss Luo walked in.

It had a depth of 3 meters.

Another door appeared, it was opened as well. In that space, Luo Qiu found a corpse.

The master of the club had always been courageous from when he was young. Since he became the boss, his courage seemed to have increased several times.

Luo Qiu turned the dead body over, it was a middle-aged adult with gray sideburns, but was not Professor Qin Fang.

In the center of the large underground space, there placed a table 2 meters in diameter, where there was a model with a complicated structure, like a labyrinth, on top of it. The other surrounding four walls were full of shelves and a large amount of books.

Luo Qiu even saw many things that didn't seem to match with each other here, bronze mirror, Luoyang shovel(a tool specifically for robbing tombs) and a tiger claw made of fine steel... All sorts of weird objects, even an animal's hoof, could be seen there.

As a university professor, Luo Qiu did not believe Qin Fang was a person who believed in superstition... Yet in any case, the objects hidden here seemed to be not what a normal individual should possess.

Even the walls at the furthest corner, there were several sets of ancient and current topographic maps pinned on it.

By watching those eccentric patterns formed by the lines of red strings on the table, a

hazy thought was formed in Luo Qiu's mind.

"Is the professor an expert in robbing tombs?"

Luo Qiu walked over to the rectangle table placed at one side. Besides a computer mainframe, there were also three viewing screens putting there.

Right this time, the frames were showing two images... the walled garden and the scene in the house!

Qin Fang secretly installed quite a few covert cameras in the areas of the house!

...

...

"That is to say, this Qin Fang had witnessed the weird actions of how Zhang Qingrui behaved when she was under the control of the ghosts."

Miss Servant pondered a while after Boss Luo's statement.

Luo Qiu was browsing through the books that were brought from the table of the house basement while saying, "I tried looking over the recorded history but the records of yesterday seem to have been erased... It should have done by the professor. Yet the one before yesterday wasn't erased."

He stopped, looking up to You Ye, "The scene where I moved Zhang Qingrui might have been viewed but it wasn't erased in time."

"The person that destroyed the records perhaps left in haste." You Ye muttered, "Don't worry about the exposing of the ability. It was just a small case if it doesn't have a large effect. We just need to find the people that know and have them forget it."

"Yes, I'm not anxious about that either." Luo Qiu nodded.

The servant girl said softly, "Does master think the oddity in Qin Fang's house and the missing of Zhang Qingrui, are probably related?"

"Qin Fang, robbing tombs, unknown skeleton and secret monitoring, Zhang Qingrui, and the soul... In addition, if a tussle ever occurred in the house, Miss Qin Chuyu should have known the situation because they live in the same house. Yet, I didn't meet her either..." Luo Qiu focused on You Ye, "Do you know, during my teenage years, I constantly peeped at some documents my father took back home. Most were about the contents of some cases. Then I analyzed them in an excited mood."

Boss Luo revealed a hint of a smile while recalling the old times.

"I tend to investigate deeply due to the habit formed since that time."

"Master wants to have a hand in this matter?"

"We should find the professor first and erase his memory of finding out my ability, shouldn’t we?"

You Ye nodded, "I’ll find the location of the professor and Ms. Zhang soon as long as they are still in this city."

Luo Qiu would never doubt the work efficiency of You Ye--- or to be simple, her competence was definitely much better than himself, who merely lived for 20 years.

Nevertheless, if he wanted, he could become the most efficient person. That was because the altar provided him with the function to purchase intelligence by using his own lifespan.

Yet, things aren’t so serious as to that extent. Thus, due to the influence of his stepmother, Boss Luo, who learned to be thrifty since young, chose to do it himself as it was more cost-effective.

Zhang Qingrui should not be in danger for the moment... Otherwise, Shi Shijie wouldn’t be so polite.

Chapter 109: The Friction

Gu Yue Zhai.

Concerning her only remaining granddaughter, the last of her kinsfolk, the real boss of Gu Yue Zhai--- Zhang Lilanfang, who obviously treated her as her own heart, was extremely nervous.

Zhang Qingrui had been clever and sensible from childhood. She would never disappear for a whole day without notifying her relatives.

Zhang Lilanfang had not slept all night and was extremely tired. One of her hand grasped the cellphone, and kept counting the jade beads binding the bead chain.

Shi Shijie returned not long after.

Shi Shijie, his father, and grandfather, all of them served Mrs. Zhang's family--- to be more precise, not the Zhang family of her husband, instead, the Shi Family had a history as servants since the old lady was still a young miss in the Li's Family.

"Sorry, Mistress, there's still no message about the manager."

Shi Shijie watched Zhang Lilanfang, that was still calm, breathe deeply. "However, we found her car at the parking lot of a market. I've check the cameras and found the manager didn't pick up her car... She might have gone missing in that market. According to the manager's temperament, it's definitely not a joke. Maybe a kidnapping. Even though we didn't receive any message from any gangsters..."

At this moment, Zhang Lilanfang opened her eyes furiously.

Ever since she started reciting Buddhist texts and staying on a vegetarian diet from dozens of years ago, this lady wasn't as violent like those previous years. Yet, Shi Shijie perceived a deadly cold look in his mistress's eyes.

"I left the capital for several tens of years... Now I finally manage to raise a kid... Do they think it’s easy to bully a widow? Don’t push me too far!"

Zhang Lilanfang stood up abruptly, cursing angrily, "Even if I’m now an old biddy but I’m not dead yet!"

"Mistress, please calm down."

"Don’t worry." Zhang Lilanfang took a deep breath, "If I get to be flustered, things will get worse. Shijie, give consideration to both seeking the manager and taking care of the shop until she has been found. Everything proceeds as usual. If outsiders asked, just tell them the miss is now under the weather and is having a rest at home."

Shi Shijie nodded, asking her again, "Mistress, Old Zhong is still living here, can we ask him for help?"

While Zhang Lilanfang snorted, "It’s not that bad. Granted that the old goat is very powerful, yet he isn't that strong to have power this area. Now things are not clear, so just send people to seek and wait and see in the meantime."

"Yes!" Shi Shijie nodded, exiting the room quickly.

Zhang Lilanfang held the table and sat down slowly. Her hands covered her forehead, closing eyes, while her shoulders trembled faintly, "Qingrui, Qingrui..."

‘Is she crying?’

Black Soul No.9 sensed the plaintive cry of the aged lady--- He had been staying here all the time.

Since many days ago, he was watching silently. His intellect reminded him to seek new businesses, yet his steps show reluctance to go away.

Seeing Zhang Lilanfang sobbing suddenly, No.9 took two steps ahead, trying reaching to touch... But his hand eventually halted in

the air.

"Why… am I so grieved?"

Black Soul No.9's look turned vacant.

…

…

After You Ye went out, Luo Qiu arrived at the professor's house, coming to the hidden basement.

This time, he stayed there for several hours unwittingly.

He was focusing on the several maps of different times on the wall. From rough to accurate, no matter which map, there were all marked on the same spot.

"Noin-Ula Mountain."

In fact, the books on the table which had been thumbed over often were all the information about this mountain and the surrounding terrain.

Luo Qiu sat down on the old leather chair in front of the table. From here, he was able to view the model on the table. Looking at everything here, from the feel of the cushion, the declining chair, to the attrited floor under the table. His fingers whisked over the drawer edge, observing several spots of dried brown spots on the drawer… Boss Luo seemed to see the appearance of an old man who used to give it everything he got working on some field here.

A certain belief was supporting him throughout that time.

Squeaking sounds, like someone treading on the wooden stairs was suddenly heard, out of the door in front. Boss Luo's feelings were getting more and more accurate…

The person who was walking down the stairs, was Qin Chuyu.

…

He didn't leave. His intuition told him that Qin Chuyu might

have come here earlier than him. The lady that looked quietly out the window a while back, might not just have been Qin Fang's foster daughter.

Eventually, Qin Chuyu wearing a white long slim dress showed up at the doorway.

It was accurate to describe her as 'noble' or 'aloof'. In other words, besides the physical appearance, she was the best example to explain the sentence 'Temperament is the crucial factor.'

She was the current identity of Yu Sanniang, who was loved and despaired over, ending the tale of the Koan Sutra. Afterward, no one knew what she experienced.

However, the story should be much more complicated than simply living for 500 years.

Since speculating that the other party had already viewed the records earlier than him, Luo Qiu decided to stop waiting and see.

Boss Luo opened his mouth first, "Miss Qin... or Yu Sanniang."

She seemed not to be surprised by such questions, or perhaps was merely maintaining her countenance only, coolly saying, "You're really not an ordinary person."

Luo Qiu stood up, as per the habit of the boss, or due to politeness.

He pointed at the dead body remaining on the floor of the basement. "Miss Qin, do you know who that guy is?"

Qin Chuyu answered, "A guy who learned some heterodoxy and played petty tricks to do evil. His death need not be regretted."

Qin Chuyu's answer confirmed Luo Qiu's thoughts to the eccentric basement, and the suspicion as to the real identity of the professor.

"The professor is missing, but Miss Qin does not seem to be worried about him," Luo Qiu suddenly said.

While Qin Chuyu said calmly, "That man, only went to do something to ease his heart, so nothing should be worried. He’s merely a poor man that has been tormented through dozens of years by his sense of guilt, and won’t hurt anyone else. As to Zhang Qingrui, she’ll come back as soon as the matter finishes. Thus the conclusion is, nothing should be worried."

"That man?" Luo Qiu caught the small clue of discordance of the calling.

Qin Chuyu took an indifferent glance at Luo Qiu, "Who are you?"

The two different questions, between the male and female, revealed a friction.

...

...

The flight, to Ulan Bator.

A big box of one cubic meter in the airplane baggage compartment... In the box, Zhang Qingrui body was curled up and sleeping with an oxygen mask on her face.

Chapter 110: The Horrifying Door

A little bit of heavy pressure existed in the quiver of air.

Boss Luo always felt it was possible for the so-called aura to oppress people. His own tactile sense became more agile as his body has gradually turned inhuman. It also finally overturned his former thoughts.

Luo Qiu wasn’t in a nervous mood, he just felt a little bit troubled.

To him, the heavy pressure was at best, a breeze. Maybe the other person involved only wanted to probe, so he wasn’t serious about it... Or maybe, he certainly didn’t need to fear about anything.

---Listen, if you encountered any problem and plan to solve it by force, it would be a rash decision!

Luo Qiu couldn’t help remembering what his father once instructed him.

---But if one could handle the problem easily by force, instead of planning to solve it by talking, it would be silly.

Therefore, Boss Luo couldn’t understand what the meaning of father’s very befitting double standard was.

"I mean no harm." Luo Qiu said slightly.

So he only chose to strike back.

This was a mental battle. The eye contact was enough for both sides to have a sufficient stage-- --Qin Chuyu had cultivated Taoism for hundred years, her gaze was no longer a gaze, but more of a spiritual view.

She could understand many hidden things thoroughly in the world. At this time it was natural for her to see that behind this mysterious young man, there was a door rose to the top.

What kind of door was that?

It seemed to absorb the cries of despair. The door was full of white bones, with only two more glances, it had already let her Tao heart falter, as if it could be broken down at any time--- She couldn’t even imagine what was assembled behind this door for it to emit such a horrible presence.

Qin Chuyu took a half step back. A slight hint of panic flashed across her eyes, and a blob of bright red split over the edges of her mouth. At that instant, her body suffered small losses.

That was nothing. It was the fear, that felt as if a seed had already been sown into her body at this time, her spiritual soul, her Tao heart.

There was even an instinct to flee directly.

The most important thing was that... She once felt such a door.

Five hundred years ago.

"Trafford’s...Club."

Her lips, that were covered in blood, quivered, Qin Chuyu was extremely on guard. She took a deep breath, "But you aren’t that man."

...

Luo Qiu thought ‘That man’ here probably referred to the former boss. The club hid a number of inhuman customers in the world. Even Tai Yinzi also knew this place before he was born, so Luo Qiu didn’t feel too unexpected that Qin Chuyu might know.

‘You are not that person’, maybe she also had ever bought something from the club. Of course, it was easy to confirm if you went back and dig through the old account books.

After making sure all of these, on the contrary Luo Qiu wasn’t in a hurry to know what Yu Sanniang had bought at the club five hundred years ago.

Since there was no need to continue hiding, Luo Qiu waved his hands naturally and gracefully and a chair by the wall slid to Qin Chuyu naturally. "Let’s continue talking about the professor, is it okay?"

Qin Chuyu thought for a moment but didn’t sit down. She had a feeling in her heart, that if he wanted to catch her, she wouldn’t have any chance to leave.

That place was not a sacred mountain and it had existed much longer than the time she had spent on Taoism. When she woke up last time, she could barely hear any news about that place.

She walked to the table laid in the center, pointing to the model on it. "Do you know whose grave is it?"

Luo Qiu shook his head.

"Huns, one of the Left Sage Kings." Qin Chuyu calmed down her internal injury, at the same time saying, "It is exactly the place where Qin Fang and his expedition intruded twenty years ago."

"The professor’s job is certainly not a paleontologist."

"He is a descendant of a tomb-robbing family that has been handed down from the Ming and Qing Dynasties. His ostensible work is just a cover-up."

Qin Chuyu said faintly, "As for the bones that you saw during these days, it should have been dug out by Qin Fang from the inside recently. The skeleton has a soul and a spirit attached to it, which was originally quite weak and will find difficult to survive without the nourishing nature of the graveyard."

Upon saying to this, Qin Chuyu glanced at Luo Qiu weirdly, "That Miss Zhang, if I am not mistaken, she holds the rare psychic constitution. It should be based on an instinct to survive for a soul and a spirit to enter into her body. It could be maintained in Miss Zhang’s body."

Her statement about this happened to be the same view that You

Ye’s said. After praising his Miss Maid a little, Boss Luo asked, "What happened in the tomb twenty years ago?"

Qin Chuyu shook her head, "I am not clear about it. When I woke up from the abode of fairies and immortals, I entered a new phase and had to go into the society for practice again. I walked to the graveyard subconsciously, seeing Qin Fang and another bloody person crawling out of the crypt. That woman didn’t live though, she just left behind her last statement that she wanted him to take care of her little daughter in her hometown."

Qin Chuyu shook her head, "I needed a new identity. So before my transformation, that little girl was sent to a large family and I became Qin Fang’s adopted daughter."

"You said before he is just trying to make himself feel better?" Luo Qiu furrowed his brows.

Qin Chuyu said, "It seems that he always blames himself for not having any way to save his brother in the graveyard. He probably wants to bring out the bones of the members that year."

Qin Chuyu furrowed brows. "I am not clear about this, I only woke up right now. The things above are summarized from Qin Fang’s words sometimes when he drank during these twenty years."

She looked at the viewing screen on the table again. "He has been studying tombs all through these years. It is nearly the work of half his life so he is excessively careful about it. When he came back that day, he saw the scene from the monitor and thought that Zhang Qingrui might be the opportunity for him to go deep into the tomb again."

"It is he who seized Zhang Qinrui."

"Yup. Besides..." Qin Chuyu glanced at Luo Qiu again, "I saw the scene where you used that unusual strength. It made Qin Fang doubtful about something, so he has to take a risk."

"A doubt?"

"Last time it seems that he entered into the old tomb with some other people so that he could dig up this skeleton," Qin Chuyu said indifferently, "It should have been about some dispute half-way and he quietly sent the bones away. He probably thought you were a member of the partner. But what he couldn’t imagine is that the collaborators had been really found. And they were fighting here last night."

"Is this man killed by the professor?"

"It was me, of course it is in the dark." Qin Chuyu said indifferently, "After all, he has been taking care of me all these years, it is a partial return."

As thinking about the action of the next step, Luo Qiu was silent at this time.

Suddenly, the air quivered a little bit.

The Miss Maid of the club approached Luo Qiu. You Ye saw the present Qin Chuyu and gave a start, the blue eyes shimmering slightly.

"It is okay." Luo Qiu waved his hand and said, "She was also once a customer... five hundred years ago."

That was in an earlier time, before the service of Miss Maid in the club.

You Ye nodded, and then whispered in Luo Qiu’s ear. "Master, I haven’t found Professor Qin Fang but I checked his boarding information at last midnight."

"Where is he?"

"Ulan Bator."

Chapter 111: Let's Go, To The Prairie

Upon waking up, Zhang Qingrui found she almost lay on the ground.

The 'almost' came from the pure sheep blankets beneath her figure.

An umbrella-like dome above her view was braced by a large amount of wood with white canvas hanging from it... It was undoubtedly a Mongolian yurt.

"You woke up? Take some food to eat."

Searching along with the direction of the voice, Zhang Qingrui witnessed a big naan bread in Professor Qin Fang's hand being tore apart little by little and stuff into his mouth. Nevertheless, his gaze stayed on an unfolded map aboveground.

There was a smaller box in the Mongolian yurt as well. The pair of human bones were placed in it.

Zhang Qingrui stood up under the state of hunger, taking a piece of bread near the professor, and a bowl of milk tea that was a little bit salty. It was called 'Su Tai Jia' by the local people.

She went to hide in a corner, eating the food quietly, feeling scared and disturbed--- This was the third time she woke up.

She had fainted due to the electric shock from Professor Qin Fang the last two times, and those resulted in her abandoning thoughts of revolting.

She pulled down a small piece of bread, eying the box unwittingly... Soul, bones, and being possessed by a spirit? Her terrible memory was striking the immanent concept built by the education she received these years.

'Am... I the hinge to walk into the cemetery?'

From these times of coma, Zhang Qingrui realized another

person was alive in her memory. Some fragments and distant segments of recollection emerged on and on.

They were fragmental without a main line and seemed to be trying to tell her a whole story--- yet they were not complete.

The her in the dream, who always gave a feeling of tears dropping, had some sort of grief in her heart which did not belong to her. It was always affecting her heart after waking her up.

Logically speaking, she was caught forcibly by Qin Fang and couldn’t even communicate with outsiders. Furthermore, the professor’s method imprisoning her couldn’t be regarded as a gentle method.

Therefore, she should be more afraid and frightened.

Nevertheless, probably due to being close to somewhere, a sense of joy arose in her heart.

"Professor... Why do you insist on going back into the ancient tomb?"

Because of a senior’s dignity, Zhang Qingrui respected Professor Qin Fang; however, regarding his another identity of a tutor, she wouldn’t be so afraid to not dare to communicate with him.

Yet Qin Fang was not like those customers she always dealt with in the antique shop. In contrast, he could be sensed to take actions by holding some sensible intolerance, so that he was absolutely more dangerous.

"I have to get something back from there." Qin Fang was still viewing the map on the ground.

"Is it a valuable... cultural relic?"

It was easy for Zhang Qingrui to connect some unknown ancient tomb and cultural relics due to her family background roughly--- In reality, she had come into contact with people reselling cultural relics.

Gu Yue Zhai was a big business, so it had built many sorts of social connections. Half of those connections were built by her grandmother and had been handed over to her.

Real treasures referred to those sealed in the soil--- As for seeking for such precious items, the professionals who had mastered special and obscure skills would be a must.

...

While Qin Fang stood up suddenly, "You'd better put on the winter clothing on that cabinet. We'll hit the road soon and the temperature of the prairie at night will drop to a very low point."

After these words, Professor Qin Fang lifted the cloth door, stepping out of the yurt.

The last time Zhang Qingrui woke up, she had walked out of the yurt. Around her were boundless prairies and she became aware that her teacher seemed to live in the house of some indigenous tribe in the grassland.

She didn't know the local language, so was unable to communicate with the house's owner--- It brought about the ignorance of where she should escape to.

Zhang Qingrui did not consider herself as a very tough girl, she was terribly confused in the current situation--- On the other side, an excitement beyond words was passing through her heart.

She had an expectation of the affair that would occur next. As if it would be the stone which could break the tranquility of her boring life.

"Firstly, you can't be famished."

Zhang Qingrui braced herself up, eating her bread quickly. Soon she reached for another one on the plate. This time, she didn't only get the big bread, but there was a plate of mutton she never tried before.

She didn’t loathe the goaty flavor like before and enjoyed all the mutton instead.

As she was eating, a thought rose into her brain. Since she didn’t know what will happen in the future, she sneakily wrapped up a piece of bread, hiding it in her clothes.

Professor Qin Fang sat at the place of the sheep, outside the Mongolian yurt. He lit a Cuban cigar, smoking it silently while looking at the smoke rising up to the pure blue sky.

And waiting for the prairie getting cold calmly.

…

…

As one knew, it was extremely expensive to apply the ability of extra long distance telekinesis, if one would use it out of the business range.

It would cost 10 days of his lifespan for a one-way travel to Ulan Bator.

Cursing the club’s altar, Boss Luo ultimately chose the flight which spent only one day.

Certainly, it was no match for the telekinesis in efficiency. However, according to the words of Qin Chuyu, the professor would not intend to injure Zhang Qingrui.

In the terminal building.

Common people would think it hard to prepare foods when they were outside.

Yet, Miss Servant Girl showed the significance of the invention of the bento hamper. Three layers filled with delicious dishes had been carried in the Japanese-style hamper.

"Do you need some, Miss Qin?"

You Ye opened the luxury hamper in front of Luo Qiu, while not

forgetting to ask Qin Chuyu out of politeness.

"No, thanks." Qin Chuyu shook her head.

Not only in front of Luo Qiu, even when talked with the so-called ‘servant girl’, Qin Chuyu felt enormous pressure.

The stress would probably not decrease in foreseeable future.

---‘I have some questions to ask Professor Qin and I don’t want it to be dragged on for too long… ‘Miss Qin should have memorized it if the professor’s destination was that ancient tomb. Can you lead the way please?’

Qin Chuyu had to promise him after he revealed his own intentions a little while ago.

Because… the servant girl who was bringing out the hamper contents, seemed to be the most horrible being she had been during these 500 years, besides that ‘door’.

The horror was like cumulus clouds, and the tide-water hiding beneath the surface.

Chapter 112: Take It Easy

The grass on the prairie, dies and blooms in a cycle, year after year.

Zhang Qingrui thought of this poem miraculously. She was now sitting in a Jeep Wrangler, traversing through the prairie.

There was a large temperature difference between day and night. Zhang Qingrui unconsciously wrapped her clothing around her more tightly.

The heavy look could be seen from the professor's eyes. His words also became less since they entered the prairie. She didn't know how to describe it, merely sensing a slight hint determination from the professor.

The Jeep Wrangler drove for approximately 3 hours before eventually stopping in front of a soil pit. The professor locked the car and hung the key on his neck.

Zhang Qingrui smiled bitterly due to his caution.

Regardless of her waning intention to flee, only the pistol the professor carried about with him forbid her to step back.

After that, the professor set up the camping tent, picking some dry branches, lighting a fire and boiling the brick tea and adding some cheese finally. Whereupon, pure and fascinating scent spread about around the campfire.

Zhang Qingrui hands held the tepid milk tea, huddling and sitting at the edge of the fire while looking at the swaying flame in the steppe strong wind. It felt like demons were dancing madly.

Right the moment, Professor Qin Fang threw her some bags of chocolate biscuit, which could supply energy fast. There was no need for any special manners to eat at such a place. Hence, Zhang Qingrui tore open a bag, revealing a smile of self-mockery as her behavior of hiding a big bread was sort of embarrassing.

"Why do you laugh?"

Zhang Qingrui was stunned, but she reacted fast and replied thoughtlessly, "I just thought Luo Qiu would be coming to your house in vain, due to being unaware of your matters."

"You'd better avoid contact with that guy."

Zhang Qingrui shifted her attention to Professor Qin Fang curiously. She didn't understand why the professor was so afraid of Luo Qiu.

She fell silent. "It's true he's an eccentric student and always skips classes but it's unfair to count him as a bad person. Instead, he's a very quiet student."

Professor Qin Fang said stonily, "A quiet person will be even scarier."

Zhang Qingrui didn't refute him. It was said that honest people do not get mad easily. However, once they are enraged, even the god and ghosts will be somewhat scared.

The professor had lived half of his life, he was generous with plentiful of experiences. There must be some reason for him to do such crazy actions now. According to her impression of him, he should not shame a person intentionally, right?

"You're much more unperturbed than I thought."

Professor Qin Fang broke the silence after a while.

Zhang Qingrui didn't know whether it was because they were about to arrive the destination and he had a hint of anxiety hiding behind the craziness, hence desired communication.

"Keep calm when you encounter problems, especially large troubles." Zhang Qingrui watched the campfire, "My grandmother taught me this since I'm young."

Professor Qin Fang agreed, "Mrs. Zhang is this kind of person who would instruct people this way."

"Professor... Did you know my grandmother?"

The professor answered fishily, "In the hometown of your grandmother--- The Li Family, used to make a fortune out of dead people. Even if her peers might not know her they would have heard of her. You're the only successor of Gu Yue Zhai, don't you know about those businesses?"

Zhang Qingrui fell silent.

Professor Qin Fang seemed to speak more this time. Therefore, Zhang Qingrui gathered up the courage, "Professor, whom does the skeleton belong to?"

"I'm not quite clear of that, but..." Professor Qin Fang frowned.

This question seemed to have reminded him of something in his heart. Zhang Qingrui observed him a little more intensely. Nevertheless, just at this moment--- Boom!!

A thunder-like sound was let out abruptly on the endless prairie!

Zhang Qingrui was startled and that sound rang out in succession before she reacted.

The bullets hit the ground and the raising dust could be clearly seen under the blazing light. Several streaks of headlights were shining towards them in the distance!

Professor Qin Fang gritted his teeth and rushed towards Zhang Qingrui furiously, grasping her arm and dashing aside to hide behind a soil slope.

There was no use keeping calm in this case!

Under the rain of bullets, Zhang Qingrui hands held her head, huddling against herself while asking in panic, "Professor... Who are those guys?

"They are a crowd of unscrupulous bastards, fiercer than lions and tigers." As Professor Qin Fang was talking, he squatted and observed the front, "I took a detour to evade those guys; however,

they still found us!"

Qin Fang deeply breathed, pulling out a pistol tied at his waist and passing it to Zhang Qingrui, "It's the time to inspect if 'keeping calm' is useless or not. If you do not want to die, shoot them."

Zhang Qingrui felt the heavy pistol with bullets, whereas the professor said, "When I count to three, rush to the jeep as soon as possible. If we get on it, at least we have the chance to escape."

Zhang Qingrui nodded with a pale face, taking a deep breath to stabilize her trembling arms. To avoid quivering, she had to hold the gun with both hands, waiting with extreme tension for the signal which the professor will send.

"One, two..."

Professor Qin Fang legs thrust against the ground, then lifted up his clothes to take out the other hidden pistol, before grimly firing some shots towards the attacking side, "Three!!"

Only one thought did Zhang Qingrui keep in mind now--- jumping into the jeep as fast as possible. It was about 10 meters' distance, not difficult to Zhang Qingrui who had a habit of exercising.

But every second to her was long.

Her heart had never beaten so quickly. Just as she was about to touch the car where Zhang Qingrui felt like that there was hope to survive--- She looked back by instinct, but saw Professor Qin Fang fall behind her.

"Professor!"

A look of extreme pain appeared across Qin Fang's face.

Immediately, Zhang Qingrui became hesitant, to continue heading to the car or going back to save the professor.

Nevertheless, unexpectedly, there was no longer a need to waver.

Because two men dressed in racing apparels had shown up

behind the Jeep Wrangler... When did they appear? They might have approached the jeep in advance and hid on the other side.

Zhang Qingrui thought that but could only retreat for now. Both the two men looked grim, walking step by step towards her.

Comparing with the two automatic rifles they held, Zhang Qingrui felt her small pistol was a joke.

However, she still aimed at them. Except the gun kept swaying due to her trembling from fear.

The two looked at each other, sneering in disdain. One whistled, while the other pulled the trigger.

The bullets were shot to the soil in front of Zhang Qingrui, causing a fistful of dust to rise.

The man seemed to have fun, giving bursts of fire constantly, which made Zhang Qingrui panic like a cat on a hot pan.

However, things turned for the worse for them. Such humiliation had ultimately broken the tense nerves of Ms. Zhang

"Ah---!!!"

Zhang Qingrui turned pale and ignored whether she had any experience in firearms, pulling the trigger mercilessly, shooting crazily!!

Bang, Bang, Bang!!!!

The bullets were shot near both men, giving them a fright. They rolled about on the ground for a short time; however, Ms. Zhang ran out the bullets soon.

"F*ckin B*tch!"

Taking the advantage of the moment she stopped shooting, the man that opened fire laughed coldly, drawing out a dagger from his boots and rushing towards her first!

Right then, the man screamed and was flung into the air, like a

kite with a broken string.

A figure appeared ahead of Zhang Qingrui from nowhere. It knocked down the other man within a few seconds with terrifying attacking ability.

She didn’t see the person clearly, merely knew it was a woman. She didn’t appear to intend on staying. With a slight jump, her body went over the slope, going towards the other side.

Ms. Zhang was dumbfounded due to the scene that felt like it was added with special effects. In the meantime, footsteps were heard from the back!

Zhang Qingrui turned about, raising the pistol without bullets and aiming in haste.

"Take it easy."

"Luo, Luo Qiu!"

Chapter 113: Abrupt Arrival Of Business

Afterward, Zhang Qingrui felt her mind blanked out for a good long while before she realized the situation.

A few pathetic screeches came from the front.

"You... Why are you here?"

This question was what Boss Luo wanted to ask her. He answered, "I came for the professor."

While thinking about the warning words from the professor a while ago, Zhang Qingrui retreated half a step automatically.

"Don’t think too much." Luo Qiu glanced at Zhang Qingrui before turning about.

Looking along his vision, Zhang Qingrui saw something... The figure was more and more clearly seen in the night sky, being reflected under the remaining flame--- The beautiful lady being with Luo Qiu she had met in the aeroplane.

His girlfriend?

She vaguely remembered this girl’s name was You Ye... Last time, she wore pretty fashionably, with a memorable temperament. Yet, the person she saw at present was wearing a black long-sleeve sweater, camouflage pants and climbing boots.

A proverb could describe her, ‘Like an orchid while calm, like a running rabbit while moving.’

What frightened Zhang Qingrui was, even though You Ye walked slowly, but at her back... on the ground were three men being dragged, following after her.

Luo Qiu knew they just fainted.

He came this time for wiping part of Professor Qin Fang’s memory... Since he owned such a capable servant girl---You Ye, the lazy boss didn’t intend to explain or hide anything from Zhang

Qingrui.

Throwing the three men aside, then followed by throwing the first two men which were knocked down, at the same place, You Ye looked at her master. She walked towards Qin Fang with a tacit understanding, holding his forehead by her hands.

After a while.

"Master, he didn’t get shot." You Ye raised her head with soft words, "Just some symptom showing their effect... Well, he did bring some medicine to control it himself but had no time to take it."

The professor’s face was pale. Blood even flowed from his nostrils.

"Symptom?"

"Cerebral Cancer." You Ye stood up, "It’s impossible to be cured with the current medical level. He might have less than 2 months."

Luo Qiu nodded, squatting and searching through the pockets of the professor’s clothes.

A small bottle was found in the breast pocket, with no instruction. Luo Qiu poured out one tablet, looking up to Zhang Qingrui. "Is there some water?"

Zhang Qingrui gaped, nodding before getting a bottle of water in her car. She had to put aside the numerous questions for now until the professor had been saved.

Was there any other partner nearby who was with those terrorists? The purpose Luo Qiu sought the professor for... the girl called You Ye... and that superb martial arts skill... besides, Master?’

She was sure she didn’t mishear the sentence.

Ms. Zhang sensed she would not be safe anywhere. She had to force herself to calm down and wait for the opportunity to

communicate.

...

Soon after taking the medicine, Professor Qin Fang came round with a cough. He massaged his forehead, looking around with his hazy sight.

Both of his students and a woman he never met before.

"Luo Qiu... Did you save me?"

Professor Qin Fang had assembled an expedition during his early years so he was used to experiencing dangers during the time while traveling.

Speaking of calmness, Zhang Qingrui's was no match for the extreme calmness of the old man who was over 50.

"I've been to your home and the basement of the professor's as well." Luo Qiu simply explained, "There were still some records on the camera that the professor hadn't erased in time yet."

Qin Fang gazed at Luo Qiu with doubt. "I've heard of some odd people and their amazing achievements. In our field of work, mostly we try to avoid those disordered beings and strange powers... but it seems I could not avoid encountering it at last."

He shook his head, taking a deep breath before barely standing up. "But no matter how, I'm determined to enter the ancient tomb. Save your power if you intend to foil me.

"Professor Qin Fang, based on your current physical condition, you may collapse at any time. You probably will not have the chance to arrive at your destination." You Ye gave him a reminder gently.

"Who are you?" Qin Fang asked, "Why do you know my..."

Speaking of which, Qin Fang looked around, stretching out his hands to touch in front and asking nervously, "Did the fire get put out?"

He suddenly felt his vision turning dark, losing sight of everything.

Luo Qiu paused for a moment before answering in suspicion, "The fire is still there, only a little weaker."

Hearing this, Qin Fang's body quivered slightly. He touched his eyes, lifting his head up to see the sky.

At least, the starlight could be seen in the night sky of the prairie.

Professor Qin Fang let out a long sigh. "Really... the doctor said that I may go blind these days."

He forced a smile with some despair in his heart. "I didn't think I would have to stop here. I... have no way to go in again?"

"The student ahead can help you, only if it is your strongest desire."

All of a sudden, Qin Fang heard a vague voice... It was from his adopted daughter, Qin Chuyu, whom he was quite familiar through 20 years of coexisting.

"Chuyu? Or is it my illusion?"

Professor Qin Fang looked nervous. Luo Qiu's look furrowed his brows, looking towards a direction while thinking of something.

The weird Taoist, using the excuse she didn't want to have a direct meeting, didn't show herself.

At this moment, Qin Fang begged, "Luo Qiu... Can you take me in? If you are willing to bring me in, I can give you all my property! You should have the ability."

How did it feel to have business coming so suddenly?

Give directions to Professor Qin Fang, so that he spoke out his strongest yearning... seemed to be part of the way Ms. Taoist paid back the care and upbringing over those years.

Yu Sanniang could see the former boss so many years ago was

perhaps due to understanding that the club accepted everybody---or it could be said, she had seen through the essence, that the club loved to do this kind of transaction with pleasure ever since long ago.

Except, from the view of a person with special abilities, she should be able to help Professor Qin Fang as well.

Was she loath to do a favor or was it some other reasons that stopped her from helping?

Nevertheless, Qin Chuyu wasn’t aware that this new club boss behaved as he liked. She thought Luo Qiu wouldn’t enter the game until he was promised some benefits.

In fact, since arriving at the prairie, Luo Qiu also had the intention to go into the old tomb based on an adventurous impulse.

Yet, before he expressed this thought, Ms. Taoist had already gotten to the heart of the matter... She may have done it out of kind-heartedness but it was a terrible thing, setting off the transaction rules of the club.

Under these rules, Luo Qiu was not Luo Qiu... Instead, he was Boss Luo.

...

"As you wish, dear guest," Luo Qiu said slowly. "However, we don’t accept money as the transaction fee..."

Chapter 114: Light Wolf

The situation had already entered into an unexplainable realm for Zhang Qingrui.

She suddenly became terrified of the dialogue going on between Luo Qiu and Professor Qin Fang. Besides, the woman called You Ye kept watching her with a spurious smile, which made Zhang Qingrui feel that her body was turning stiff.

Now, the prairie seemed too chilly to her.

An amazing thing happened the next few seconds. Luo Qiu's hand swept passed both of Qin Fang's eyes gently and the latter regain his vision.

This sudden change made Zhang Qingrui recall those who sold quack medicines for two coppers to deceive people. But... this was definitely not false.

Professor Qin Fang fell silent after he regained his vision. Soon, he walked to those people that were beaten down on the ground.

Zhang Qingrui caught the cold look that flashed across the professor's face and asked, "What's he going to do?"

"You had better get back to the car," Luo Qiu said coolly. "Well, it's nothing if you can accept the sight."

Zhang Qingrui opened her mouth due to the shock but she understood the real meaning of this sentence.

One shot, one kill. Qin Fang opened fire towards the heads of all the fallen men unambiguously--- Simply put, he was killing people. She had heard from her grandmother, that some of the people who had robbed tombs back in those years were extremely savage. It was common for several people, even a whole team, to be cheated and murdered. However, her family only needed the treasures buried underground; hence, they wouldn't participate in other matters.

Civilization had developed a lot now but the danger of this industry had never been reduced.

How could the 21-year-old Ms. Zhang manage to cultivate the ability to calm herself so well? Not screaming now is the best result from all her grandmother’s teachings.

Qin Fang came back without any different expressions on his face after killing. Rather, he said calmly, "Those are not all the enemies. I wonder if their people might be waiting near the entrance of the ancient tomb. If these guys didn’t report back, the people over there should know something happened."

"Don’t worry, Mr. Qin." You Ye took the place of her boss in comforting him. "Since we promised you, we’ll help achieve your wish."

"Then let’s hit the road." Qin Fang nodded, then asking after a second of hesitation, "Chuyu... is she around here?"

Luo Qiu, on the other hand, asked a question unrelated to the answer, "Professor, are you able to drive?"

A frown appeared on Qin Fang’s face. He gave up making a detailed inquiry and merely answered calmly, "I need rest to recover my energy."

Luo Qiu nodded.

...

...

To Zhang Qingrui’s surprise, she became the driver of the Wrangler Jeep.

"I don’t have a driving license, so I can’t."--- Luo Qiu’s exact words.

"Well... Since Master won’t drive, me either."--- Ms. Servant Girl’s exact words.

This was her most wonderful, but also her worst experience, ever

since she was born. Zhang Qingrui sighed... yet strangely, the excitement in her heart became stronger and stronger, slowly replacing the fear that kept becoming fainter and fainter.

At this time, Luo Qiu was sitting in the backseat with the professor, communicating with each other.

Actually, it was mostly the professor that was speaking on his own--- perhaps he knew he didn't have much time left, so wanted to leave behind his own story.

"That happened 2 decades ago..."

...

Professor Qin Fang used to be a famous expert in this field. However, many individuals in this field chose to use code names, avoiding using their real identities.

There were only two people initially, going through fire and water. After that, the team gradually enlarged, becoming a big team little by little. They couldn't satisfy their inflated ambitions to dig out objects with only the history of hundreds of years. Instead, they became more interested in those thousand-year-old treasures.

"My partner, Gao Rui, bought a bronze pot in the market. But it was broken at the bottom because of a mistake during the transportation. That was the beginning of everything."

The professor was lost in his memory, "We found a map at the broken part. That pot should be a cultural relic from last period of Han Dynasty(around AD 220-280). The site marked on the map could have been some buried treasures, graveyard or something even more wonderful."

The professor suddenly showed a slight smile, "I still remember the excitement on that brat's, Gao Rui's face. Well, I was also too impatient to wait."

"We'd studied it for over 1 year, looking through many ancient

books and finally located the place on the map." Qin Fang paused then continued, "Brat Gao Rui just got married not long ago, so we started off when his kid was one year old... I remember that it was the start of fall and it rained for a while. The name of his kid hadn't been given ever since she was born. On the day we set out, Gao Rui said the name must be given, so named her after the weather, Chuyu(the first rain)."

"I, Gao Rui and his wife, with 5 other brothers arrived at the prairie without stopping after we received the official documents of leaving the country." Professor Qin Fang observed the dim scenery through the window. "It was exactly this prairie."

"I remember, we had explored this area for a full two months that time. Some members of the team became impatient and started to doubt the facticity of this map. Gao Rui's wife missed the kid at home and wanted to return back. Because of this matter, the couple had quarreled a few times."

"One more month passed and most members felt depressed. Even I too." Professor Qin's face changed. "I remember that night... It was as quiet as tonight, which made people feel a sense of stifling dreadfulness!"

"We were discussing about the matter of leaving because after 3 months' searching, the new year was coming up and everyone was eager to go back home, especially those who got married. Yet as we were about to make a decision, one brother who went pee ran back in panic."

Qin Fang gazed at Luo Qiu. Those eyes seem to contain the same excited expression like him on that day. "He said he found something! On a hillside nearby!"

Qin Fang breathed deeply. "What we saw was a scene that none of us could forget for the rest of our lives."

Luo Qiu thought that the words said by the professor seemed like his last words before death. It needed to be listened to carefully,

yet he felt annoyed about it.

‘Can’t you say it quickly…’

"A wolf. A wolf that emitted white light all over its body was looking up at the heavens!"

Chapter 115: Double-Deck Underground Palace

A light-emitting... wolf?

Upon hearing this, You Ye turned her head slightly from the front passenger’s seat. She then put her arms on the steering wheel.

At this time, Ms. Zhang who was listening became quite dumbfounded. The Wrangler continued driving straight ahead and was about to roll by a not small mud pit.

Obviously, she was able to drive!!

Anyway, they slid it over.

Professor Qin Fang didn’t care these; instead, he continued, "Yes, it gave off white light. We found it, and it discovered us too. It turned about, looking at us from high above, both of its eyes filled with intelligence. Maybe it could be said it was measuring us with eyes, rather than looking at us."

"A wolf is the totem of the Huns," Professor Qin Fang said slowly. "The moon was round that night and it appeared exactly at the place we were seeking for! We all confirmed that the ancient map must be the real one."

"Afterward, that light wolf jumped off the hill towards us... It leaped over us, dashing along one direction! So we chased after it and finally chanced upon the place labeled on the map... The ancient tomb that has been buried underground! It was the tomb of one of the Left Sage Kings in the Huns’ history! And it had never been robbed!"

"The unprecedented excitement almost shattered our mind." Qin Fang face turned gloomy, "Gao Rui was the bravest person with the best professional skills among us! We broke open a hole and after waiting for the air to be refreshed, Gao Rui took the lead and

walked in."

"We never thought such a complex graveyard could be built in that period! Well, it was actually an intact underground palace. The complicated tunnels inside left us stuck in there for a long period of time. And ever since then, we have never witnessed that light wolf again. Though our food... food was almost all gone, we still not found the correct direction yet."

The professor looked outside through the window, "There seemed to be some force preventing us. In that labyrinth, we found the marks we carved again and again, which proved that we were circling the same place and had never moved forward... We were even not able to find the way back. Right then, an even more terrible mater happened to us. The wolf... The light wolf we saw! Not only one but a large amount! They came rushing out from the surrounding walls! They could weave through walls freely! They were pouncing on us! Biting our bodies! Pain! Bullets were totally useless against those light wolves and stabbing daggers into their bodies was like lunging into water! All we could do was run! Running all the way!"

"You know what?" Professor Qin Fang looked at Luo Qiu, forcing a smile suddenly. "When people despair, they would be able to do anything no matter how crazy the decision is... If we just stayed there, we would get trapped to death in that underground palace sooner or later. With no other method possible, we made the decision to use the explosives we brought, blowing up a way for us to escape."

"Do you know the consequence of detonating explosives in that underground palace?" Qin Fang looked at Luo Qiu and asked.

"It might collapse." Luo Qiu imagined the scene of that time.

Perhaps because he was feeling bitter, the professor merely gave a nod. "Finally, only I and Gao Rui’s wife were still alive. In fact, his wife had a serious injury and wouldn’t be able to live.

Therefore, only I survived in the team."

The professor heaved a sigh, "During these years, the accident that night has been a nightmare to me. I'll never forget the sadness or the despair and the heartache of losing a good friend. I can't leave their skeletons hiding in the foreign country. I have to figure out a way to bring out their skeleton and take it back home. However, after the explosion, the ground collapsed. Plus our international relations were weak; hence, it was impossible to conduct a large-scale excavation. Furthermore, the ability to explore underground was not that advanced as that of nowadays."

The professor shook his head, "I got hurt that time, and had to bury Gao Rui's wife while taking care of their orphaned kid. I could not help but leave for the time being."

"These years, I always come here once I have the time, just to seek another way to enter. Just several months ago when I arrived once more, I met another group. Who knows where they got the clue and found out about this place. Maybe there was not only one map that was left behind. Anyhow, they didn't say the source of it."

"From the beginning, some conflicts occurred between us. But after I found they were equipped well, even with good-sized excavating tools..." Professor Qin furrowed his brows, "Some of them were domestic, while there were quite a few from foreign countries as well. It might be an overseas tomb-robbing group. And it was said that the ground nearby had been purchased by the company backing them... Because I've entered before and explained my condition, that I only want the dead bodies, hence they agreed with my demand."

"With those guys' help, it was easy to dig out the part that collapsed that time. Thus I could step into that nightmarish place again."

"The original labyrinth had been already buried long ago due to

the collapsing soil. It was difficult to dig out anything, let alone finding a way. That group of people started to search around the excavated space using other instruments. At last, they came to an unexpected conclusion... There was another floor under the buried level in this underground palace!"

"This discovery was way too shocking! A double layered and enormous underground palace! We couldn't imagine that, in those remote times, how the ancient people managed to create such an amazing building! How did they calculate those supporting points and how could they design a labyrinth that confused people... But one point was confirmed. That was, in such a complicated labyrinth, there must not be merely some common ancient cultural relics stored there!"

"They couldn't wait to dig again, hence they blew open the ground of the first floor directly. Then we followed them, going deep into the second floor... This skeleton was discovered on the second floor. A stone coffin which was buried into the mudstone of the first layer had been found open. I estimated that the coffin had been buried due to the explosion we ignited which destabilized the weak spots all around thus burying it."

"They first brought out the broken coffin with mudstone gingerly because it was the first finding. After that, I joined them in exploring this second-layered labyrinth. However, we met those light wolves one more time!"

"I told them how terrible they were. Yet those people didn't believe me; instead, they intended to strike back due to the modern weapons they held." Qin Fang smiled bitterly. "But I know the horror of those light wolves... So I fled."

"Later, there was no message about those guys. I sensed things might turn worse, so I escaped back by myself while taking that coffin with me under the cover of chaos... Well, you know the rest."

Luo Qiu nodded, starting to analyze the information.

At that moment, the brakes of the Wrangler were stepped on. Zhang Qingrui turned about. "We seemed to get there but the situation is not that good."

There was a large hollow ahead. And then, a buzzing sound was emitting from that large hollow.

Two streaks of strong lights could be seen. A helicopter slowly emerged from that enormous hole!

There was a man standing on each door of the helicopter. They were holding automatic rifles in their hands, obviously aiming at this small Wrangler!

"Professor Qin Fang! You’re here! I knew you would come back! Did you bring back what you stole from us?"

Chapter 116: A Leap Of Faith

The rotor of the helicopter was rotating at high speed and strong airflow lifted up a cloud of dust.

Luo Qiu was not nervous at all though it was his first time seeing a helicopter at such a close range. He didn't know since when the feeling called nervousness had left him.

It might be since after he lived even after receiving headshot by Jin Zifu in the first deal, or perhaps the first time he protected Luo Dance who was about to fight with the mantis monster. That fight which could not be considered a fight

"Let's get off first," Luo Qiu said calmly.

...

Soon, two strong men had been sent down from the helicopter by rope. They of course aimed at the people in Luo Qiu's group getting off from the Wrangler.

"Thanks for your cooperation."

Looking at the guys that stood quietly at one side, the man in the helicopter said in a pleasant voice while sliding down the rope.

He was a typical western man, who should be around 35.

Professor Qin Fang frowned, saying beside Luo Qiu, "So we are just going to stay like this and not revolt?"

While Luo Qiu glanced at the inside of the pit, which was deeper than he thought. The underground palace was probably originally set in this large pit but the first layer had been blown up by Professor Qin's group because of their decision. It should sink deeper within these two decades.

It was clearly seen that quite a few heavy industry appliances had been set at a corner of the pit, with two blocks of portable houses for rest... It was fairly said that this tomb-robbing group was

wealthy rather than professional.

"But our goal is going down right?" Luo Qiu indicated quietly. "And we don’t plan to stay here forever. If we resist and ruin our jeep, it’ll be troublesome when we want to leave away."

Qin Fang gave a start... Because an ordinary person would consider personal security as their first thought when they encounter such a condition. However, this guy... his student, thought whether the jeep would be destroyed or not?

"We’ll talk about this later."

Boss Luo gave the final blow. "You’ve said that you wouldn’t take away the objects in the underground palace. Yet in reality, you’ve indeed carried away the achievements they obtained after working hard. Hence, I don’t think anything is wrong with their anger. To say the least, even if they did anything wrong, the victim should be this underground palace which has been disturbed."

Those words silenced Professor Qin Fang abruptly.

Zhang Qingrui, who was listening to all their conversation, felt this was exactly the Luo Qiu she knew. Though she was afraid of the well-equipped tomb-robbing group but Luo Qiu and You Ye’s calm faces had her feel safe.

"That man is Sneijder, the leader of them," Qin Fang said while gazing at the man who jumped down in the end.

Sneijder was coming towards them. Two men behind him were holding rifles in both hands in front of their chests. Boss Luo found both of them had the same stride when walking, and the gesture they held rifles were as formal as soldiers who were waiting for a military parade.

At the very least, they received strict military training.

Sneijder approached them, taking a glance before speaking in a weird Mandarin tone, "Looks like Professor Qin Fang found several helpers. You came back this time because you discovered

something new? About the thing that was stolen from us."

Professor Qin nodded, asking suddenly, "Have you went down after that?"

Sneijder thought for a while, "Yes, we sent another group there but there were no more messages from them later. Through the communication equipment, we only heard some screams and meaningless words. So we used unmanned planes to check but what we found were all the dead bodies of those who came before. They were disorderly shot dead by their partners."

"Disorderly shot?" Professor Qin frowned but was unwilling to ask the reason of their death.

Like it was probably that some mysterious power was keeping guard on the palace of the ancient tomb, another unearthly strength existed around him.

His blind eyes were healed and the old goatskin contract came out from nowhere--- though these were all achieved by deals.

"I want to go down again." Professor Qin Fang said, "I don’t want to have a conflict with you guys here once more. And your purpose is merely trying to know what is buried beneath the underground palace."

As if this saying was what Sneijder expected earlier, who clapped his hands with a smile, "Since Professor Qin stole that item, I had a hunch that professor would certainly bring surprises again. So, go down please."

He gestured to invite him, and meanwhile, a scaling ladder was raised from that pit.

...

...

The helpers of Sneijder were more than imagined. The people here were like a multinational joint force.

But no matter those portable houses, the heavy equipment or their clothes, even that helicopter, neither of them carried any symbol.

Yet, Luo Qiu liked his behaviour style. At least he knew to hide his own identity and wouldn't divulge where he came from... Of course, it was not that friendly to the four who had been aimed by their weapons at such a short distance.

"I... I have a question to ask you."

Luo Qiu looked at Zhang Qingrui who walked towards him. Thinking that she had been able to bear it until now, he said 'Yes' to her.

"What do you actually do?"

Luo Qiu answered without thinking, "Well, I've inherited a special businesses, then I start to sell some weird items."

"Including the sudden recovery of the professor's eyes?" Zhang Qingrui gave a start.

"To be exact, that is considered to be a gift," Luo Qiu said coolly, "Because the professor gave more, and we are reluctant to cheat our customers."

Zhang Qingrui was stunned. She gathered up her courage and inquired after several seconds of hesitation, "Why did you tell me these?"

Luo Qiu answered as usual using the tone as if he was talking to a classmate, "It's nothing, you'll forget it after things finished here."

"Forget it? What do you mean?"

"Is that guy still in your body?" Luo Qiu asked her to stop her detailed inquiry.

This was a skill he achieved during those years because of a woman who had the gift of gab and a thirst for prying at home. So since long, Boss Luo had learned to give some questions others had

to focus on, to interrupt their own questions.

As expected, when talking about herself, Zhang Qingrui became more focused on herself. She looked at that box with the skeleton in it that was being carried by the men. "I had some strange dreams."

Zhang Qingrui forced a smile. "I even heard the sound of that archaic music in my dreams, as if somebody was playing it. The first day we went to the professor's house, you wrote down the sentence of 'Hu Jia Eighteen Rhythm'. I wondered then if you knew something since then but after a second thought, it was me who dragged you to the professor's house... If I did not, will you be here now?"

"We arrived." Luo Qiu didn't say anything to comfort her... In front was the entrance leading to the underground palace that the Sneijder group had dug.

A slight hint of cold air could be sensed from the entrance. Watching this entrance, Luo Qiu could feel something much heavier.

Vaguely, he seemed to understand why Qin Chuyu chose such a roundabout way by having Professor Qin accomplish his wish through the transactions. Whatever was inside seemed to be quite hostile towards Qin Chuyu.

However, right then, Zhang Qingrui suddenly jumped down through the entrance without taking any of safety tools...

It seemed she had been possessed by the ghost once more.

Nevertheless ... If one jumped down without taking anything, it could be regarded as a leap of faith!

Chapter 117: The Soul In The Bones

It was exactly as what the Servant Girl said, if everything needed to be brought to the attention of the master, then what was the meaning of servants' existing?

Hence, after the leap of faith, the servant girl followed Ms. Zhang by jumping into the pit without hesitation.

The tunnel was dug deep. Its depth reached the second floor, which was more than 23 meters. Even a person in good health would probably lose his life after falling down; even a more fortunate person would have been impacted by surrounding rocks if he jumped down from that height.

Sneijder who was aware of this frowned, "Professor Qin, who are your partners?"

However, Professor Qin was also shocked by the circumstances and could only look over to Luo Qiu by instinct, expecting to get an answer from him.

"It's alright." Luo Qiu observed the inside for a good while before turning around and saying, "Let's get down."

"Hold on!"

Unexpectedly, Sneijder shouted in a slightly loud voice, frowning, "Professor Qin, I think you're not that sincerity in the re-cooperation with us. We need to have a thorough negotiation!"

"Sneijder, we've been so cooperative." Professor Qin Fang explained in a lower voice, "We didn't resist all the way right? I promise, that we'll never touch anything in the underground palace again."

Sneijder shook his head, "You've promised last time but I don't want to make the same mistake a second time. Moreover, your companions make me rather uncomfortable. You can be free to go down but that man can't. He has to stay here, under our

observation! Please be cooperative!"

With this, Sneijder waved his hand and several brawny men with machine guns all aimed at Luo Qiu at the same moment. One black man pointed at him. "You, come over here!"

"If I don’t go down, it will be troublesome for us." Luo Qiu shook his head, "I only plan to help the professor with his wish and mean no harm, so please don’t have any bad intentions against me."

Nevertheless, though Sneijder was relatively polite at the beginning, this group was originally ferocious and had developed a habit of acting in a fierce and cruel way under their mighty military forces.

"Come here!!"

"Come"

The black man holding a machine gun yelled again, pulling the trigger of his automatic rifle. The bullets swept by Luo Qiu’s feet as if it was their last warning.

The sound caused by the shots started to echo within this pit which made the atmosphere turn tense. Luo Qiu looked at the raising dust in front of him.

Boss Luo would sometimes get angry as well... and this grievance was like a signal.

At the entrance of the underground palace irradiated by accent lights, a figure suddenly flashed out! It made a somersault in the air, before falling in front of the black gunner with an extremely fast speed, just like a falling stone.

Merely in a flash, with a lightning speed, the gunner had been beheaded already.

Before his eyes, it was the second woman who had jumped down. She stretched out her hand, five fingers closed together like a dagger. A hint of bright red still remained on her crystal clear

fingernails.

"What an inferior and dirt-cheap soul... How dare you humiliate my master?"

...

...

With no scream, the powerful, battle-scarred guy, who had been known as Old Black... quietly fell down in with his head and body separated!

His companions could even see his both eyes that opened to their max... but how had he been killed? The murderer was such a delicate, pretty woman?

And... she just killed him with her hand!

The neat incision on Old Black's neck looked like it had been cut by a sharp cutter bar. The horrifying scene evoked fear in everyone's heart.

The other well-built men gnashed their teeth. They acted without hesitation because they owned formidable firepower!

Da Da Da---!!!

Flame-like bullets flew out in an instant. Yet within the short time, that delicately pretty woman fluttered like a ghost. Even high-speed bullets couldn't lock onto her location.

Sneijder couldn't imagine that how fast she acted, evading such a shot at such a short distance.

No screeches were heard... because one by one, each person collapsed like Old Black.

A being who had an attacking style that could behead others using nails obviously didn't belong to human beings.

"Shoot it!! Shoot it!! It's not human!!!"

The leader of the tomb-robbing group lost his initial calmness all

at once!

...

"Let’s go down."

Luo Qiu didn’t continue watching; instead, he glanced at Professor Qin Fang, waving his hand.

The professor’s body started to float and the box not far away automatically went to Luo Qiu.

Such a conflict with death was definitely impossible to be pacified... Therefore, Boss Luo simply chopped off all the troubles here.

Professor Qin Fang was frightened, Luo Qiu descended slowly into the ground of the underground palace while listening to the sounds of shooting and crying voices.

On the other side, the depth of the underground palace was deeper than he thought.

Feeling that he had touched the ground, Professor Qin Fang fished out a glare flashlight and turned it on, sweeping the surroundings.

Zhang Qingrui stood there in a daze. Her face was pale but no fear was seen. Somehow, Luo Qiu thought the current her was even more beautiful than before.

That was probably because, the soul lurking in her body was exactly like this, more peaceful and natural.

The quietness was the most beautiful thing about her.

The ‘Zhang Qingrui’ now raised her head slightly. With slow words, she said "Concubine Wenji, greets the prince."

The sentence hiding in that skeleton and the name she called herself. Luo Qiu nodded, it was really Cai Wenji.

...

...

Under the irradiation of the surrounding accent lights, a dozen heads separated from their bodies laid on the ground. It was a shocking sight. They occupied approximately half of all the members here.

The situation had turned into a mess.

An Asian youth was shouting furiously at the moment. He took out a grenade from the hanging bag at his waist, pulling the safety catch by his mouth and was to throw it out regardlessly.

However, right at this moment, that horrifying woman that killed others without leaving a mark turned to stare at him. The royal blue eyes emitted a mysterious radiance.

The Asian youth could only feel his body turning stiff abruptly and was unable to breathe. The grenade exploded in his hand before he was able to throw it out in time.

BOOM---!!!

The forceful explosion forced Sneijder lay on the ground by instinct. The flame at the center of explosion scattered. His henchman, with most of the body parts blown away to nowhere, had only both legs on his body left.

He looked at the horrifying woman in panic, whom was moving towards this pit... The way she moved and jumped seemed like the special effects of a film with CG effects.

Just then, Sneijder felt he was helped up by someone.

Beside him, a man with a little black skin appeared. He was middle-aged and bald with a red dot between both his eyebrows. He didn’t wear shoes and had only yellow clothes covering his body, showing off his muscular arms.

"Master Mu Jianzun! My God! I even forgot you because of the fright!" Sneijder seemed to catch on to a life-saving straw!

Because of the weird matter that happened in the underground palace had been reported back to the company, the clergy that cultivated in India had been invited through special channels!

He had even witnessed this magical Indian monk float in the air by himself which scared to high heaven!

"Mr. Sneijder." Master Mu Jianzun frowned. "There's nothing about other forms of different species mentioned in the agreement between the company and I. The only requirement is to explore the underground palace."

"Different... species?"

Mu Jianzun gave a nod. "I don't know what it is but at least it's not human. No breath of human beings emits from it."

Sneijder, who only wanted to save his life, was too scared to think about whether it was human or not. He said hurriedly, "Mu Jianzun, whatever it is, please fight! I'll provide the company with the whole report later and apply for an additional bonus for you!"

"Step back behind me," Mu Jianzun expressionlessly said.

Sneijder had no time to talk more, hiding behind Master Mu Jianzun at once. Mu Jianzun didn't say anything, merely taking out a vajra pestle inset with colorful gems at both sides and reciting something.

The servant girl once again jumped to the back of a man that planned to attack using a grenade. Suddenly, her body turned stiff, the waving arm was remaining in the air.

When he saw this, that man dared not to stay put and escaped in fright!

As expected of the miraculous person from India who owned mysterious ancient power that had been hired at a high price! While witnessing this scene, Sneijder's mood had been calmed down greatly.

Sneijeder heaved a sigh. However, all of a sudden, he watched that dreadful woman, whose body had stiffened, return to normal like nothing happened. She turned her head, looking over here with a disdainful smile.

"Ma, master..."

Sneijder looked over to Master Mu Jianzun in alarm but saw the master opening his eyes wide in fright. A mouthful of fresh blood erupted and his vajra pestle cracked unexpectedly at this moment!

"I... I should not be greedy..."

This was the last sentence Sneijder heard from Master Mu Jianzun... For this master's breath had already stopped.

The sentence revealed his last thought right at the moment his breath stopped.

Then, sight disappeared like that.

Everything had been done at lightning speed.

Chapter 118: The Clone Of Wen-Chi's Captivity And Return

You Ye looked around under the firelight. She brought out a handkerchief and wiped her own palms slowly.

At this point, a black shadow slithered down outside the hole.

Looking carefully, it turned out the shadow was not just one person... The one that slid down from the top was Qin Chuyu with another man carried in her hand.

Qin Chuyu threw him down to the ground. "One of the fish escaped from the net."

You Ye didn't say anything, merely throwing away the used handkerchief, which was then swallowed in an instance by a ball of black fire.

Almost at the same time, the body of the man thrown to the ground suddenly had a seizure! He opened his eyes furiously. It was then black flame erupted from his eyes and mouth!

In a flash, this fish that escaped from the net encountered the same fate as Fang Pa.

Qin Chuyu merely felt a touch of cold from her back. She couldn't help taking a glance at You Ye but didn't say anything. Actually he was not a fish that escaped from the net; instead, he did not even escape at all.

It was merely an extra matter she did.

The servant girl suddenly revealed a smile. "Ms. Qin, don't you want to go down?"

Qin Chuyu shook her head. "Something in it was very hostile towards me. I intended to go down to explore 20 years ago but I stopped in the end."

You Ye said indifferently, "I've came into contact with the eastern way of cultivating Taoism and found the method of longevity to be fascinating. Yet, you seem to care about your Tao Heart as well. There is actually nothing horrible inside the palace."

"It seems you've known about it?" Qin Chuyu frowned.

"Since Ms. Qin doesn't want to go down, then I won't accompany you anymore," You Ye spoke coolly. "Master is waiting for me."

"Wait a minute!" Qin Chuyu shouted to stop her.

You Ye turned about, the servant girl gazed at her curiously, without dissatisfaction or impatience.

After a while of hesitation, Qin Chuyu asked, "Why did the former boss disappear?"

While You Ye gave a sudden smile, "Sorry, I won't reveal these without master's permission. However, if Ms. Qin longs for obtaining knowledge about these, then welcome to our shop and I'll be a good host next time."

Qin Chuyu looked at this woman who called herself as 'Servant Girl'. A feeling of unwavering loyalty from that odd lady could be easily sensed again.

"I'll walk around this area," Qin Chuyu shook her head while answering.

You Ye said with a slight hint of pity, "Ms. Qin, please think it over because in Ms. Qin's body, there is transaction fee whose value is hard to estimate. I believe you'll certainly gain a lot of things."

Qin Chuyu stepped back gradually with a slight hint of dread.

...

...

Watching the 'Zhang Qingrui' who called herself concubine and Wenji, Professor Qin Fang opened his mouth a little, with an

inconceivable look. "I discovered that this area should be the tomb palace of the Left Sage King of the Huns in Three Kingdom's Period(around AD 208-280)... The place where the rock coffin was dug out is not where a common person could be laid to rest."

"The concubine has another name called 'Cai Yan'," 'Zhang Qingrui' now gazed at Professor Qin Fang, saying stonily.

Professor Qin Fang gave a start, replying incredibly, "That's impossible! It's clearly written in 'Book of the Later Han', that Cai Wenji had returned back already and married Dong Si as his wife. Furthermore, the 'Poem of Indignation' had been created and spread after 'Wen-Chi's Captivity and Return'... If you were her, how could you show up in the tomb palace of the person who abducted you?"

"The person who returned back to Han Dynasty was not concubine myself." 'Zhang Qingrui' explained slowly, "I've no idea about how the future recorded it. However, the 'Poem of Indignation' was not what I wrote."

Professor Qin Fang shifted his attention to Luo Qiu unwittingly; nevertheless, he found an interested look emerging on his student's face.

Luo Qiu was really interested in it.

It's hard for later generations to distinguish the recorded historical incidents about which is true, false or an artistic creation. Even the research from an old professor who is knowledgeable could not be compared to the words from an ancient person.

'Zhang Qingrui' now said slowly, "That day, the prime minister ordered his henchmen to come to the Hun's territory and exchange a thousand pieces of gold for my freedom. But it was not me; instead, it was one of my slave girls. She used to read lots of books since childhood and had a good upbringing. She was even more talented than me. After she returned back to the Han Dynasty, the

slave girl mourns her miserable life experience, so she wrote down ‘Poem of Indignation’. The content of the poem is about the troubled times; on the other hand, it managed to tell me she had already replaced me."

If the professor was not inside the underground palace or had experienced so many unimaginable matters, he would probably think it was a tale from the Arabian Nights.

However, they were really the words told from Cai Wenji’s mouth... as one of the later generations, he couldn’t refute her at all.

Actually, there was no need to refute anything.

While Luo Qiu asked suddenly, "That day you possessed on Zhang Qingrui’s body and took me to the basement entrance of the professor’s house. Was that because you want me to find this place and bring you here?"

‘Zhang Qingrui’ made a slight bow. "Prince’s soul is too powerful, which is like a bright moon but compared with it, concubine’s just like a fluorescent light. It’s hard to explain the whole matter clearly. Furthermore, concubine’s real body is exposed and invaded by Yang Qi in the world. I have almost reached my limit in sustaining my soul in Ms. Zhang."

"Then how are you now?"

"There is enough Yin Qi to maintain concubine," ‘Zhang Qingrui’ said softly, "So that I can meet this prince."

Luo Qiu thought for a while, frowning, "Then why do you still remain in Zhang Qingrui’s body?"

"On one hand, concubine is reluctant to be found by something in this palace... and the other," ‘Zhang Qingrui’ told after sighing, "Neither of you wants to communicate with a walking skeleton, right?"

Now, Boss Luo wouldn’t mind talking to a skeleton but judging

by the look on Qin Fang, he was rather unwilling to do so.

Boss Luo was originally interested in the hidden items in this underground palace. Additionally, extra curiosity had been raised, which was the story of what happened on Cai Wenji

Luo Qiu thought for a moment, asking curiously, "You've said the person going back to Han Dynasty was not yourself. Then whose idea it was to have the slave girl replace you? The Left Sage King or yourself?"

This girl in front who possessed by Wenji heaved a sigh slightly. "It was my husband's decision and it was my will as well."

"You even stayed in the Southern area of the Hun's territory of your own will, being with the person who kidnapped you?" Professor Qin Fang became tongue-tied. He didn't know what to say.

It reminded the professor immediately of a lady from Hanzhong(her hometown) had been abducted but fell in love with the land of the Hun's.

As if catching the thought of Professor Qin Fang, 'Zhang Qingrui' shook her head faintly, "Don't think too much, Mr. Qin. Concubine's husband was not Left Sage King and I didn't remarry anyone in my life. My husband now had been buried in this tomb palace with me. However, I couldn't be buried in the same grave as my husband during these thousands of years."

"Your husband... is he recorded in the book as the one who died earlier?" Luo Qiu furrowed his brows. Due to the knowledge he got from the books last time, some things could be recalled, "I remember his name is Wei Zhongdao."

"You're right..." 'Zhang Qingrui' nodded her head slowly, "Everyone in the society said my husband was dead, but what they didn't know, was that he was living healthily. All of these should be started with the rebellion of the evil Taoist Zhang Jiao..."

Well...

To what extent would she tamper with the history of that time...

Wen-chi, the same as Wenji, the story happened to a woman called Cai Wenji, who had been kidnapped by the Huns' soldiers in battle and sent to the Left Sage King of the Huns to become his wife. Because another dynasty was established, the governor asked the Left Sage King to return Cai Wenji back to her hometown. She was delighted that she could go back home, but felt loath to part with her kids who had been left behind in the Hun's territory. Therefore, Hu Jia Eighteen Rhythm had been created under such circumstances by Cai Wenji.

Chapter 119: Only Wishing To Accompany My Husband Forever

Luo Qiu planned to listen on despite it being a modified history.

In those days, the evil Taoist Zhang Jiao revolted, establishing ‘Taiping Taoism’ and rising up, but soon his tribe lost to the army of the Han Dynasty.

Zhang Jiao’s troop was defeated, but he escaped using the strategy of The Cicada Casting Away Its Shell and hid in the Wei Family located at River East. The father of Wei Zhongdao used to be classmates with evil Taoist Zhang Jiao when they were cultivating Taoism together from their master teacher but he was not talented enough to continue. Hence he went into the society and became a wealthy person of that area.

Wei Zhongdao’s father took him in due to their former relationship.

Not long after, Wei Zhongdao married Cai Wenji. Later he was afflicted by a serious illness that couldn’t be cured even though a lot of money had been spent on it. The moment he was about to die, Zhang Jiao sealed his soul using black arts. Though the person had died, his soul could be kept alive. It might be possible to save his life and resurrect himself.

Wei Zhongdao’s father was exalted, imploring his former senior brother to use the magical arts to save his son.

"I have to go on a long journey to find an appropriate place to use the magical art."

So, the Wei Family started to make preparation for this. Yet the news that Wei Zhongdao’s illness was too serious to be treated, had been spread out. The Wei Family that didn’t want to expose everything concealed the real situation and held a funeral. It avoided others being aware of the peculiarities of Wei Zhongdao or

finding the trace of magical art, which would betray Zhang Jiao as well.

Not long after, when everything was fully prepared, the society entered into troubled times. Under the cover that the news Wenji had been kidnapped by the Hun’s soldiers, the zombie---Wei Zhongdao, was brought away noiselessly.

He was taken into the Hun’s lands.

...

"But actually everything was the trick of that evil Taoist!"

Luo Qiu and Professor Qin Fang heard the tiny bit of hatred from this ancient lady’s mouth at the same time.

"That evil Taoist had schemed everything long since. He robbed the body of the Sage King of the Hun, grasping the military power of the country and was trying to return to his former glory!"

While Luo Qiu frowned. "Since the evil Taoist lied to you, why do you say your husband was still alive at that time?"

Wenji sighed, "First off, that evil Taoist only had my husband act like a zombie by using sorcery, who didn’t drink or eat but could still walk and talk. However, he died due to the gradual decomposition of his body day by day. Only hiding it in an extreme Yin place could delay the rotting body. After, that evil Taoist found a magical stone from the outer space in the prairie, which could have a withered tree comes to life again. Therefore, that evil Taoist ordered people to build this underground palace and setting a magical array. He set that magical stone as the center and buried my husband in the tomb to ensure his dead body wouldn’t go bad."

While hearing this, Qin Fang raised his head furiously and asked emotionally, "Then the magical stone... managed to save your husband’s life later?"

Wenji shook her head, "Originally, I was hoping that he could recover, but everything was an illusion. Once leaving that array,

my husband’s body would continue rotting... So for maintaining the Yin Qi for this tomb palace, Concubine could only come into this area twice a year."

Luo Qiu let out a sigh. "Is this the reason why you didn’t want to go back to Han Dynasty?"

Wenji shed tears softly. "Since Concubine has married husband, I should accompany him forever. If I return back to Han, there wouldn’t be any chance to meet each other in my lifetime. Even if we only meet twice every year, it’ll be better than leaving my husband alone in such a quiet and cold tomb palace. My husband once persuaded me to go back but concubine was rather reluctant. Concubine had even knelt in front of his tomb for three whole days. Eventually, my husband softened up and gave up his intentions."

"Concubine was always sick and weak since childhood, plus the living environment of this place, north of the Great Wall, was too tough. Therefore concubine begged that evil Taoist to lay Concubine myself into this tomb palace, for the only wish was that concubine could accompany my husband forever." Wenji’s face now turned more resentful, "Unexpectedly, that evil Taoist had known for a long time that the magical stone was useless in curing my husband’s illness. The reason that evil Taoist laid my husband in the tomb was just for letting my husband’s soul nourish that magical stone. But he laid me in another place within the array. Concubine’s soul that was locked in the rock coffin tried to rush out for several times, but it was to no avail. The patrolling light wolf had a tight guard, so I could only stay trapped in the rock coffin."

Luo Qiu couldn’t help asking, "What did he nourish the magical stone for?"

Wenji answered, "Concubine got the answer to that later. That evil Taoist knew the stone was useless to my husband, but he couldn’t discover all the secrets of the magical stone. He found the

stone could absorb human's souls. The more it absorbed, the stronger the power will become. His injury from the past had not recovered, plus he was injured again when going east and west to fight after transforming into the Left Sage King. He knew he wouldn't have long to live, but was unwilling to die. Thus, before he was about to die, he buried himself here. You two think there are only two layers in this palace but that's not true. Actually, another layer is hiding beneath the second layer. That is exactly the tomb of that evil Taoist! And there were also countless of people buried along before he died. The evil Taoist covered the coffin and waited for enough souls to be absorbed by the magical stone in a vain attempt to break out of the coffin obtain reincarnation some day."

...

...

After listening to the story of the miserable lady whose skeleton had been taken out, Professor Qin Fang fell into silence. No one knew what he was thinking about. After saying all these, this unlucky woman attached to Zhang Qingrui's body might be complaining of how Professor Qin Fang's group that time had dug into the underground palace for their own selfish desires.

Under the silence, You Ye jumped down from the upper entrance and landed on the ground steadily. Saying in a soft voice, "Master, the outside has been cleared up."

Because of the trust to You Ye's working ability, Boss Luo nodded. He didn't want to think about the matter of the tomb-robbing groups whose members had lost their lives.

One reason he chose to listen to this story was to wait for You Ye's return.

"Bring along the skeleton," Luo Qiu said directly, "Professor, next, it is time to seek for the dead bodies of your former brothers. Do you have any clues?"

Professor Qin shook his head, sighing, "We couldn’t even go into the first layer. After the collapse of this place, we should pay more atten... Watch out!"

Qin Fang’s expression had a striking change!

Looking towards where he was gazing, a ray of faint light suddenly emitted from the front!

It was standing on four feet... a light wolf that was mentioned previously!

Professor Qin Fang, who witnessed such a horrifying situation, fished out his pistol unconsciously!

Yet at this time, that light wolf howled. The sound echoed throughout this tomb palace! Then light wolves rushed out one after another from all directions!

They appeared from the wall and underground, baring their fangs. Within a few seconds, dozens of light wolves had gathered!

Qin Fang’s expression turned ferocious all of a sudden. The emergence of these light wolves brought him back to the night 2 decades ago!

Ah---!!

Along with extremely agitated emotions, Professor Qin shot the bullets from the pistol!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The bullets easily pierced through the light wolf’s body, yet it was like shooting into the water. Those bullet marks vanished in an instant! And that light wolf which had received attack kicked against the ground by rear legs furiously, pouncing on all the people!

"No! No! Don’t come over!!" Professor Qin Fang revealed fear beyond everyone’s expectation!

Watching the pouncing light wolf, the professor huddled himself

up on the ground with both hands, holding his head while his body quivered!

Luo Qiu frowned. It seems that the memory caused an astonishing harm to the professor.

Yet, facing the pouncing light wolf, Luo Qiu stood still, letting that light wolf leap onto his body. It opened its mouth to bite Luo Qiu's shoulder!

Unexpectedly, Boss Luo just waved his hand, as if dusting his shoulder. Then the light wolf was torn up like a shredded shadow.

Without blood stain or anything else, it purely turned into scraps of shadow and disappeared.

Its disappearance agitated all the other light wolves! Dozens of light wolves started pouncing towards him together at the same time.

"Merely some unreal beings, die."

Now, You Ye walked to Luo Qiu. While waving her hand, a lump of black flame was shot out. All the light wolves were annihilated directly, just like the first one.

Since those light wolves showed up, Luo Qiu had discovered these beings were meaningless. They were presumably some sort of illusion.

It was of no effect to him or You Ye.

Sneijder said those persons who died of indiscriminate shooting might be due to excessive fright. And the camera of unmanned plane definitely couldn't film those fake and heatless objects.

Yet, the professor wasn't squatting at the original place anymore. You Ye pointed to direction beside Luo Qiu. It seemed under the cover of the chaos, the professor ran away by himself due to the excessive fright.

Luo Qiu thought for a second before waving to let the box

containing Wenji’s skeleton levitate to him. It was like he was carrying the box on his back.

He used to consider men who could carry boxes on their back were cool, there must some sort of golden clothes in it which could save the world!

But now he didn’t have that thought anymore.

"It’s not difficult for me to get used to it." Luo Qiu turned his head to look at ‘Zhang Qingrui’."

Then, that box broke apart. That skeleton fell out, scattering its pieces all over the ground.

Chapter 120: The Thing That Needed To Be Taken Back

"No... Don’t come over here! Don’t!!"

in extreme fright, Professor Qin Fang ran out of all his bullets very soon.

However, more and more light wolves came to siege him! He leaned against a wall with extreme fear and couldn’t help recalling the night 20 years ago.

The members of his group hid from place to place. Eventually, due to being chased by light wolves, they had to choose to resort to the explosives.

His body clung to the wall, feeling the ice cold of the underground being transmitted through the wall. Professor Qin Fang found that both his hands got wet.

Cold sweat had long since soaked his clothes

Suddenly, a light wolf swooped down on him, with a savage expression!

Don’t---!

The professor closed his eyes tightly, just like that night... However, he opened his eyes astoundingly a moment later and found that those light wolves had vanished. Only Luo Qiu and another person came towards him... with a flashlight. Luo Qiu didn’t mention to take the objects from those people above the pit, but after You Ye took out the flashlight, he sighed with emotion again, feeling that he was taken care of very well.

"Those, those light wolves..." Professor Qin Fang still expressed nervousness and panic.

"Professor, you’re safe now. Those are merely illusions... which are difficult for common people to cope with." At this moment, a

figure, who came from behind Luo Qiu's back, walked to the professor and helped him up.

It was Ms. Zhang.

Qin Fang was stupefied. Meanwhile, he saw behind Luo Qiu and his female companion, a set of... bones were standing upright there!

"This..."

Zhang Qingrui showed him a bitter smile while saying in a low voice, "I was scared as well when I first saw a set of bones walking by my eyes. Whatever, you'll get used to it."

...

That was because Wenji had left Zhang Qingrui's body and returned back to her skeleton, which made those scattered bones combine automatically. It was horrifying for Ms. Zhang, but compared with attaching a soul of an ancient lady to Zhang Qingrui's body, it was much better.

This time was different from before. At the same time that Zhang Qingrui's body was possessed by Wenji's soul in the underground palace, Zhang Qingrui herself did not enter into a deep sleep and completely heard the whole story of this miserable lady.

Luo Qiu didn't exactly say that he would send Wenji to her husband's tomb chamber... And she dared not to beg him to do so. What she could only do was following them all the way.

The light wolves living in this underground palace would not only attack those who trespassed, she was also their target. The light wolves were just illusions without any real attacks. Their attacks would aim at one's mind. Those who had firm mind would have a chance to be immune to light wolves but to ghosts, they were extremely harmful.

Wenji had been trapped in the rock coffin for thousands of years, but still couldn't get close to her husband's tomb because of the

existence of those light wolves. Luo Qiu neither indicated the intention to help her seek the tomb of her husband, nor planned to drive her away, therefore she just followed them.

...

Zhang Qingrui didn't know details of the so-called transaction between Luo Qiu and the professor, but what could be sure of, was that the professor found it hard to stay alive in this area without Luo Qiu and You Ye's help to fight those horrifying light wolves.

Though countless light wolves had been annihilated all the way, there was still no clue to help find the professor's former brothers.

Qin Fang bit his tongue along the way, but he turned more and more depressed. It was as if he became 10 years older in an instant. Ms. Zhang didn't know why it happened.

He was not as refined as he was in the class, with disheveled hair and a dull gaze.

It was not clear that how long they walked in the palace. Luo Qiu, who was quite unperturbed and had been looking and feeling all the way, suddenly stopped.

"Let's have a rest here."

Seeing Luo Qiu halted, Professor Qin Fang originally thought he had found something, but the mere sentence from Luo Qiu let him down. Whereupon, he sat down and leaned against the wall without words.

So did Wenji. It would be difficult to move a single step if she left Luo Qiu and You Ye.

Ms. Zhang dared not to take more glances at this Ms. Bones. She sat beside them while massaging her sore calfs.

She didn't know what would happen next... After Wenji returned back to this tomb, Zhang Qingrui felt there was nothing for her to do. But to speak of leaving the tomb alone... ignoring the fact if she

could escape from the prairie or not, it would be the first problem that how to climb out the pit or deal with those light wolves by herself.

Zhang Qingrui sighed, suddenly thinking of the naan bread she hid early. Then she fished it out from her clothes due to the hunger.

She thought of it for a second, then divided the bread into 4 portions... Well, Ms. Bones should not need these.

"Professor, have some food first... Don't be too hungry to walk." She came to Qin Fang, passing him a portion.

Then she went towards Luo Qiu and You Ye.

The servant girl only smiled. "Thanks, but I don't need it."

The servant girl really didn't need it...

"I heard it'll be delicious to eat bread with milk tea."

Luo Qiu grabbed one portion and bit it.

"You'll be the only person that still in the mood to talk about such things in this situation." Zhang Qingrui tittered and felt relaxed suddenly.

Luo Qiu didn't say anything, merely taking one more bite.

...

Right then, an extremely agitated voice came from Professor Qin Fang, "What did you put in it!!"

Qin Fang threw the bread to the ground, digging his throat painfully and trying to vomit.

"I... I just put some mutton, nothing else..." Zhang Qingrui was astounded, "Professor, did your disease show effect? I heard a patient who got brain cancer vomits periodically..."

"You, you!!!!" Professor Qin Fang rushed to Zhang Qingrui like crazy, his both hands pinched her throat!

His look was extremely hideous, "You... let me... let me!!!"

"Professor..." Zhang Qingrui caught his hands painfully, but was not able to cast off his hands.

Luo Qiu suddenly asked, "Professor, is this your decision?"

Professor Qin was originally out of control but now his body became stiff. And his expression turned terrified. Like getting an electric shock, he let go Zhang Qingrui's neck, taking several steps back.

Zhang Qingrui took several hacking coughs, holding the wall hard but dared not to get close to him.

Qin Fang's legs went weak, kneeling down to the ground, as if he lost his soul.

"What's wrong... with the professor?" Zhang Qingrui looked over to Luo Qiu.

But the one who answered her, was Wenji sitting beside them, "This Mr. Qin and his partners entered into the underground palace and got attacked by light wolves. They then tried to escape but finally got separated and lost touch with each other. Mr. Qin and his partner had been trapped in a stone chamber and finished their food. And eventually... he survived by eating his partner's meat and drinking his blood. The matter of blowing up the tomb palace happened after he survived."

Eating a person...

Professor Qin Fang lowered his head, like a body without soul. A small piece of mutton unexpectedly caused such a strong emotional reaction.

Thinking of the question she asked the professor, of why he insisted on coming back to this tomb palace again.

He said he needed to get something back.

Zhang Qingrui suddenly figured out the answer to it.

What he wanted to get back, was the humanity he lost.

Chapter 121: Cutting Meat

The professor survived at last. All the other members of his group were confident and planned to excavate treasures from the tomb palace. However unexpectedly, he became the only surviving person.

He lived like a zombie.

He hadn’t had a good sleep within these 20 years. The life, lived on the blood and meat of his close friend who went through fire and water with him, was saddled with heavy shackles from the very beginning.

He couldn’t eat any kind of meat those years. He even forced himself to swallow but as soon as it entered into his mouth, his instinct defeated his will, refusing any meat.

As long as he tasted the meat, he couldn’t help remembering that night 20 years ago.

Gao Rui was by his side.

He cut down his body... due to the starvation.

When a human falls into the depths of despair, they will only be ordered about by their instinct.

"I... can never forget it."

Professor Qin Fang lost his soul, looking as if he had aged 10 more years again.

He gazed at the trembling hands, "I held Gao Rui’s blood and drank it. I was too hungry, I had no idea, I told myself this... while looking at Gao Rui’s eyes, I knew he didn’t die... He stared at me... unable to speak. But I knew, he must be asking me, swearing, cursing, and hating me... whereas, I was still drinking and biting... I abandoned everything belonging to me and became a wild beast that even myself loathed!"

"I became a wild animal! Without humanity! An animal that even ate my own brother's blood and meat!!"

Due to the strong emotions, Professor Qin Fang started to cough blood. With those abnormally strong emotions and sad self-accusations, he fell down.

Moods of the only several audiences were different, who heard the professor's secrets that were hidden in his heart for 20 years.

Zhang Qingrui now showed a natural face, it seemed the professor's confession had no influence on her.

"He's also a pitiful guy."

Cai Wenji's faint voice broke the silence.

You Ye then walked to the professor and check, raising her head, "He probably became over agitated and fainted. Do I have to wake him up?"

Luo Qiu shook his head, "No, let him wake up naturally. He spent everything he had to speak out these words he hid for 20 years."

"What Mr. Qin needs, is not our tolerance," Cai Wenji said faintly.

Luo Qiu asked curiously, "I'm curious as to why you know the matter that happened to the professor that year? You said you were trapped in the stone coffin."

Cai Wenji said, "Though concubine couldn't leave the rock coffin, the tomb concubine was buried in was part of that array. With the help of the array that absorbed energy from 4 directions, concubine was able to sense part area surrounded."

"Really..." Luo Qiu nodded, standing up and saying, "You should know how to get back to your tomb from here right? After you find it, I'll send you to your husband's tomb."

Cai Wenji was waiting for this opportunity, now she made a deep bow, "Thanks for your kindness."

Not long after, following the lead of Cai Wenji, Luo Qiu easily found the tomb she stayed previously.

As the professor had said, this tomb chamber had been affected by the explosion 2 decades ago. It was pressured by the upper layer. However, no matter how many things collapsed, it probably wouldn't change much of what was beneath.

Luo Qiu asked then, "Which direction?"

Cai Wenji stretched out her hand... bones to point, "It should be above the chamber of the four tombs."

Luo Qiu nodded. He walked to the wall and touched it, activating his ability 'mind's eye'. Soon, his vision viewed all space of this tomb chamber.

Suddenly, Luo Qiu withdrew his hand and turned about, "This layer might not be the fallen one; instead, it is the third floor under it. The collapsed part even shattered the second layer."

"Then... Do you mean there's no way to find Gao Rui's body?" Zhang Qingrui showed disappointment.

"It's not necessarily so."

You Ye said softly, walking to the center of this tomb chamber. She squatted and pressed the flagstone by her hands, "Master, please be careful."

After saying the words, You Ye increased her strength slightly, pushing against the floor.

As if nothing happened, merely pressing the floor gently.

Yet, in an instant, a slight cracking sound was heard... At this moment, with the servant girl as the center, the floor of the chamber crumbled at a terrifying speed!

Before Zhang Qingrui could react, she felt her body losing all the weight, falling down along with broken rocks!

Nevertheless, she felt something holding up her body.

BOOM---!!!

The chamber started to fall. Soon, everyone fell down into a seemingly cyan world! It was not a complicated maze like the two upper layers. There were only vast columns that were propping up the whole underground palace of the third layer!

Here, one could see dead bodies lying in different postures everywhere! Heaps of bones made it seem like a sea of bones!

Some of them were even shattered!

A cyan light source came from the inside of those heavy columns, which lighted up the third-layer underground palace.

Luo Qiu looked up, estimating the place where they were, before starting to look with his mind's eyes... This place was quite gloomy and cold, like the city of ghosts.

Zhang Qingrui's body quivered, she dared not to move her foot at all. Now, probably due to the loud noise from the falling stones, Professor Qin gave several hacking coughs, waking up gradually.

Professor Qin Fang looked around, but his view focused onto something abruptly.

He gave several hacking coughs again, then his weak body started to crawl on the ground. He swept off those bones in front, clearing the way has he crawled.

Finally, he stopped... in front of a dead body.

Probably due to the extreme cold, the dead bodies turned stiff, instead of decaying.

This dead body should have struck a column when it fell, hence it was now in a sitting posture with its head lowered.

Yet, Luo Qiu and others could still obviously see the bones and traces of being bitten, from the arms, neck, even the torn parts of its clothes...

Qin Fang's hands trembled, without saying anything else. It was

as if he used up all his strength. He then slowly adjusted the dead body.

"Gao Rui... Old Qin, I finally found you... I came to see you."

Qin Fang's quivering hands touched the face of his brother, holding it in a daze, "I know you have been waiting for me. During these 20 years, I know, I can hear it every night. That monster that was eating your meat and drinking your blood. Yet, you didn't say anything. However, I can hear, that you must be cursing me virulently time and time again. I know that..."

Qin Fang started to tidy Gao Rui's clothes while saying in a hoarse voice, "I heard a sound that day, then found that Niu Zi and others didn't die and were instead staying nearby. I dared not bring you out. I wiped away the blood on my lips, rolling on the floor to let the soil cover the traces on my body. That time fear and self-accusation overcame my conscience. I didn't know how to face Niu Zi and others, and your wife."

Qin Fang suddenly had a sad smile, "When I left, I didn't dare to take a glance at you. Because when I saw you, it was like seeing myself, the one who lost the humanity on you."

He took a long sigh. "I was asking myself all these years, why did we dig out the tomb for originally? We comforted ourselves by all sorts of excuses, but they were all self-deceptions. Actually we did it for money, but why do we desire money for? Of course for our lives. We were greedy for everything and came to this fate. I'm the only person alive, but I asked myself, am I still alive?"

Qin Fang started to clear up Gao Rui's messy hair, "Don't worry, I've raised your kid, Chuyu. She's fine now, don't worry. I've written my will before this year, everything of mine will be transferred to her... And your wife has been buried in the backyard of your house in your hometown. I'll build a grave for you beside her."

Qin Fang fell silent suddenly. A moment later, he said, "But now I

know, I dare not to bring you back. I’m ashamed to bring such a fragmented body back home."

Suddenly, Qin Fang drew out a bright dagger from his boot, saying softly, "So, at least I have to mend the parts you lost, and then bring you back... Gao Rui, can I give the part I ate back to you?"

He cut down his other arm forcibly with the dagger, cutting apart his skin and meat, deeply to the bone before dragging it.

With a screech, he pulled out fresh red meat from his arm.

"This is the first bite."

He didn’t stop, instead, drawing out the dagger, and having another cut towards his arm!

One cut, after another.

It was the third cut.

...

Watching such a horrifying spectacle, Zhang Qingrui wanted to go to stop him, but was pulled back by Luo Qiu at her arm.

"It’s... so cruel. It’s not necessary to..."

Luo Qiu shook his head. "The professor has started to find the thing he lost, are you going to stop him?"

Zhang Qingrui lowered her head, turning around to avoid viewing that. While listening to the screams constantly being emitted from Professor Qin Fang, her blood froze and she couldn’t bear it any longer. "Can’t we do something to him?"

Luo Qiu blinked his eyes. He suddenly found something still hidden on Gao Rui’s body... it was like a flame, which jumped up.

The soul belonging to this dead body hadn’t completely died out yet... was it sleeping all this while? It might be due to the special environment of the third floor.

Luo Qiu shifted his attention to the professor subconsciously.

When he finished his tenth cut, the meat of that arm had separated with the bone, becoming unbelievably horrific.

After the eleventh cut, Qin Fang intended to cut his thigh next.

Then Luo Qiu acted. He walked quickly to Qin Fang, stretching out his hand to hold his arm with the dagger.

"Don’t stop me!"

"Professor, the first cut is for your guilt, and so does the second one... and others." Luo Qiu didn’t change his expression, "Do you think cutting one arm won’t be enough, or are you feeling a sense of pleasure by redeeming yourself through self-mutilation? I thought you’ll stop by yourself."

"What... did you say?"

Luo Qiu heaved a sigh, "Professor... do you know you’re laughing?"

"I..."

Qin Fang’s body turned stiff all at once. His fingers grabbing the dagger suddenly loosened, the dagger dropped down, with a clanging sound.

"I... I just..."

Luo Qiu gazed at his left arm which meat and bone were already separated, tearing up his own clothes silently slice by slice and binding up the part from arm to shoulder. "I have actually no right to stop you... But I was just curious. Professor, you said before that your brother was just looking at you quietly that year, right?"

Qin Fang gave a start.

Luo Qiu stood up and pointed at the forehead of Gao Rui’s dead body, "He’s still alive, maybe he could tell you the answer."

Before their eyes, some white fog started to gush out from the

cold and dried dead body.

That white fog spun around gradually, like white pigment diffusing into water. Then it slowly formed a man who had the same face as the dead body.

"Gao... Gao Rui!"

The one that was set free from that dead body was exactly the man who should have died 20 years ago.

"Gao Rui! It's you!" Qin Fang eyes opened wide, gazing at the soul appearing in front excitedly, "You... you're here!"

Gao Rui's soul merely shook his head, saying in the familiar tone lodged deeply in Qin Fang's memory, "Old Qin, do you know, I'm not able to chew on such old meat of yours?"

Qin Fang knelt down on the ground again, both shoulders quivered with a sorrowful look, wept bitterly and said with a hoarse voice, "Sorry!! I'm so sorry!"

"Chuyu, my kid, is she beautiful now? Thanks for your care these years!"

"Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!"

"And thanks for the trouble with my wife and dealing with her funeral affairs."

"Sorry! I'm sorry!"

"Old Qin, you just asked why we did such things that would ruin our next lives for..."

"Sorry, sorry, sorry."

"I'm thinking about it... but couldn't get an answer. Maybe it is just as you said, for money and to satisfy our greed. But did you forget the agitation, joy, unbeatable satisfaction, and the happiness we shared with our brothers when we managed to conquer an ancient tomb, no matter how greedy we were?"

"I’m sorry..."

"I couldn’t walk anymore that time. My legs were broken, but you still took me to the end right?"

"Sorry... sorry..."

"I really couldn’t walk. But what about my wife and kids? I had to stay alive and get out... but I wouldn’t make it out alive. I knew you were hungry..."

"Sorry... sorry..."

"Do you know why I didn’t say anything when you were eating me?"

"Sorry..."

"Because... if you can escape, I know you’ll treat my wife and kid well. Old Qin, thank you for taking care of them."

"Sorry... sorry..."

Gao Rui put his hand at Qin Fang’s back gently, "Hey, man, when you cry, you seem like a woman. An old and ugly woman."

Qin Fang put his head on Gao Rui’s shoulder. He kept on apologizing, saying the words which couldn’t be spoken out when he was eating the meat and blood that year.

What professor owed him, was not the meat and blood, merely this apology.

"I’ve forgiven you from the beginning... Old Qin."

Chapter 122: Don’t Get Lost In The Next Life

"Does the professor..."

Qin Fang stopped talking some time ago, his head resting on Gao Rui’s shoulder.

Luo Qiu didn’t answer Zhang Qingrui’s question.

Instead, he went to the professor’s side.

He couldn’t tell if the professor was saddled with those sins or not for the past twenty years.

In the first place, humans are unable to decide whether something is sinful or not. His hand swept over the professor’s eyes gently, the aged eyes finally closed.

Zhang Qingrui grieved for this aged man, even though he had only been her teacher for a few lessons.

She gazed at Luo Qiu with a hint of uncertainty, asking softly, "Has the professor... found the thing he lost?"

Luo Qiu’s gaze turned gentle, he lifted the professor’s other hand and laid it on Gao Hui’s, allowing the two hands to clasp.

Reminiscing two decades ago, they went through so many hardships together. Perhaps they went hand-in-hand, cheering together.

"Something like that, it’s not easily lost."

Luo Qiu raised his head, looking at his classmate, "If it’s lost, there’s no need for a next time... I think he just got lost."

Zhang Qingrui finally let the first tear drip.

A normal person would die due to blood loss after cutting his wrist, so of course the professor would lose even more blood after the removing his arm in such a way. When the professor stopped moving and finally stopped apologizing, she knew in her heart,

that the professor just couldn’t forgive himself. The sin that was planted in the heart was unable to be removed.

It was enough for the professor to defeat the demons in his heart before his death.

She came to the professor, putting her palm on Professor Qin Fang’s hand.

"Professor, in the next life, don’t get lost again."

She gazed at the peaceful smile on the professor’s face, her tears slowly turning into a smile. She felt as if after walking through this whole journey, although it was full of dangers, but now her heart was a lot stronger.

...

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Though Boss Luo was not an emotional person but he thought of himself as someone who took promises very seriously, no matter if it was business related or something other than that.

Perhaps due to the specialty of this underground palace, Gao Rui’s soul still hasn’t vanished.

Luo Qiu looked at Gao Rui, muttering to him, "There’s a deal between professor and I, about taking out your body... so, how would you like to be taken back home?"

Going back home was an extravagant hope to Gao Rui. This gradually weakening soul looked at Qin Fang who no longer breathed, as if he was just having a serene sleep. "If possible, bury me in my hometown, beside Old Qin’s tomb."

Gao Rui spoke faintly with a brotherly feeling, "This guy had no relatives before. I brought him into this field, so my home was also his home."

"OK." Luo Qiu nodded.

It was not about the club’s business, but a man’s promise.

Gao Rui showed his gratitude, "Thank you..."

Yet before he finished his sentence, as if being pulled by something, the soul remaining in the body started to twist and stretch.

It wasn't just him, Qin Fang's body also started to emit some white fog.

Their souls went towards the same direction, as if bring pulled by something.

Luo Qiu stretched out his hand and Qin Fang's soul gathering in his palm in the next second. It turned into a lump of white and pink light ball.

As to Gao Rui's, it didn't come back.

As the transaction fee, the professor's soul was protected by the club, hence nobody else could rob it.

At the same time, Cai Wenji's walking skeleton scattered onto the floor. Leaving the bones, the ancient miss now appeared as a soul.

Better than Gao Rui's soul, hers was resisting the attraction from the depths of the triple storied underground palace.

"Is it the power of the magical stone you mentioned or the effect from the array hiding in this palace?" After collecting the professor's soul, Luo Qiu looked at her and asked.

"Concubine doesn't know... this is the first time concubine entered." Cai Wenji shook her head. "Though concubine knows this palace, as long as I get close, it's like being in tornado, therefore I dare not to approach."

"Luo Qiu... I, I feel dizzy."

Ms. Zhang held her forehead, weak at her knees, collapsing in the twinkling of an eye. Luo Qiu and You Ye, who were feeling fine, looked at each other. Then Luo Qiu said, "Let's go ahead to have a look."

You Ye nodded, waving her hand, a wonderful dusky and translucent photomask opened, absorbing Zhang Qingrui and Cai Wenji into it.

Then, Zhang Qingrui felt better, at least she was able to stand up.

Luo Qiu walked along the direction where Gao Rui went. While walking in front, the bones in his way dispersed to both sides automatically.

The scene surprised Ms. Zhang who was following them. The bones were like the ancient townspeople, who had to kneel down at both sides of a road when they saw respected ones.

Luo Qiu didn’t know what the other two following him were thinking, he merely watched Gao Rui’s soul being pulled even more intensely, while the cyan light in front grew even more dazzling.

No other souls were seen except Gao Rui’s.

"It’s weird, logically speaking, Gao Rui’s body fell down since the start, but why is it only now that his soul is being drawn?"

You Ye replied, "Master, you mentioned there’s an object like an amulet that was taken by Gao Rui?"

Luo Qiu thought about it, then nodding because he remembered there was an item made by a yellow spell hanging in front of Gao Rui’s chest.

The servant girl said gently, "The fluctuation of that power on that item shows it’s guarding him. Those tomb-robbing guys always enter graveyards, so they bring those items for psychological comfort. Gao Rui might not know that it had the power to protect him. Maybe he got it from somewhere."

"Maybe from a Taoist temple or something?"

Or perhaps from a witch.

"Master, here we are."

The source of the cyan light was just behind a huge stone column. From both sides of the column, a stone table setting could clearly be seen.

There was a huge rock coffin lying on the stone table. The stone column in front of them seemed to be part of the rock coffin that was removed. Luo Qiu's curiosity had reached his peak ever since he entered this tomb palace, therefore he bypassed the stone column, walking to the front.

Chapter 123: Magical Stone

If the one laid in that sarcophagus was the well-known founder of Taiping Taoism--- the leader of Radicals of the Yellow Scarves Rebellion, it might be the most powerful 'person' that Luo Qiu had ever seen.

His peaceful daily life had occupied by diversified oddities. This time, meeting with the famous historical figure probably meant that they would meet him again in the future.

That was Luo Qiu's prediction.

Luo Qiu looked over this figure thoroughly. His split vision swept over Cai Wenji's soul, whom had immeasurable fear to the evil Taoist Zhang Jiao.

She was quite a beauty with classical charm, yet her current expression was not very good.

And now, Gao Rui's soul had already been absorbed into that stone coffin for a period of time. Luo Qiu reached for the cover of the coffin.

Nevertheless, at the moment he was about to touch it, dazzling cyan light shot out from the gaps furiously.

It lightened up everything nearby in a split second!

An extremely strong force broke out from the stone coffin, which pushed the heavy coffin lid!

Within this strong cyan light, a figure gradually stood up from the coffin. He had a dried face, long sleeve tough silk clothes with black animal skin stuck on both cuffs along with a taper-shaped hat. Both hands were also placed in front of his chest and making two fists.

An oddly-shaped object laid between both of his hands which illuminated the whole three-floor tomb palace.

"Magical stone, Zhang Jiao?"

Viewing this scene, he turned to look at Cai Wenji.

Cai Wenji gnashed her teeth, giving a heavy nod.

Luo Qiu sized up this Hun's clothes... Well, he wasn't sure what it was wearing.

Now Boss Luo could distinguish the difference between ordinary people and special ones.

"What kind of intruder dare to disturb this king's sleep!"

The person in the coffin opened his eyes... it was a pair of cloudy eyes. Luo Qiu couldn't see the spirit that ordinary people had in their eyes.

"Wenji?"

The guy... Zhang Jiao, said in a deep voice with a slight hint of rage, "You dare bring people to intrude this king's tomb!"

"Concubine..." Cai Wenji couldn't stop her quivering body, and lowered her head.

Zhang Jiao snorted, "Well, there is a huge shortage of souls that I need for regeneration, you guys come to help fill the deficiency!"

"Hold on."

All of a sudden, the cyan light of magical stone Zhang Jiao held contracted. At this time, You Ye suddenly opened her mouth. "Before that, could you tell us what you're holding? My master wants to know, could you please tell us?"

Boss Luo gave a start, he really wanted to ask this.

"This is a miraculous object from Heaven, you ordinary people have no need to understand! Quickly contribute..."

Before Zhang Jiao finished talking, well, he wouldn't have that chance... because, this evil Taoist who had terrorized the people, flew out from the stone coffin, before he could even react.

Back to the process before he was kicked.

The servant girl appeared before him at lightning speed, pressing her hand onto Zhang Jiao's chest.

It looked like he was being crashed by a truck!

Zhang Jiao's eyes opened wide, but his body stayed in the air. His clothes billowed as he flew into a rage! Yet, before he found the woman that attacked him, a giant impact struck him from the back, knocking him to the ground!

The thick flagstone on the ground was the victim.

"Such a zombie like you even dare say 'contribute' to my master? Worm, do you know what an honorable person looks like?"

She said in a soft voice, which could be only heard by Zhang Jiao--- and he... received the third attack.

She trampled over him severely. Through his body, the huge power was passed onto the floor, making the already cracked floor break. Then, Zhang Jiao's body was buried into the ground.

"Cheap slave girl dare... if this king has not got recovery, I won't tolerate you... Ah!!!!"

The servant girl heavily stamped on Zhang Jiao, saying indifferently, "There's no 'if'. No matter how powerful you used to be, now you are a weak one."

Watching the next stamp coming, Zhang Jiao's voice betrayed his anxiety, "This king will tell the truth about the magical stone!"

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...

You Ye pushed away Zhang Jiao to a place that pretty far away.

Zhang Qingrui asked after hearing the voices down there, "You... Don't you intend to help her?"

Boss Luo was a wizard who had no desire for close combat.

Furthermore, You Ye could do well in everything so that he didn't have to worry.

"Should not be necessary, eh?" Luo Qiu was not sure about it.

Right after his words, You Ye's voice came from the front, "Master, it's OK to come now."

...

The Zhang Jiao that made waves throughout history, now sat on the ground pathetically.

Zhang Jiao didn't talk until Luo Qiu arrived, "This item is a miraculous object from Heaven. When I found it, its surroundings were full of magical flowers and vegetation. It's amazing how the broken flowers and grass could regenerate themselves. I couldn't find what it is in the books, so I just called it 'magical stone'."

Zhang Jiao took a glance at the magical stone. "After that, I studied intensively and found it couldn't only let spring comes to a withered tree, but also absorb a living person's soul. The more souls absorbed, the stronger the rotten tree will be revived..."

Zhang Jiao heaved a sigh. "I changed my life by becoming the Hun's Sage King through using the strategy of Reverse Days and Alter Lives. But after that, I knew my life wouldn't last long, so I tried to find the way to get a cure. And this magical item astonished me... thus I started to refine it and obtained some small accomplishments. Next, I built the underground palace and aimed to put young boys and girls under arrest before they were about to die... but unexpectedly, this object didn't cure me after a thousand years of absorbing plenty of living souls; instead, it lost its magical power. Adversely, its ability to absorb living souls has been getting stronger, almost out of my control... even I tried to resist its power. If fresh souls are not provided in time, it'll keep corroding me..."

Zhang Jiao now presented the magical stone, "You two can feel

free to take it away. If not, I may die due to its constant invasion..."

Luo Qiu now said, "I know a Taoist who longs for longevity. You even outshine her."

Zhang Jiao didn’t dispute this fact.

Luo Qiu now gazed at Cai Wenji, whose eyes were full of hope, before asking, "Where’s Wei Zhongdao buried?"

Zhang Jiao was shocked by such a question. He glanced at Cai Wenji, thinking about their relationship but didn’t answer.

But the servant girl revealed her unhappiness, showing a hint of sneer beside him.

Zhang Jiao’s look changed, hesitating, "Zhongdao... Zhongdao..."

"Husband, how is my husband?" Cai Wenji was eager to meet her husband who she had met after waiting for a thousand years, "My husband is alone these thousand years. Did he... also..."

Zhang Jiao felt the strong sense of pressure, lowering his head with a faint voice, "Zhongdao won’t feel lonely."

"You... What did you say?"

"Your husband died at an earlier time." Zhang Jiao talked softer, "I used special skills to let you guys think that Zhongdao’s soul still remained in his body."

Cai Wenji gritted her teeth, "Concubine doesn’t believe it! Concubine could meet with him twice a year!"

While Zhang Jiao said, "It’s me that was talking to you..."

A bolt from the blue. Cai Wenji took two stepped back in a fluster. She shook her head. If it was true, then what the meaning of these thousand years of insistence and hard waiting?

"No... not like this... that’s not true." Cai Wenji held her head, her look turning ferocious. In the status of a soul, her let-down hair no longer had any classical charm, turning into a fierce and

cruel female ghost, "You lied to me!!!!"

Within a flash, Cai Wenji turned into a lump of dusky fog, rushing towards Zhang Jiao quickly.

Everyone thought she would let off her indignation on Zhang Jiao, but to their surprise, she took away that magical stone in a splitting speed.

"Husband... Concubine came to see you... these guys... are lying to concubine..."

With the faint voice, Cai Wenji moved towards the opposite side of the tomb palace.

Right then, whole ground of the three-layer palace started to quake. Zhang Jiao said frantically, "The palace has been built along the geographical venation. The magical stone has been refined and becomes the center of this array. It absolutely cannot leave this place..."

Luo Qiu frowned, "Say it clearly."

"The thousand-year Qi of the souls will erupt... and the underground palace will be completely destroyed!"

Chapter 124: Burial

The shaking suddenly became extremely furious and large pieces of stone started to rain from the ceiling!

Suddenly, Zhang Jiao screamed mournfully!

His scraggly body started to melt quickly, as if reacting with strong acid! Merely in a blink of an of an eye, the weedy body turned into several bones. A ball of gray fog appeared from the bones, looking like it might disperse at any time.

"Seems like his body couldn’t be maintained for too long." You Ye glanced at him, "That magical stone wants to swallow his soul incessantly; however, he didn’t know that he actually couldn’t leave the magical stone either."

Luo Qiu nodded, feeling the strong shudder, and watching the cracks in the ground, saying in a hurry, "Take the professor’s and Gao Rui’s bodies first."

You Ye nodded, walking towards the professor. While Luo Qiu took a glance at Ms. Zhang who was scared out of her wits once again, waving at her and letting her body start to levitate.

"Don’t worry, I’ll take you out."

"Yeah."

With the words, Luo Qiu walked along the original direction. He stopped when he passed by the huge stone coffin. Looking over to it, he reached for something quickly, as if snatching something from the coffin.

Zhang Qingrui didn’t see it clearly, so she dared not to ask about it.

Luo Qiu quicken his pace to meet up with You Ye. At this time, You Ye had grasped the professor’s and Gao Rui’s bodies in each hand, getting ready to withdraw this place at any moment.

Luo Qiu looked back at the depths of this 3-level underground palace. Suddenly, he lifted up his hand, collecting Cai Wenji's scattered bones.

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Even if the whole palace was shaking, it couldn't still stop Cai Wenji from seeking Wei Zhongdao's tomb. Since the magical stone had fallen, the light wolves born from this array would definitely no longer arise.

Without the light wolves stopping her, it would not be difficult for her to get access to Wei Zhongdao's tomb.

No light illuminated the ice cold tomb chamber originally, yet the magical stone had brought about a dim cyan glow. Cai Wenji halted in front of a pint-sized stone coffin.

She transformed from fog back to a human-shaped soul, regaining her beauty, rather than a female ghost. 'How can I see my husband with a hideous and disheveled hair?'

Cai Wenji looked down and cried, looking at this stone coffin sealed away for a thousand years.

"My husband, can Wenji see you now?" Cai Wenji muttered to herself. She held that magical stone in both hands, putting it on the coffin.

The cold cyan light pulled at Cai Wenji from start to finish. This magical stone was like fire; it was weakening her soul constantly. She was like a flying moth darting into a fire, willing to do so even if it would destroy her.

"My husband, you still don't want to see concubine?"

Cai Wenji lay on the stone coffin. Her tears fell sadly, looking like the time she knelt outside the palace for 3 whole days just to avoid going back to the Han Dynasty a thousand year ago.

"Why would I keep you by my side?"

With grief and indignation, desperation, and everything she waited during these thousand years... Cai Wenji knocked the magical stone down to the ground.

Rolling, stopping, and being picked up.

It was knocked into Luo Qiu's feet.

He passed it to You Ye. Then, pointed at those floating bones, letting them float to the coffin.

Cai Wenji raised her head, tears covered her face.

Luo Qiu didn't speak, only moving away the lid and sending the bones in.

"Now you can be together with each other," Luo Qiu simply said.

She managed to stay by her husband's side forever, after a thousand years.

When he finished his actions, Luo Qiu turned around to leave--- At this time, the underground palace shook even more fiercely.

He wasn't scared, merely feeling that it would be a troublesome matter to get both dead bodies and Zhang Qingrui out from the palace if they were buried alive.

"Thank you, Young Master Luo..."

This was the last voice he heard from this ancient lady.

She had probably entered into the coffin and slept quietly.

...

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BOOM---!!!!

The huge pit started to sink crazily from the center.

Those heavy equipment used for excavating, bodies of the tomb-robbers and countless of bones on all layers of the palace, Cai

Wenji, Wei Zhongdao and Zhang Jiao, even the professor's past, were all hidden in the earth.

Now, the sun rose and the beautiful scenery was revealed again.

Strong wind started to blow and sweep away the dust from the pit. Luo Qiu stood at the edge of the hollow place, gazing at the rising sun.

Without noticing, one night had passed.

"Will they be disturbed in the future?"

Ms. Zhang came up to Luo Qiu, about the distance of 3 steps and looked down to the pit as well.

Luo Qiu replied, "Who knows, maybe there will be some guy coming to seek for treasures next time."

Zhang Qingrui bitterly smiled, "Human live for wealth and birds live for food. Even if those tomb-robbing guys don't..."

Saying these, Zhang Qingrui looked back to the girl who was cleaning the Jeep Wrangler and placing both dead bodies in it, "... Even if they could go into the palace, they'll probably lose their lives and get nothing."

Luo Qiu merely revealed a faint smile without words.

Zhang Qingrui gritted her teeth, "Luo Qiu... can you not wipe my memory? I know you and that lady can do it."

"Why?"

Zhang Qingrui deeply breathed, inhaling the fresh air in the prairie. She smoothed down her hair and said with sparkling eyes, "To be honest, I just don't want to forget the matters that happened during these days."

She looked at that sinking pit, "There have not been many waves in my life... therefore, these two days have been the most intense and exciting days to me. I experienced nervousness, excitement and dangerous matters that I would never have the chance to feel

even if I almost lost my life. However, for the first time, I felt my heart beat rapidly; for the first time, I smell a different kind of air. I now know that living in the world is so wonderful... I'm afraid I'll forget this feeling or have no chance to go on an adventure ever again.."

Zhang Qingrui took a deep breath, closing her eyes to greet the rising sun with a smile, "Perhaps I won't encounter such situations anymore... I just hope that next time, there will be some memories that are worth reminiscing about."

She suddenly opened her arms, standing by the edge of the pit, as if she would fly along with the wind at the very next second.

After long, Zhang Qingrui exhaled as watching Luo Qiu, "By the way, it looks like I have to give you something for doing this for me... what should I give you?"

"There will be some changes, I will erase both You Ye and I, is that alright?" Luo Qiu suddenly said. "If you remember us as well, I might have some problems from my side."

"Yeah, that will be better. If not, I don't think I can be friends with you two anymore," Zhang Qingrui answered.

She then asked with expectation, "What's it that I should give you? Is it a high price?"

"You already gave me beforehand." Luo Qiu laughed.

Zhang Qingrui was stunned, showing a puzzled face.

Luo Qiu said calmly, "It'll be the return for treating me in the underground palace."

"But it was just a small piece of bread..." Zhang Qingrui stared blankly.

"It might be not important to you or me either." Luo Qiu imitated Zhang Qingrui, spreading his hands, and feeling the strong wind that could lift him up, "The important thing is, you shared it."

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"I... what should I do next?"

Luo Qiu walked to the Jeep Wrangler, taking out a thing wrapped in newspapers from a traveling bag, "Call your home first."

"Well..."

"The professor probably thought he would be able to leave." Luo Qiu said indifferently, "So he took all of your identification documents and purse."

Zhang Qingrui took them over, turning on the cellphone, but suddenly shut it off. "Can I send away the professor for his last journey? I think he won't be lonely if one more person comes to send him off."

Luo Qiu agreed.

"I have one last question."

Zhang Qingrui blinked her eyes. "Since that magical stone can absorb people's souls, then why did Cai Wenji's soul stay the same?"

"This is what I found in Zhang Jiao's coffin." Luo Qiu fished out something from his pocket, then showed it to Zhang Qingrui--- It turned out it was a comb.

"This..." Zhang Qingrui gave a start. It seemed that she understood something, but wasn't sure.

Luo Qiu said, "It should be... a lady's comb."

Chapter 125: Buying The Time For Staying By Your Side

"Grandma, save me!"

Zhang Lilanfang woke up from a nightmare furiously, cold sweat covered all her body. Her heart was beating quickly and felt it hard to breathe. Clearly, she was terrified by that nightmare. It was the fifth day, but Zhang Qingrui hadn't been found yet.

This made her lose her cool. Zhang Lilanfang put on her nightgown in a rush and pushed open the door. "Get the car ready!!" The driver had to follow her order, driving a car to Gu Yue Zhai hurriedly.

At this time, the sun hadn't risen yet.

After coming back to the shop, Zhang Lilanfang opened the gate, walking towards the collection storeroom. "Wait for me here."

The driver nodded, waiting for her in the hall.

In front of the collecting room, Zhang Lilanfang hesitated. Then, she switched off all the security systems one after another.

She couldn't wait for her only granddaughter aimlessly like this. It was for every day and hour that was passed, she felt as if she could hear the screams from her granddaughter.

Finally, she came to the black card, even though she loathed to do so. Her quivering hand took out the black card from the cabinet, "No matter what I have to do, my only wish is for the safe return of my granddaughter."

The old mistress held this black card tightly. Yet, soon after, her look changed entirely!

She pulled it back forcibly! Looking at the shredded black card, Zhang Lilanfang showed a cold look. "Old Fart Zhong... I lent you the card for the sake of my sister, to continue your life... You, you

dare give back a fake one to cheat me!!!"

A real one couldn’t be cut by a knife nor burned by fire... but the card she grabbed, was obviously a fake one.

...

The old mistress sat on the chair quietly, lowering her head without turning on the light.

When Shi Shijie rushed to the shop, it was already dawn. This was the first time he saw such a horrifying expression on the old mistress’s face.

Shi Shijie looked around and found that many items had fallen and broke in the storeroom. Therefore, he hurried over to her. "Mistress, what happened..."

"Old Fart Zhong lied to me... Shijie, follow me to look for him." Zhang Lilanfang raised her head, her look seemed like an evil spirit.

Shi Shijie deeply breathed, "Yes! I will go make preparations now!"

However, as Zhang Lilanfang sat in the car after preparation, the cellphone rang--- It was from Zhang Qingrui.

Zhang Lilanfang answered it. One minute later, she said to the driver promptly, "Wait, go to the airport!"

...

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Outside the airport.

Zhang Qingrui embraced her grandmother and cried. Zhang Lilanfang held her granddaughter’s face, gazing at the pale face that was due to fright.

"Rui Er, where did you go, do you know your grandma, almost, almost..."

Zhang Qingrui was still terrified while speaking of her experience those days. Of course, it was the only the things she remembered.

"... The whole palace collapsed, but I escaped from it through the cover of chaos."

At the back seats, Zhang Lilanfang touched her granddaughter's face, saying with moist eyes, "Everything is over, and you came back safely."

Zhang Lilanfang sighed as the two enjoyed the happiness of this reunion. "20 years ago, there was indeed an outstanding team in this field, but suddenly they were no longer been heard of since. Unexpectedly one of them was actually your university lecturer."

She shook her head, "That Qin Fang is quite a poor guy... but anyway, you came back. Qin Fang died, we can't call blame him. Rui Er, don't tell the story in the underground palace to any other person, OK?"

Zhang Qingrui forced a smile, "Cai Wenji and Zhang Jiao, the underground palace and those light wolves, nobody will believe those."

Zhang Lilanfang said, "A lot of things in the world are not as simple as they appear. Before grandma married to the Zhang Family, there were many more uncanny matters that were hard to verify."

She shook her head, "Fine, everything past is no longer important... except for the tomb-robbing group you said. We have to check to avoid leaving behind seeds for future troubles."

Zhang Qingrui searched through her memory. "I remember that man was called Sneijder and his group members come from different countries. Furthermore, they seemed to have deep pockets."

Zhang Lilanfang nodded, patting Zhang Qingrui's hand. "Don't worry about this, this is our country... I have my own

arrangements."

Zhang Qingrui nodded. Then, she suddenly gathered up her courage, "Grandma, I don’t want to marry the Zhong’s grandson."

Zhang Lilanfang fell silent for a moment, nodding slightly as she saw the uneasy look of Zhang Qingrui.

"Really?" Zhang QIngrui gazed at her grandma in surprise. The amazing experience these days had made her become stronger, different from the past.

Zhang Lilanfang looked at Zhang Qingrui, "You’re the most important thing to me. Nothing else can be compared with you. Besides, I was would reconsider even if you don’t mention it."

"Grandma?"

Zhang Lilanfang shook her head, "Don’t think too much. I’ll take you back home to rest now. Uncle Shijie is handling the shop business currently. Don’t go anywhere else, stay with grandma for a few days."

...

...

In the basement of Qin Fang’s house.

After seeing Zhang Qingrui getting on the car, Luo Qiu and You Ye came here.

To his surprise, they met Qin Chuyu here--- Ever since they came out from the palace, he hadn't found any trace of her around.

It looked like Qin Chuyu knew Luo Qiu would come again. At the moment he and You Ye came out, this weird lady was already sitting there with closed eyes.

The original dead body in the basement had vanished. It should have been moved away by Qin Chuyu.

Luo Qiu looked at Qin Chuyu, "I thought you’d send off the

professor for his last journey."

Luo Qiu didn’t meet Qin Chuyu in Ulan Bator until the burial of the professor at Gao Rui’s hometown. It might be due to her stoic temperament or something.

Qin Chuyu opened her eyes, "I’m not Gao Rui’s daughter, why should I send him off? But rest assured, I’m not interested in Qin Fang’s family property. His testament is in the safe box, and I’ll deal with it and sell everything and finally send all the property to Gao Rui’s real daughter."

She was definitely the only one who could find Gao Rui’s daughter.

Luo Qiu didn’t care how to deal with the following events. He came here to deal with the dead body. And sooner or later the university would find out the truth about the professor.

Luo Qiu nodded. He didn’t plan to say anything and looked at You Ye, showing her a ‘Let’s go back’ expression.

"Wait a minute please."

Unexpectedly, Qin Chuyu called out to stop Luo Qiu. She fetched a primitive and simple wooden box and opened it in front of Luo Qiu, "This is the sarira of an eminent monk from the Tibetan Esotericism. How long can I stay with you if I make a deal with you in exchange for it?"

Boss Luo gave a start... even though his customers all had strange requirements.

But what the hell did staying with him mean?

"Originally, I should not wake up at this time." Qin Chuyu said indifferently, "But the sudden shatter of Taoism has destroyed almost all of the cultivation during this life, and left behind some bad after effects. So I need to stay by your side, to keep feeling..."

She took a glance at Luo Qiu, and You Ye, saying in a serious

tone, "I need to remove the fear from my heart, so that I can continue my cultivation."

The ones who had ever dealt with the club before were the best.

Why?

This was because they knew the rules and immediately offered what they would pay, then only make a request. Luo Qiu’s hand swept over the sarira. After a while of meditation, he said calmly, "Two years."

"OK, two years then."

Chapter 126: Countless Cupid's Arrows

After fishing out the key to open the door, while taking off shoes at the hallway, Boss Luo found he was being glowered at by an excited Subeditor Ren.

Ren Ziling appeared daunting with arms on her hips, but that wouldn't scare a cat, let alone Luo Qiu who had long since gotten used to it.

Without saying a word, Luo Qiu walked into the sitting room as soon as he put on his slippers, pouring a glass of water and drinking it on the sofa.

Subeditor Ren couldn't stand it anymore after witnessing the entire process, from the moment Luo Qiu entered till he sat down. She gave a menacing smile, pulling Luo Qiu's ear while dragging him towards her. "Are you disregarding me?"

"Yes."

"F*ck! You actually admitted it?!!" Ren Ziling gaped, a bellyful of words were cut off.

Yet, as the household and legal mother, she felt this was a loss of face. By these reasons, Ren Ziling sneered and said in a deep voice, "It seems it is time to teach you how to be a person!"

Luo Qiu slapped away Ren Ziling's hand on his ear, then took out a bag of jerky from his backpack and gave it to her.

Ren Ziling took it, tearing it and picking one to bite. "This matter isn't settled with a damn bag of jerky! How could you go missing without leaving a message for me!!"

"But I've sent a text message to you."

Ren Ziling groaned, "Do you think it's appropriate to take a spontaneous trip but send me only one message?"

"Don't forget the landscape photography everyday?" Luo Qiu

fished out another bag of toffee.

Ren Ziling snorted, tearing the bag open and threw one into her mouth. "Don’t think one toffee plus one bag of jerky can seal my mouth!"

So Boss Luo turned the backpack upside down, pouring out everything down to cover Subeditor Ren’s legs. "These will be enough for you to eat a whole week."

Ren Ziling glared at him. "I’ll get fat!!!"

Luo Qiu threw her a supercilious look, massaging his own shoulder while walking towards his room. "I’m tired, we can continue talking tomorrow."

Ren Ziling said while she was tearing up another bag of local delicacies. "Oh, Uncle Ma will leave the hospital the day after tomorrow! Let’s have a dinner, Uncle Ye Yan will join us too!"

The door was already closed.

Uncle Ye Yan.

Luo Qiu turned on the lamp, before walking to the wardrobe after a while of silence. Then he opened it and took out a box.

He hadn’t opened this box in a long time.

While thinking about this, Luo Qiu opened it and brought out the object--- a tenor saxophone.

His hand touched the words carved on the tube. ‘Happy birthday, Ye Yan’s’.

Luo Qiu smirked. He cherished the memory of the days he learned this instrument from that uncle. Unwittingly, he picked it up, putting it close to his mouth.

"Yesterday-Once-More"

When the low, deep but strong rhythm spread over the living room, the anger Subeditor Renfelt suddenly dissipated. She felt

relieved and smiled, "I will forgive you for the sake of these gifts."

Ren Ziling let the sweet toffee softly rotate on her tongue tip. Involuntarily, she thought of the past that never come back.

"Brat."

Her eyes teared up.

...

...

In the office of Xinxin Food Limited Company.

"Zhuge! Print this material for me please!"

"Yeah! One minute!"

"Zhuge! Don’t forget to order lunches!"

"Yep!"

It was probably a misconception, but Zhuge seemed to be in a good mood these days. His clumsy body always seemed to be walking about in the office.

He suddenly became very hard working, always finishing the tasks before getting off work. Furthermore, he was the first one to leave the office as soon as it came to the closing time.

The speed he rushed out of the office was as if special effects had been added on.

When his colleague asked him if something good happened to him, he laughed crazily instead when he was in the washroom.

"No, nothing."

In short, nobody got the answer--- And today, Zhuge was also the first one to leave.

...

Zhuge’s mood couldn’t be described as ‘good’.

Rather, it was sweet! Every day for him was like eating honey and

would never feel sick of it.

Why?

This was because he could eat a steaming hot dish after work every day. He could also witness Nanako waiting at the door with his slippers neatly placed there, etc.

The original messy room with body odor now became tidy and clean, emitting a faint and fragrant scent all the time.

He could hear ‘Take care’ when leaving home in the morning, and ‘Thanks for the hard work’ after coming back home.

Today was the same.

Zhuge gave a satisfactory smile, eating Nanako’s... egg fried rice little by little. She could only cook egg fried rice, but Zhuge felt he wouldn’t be fed up with it forever.

That was because when he was eating, Nanako would be sitting opposite of him, watching him silently.

"Oh yeah, Na, Nanako..." Zhuge still dare not speak smoothly to this almost faultless girl.

"Yeah, what’s up?"

"Nothing, I just want to ask..." Zhuge paused, "You see me eating every time, but don’t you feel hungry?"

Nanako shook her head, showing a sweet smile. "Because, I feel extremely happy to see Zhuge eating his fill!"

As if being shot by Cupid’s arrow, Zhuge sensed he would die of happiness... dying without any regrets.

"Ah! It’s the time to prepare the hot water for Zhuge to wash!" Nanako stood up promptly, going over to the washroom.

When it came to washing, Zhuge couldn’t help giggling, thinking of events happened during these days--- a man and a girl being in the single room. He had some hormone-controlled thoughts.

Yet, every time he saw the flawless smile on Nanako's face, it was as if cold water was poured over him. He would then change his mind and thought that doing that kind of thing with her would be insulting to her.

On the other hand, he started to think about many many questions.

Such as how was Nanako's future? Because Nanako came to his life from nowhere, or should he say, from the cellphone.

She didn't have a legal identity... so how could she live in this society?

Could she only live in this rented room forever?

If she felt bored or lonely when he wasn't at home?

While thinking of these, Zhuge opened his mouth to ask, "Na, Nanako! Will you feel unhappy by yourself?"

Nanako now popped out her head with a smile. "No, if I think Zhuge will come back soon, I'll feel really happy."

This was really... dying without any regrets!

What a perfect girl she was!

Suddenly, Zhuge took a deep breath. "Then... how about taking a stroll outside sometime?"

How merciless it was to have such a wonderful girl to hide in such a small space. When he thought of this, an idea of taking her for a stroll emerged in Zhuge's mind.

"Where does Zhuge want to go?"

Thinking for a second, Zhuge answered, "What about this week... Yes! I have no idea yet, but I will think about it!!"

"I'm looking forward to it! Going on a stroll with Zhuge..." Nanako suddenly held her face with shyness, "Is it a date?"

Zhuge... Zhuge sensed countless Cupid's Arrows shooting

towards him.

Chapter 127: Niddering Slave, Go Die

Qin Chuyu felt a little terrible.

She looked at the thing she was holding--- A costume.

To be precise, it was like the clothes that the woman in front of her wore--- a maid outfit.

"I think only one person serving Master is enough, completely enough, very enough. And that person is me. But since you've bought the time to stay with Master as a customer..."

You Ye smiled faintly, "So, you can stay in the club during the next two years. However, since you didn't give the detailed description, so the only places you can move to is the hall, the kitchen and your room. And you can't enter the three basement floors of the club."

Qin Chuyu didn't intend to explore this area in the beginning.

Her thoughts were pretty simple--- she made a deal with the former boss 500 years ago; it was there she felt that horrible door from him for the first time.

Just that, she didn't cultivate for long and had not much understanding at that time. She was frightened by it but was only influenced a little. Yet up to this day, she was no longer a weak Taoist. Breaking the Tao to her would just waste the lifetime of cultivation if she didn't meet Luo Qiu. She could restart it from the beginning.

But when she sensed that horrifying door for the second time, it was not so easy as breaking the Tao!

Qin Chuyu had cultivated many times in this recent 500 years of entering society. She was no longer as she had been; her Tao Heart had become very smooth. Yet, it had been broken by that weird door. It was on the verge of collapse, showing traces of that all the previous efforts could be wasted.

Therefore, she had to do something to stabilize her Tao Heart--- the best and simplest way was confronting the source of such horror directly.

So when You Ye said she could only move within those several limited places, Qin Chuyu didn’t show her displeasure--- But what the hell the clothes were?

Pretty soon, she got the answer.

"However, since you’ve bought time for staying beside Master as a customer..."

This was the second time You Ye mentioned this issue...

Qin Chuyu gazed at this overly beautiful but quiet face. It indicated dissatisfaction in her tone towards this requirement even though her face was expressionless.

"But it doesn’t mean you can eat and live here free of charge." You Ye revealed her thoughts, "So during the time from now to the maturity date you purchased, you shall stay here as a temporary worker. I allow you to follow me to serve the master."

Qin Chuyu frowned, feeling something puzzled, "Why can’t I stay here as a customer? That sarira is my transaction fee, so I’m eligible to stay here for a long term and am entitled to enjoy your services."

While the servant girl smiled happily now, "Did Ms. Qin forget the request you raised at the beginning? You are just purchasing the time for staying with Master... Of course, I don’t care if you want to restore your identity as a customer. Nevertheless, according to your request when making the deal, I think you can stay for the next 2 years. But, only the hallway is where a customer should stay. And, staying there is considered as being with Master as well."

It was the third time she mentioned it. She really really really was displeased!!

Seem like there was a misjudgment on her part. Qin Chuyu didn't think this gentle girl had actually such a scheming heart.

Qin Chuyu sighed in heart, 'But I've signed the contract.'

As if she jumped into the trap she set herself. Qin Chuyu now exhaled and nodded, "Where's the changing room?"

"I've cleared up the utility room at the end of the second floor, that's your room from now." You Ye smiled.

...

"Is it the reason that Qin Chuyu became like that?"

Sitting in front of the counter, Luo Qiu just finished hearing the whole story the servant girl retold, shifting his attention subconsciously to Qin Chuyu, who was wiping windows on the cupboard.

She was still expressionless and indifferent like before, and wiping the windows carefully... But why was it that she seemed bullied and pitiful. As if she had a bitterness in her heart but felt it hard to speak out?

"Master doesn't like Ms. Qin's clothes?" You Ye suddenly questioned.

In Luo Qiu's opinion, You Ye should be a cosplay fanatic. Now, it showed that was not her only interest.

Luo Qiu looked at his own clothes that You Ye chose for him, shaking his head, "I will leave it to your decision."

He brought that Tenor from home, opening the package, examining it, then repairing it carefully one by one. As for You Ye, she accompanied him quietly by his side.

All of a sudden, the doorbell rang... but the one coming in was not a customer.

It was Tai Yinzi.

The old ghost was still in that weird and mix-and-match style, except the catfish-like beard had been scraped.

Well... he unexpectedly became good-looking.

"Master, you finally came back! This old Taoist... Yu Sanniang!!"

Tai Yinzi was extremely respectful at first, yet he now gnashed his teeth and pointed at Qin Chuyu, looking furious which eventually turned into wild laughter, "Niddering Slave!! 500 years! I met you at long last!! Hahahaha!!"

Simmering with rage, black air rolled by Tai Yinzi, as if special effects were added. "500 years!! Niddering Slave! You have me be trapped for 500 years! It's time for revenge! Go die!!"

Tai Yinzi took a Seven Star Standing Posture, both hands forming hand seals. Black air kept rolling like dark clouds that were blew by fierce winds! His afro hair was swinging frantically and seemed like he couldn't be stopped!

"Justice exists in the universe, Jade Emperor presents golden light!"

With an angry roar, Tai Yinzi's both hands pushed the hand seal in front of him! Now, the black air surrounded him rushed out like a wild wind!

The force was like removing a mountain, a powerful army, and shock of hundreds of horses!

But after leaving Tai Yinzi, the onrushing and surging black air turned weaker and weaker, slower and slower... eventually, it disappeared before going to Qin Chuyu.

Tai Yinzi gave a start, looking at the spell between his both hands in a daze. He couldn't believe what he saw!

"Justice exists in the universe, Jade Emperor presents golden light!"

He formed the hand seal again, pushing it ahead furiously!

The black air poured out again... but it didn’t get very far.

The old ghost stared blankly as if he had taken a huge shock. Then, he remembered... that as a black soul, he didn’t have even half of power he used to own when he was cultivating Taoism before.

The gushing black air was merely the air he held back... actually, it was just like farting!

In front, Qin Chuyu snorted after watching the failed performance from Tai Yinzi twice.

It was f*ckin embarrassed...

"Ju, junior apprentice sister, haven’t seen you in 500 years, how are you..."

Tai Yinzi could not but laugh awkwardly...

Chapter 128: As Time Passed

At first, because he met this enemy 500 years ago, a surge of great fury emerged in his heart. Yet, now, Tai Yinzi, who could only emit some useless black air this time, was incomparably embarrassed. Nevertheless, he didn't totally fall into a panic.

The Tai Yinzi that had calmed down quickly thought about the current situation--- He found it was probably a little more severe than he expected.

Why did Yu Sanniang stay here? Why did she look so hard working... and why did was she wearing the same type of clothes as Ms. You Ye's?

"Master?" Tai Yinzi had to resort to Luo Qiu for an answer.

"Though I don't know how powerful your 'Jade Emperor presents golden light' is originally... but could you correct your posture now?" Luo Qiu put down the cleaning cloth. "This Ms. Qin, the Yu Sanniang you knew that year. She will stay here for the next 2 years. Don't make trouble for her during this period. I like the quiet."

"Master! That niddering slave has a murderous heart, how could you!!" Tai Yinzi got angry subconsciously.

Nevertheless, his words were paused by a circle of weird black flame under his body.

It turned out that You Ye had spoken with a cold face, "Tai Yinzi, did you forget your identity. Are you querying master's instructions?"

The pouring black flame gave off a horrible and terrifying aura. Finally sensing the huge gap between him and this weak-looking girl, Tai Yinzi shivered and lowered his head, forcefully getting his anger and hate towards Qin Chuyu under control. "Subordinate, dares not."

"Be well behaved later on, remember your current identity."

"Subordinate understands." Tai Yinzi didn't dare to say no... because those black flame were so dreadful.

Thinking that You Ye should finish the act as the bad guy, Luo Qiu looked at her. "I'm thirsty."

You Ye hurried to collect the black fire, turning about lightly, "You Ye understands. Master, please wait for a second, I'll go prepare it right now."

Luo Qiu nodded.

The servant girl called Qin Chuyu had entered the back room.

Luo Qiu gazed at Tai Yinzi, who dared not to move, "She'll only stay here for 2 years... come over here."

The words seemed to reveal something. Thus, Tai Yinzi raised his head, walking quickly to Luo Qiu.

Luo Qiu continued wiping the parts taken apart from the saxophone. "I asked you to look after Zhuge before I left. What happened to him?"

Tai Yinzi hurriedly said, "As master ordered, this old Taoist... kept observing Zhuge's actions. Master, this guy didn't seem to have any further intentions. Though a beauty was sent to him, he just did nothing but giggle like an idiot every day. Seems like he's perfectly satisfied. This guy is completely trash. Master! I feel regret seeking such a customer! Please give me another chance, I'll be certain to find a top-notched customer."

While Luo Qiu said expressionlessly, "Oh? Are you denying your first performance? Anyway, he's already used the most precious thing of an ordinary person as the transaction fee."

Tai Yinzi pulled a long face. "But that's just a very common soul. Ah... this old ghost purposely influenced him, while I humiliated him to arouse the hate in his heart..."

Speaking until here, Tai Yinzi glanced at Luo Qiu, saying after some consideration, "I've heard Black Soul No.9 say that a soul with a strong hate and sadness or other negative induced emotions will be considered as high quality... Unexpectedly, that trash doesn't have any intentions for vengeance but instead, raised that kind of requirement."

Till now, Luo Qiu hadn't met any soul with strong hate... Anyway, they were talking about Zhuge now.

Boss Luo suddenly said, "Tai Yinzi, are you feeling depressed that you didn't have Zhuge become extremely resentful so that the soul quality was not that high thus thinking you've got a so-so grade for your first performance?"

It was hard to conceal something in front of the club's boss, so Tai Yinzi had to nod.

Only by having a good performance could he gain stronger abilities, rather than the situation appeared just now where he used up all his power but merely emitted a breath. It was totally disgraceful.

This 500-year-old's face had been lost totally--- especially in front of his irreconcilable enemy, it was too shameful.

"Then how about making a bet?" Luo Qiu asked without any emotions.

Tai Yinzi was stunned. "A bet?"

Luo Qiu said softly, "I bet Zhuge will be an outstanding customer."

Tai Yinzi hesitated, "Well... well..."

Luo Qiu's look shifted, "If finally, Zhuge remains the same, I'll reduce 50 years of your serving time. But if Zhuge turns better, you'll have to add 50 years more of that."

Tai Yinzi felt enough of being suppressed in this place. Especially

that moment just now, after seeing the horror of the servant girl, Tai Yinzi's impractical idea had more or less fallen.

Apparently, it'd be a good thing if he could be set free from this high-pressure place dozens of years in advance. Or if he lost, it'd be merely adding another 50 years of being a slave--- Anyhow, he had 500 years already, 50 years more would not make a difference.

"Great! I accept the bet! Hopefully master won't lie to me!"

...

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"As time passed."

"I only care about you."

"I'm willing to be influenced by your breath."

"Life is limited, it's hard to find a bosom friend..."

While fishing out his key to open the door, Zhuge heard a sound coming from his house.

There was merely Nanako staying inside. Zhuge gave a start, it turned out Nanako enjoyed such kind of old songs?

She must hear the sound of opening the door, hence the melody stopped all at once. Zhuge saw Nanako coming up with a fast pace. "You came back, Zhuge!"

Zhuge hurriedly nodded, passing the food he bought at the supermarket to Nanako.

He was not nervous as the first time. Zhuge could now talk fluently and naturally with Nanako.

"Dinner is ready. Come eat it!"

"Dinner is done again?" Zhuge was stupefied.

He thought about something, but controlled himself to avoid thinking about it or asking her. He was afraid that his doubt would become a key, which would open the gate of his dream and lead

him back to reality.

He still thought he was staying in a dreamlike fairy tale.

As time passed...

No matter what, as long as Nanako was here, that would be enough.

"What’s wrong? You keep looking at me and not eating... Don’t you like it? Nanako saw the unmoving Zhuge, revealing a depressed face.

Zhuge shook his head. "No, I’m just thinking about where we will go for the holiday tomorrow."

"Really!!"

Yeah... no matter what, as long as Nanako was here, that would be enough.

Zhuge gave a slight nod, showing a smile.

Chapter 129: Sitting By My Side

Eventually, the only place he could think of was... the park.

He had planned to purchase some new clothes with Nanako--- yet they bought some on the internet several days ago. He had a habit of always bought things there.

And he didn't want to waste his time on ready-to-wear clothes shops for his first date. More importantly, a man that does not go to brick and mortar shops would not know where he should go to seek cheap but beautiful ladies' clothes.

As for the dinner... Nanako did not seem to eat, hence Zhuge ignored this question subconsciously.

About watching movies---he'd already installed a high-quality projector in his small, rented place due to the unwillingness of spending money outside... As long as he was at home these days, most of the time, he would be watching movies.

With the reason that there was no fun and joy in his life, and unawareness of what to do when dating a girl, he tried to seek for strategies before and after work; however, he couldn't understand most of what they are talking about--- except the final destinations were always different hotels which were all convenient for taking action.

He swallowed his saliva.

The main point was to distinguish the atmosphere and to lead. Even if they only walked to places such as the park, he could lead the girl to a no man's land, and then...#$%&*$^&XXOO.

"F*ck... What am I watching?!"

Zhuge collected a handful of water at the washroom basin and splash it towards his face to wash it. Then he started to readjust his hair--- he had specially combed his hair into an adult's style.

Originally, he had intended to wear a handsome business suit--- but found that he didn’t have that kind of object.

Zhuge looked into the mirror, patting his own face a little forcibly. Then he breathed deeply, walking out of the toilet of this park--- he couldn’t have Nanako herself wait for too long.

"Nanako, sorry for having you wait such long time."

"It’s nothing." Nanako smiled faintly, "Then where will we go?"

Zhuge threw a quick glance at the path access to the quiet place of the grove. Swallowing his saliva, before pointing at the other side unexpectedly--- a place for enjoying the beautiful flowers, "Let’s go there..."

"Great!"

"Ha... Haha, really? As long as you like it... Then let’s go."

Zhuge deeply breathed, walking in the front... Don’t talk about the grove... he didn’t even dare to hold her hand. Though Nanako seemed not to care about it...

What the f*ck...

The Tai Yinzi with the afro was now staring at the action model of his first potential customer, impatience was written fully on his face. He thought, ‘This guy is as timid as a hare, lascivious but cowardly, whom even made me impatient.’ Whereas, Tai Yinzi soon relaxed--- Let it be. If this guy kept being like this, he didn’t expect any changes to occur to him. If so, he could win the bet between him and the boss.

50 years!

Yet, he still did not feel well... and kept staring at the trash. Tai Yinzi followed him impatiently. "But why did the boss make a bet with me?"

It seemed he had a higher proportion to win, but he didn’t think the bet had been set due to the boss’s kindness. He wouldn’t reduce

his serving time with such a causal reason.

"Is there something I don’t know?"

Thinking about this question, Tai Yinzi couldn’t help starting to plan and prepare something.

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The red MINI was running slowly on the road. Ren Ziling was seen to be abiding by the traffic rules… because Officer Ma’s car was right behind hers.

Of course, the other reason was that the rear driver was Ma’s wife, who seldom drove a car. Ren Ziling didn’t want to be grumbled at by her.

She just picked up Officer Ma and was taking him to the arranged hotel for a celebration of leaving the hospital.

"Why chose such a far place?"

Ren Ziling said randomly, "It’s chosen by Uncle Ye. I have no idea."

Ren Ziling looked at the front--- ‘Forgive me that I can’t say Uncle Ye is still on a mission and this place was just beside the place where he was scouting. He would be able to work and take a break as long as he connected his cellphone with the monitor.’

‘But, since he replaced me… For such a long time, that guy still stayed indoors instead of going out from his home?’ Ren Ziling thought.

It was only because she promised Ye Yan that she wouldn’t have a hand in this issue.

"Oh yeah, do you still remember that steamed bun shop?" Ren Ziling suddenly asked.

"Yes, I do"

Ren Ziling started chatting with him, "I was thinking of going there when I passed through the old town 2 days ago for an interview. The boss and his wife seemed to have passed away but their son quit his job in the city and inherited the bun shop himself."

Luo Qiu nodded, turning on the audio system and closing his eyes after softly saying, "Let’s go back when we have free time."

"Well, that’s great. Bring your girlfriend next time."

"Drive your car."

"Tut!"

...

In his memory, Ye Yan did not have a figure like an iron man, or a fat appearance like Officer Ma who had entered his middle age.

He was the same as the one in Luo Qiu’s memory. The one who still liked to wear a simple black wind coat. Luo Qiu remembered Ye Yan had dressed this way since his childhood.

He was still relaxed and handsome like before.

Ye Yan had booked a room very early. When Luo Qiu and others came in, he was making tea quietly.

"F*ck, Ye Yan, what a f*ckin poor place did you book! We came an extremely long way. Are you trying to kill us with this heat?"

It might be due to the long period in the hospital, Officer Ma opened a tin of cold beer, ignoring his wife’s nagging, and drank more than half of it before sitting down casually and continually flapping his collar to release heat.

"Uncle Ye."

Ye Yan smiled, focusing on Luo Qiu. His gaze turned soft, responding to him gently, "You came."

In Ren Ziling’s perspective, she unexpectedly found Luo Qiu to be

a little restrained or even a little nervous?

She was totally aware of this brat’s characteristics.

How should she describe it? Acting as an elder or like an old fashioned youth? Or saying he had facial paralysis?

Subeditor Ren felt sort of disappointed... This guy who came back from France had a really special place in her big baby’s heart.

As his mother, she couldn’t even compared with him?

"Don’t just stand there, take a seat." Ye Yan smiled again, pointing at the place near him, "Sit by my side."

Chapter 130: She's NOT...Human

Officer Ma, Ma Houde, was an honest man. A mere bottle of ice beer couldn't satisfy his craving after lying in the hospital for so long. Therefore, he asked for a bottle of spirits from his wife, saying that Ye Yan would pay the bill no matter the price because that guy earns more than him, plus more bonus and better performance.

Ma Houde was not jealous at all; instead, he was happy for his good brother and proud of his achievements, speaking the words from his heart that Ye Yan was the second one he admired in his life. At that dinner, he drank almost 2/3 bottle of the spirits himself.

Luo Qiu couldn't remember the last time he had been in such a lively atmosphere for more than an hour. He didn't feel any discomfort even though he used to be alone.

He was like an innocent kid who just discovered how to climb mountains, drinking tea made by Ye Yan, and listening to their bragging. Some which he had heard before, some which were new to him, which slowly deepen their friendship.

Yet, nobody mentioned the taboo words. Luo Qiu knew everybody took his mood into consideration, so they avoid talking about the person whom could touch upon Luo Qiu's emotion.

Not long after, Ma Houde drank too much. He suddenly knocked the glass with his chopsticks, making belches as he shambled to stand up. "Listen! These days... I really want to thank my wife for the thorough care every day!"

Instead of continuing proposing a toast, unexpectedly he said, "For appreciating her hardworking, I want to sing a song for her!!!"

Ren Ziling said f*ck on the spot, her face reddened after drinking 3 cups of spirits. Then, she hurriedly covered her ears and stayed

far away.

Yet, Ma Houde didn’t care at all, merely glaring at her before walking to the TV to choose a song. He picked up the microphone, "I’ve heard my favorite song in the hospital these days! Now I’m singing that song for you brats, don’t laugh!"

He not only had the honor of the top sharpshooter and the heaviest smoker, Officer Ma used to be a karaoke master when he was young.

This restaurant had a long history, its decorations were styled from a dozen years ago and had quite an old TV screen. It definitely couldn’t compare to a professional karaoke room. Yet, perhaps due to it bringing up the old memories of that time, Luo Qiu saw that his wife showed a ridiculing face, yet her look was expectative.

Ye Yan didn’t go to see; instead, he lowered his head, playing around with the glass that there still had liquor in it.

"If I didn’t meet you, where... will I be, how is... my life..."

There might be such time a dozen years ago, probably before Luo Qiu was born... A circle of friends, fighting in jest or for fun.

It said ten years caused a cycle and two decades creates a replacement.

Luo Qiu thought it was still their time now.

...

"I will send Old Ma back. Ye Yan, come to visit when you are free. I’ll cook sweet and sour carp for you!" Ma’s wife said.

With his wife’s support, Ma Houde staggered to walk out. Luo Qiu asked for a blanket from the server, covering it on Ren Ziling, who fell asleep on the sofa due to drinking too much.

"She’s hard to take care of." Ye Yan remade a pot of tea, asking Luo Qiu to sit by him, "But she’s not bashful and said she’ll take

care of you her whole life."

Luo Qiu didn’t say something. He heard the first half of this sentence several times, yet the second half to him was brand new.

Ye Yan sipped a little of the tea, "You act like your deceased mother, not your father."

Luo Qiu had absolutely no memory of his biological mother, except a description from his father who was said totally different from Ren Ziling.

He didn’t want this meeting to sink into such a heavy atmosphere, so he laughed, "Seems I should exercise more."

Ye Yan looked at Luo Qiu’s eyes, which were serious and stuffy, like a stone statue. However, he suddenly laughed and pinched Luo Qiu’s nose, sighing with emotion, "I thought you forgot how to make jokes."

Luo Qiu gave a start, it was true that the times he made jokes these years could be counted on his fingers.

Ye Yan shook his head, asking suddenly, "Are you still playing with guns? The membership card I send you has a lifetime validity."

Luo Qiu thought for a second and nodded, because he had touched true guns twice within this period. One was Jin Zifu’s, and the other belonged to that Ms. Nun.

Then Ye Yan asked once more, "What about the saxophone?"

Luo Qiu nodded again.

While Ye Yan touched his hands, saying low, "But I just take guns these years."

That day, his father was sacrificed in a mission... and in the same team, a female agent passed away due to serious injury after two days.

From Ye Yan’s expression, Luo Qiu knew Ye Yan still loved that

sacrificed lady agent though years passed.

"Some day." Ye Yan looked at Luo Qiu with a soft laugh, "Come with me to shoot when I'm free."

"No problem."

...

...

In Tai Yinzi's perspective, Zhuge was a hopeless man. The old ghost had tried to catch up this century but he couldn't learn everything of this time.

Tai Yinzi felt the people now, especially men, had no manliness and aspiration as the men 500 years before.

A good man should be brave and ambitious!

Even though he thought so, the bet was still going on.

It was hard to judge who would win until the end. If Zhuge changed slightly, he might lose.

'Since it was so, then just waking him up from this fond dream might work?' Tai Yinzi sneakily left Zhuge, with an insidious sneer.

...

Zhuge was strolling in the park, wracking his brains to find some conversation topics.

He had no experience in this aspect...And, there must be a large amount of men like him, who didn't know what to say when being with girls.

"Well, Nanako, are you tired?" after a while of consideration, a sentence was squeezed out from Zhuge's mouth.

"Not at all."

"Yeah... we didn't walk for too long." Zhuge touched his head embarrassedly.

What should he say? No matter what the question was, Nanako would reply him at once... However, Zhuge had no idea about how to go on the topic.

Indeed... it was hard to get along with a girl.

"Let’s take a seat over there..."

"OK!"

‘Cheer up!’ Zhuge encouraged himself quietly... yet now, his hair had been wet by the sudden ‘rain’.

Zhuge stared blankly. With disappointment, he looked at the water sprinkler among the plants nearby which was broken at present. It sprayed water crazily on his head, making it seem like it was raining.

"Ah, quickly run!" Zhuge shouted unwittingly.

"I... I’m wet. I’ll go over there to wipe myself." Nanako suddenly hung her head, running away from Zhuge’s side.

Zhuge was stunned... this was the first time for him to see such a panicked expression from her, "Why is Nanako..."

There was no toilet nearby. He saw Nanako ran and hid herself behind a tree, so he walked towards it without thought.

His curiosity had been aroused by some reason, so he was gingerly peeping at her aside.

Nanako should not find him.

Witnessing Nanako squat on the ground... Zhuge saw everything little by little.

Abruptly, Zhuge felt his heart beat so crazily... the terror almost had him scream loud.

Zhuge covered his mouth tightly by his hands, crouching down at one blow, who dared not to see what he witnessed.

He felt an instinctive fear.

What he observed... was that Nanako squatted on the ground, and removed her head from her body!

She was wiping her face slowly...

She was not... not human...

Chapter 131: Shattering

Luo Qiu gazed at Zhuge calmly.

When customers came, he couldn’t refuse them no matter what he was doing. Now it was about 3:30 pm.

"That is to say, Customer came here right away as soon as you left Nanako behind, is that correct?"

Zhuge shook his head, "No...I, I dare not to go see her, so I made an excuse and went back home, then made another one to come out."

"Then Ms. Nanako must feel pretty depressed."

With the repercussions of the fright, Zhuge said shrilly after a moment of silence, "Na... She, what is she? Why can... she..."

He didn’t want to think about the scene he saw not long ago; rather, he was eager to hear the answers he wanted from this weird shopkeeper.

"Clay." Luo Qiu didn’t plan to hide it--- no inquiry, no explanation. The club was always honest.

"Clay?" Zhuge opened his mouth with incredibility. "How come!"

"Does Customer think the Nanako that appeared in front of you was inconceivable as well?"

"I, I do not..." Zhuge shook his head, then became rather angry, "But what I paid is..."

Luo Qiu suddenly turned indifferent, "Customer, do I have to evaluate the price you paid...? Well, there’s indeed a series of evaluation standards used in judging customers’ souls."

Zhuge was stupefied. A sudden horror emerged in his heart.

He was afraid of hearing some of the facts from the boss’s mouth... which he always heard since he was young.

"I’m not... I just..."

He suddenly didn’t know what he was trying to say--- because Nanako was made from clay, he decided to interrogate in rage? However, thinking of the requirement he raised, he only said that he wanted Nanako to come back to him. There was no term written about what Nanako actually was.

Originally... that was merely a virtual character in a mobile game.

It was only clay...

Zhuge suddenly understood, why Nanako never eat before him, why she only cooked egg fried rice, and why... he never saw her wash herself. Even in the park, she was so flustered after getting wet.

Nanako might be afraid that her body would melt and frightened him.

Did she think so?

Zhuge swallowed saliva, finally he asked the burning question, "Does she have her own thoughts?"

A long time had passed since Nanako appeared. Nanako always accompanied him, looked at him eating, and watching films with him. She would chat with him on the internet, even playing computer games with him, yet never feeling bored or tired.

It was quite weird.

It certainly was!

How could this kind of girl exist in the world? One who got everything ready for you quietly and always keep a sweet smile.

"Isn’t this what customer wants?" Luo Qiu said, "She cares about you, is willing to chat with you, and won’t look down on you."

"I!" Zhuge fell silence abruptly. He suddenly felt unprecedentedly agitated.

That was a feeling that had never arose even though he was taunted, rejected by girls after confessing in his puberty, or acting as a small person that was ordered by any other one in the office.

"I... I'm going back."

Zhuge stood up quickly, walking to the club's door without looking back.

"Hope to see you again, customer."

Zhuge heard the boss's voice at the moment he went out. He paused slightly, then pushed open the door and left without a response.

The second time Zhuge came, ended with no transaction.

...

You Ye walked over to him, holding the scented tea that Zhuge didn't drink, and putting it on the tray that was held by Qin Chuyu, who then turned around to leave without saying anything... She still didn't know until now why she was doing this job.

"There is no improvement." You Ye now said softly by Luo Qiu, "But being suddenly soaked by the spray is quite strange."

Luo Qiu took off the mask, holding the teacup, thinking of the matter that bet with Tai Yinzi. He suddenly asked, "50 years should be a very long time, right?"

It was not long to You Ye... but that period was twice of Luo Qiu's current life.

You Ye just smiled to answer Luo Qiu's question.

"Forget it, let's change a topic." Luo Qiu shrugged, "Well, how's the research going for that magical stone?"

You Ye was in charge of keeping that magical stone since they left Ulan Bator. Boss Luo thought it would be more effective to have the knowledgeable You Ye study it, rather than he spending time

on authenticating the price of it.

You Ye came up to his expectation, "According to the description from Zhang Jiao, it has received radiation and material analysis. It's made by an unknown material. As for the radiation, it had a pretty active period previously. I detected a rather weak ray which can accelerate the metabolism of cells."

"So the rebirth was due to this reason?" Luo Qiu asked curiously.

You Ye took a nod, "Yes. But this radiation has been decreasing constantly. It may be due to its special characteristics thus unable to permanently release it... All in all, it may be a meteorite that fell from outer space."

"A meteorite..." Luo Qiu nodded, "But why can it absorb souls?"

You Ye replied, "It should be the instinctive reaction of the meteorite. If souls were regarded as spirits, it actually absorbs something like spirit waves. What's interesting is... there seems to be a special life bred in this meteorite."

"Is it alive?" Luo Qiu was shocked.

You Ye was not sure, "It's hard to say... I haven't seen it before, but it might not have its own consciousness. As for absorbing the spirits, it should be an instinctive reaction. Maybe it is the key to being 'born'. Later on, I plan to have another analysis using fluorescence spectra and polarogram of an X-ray. You Ye will inform Master at the first moment if a further discovery has been found."

Boss Luo could only nod because he didn't know what the hell was You Ye saying.

As the boss, he felt ill-at-ease to face her. It was like a slow learner facing the god of learning more or less.

"OK, I'm leaving now."

Ren Ziling... was still snoring loudly in her sleep in that

restaurant.

...

...

Zhuge’s hand was holding the handle of the door, but he didn’t open it. He didn’t know why he was hesitating, except that he had a blank mind... The scene he caught a glimpse of was hard to be erased from his mind.

Yet, the door had been opened all at once.

As usual, Nanako was standing in the hallway. "Zhuge, you came back!"

Zhuge gazed at this sweet face in a daze, while his body retreated half a step by instinct.

"Zhuge, what’s wrong?" Nanako was confused, "Don’t you feel good?"

Nanako stretched out her hand, touching towards Zhuge’s forehead.

The face that made him happy got close to him, yet the scene she took apart her head emerged and became unparalleled clear.

Clay...

All of a sudden, Zhuge felt as if she had turned into a heap of upright clay... mud and was getting closer to him.

Terrified!

Closer and closer.

"Don’t!"

By instinct, or out of the fear in his heart, Zhuge waved his arm to knock away her palm nearing his forehead.

"Zhuge..." Nanako looked at him in a daze, the sweet smile disappearing in immediately, "Did... you... see... in... the park..."

Zhuge gaped as gazing at his own palm...

I... I...

"I... I... I..."

Stepping back, again, and again, Zhuge felt his mouth parched and his tongue scorched. He then turned about to run down the stairs crazily.

"Zhuge!"

He heard a call in a sobbing tone... however, he just wanted to run away, as far as possible. The happiness of his shattered in that instant.

Chapter 132: Fairness

"I... What am I doing."

Wandering through the night street, Zhuge lost his goal. To go back or not? This question lingered in his mind all the way.

Rambling aimlessly to the surrounding business street, Zhuge sat down on the bench for people to rest before taking out his cellphone. Since the game APP had been deleted by his colleague last time, he didn't download it again--- because he didn't feel weak any longer.

And now, he became more irritable.

'You've logged in the account.'

The game was deleted, yet the discussion platform of the game had been remained there, where there were full of supporters of the game. Essentially, he used to be a member of this group.

'The game will be updated and maintained to test the new version next week. Please get ready to store the data and log it off ahead of time. There will be a new role added into the new system--- Kneading of the magic girl...'

The sticky post was a notice about the game renewal, with one after another exciting comments beneath.

'Magic girl?? Ah!!!! So gorgeous!'

'I'm gonna knead a Slime Girl, Ah!!!

Zhuge scrolled down the page. He suddenly lost all interest in that moment and felt disgusted, "It sounds nicer than it is... Magic girl... if it really appears in front of you... After all, the reality is, no matter how cute it is, it'll be horrific if the figure changes from 2-dimension to 3-dimension."

However... he might have been one of the members who showed delight before today.

Zhuge laughed with self-derision. He sat in a daze alone until the business street turned totally lonesome and all shops were closed except the convenience stores that were opened round–the-clock.

Sure enough, there were no free meals in the world.

Zhuge shook his head, hesitating, eventually going back home... because he didn't take ID card for registering a hotel room after running away from home. He had nothing except a cellphone.

He had to bite the bullet to go back.

Thinking that though Nanako... but at least she wouldn't hurt him.

He went back to the building of his room. As he walked to his floor, he found the door was left unlocked.

Zhuge gave a start, pushing open the door cautiously--- even the lights were not turned on.

Zhuge turned on the light of the room--- it was too small and could be totally seen with a glance.

But... Nanako was not here.

Or washing room, the balcony, the kitchen... Nanako had left the room.

Zhuge sat on the floor woodenly, hanging his head with no joy or sense of alienation. He only felt blank.

He tried to recall the scene that he slapped away Nanako's palm... and the moment he disappeared from her sight.

Zhuge looked around, here and there, before touching his face suddenly. Then repeated the actions, his wooden face started to twitch.

His shoulders quivered faintly, sensing as if Nanako was about to vanish from his life.

Maybe it was better... because he could no longer treat Nanako

like what she received from the beginning.

Maybe it was better... Nanako, must feel depressed due to his behavior.

Recalling the call of his name as he ran down the stairs, it was obviously filled with anxiety, uncertainty, and panic...

...

...

Ring, Ring, Ring.

Zhuge opened his eyes with a headache and turned off his phone alarm. He was dizzy and sleepy with a sore body. It turned out he slept on the floor for the whole night.

Zhuge looked towards the door, finding it was still unlocked and was slightly disappointed.

He did not know what he was expecting.

Maybe, to wake up from the dream and go back to reality.

Since that day, Zhuge didn’t see Nanako. As usual, he hurried to get up in the morning but didn’t catch the first bus. Fortunately, he was in time for the office as the last member.

...

...

"Zhuge! The ink box ran out. Go get one from the warehouse please!"

He was busy repeating the same work every day, not even knowing what he was doing.

"Zhuge, take this sample to the factory. It can be put into production next month."

He was just the most common handyman in the office, without dreams, futures, and friends.

"A good news! I’m selected to join the TV show---Diamond 120 Seconds, and will be there to perform several days later! Remember to watch TV to cheer me up! Are you going to be out that not to watch such famous TV program? Well, I have several tickets for friends and family!"

Listening to that... that guy who deleted his game was flaunting, he could only reply ‘Oh, that’s good’. No excitement or delightfulness, because it was none of his business.

And it would never happen to him.

"Zhuge, you should lose your weight! If you get fatter, there won’t be room for us."

He was always teased from before, and might be the same after... anyway, he had gotten used to it, hadn’t he?

Anyway, he had gotten used to it.

"No room for you here, but you still try, so are you going to be handsy? Disgusting!"

He could only stand. After a certain time of squeezing, he walked out of the metro muddle headedly, buying some simple instant food in the surrounding convenience store.

Anyhow, he just grabbed a bite to eat for dinner.

"Zhuge, you’ve grown up, how about considering to get married? I’ll arrange a blind date for you when you come back next time. I won’t ask more, just choose a girl who was diligent and thrifty in running the household."

It was the chatter from his hometown each month which could already be recited.

The next month would be the same.

"I’ll become the husband of...!", "This is my... way!!", "I’ll keep guard this smile!"

Back to the similar life as before, turning off the light while the

screen was on. He felt that time went faster this way, feeling this guy wearing a straw hat was handsome, and this ninja life was long, boring, but still continued to wait for it.

He logged into the account, from CF to LOL and OW(computer games), from night to the next daybreak.

"F*ck!! Teammates are all idiots?" He smashed his mouse, swearing at meeting a group of stupid teammates.

However...

"F*ck! Don’t you know how to play solo mid? Did your home explode?" The swearing was very serious.

But.

"F*ck you, b*tch!! Hacker!! Report it! Report it!" He would be angry with these.

However.

"Dragon! Swallowing my enemies!!" He couldn’t help shouting when he became excited.

But.

But.

But why didn’t he feel happy at all?

But... why did he feel that time passed more slowly than before?

Why hadn’t daybreak come yet?

He couldn’t remember how long he didn’t look into the mirror... two days? Three days? Or four days?

Day by day.

Day by day, he became more eager to hear ‘Take care on your way’ when he went out for work.

Day by day, he longed more and more for the words ‘You worked hard today’ when coming back after work.

But the reality was, he walked through the dim stairs and entered the empty rented room.

He didn’t even want to go back. Once he went back, there was no way to cheer him up.

Though it was short.

Though it was short.

"Though it was short..." Zhuge found he lost the energy to climb the stairs.

Completely.

"I... am too bad... too feeble..."

Finally, he sat on the stairs, covering his face and sobbing alone.

...

A certain time passed, Zhuge found someone was patting his shoulder. He raised his head, seeing a figure in the dim, so he blurted out, "Nanako!"

"Na what?" Yet a hoarse voice of a man came, "Why is such a man squatting and crying here? Are you frightened?"

"Landlord..." Zhuge gave a start, wiping his face with his hands, "I... I’ve paid the rent already."

The landlord showed his impatience, "I’m not coming for you! Because the neighbor downstairs complains that a figure was sneaking nearby at night, saying that there were voices of a woman crying! This father is always upright! Where are those demons and ghosts? I have to check out the situation tonight."

"Excuse me?"

"Are you deaf?" The landlord pushed Zhuge aside, "Don’t stand in the way! The worker that installs the camera is coming! Get out here!"

"What are you saying!! Say that again! At night, what?"

Unexpectedly the tenant who was always scared, now like a furious beast, grabbed his clothes and pushed him to the corner. The landlord was scared, "They say... say a female ghost was wandering... and crying..."

Zhuge let him go, lowering his head, as muttering, "It’s Nanako... Nanako..."

She was crying.

That day... when he slapped away her hand, and looked at her as seeing a monster...

She... she would be hurt... she would be sad... she... she... she had thought.

Even then... she was still by my side... quietly...

"I’m going to find her! I’m going to find her! I’m going to find her!"

...

Watching Zhuge hurried to run through the stairs, the landlord patted his own shoulder, then lowered his head like a ripe eggplant.

Black smoke flashed across, the figure of the landlord turned into Tai Yinzi.

"Tai Yinzi, would you like to have another bet, about if Zhuge would seek out Nanako?"

"Master... I..." Tai Yinzi face turned extremely pale... looking at the club’s boss, who leaned against the railing, observing Zhuge who was running down the stairs to the road to look everywhere in a flurry.

"I remembered some details have been added to the bet to keep it fair. What did I say?" Luo Qiu turned his head, saying as looking at Tai Yinzi.

"Only observing is allowed, and any sneak actions will be

forbidden."

"Well..." Luo Qiu said, "Then each of us has one opportunity to take actions in fairness, is that OK?"

"As, as what master said."

Chapter 133: “I Only Care About You”

He could not find her.

Anywhere.

Neither in the street near his rented room, nor the park a few blocks away which they had been to.

Though Zhuge was sweating all over, he couldn’t still find her.

"Excuse me, did you see a girl who is really really beautiful and cute with a sweet smile and has a tall figure. Her name is Nanako..."

He asked one and one passers-by, someone said no, while some others just waved hands and left. Zhuge abruptly felt dizzy and lost his breath. He held onto a tree by the roadside, feeling that both his legs were too heavy to move as if they were injected with metals.

He never hated himself so bitterly in his life that he didn’t have enough energy due to lack of exercise even though he had plenty of time.

He gasped for breath, intuition told him that Nanako was around him, looking at him quietly somewhere.

She had her own thoughts... She wasn't only clay.

Zhuge sat on a whirligig like that. His head lowered--- thinking that his averse and fearful look towards Nanako that day was like a knife, which sliced her attachment to him.

Zhuge felt he was not different from those who used to tease and dislike him. They avoided him with a snobbish attitude... And so did he, who separated him and Nanako in the same way.

They were the same.

He was the same as those people.

Although he didn’t express his anger, he never forgave those guys... Likewise, Nanako couldn’t forgive him.

"I’m the worst."

Zhuge sat quietly, attracting the attention of passers-by. The face with stubble looked very pathetic... like tramps on the street.

If Nanako wouldn’t forgive him, then any effort was like beating a dead horse.

He trembled, reaching out to his pocket... To the black card he hid near him since Nanako appeared.

...

The familiar pine door and bell, with the acquainted boss and the weird decoration style.

It was the third time he came.

The boss was sitting over here tacitly, looking like he was waiting for him since long ago. Zhuge pulled out the chair, sitting down without anyone else asking him to do so.

"Customer, is there anything I can do for you?"

"I want to find Nanako." Zhuge deeply breathed, gazing at Luo Qiu seriously. His look showed unprecedented stability which hadn’t been expressed in the last two times, "It’s not my original plan."

Luo Qiu remained the same. "Say it please."

Zhuge took a deep breath. "I planned to... exchange something for the forgiveness of Nanako. As long as she can forgive me... and forget the hurt I did to her."

Luo Qiu said indifferently, "Of course we can do that."

Zhuge shook his head, "But, I gave up this idea... Because I found I’m not eligible. I’ve hurt her, if I obtain her forgiveness through this vile method, then I... What qualification do I have to meet and

face her again?"

"I’m afraid and avoided her from the beginning. I’m left timidly in her view. I’ve never hate myself like this." Zhuge smiled bitterly, "In the end, I’m still the Zhuge who achieved nothing. But this time... This time..."

He shouted heavily and loudly, "This time, I hope Nanako can forgive me by my effort! Thus, the only wish for me is to know where she is now."

Luo Qiu thought for a while, questioning him, "Customer, excuse my curiosity, but how would you like to have Nanako forgive you?"

Zhuge gave a start, "I... I don’t know... I just thought of how to find her first."

Luo Qiu nodded, "If you search by yourself, as long as she wants to avoid you, you probably won’t find her forever. Do you believe that?"

Zhuge nodded reluctantly.

"How about spending 3 days of your lifespan?"

Zhuge nodded as soon as he heard this, without consideration.

"As you wish, dear customer."

Luo Qiu now stood up, walking to Zhuge and pressing against his shoulder--- the view before his eyes started to spiral and he was dragged away.

When he regained his consciousness, he found he was back downstairs of the rental apartment.

"Here..." Zhuge looked at this familiar place with shock, "Nanako... is here?"

Luo Qiu carried the black cane and pointed it at the top, "To be accurate, she’s right in your room."

"How come..."

Luo Qiu coolly said, "She'll come back when you leave and she'll leave before you come back. She has already calculated your daily schedule."

Zhuge's shoulders quivered, "She... She's just..."

Luo Qiu suddenly said, "She's probably not bored. To be honest, this Ms. Nanako works more than before."

Luo Qiu continued explaining, as watching the confused Luo Qiu, "She cleans your room everyday, but is afraid that you'll discover it, so restores it as it used to be. Besides, she watches the movies and videos you watched and deletes the records... etc."

Then she must feel... even more lonely than the previous days.

Zhuge couldn't imagine how she spent the time.

"Actually... She did so much for me." Zhuge looked vaguely up Luo Qiu, "I... I want to do one thing for her... Can I buy something from here?"

"Of course you can! You're always our dear customer." Zhuge took a deep breathe, "I want to go to a place."

...

...

In the TV station.

In the live site of Diamond 120 Seconds program. As the most popular program among the local and surrounding provinces, it had a terrifying audience rating.

Merely seconds of performance on such a stage would be enough to be used as a bragging conversation topic!

"Mr. Chen Jiaming, please prepare, it's your turn in 1 minute!"

Chen Jiaming breathed deeply, thinking that he'd appear on this big stage after 1 minute... and bound into fame! After that... f*ck the useless top sales of the food company!

‘This father’s goal is to be a famous person and make a fortune!!’

Jumping to warm up casually and ease his nervous spirit, Chen Jiaming started to adjust his breath. However, just then, his vision blurred.

He wiped his eyes, watching a big strong man walk out from the changing room. Chen Jiaming gave a start, "Zhuge? Why are you here? It’s backstage... Well, you must have come to cheer for me! Hahaha! Thanks!"

Unexpectedly, Zhuge rushed up to Chen Jiaming, hitting him on the belly without hesitation!

"This fist is repayment for the deletion of my game!"

"You!"

Later, Zhuge raised his knee severely and struck the opponent’s stomach too... he was a fatty with strong leg strength. Chen Jiaming held his belly and squatted, vomiting and almost fainted!

"And this fist... for no reason, I just wanna hit you!!"

"You..."

"F*ck you! I’ve tolerated you for too long!" Zhuge took a sudden jump and then squashed Chen Jiaming.

Even Boss Luo at the side felt painful witnessing such a bash... He shook his head, touching Chen Jiaming with the cane, making him faint to avoid seeing any of the torturous expressions.

"Chen Jiaming! Chen Jiaming! Are you ready?"

"Yea... Yeah I am!" Zhuge took a glance at Luo Qiu but found no response from him, so he answered that call.

He didn’t change, opening the door and walking through under the eyes of the program assistant to the backstage. Entering stage as soon as the emcee finished his introduction.

The emcee was stunned and could not say a word. She even

retreated step by step... back to the edge.

"...Is that Zhuge?"

"Yeah, it's Zhuge. Where's Chen Jiaming?"

"Crap... What happened?"

Under the spotlights, Zhuge went to the stage center step by step and then took over the microphone from the assistant. Gazing at the audience in the sound stage... there were 500 people along with the jury and 8 video cameras.

He never showed himself in front of so many people before--- Yet he was aware that countless people were following him in front of their televisions.

He dared not to recall how he went on the stage... due to fear and nervousness, his palm grasping the microphone had been drenched. Therefore, he had to hold it with both hands to avoid dropping it.

Zhuge found it difficult to speak... he hung his head unwittingly, without daring to look at those audiences and the jury.

'Nanako... is gazing at me.'

While thinking of her, who stayed in the small room, cleaning it up quietly and putting everything back to original appearance, the sudden heartache made Zhuge raise his head.

"I... I'm Zhuge, full name is Zhuge Cong."

"I... I used to be a very cowardly person, not clever and also very fat. I failed exams, couldn't finish even a 200-meter race. And no girl would want to be my girlfriend before graduating from university."

"But now, there's a person that cares about me all the way."

"After graduation, I was just a handyman in a common food company, I thought my whole life would be spent this way..."

"I wanted to work hard, but I was afraid of failure. Though I look careless, I’m actually very sensitive to everyone’s opinions."

"I have no other activities. After work, I go back home and do nothing but play computer games and watch anime... In others’ views, I’m just a loser that avoids reality."

"I’m really good at denying myself... I keep thinking that why others dislike me all the way. But now, I realized the truth is not like that... rather, it’s that I hate myself."

"I met a ... a beautiful and lovely girl. She knows me, supports, and thinks highly of me. She accompanies me to watch those naïve and ridiculous anime and watch me play games by my side."

"But I even avoided her... even hurt her..."

"I’m really the worst man..." Saying this, Zhuge let out a slight hint of laughter containing self-mockery, "Even just now, I knocked out my colleague and replaced him to come to this stage."

Upon hearing these, the director group turned flurried and confused.

Yet the director banged the table furiously, "Stay calm! F*ck! Continue the live stream! This is what you call increasing viewership!!! Go ahead!!"

"... When I think back, I found she has done so much for me without mentioning anything. But I, seem not to do anything for her."

"Hence, please give me some time to sing a song." Zhuge lowered his head, "Let me tell all I want to express, my apology, my thoughts and everything... ‘I only care about you’."

"If I didn’t meet you."

"Where will I be?"

"How will my life be?"

"If life should be cherished."

Sorry, Nanako, now...

"Maybe someone you know."

"Is living a common life."

‘Now, please watch me... watch me, I’m right over here.’

"As time passes."

"I only care about you."

"I’m most willing to be affected by your breath."

‘I won’t be scared of anything.’

"So I... beg you... Don’t have me leave you!"

...

...

"Zhuge..."

(In a sobbing tone)

She sat in front of the TV, shocked by the sudden change in the program. Nevertheless, she never moved away her attention since she saw that clumsy figure.

Covering her mouth with one hand... then the other hand was raised to help cover it as well.

"Zhuge... I want to see you."

Chapter 134: The Man With Hope

This time, Tai Yinzi heard it all in a ‘kneeling’ posture.

Of course, it wasn’t that he really knelt on the ground, but it was just an intuitional feeling--- This was not because this guy sang badly and could not even carry the tune midway, or that he sang in a sobbing tone and choked with sobs in the end.

Instead, when this guy, who was a hopeless man in his perspective, stood on the stage and faced hundreds of audience on the set and thousands of audiences in front of their TVs. He started to reveal his inner world.

This guy started to transform--- Not to the degree for him to adore as a Black Soul, however, at this moment, this guy became attractive.

Apparently, this originally hopeless trash... took his first step, marching towards becoming a man with hope.

In the last row of the set, his boss revealed a slight hint of a smile--- Tai Yinzi knew he would probably lose the bet.

He didn’t think that he would fail due to his actions... He regretted letting Zhuge surreptitiously catch a glimpse of Nanako’s real identity--- Unexpectedly, such a change became the inducement for Zhuge to be reborn.

However, human is a rather miraculous kind of animal. Once they experiencing just one transformation, their spirit would become totally different. As a Taoist of the past, he had his own methods of distinguishing humans.

"Master... I lost." Tai Yinzi lowered his head.

The old, single ghost took action and thought the club boss wouldn’t be able to pay close attention to every activity that the Black Soul Envoys perform. Therefore, he tried to sneakily win the bet--- but obviously he was misunderstanding something.

Tai Yinzi couldn’t help thinking, that whether some of his senior Black Soul Envoys had experienced such a situation and also had their own selfish calculations before.

He’d followed Black Soul No.9 for a while, feeling that this ‘big brother’ had an extraordinary ability, yet was still loyal. This made him feel inconceivable. However, it made sense after witnessing the dreadful You Ye... and the ability of the boss which confidently knew everything.

In the long run, many Black Soul Envoys had probably tried to resist; however, their determination had been dissipated by the sense of incapability. Finally, they could only attain liberation through enough performances.

"Don’t you want to wait until Zhuge pays his soul?" Luo Qiu asked him with curiosity.

Tai Yinzi shook his head. "No need to do that."

His sneak actions would be realized anyway... He was aware he would have no chance to be forgiven if he cheated again.

Tai Yinzi knew this time, Boss Luo was warning him.

But, as a 500-year-old ghost, he felt awkward being cautioned by this young man.

He didn’t know if he was getting muddled as due to age... or as an ancient person, he couldn’t catch the thought patterns of the new generations in this developed world.

People should show more sincerity!

Watching Luo Qiu now sneaking away, Tai Yinzi hurried to ask, "Master, where are you going?"

"Obviously I’m going back since the customer’s requirement has been fulfilled."

Luo Qiu collected his black cane, wore his hat, turned around and pushed open the safety gate of the set, "There are other customers

that I have to meet."

Tai Yinzi gave a start, wondering whether he should ask if he should continue monitoring Zhuge or follow him back.

Abruptly, thunderous applause was given on the set. Some people even stood up.

With lightning speed, one by one, the audience stood up with their loud cheers and applause.

Under the unceasing spotlight and cheers that were loud enough to wake the dead, Zhuge felt exhausted, slumping down on to the stage.

He had done a thing that was unconceivable and miraculous... in just a short dozen minutes.

He had no idea why.

"This feeling... seems good." Such thought emerged in Zhuge's brain. However soon, Zhuge stood up, because he had no time to feel these or appreciate the enthusiasm coming from the audience.

He didn't think this was his stage. There was a more important place waiting for his arrival.

"Thanks everyone... I, I'm going to see her. Bye!" Zhuge held the microphone, giving a nervous bow before running out of the stage hurriedly.

"Come on!!"

"Wishing for your happiness!!"

"Youngster!!"

"Good job!!"

All voices were from those who made way for him...

...

"That's right him! This f*ckin fatty! He knocked me down, and robbed my chance of getting on the stage!! I've called the cops!!

You guys catch him!! I won’t forgive him!!"

The running Zhuge encountered Chen Jiaming whom had come to his senses.

His colleague.

Not only him, another colleague stayed near Chen Jiaming... Was it because he found the one on the stage was not Chen, so he ran into the backstage, and woke up the fainted Chen Jiaming?

Not only that, there were two security guards of the TV station standing nearby.

"Stop running!!"

‘Only idiots would stop running... How could I do such a crazy thing?’ Zhuge turned about and ran away. He didn’t regret anything, just thought that it was too crazy today.

‘En... seems like nobody is following me anymore.’

Zhuge looked back subconsciously and found that four people including Chen Jiaming had fallen down and were tangled together. It might because they were tripped... Seeing this, Zhuge dared not stay there any longer and fled quickly.

"Shit... this Taoist lost the bet but at least he has some hope. Please make my first performance look better."

...

...

‘I’m Nanako.;

‘Yeah, it’s my original name since the beginning.’

‘Ever since I was conscious, I lived in a very very small place. It was dim and nothing could be seen. Until one day, the world suddenly turned bright.

I saw colors different from the darkness through a rectangle frame... I saw some weird objects. Later did I know it was a

person's face.'

Some weird substance flew into my body.

'Since then, I knew my name was Nanako. And the man I saw was Zhuge. I found out his name later on.'

'Ever since then, I could see him every day.'

'Zhuge gave me many many clothes, and provided me with food during regular times... I don't know the taste of that so-called food, which will turn into light and flow into my body, but then I would feel the sense of satisfaction.'

'He would keep talking to me and show various expressions in front of me.'

But that magical rectangular frame can't always be opened incessantly.'

When it is closed, I'll continue being caught in endless darkness... whenever the darkness came, I always had an extremely strong desire.'

'I want to have that frame to open. I want to see that person.'

Chapter 135: I Really Want To See You

‘I began to know what is going to work, what is getting off work, what is human…I don’t know why but I familiar feelings towards all these things.’

‘It was as if I had experienced it before.’

‘Sometimes I would have doubts. Where do I come from… Then, I could see more things without Zhuge opening the small frame.’

‘I begin to come into contact with some other things similar to me… I start to know what data is and who I am.’

‘I’m the character of a game made by the users.

‘When connected to the internet, I would feel a lot of the same characters as me… I tried to communicate with these characters. I want to talk to them so that when I couldn’t see Zhuge, I won’t feel bored.’

‘Yup, I start to know what being boring means.’

‘But, no matter how I called them, they ignored me… They seem to be different from me.’

‘It seems that there’s only me existing on the other side of the screen… I really want to leave such a world and I don’t want to be haunted by the darkness.’

‘I really want to see Zhuge… and chat with him. Although I know I could only express my feelings by typing words in those chatting programs.’

‘But somehow, I feel that Zhuge knows it. Though it was only originated from the program, Zhuge also regards me as the same kind as him.’

‘If so, even if there’s a limited period of time to meet each day; even if after meeting with each other every time, I have to face the darkness again… even if I know maybe Zhuge will delete me like

other users that day…’

Even if such a day comes, but at least for now… I would be willing to wait in the dark.’

…

‘I thought, my days would continue like this all the time, until the day I cannot see Zhuge anymore… because of the uninstallment.’

‘But I didn’t think that the day would come so suddenly.’

‘I had expectations again, seeing that screen open…But this time, the person I saw was not Zhuge?’

‘Who was he? Why was he not Zhuge? Where was Zhuge?’

‘I saw that strange man’s smile outside of the screen…I hated it. He looked at me as if watching a clown.’

A smile as if he’s playing tricks on me.’.

‘Don’t move… That’s the present Zhuge gave me… Don’t move… Please don’t move!’

‘Stop… It’s the scene that Zhuge went with me, stop!!’

‘Delete?’

‘I suddenly sensed a kind of fear, seeing the big delete option appear in front of me… Delete?’

‘Stop it!’

‘Stop it!’

‘Please… Please stop it… Stop it… Stop it… Please, stop it…’

‘Zhuge, where are you… I really want to see you…’

…

"I want Nanako to come back to me, I would like to pay all I have… even my soul." ‘It’s Zhuge’s voice.’

Finally, I can see Zhuge once again.’

‘This time, it’s different!’

‘This time, I’m not across the screen! This time, I’m able to grab his hands, the wide hands with heat! So good, it’s so great that I can come to Zhuge’s world!’

…

Though it’ll take me some time to see Zhuge every day, even longer than waiting on the screen as before. As long as he’s still here, as long as I can say what I had not been able to say through such a feeling… it was too good.’

"This weekend, let’s go out for a walk."

‘I didn’t even know how to describe my emotions of that time… It’s my first date being with Zhuge in the real sense. It’s no longer a moving scene across the screen… or the virtual scene that only I can see.’

…

‘This idiot… Why not hold my hands? He was so skillful while playing the game…’

‘But that’s enough, later there must be plenty of opportunities as well.’

‘I think so.’

‘Really.’

‘However… my secret was discovered.’

‘The sudden spray of water splashed on me. I could feel that some of my secrets couldn’t be confessed to Zhuge.’

‘I ran away from Zhuge, regardless of the consequences. Since I came to the world, I knew I could not run into water. As long as I touched it, my body shows signs of melting. I need to wait for my body to dry out before I’m able to recover.’

…

‘I know that Zhuge had probably already witnessed it when I was wiping my body. I knew that he didn’t say anything else and took me back before leaving hastily.’

‘I know that…’

‘But I imagined that Zhuge would come back again.’

‘I thought so.’

‘Eventually, Zhuge came back. Seeing the change on his face…I didn’t know what I should do. I tried my best to act as usual, I wanted to get close to him.’

"Don’t!"

‘He went away… This time, he turned about and ran away desperately, no matter how I called for him.’

…

…

I, I could only see him quietly downstairs… I followed him from the back.’

‘I saw Zhuge no longer raise his head, walking vacantly, without the smile on his face.’

‘I walked back to his room quietly, and cleared away all he had… Then I restored everything to its original place.’

‘I sat on the floor alone, waiting for him to come back as usual… But so many times, I hoped that Zhuge wouldn’t open the door.’

‘If so, I felt like…I will seem like I am awaiting his arrival back home.’

‘But I know… I’m different from him all the time.’

‘I know a lot of things… Even if Zhuge doesn’t mind. Even though… But I’m not a real person anyhow, I can’t give him what a real woman could provide him.’

"Aren’t you tired?"

‘Suddenly one day, a strange man appeared in front of me. He was dressed in black, and wore a clown mask... At the very beginning, I felt scared, but this weird guy didn’t do anything to me.’

‘He was quite polite, even deserved to be called a gentleman.’

‘He appeared in this room all at once, and suddenly asked me such a question, I didn’t know how to answer it.’

"Aren’t you tired?"

‘I also asked myself this question.’

Later I said, "If I can’t stay here quietly, there will be no place for me to go."

He suddenly said, "There is a guy in my shop, he recently brought a client to me... But this guy is actually new and he knows nothing. He seemed to have made a mistake."

‘I still didn’t know what he was talking about, but I didn’t feel he was malicious... Maybe I also wanted to chat with someone.’

"What attracted him was not the client whom he was thinking of... but you, the one who was by this client’s side."

"Me?"

"You can call me if feel the need. My respectful guest, whatever your hope is, if only..."

‘After an inexplicable remark, this weird guy left a black card in front of me and then disappeared from my sight.’

...

...

‘It was Zhuge!’

‘He was there!’

‘He was there... For me, he stood on the limelight! On the stage, he unsparingly skinned his heart and tore it to the ground.’

‘I covered my mouth with both my hands… I felt like crying, but I could not shed tears.’

‘I don’t have that kind of thing in my body!’

‘I longed to say that I forgave you… I won’t blame you at all… I really want to see you!’

‘I really really want to…’

‘But I can’t even shed tears!’

‘I can’t even do it… I, I’m not a human being. I can’t act as like a normal human, Zhuge and I… I really want to see him.’

‘I really… really want to see him.’

‘At last, that black card burned up at once in front of me… I saw a wooden door, and heard the sound of the bell.’

I heard that weird man who appeared once said, "Welcome."

…

…

Yup…

Zhuge raised his head to look up at the small iron window on the wall.

After that day, he didn’t see Nanako anymore. Despite the fact that he came back to the rented apartment from the TV station frantically, he didn’t still meet Nanako.

He saw that the television that wasn’t turned off-- -- But Nanako was not here.

‘Did I still not obtain Nanako’s forgiveness?’ Zhuge bitterly smiled, and didn’t know how he had spent that night. The very next day, some people came to Zhuge’s rented room.

Chen Jiaming brought the men over here… Zhuge said nothing, following him quietly to the police station.

The guys called police were without mercy and would accuse him... Zhuge didn't even care when the guy gnashed and swore over there, he just felt his kick and punch that time were so cool. Why didn't he hit more?

...

'I won't give up.'

'If you won't forgive me in one day, then two days, three days... a whole lifetime.'

Zhuge breathed deeply, looking at the blue sky outside through the little iron window of the detention room. He didn't doubt anything, but only had a firm thought in his mind.

No need to be upset... And he shouldn't be depressed before getting Nanako's forgiveness.

"Zhuge Cong, you can get out! Someone is here to bail you out, but you'd better not go wandering around. Just wait for the courts summon."

'Who would bail me out?'

Zhuge was absent-minded, thinking if he had disturbed his old parents that still lived in his hometown? That would be a real hassle.

He went out despondently, struggling how to explain to his parents... He might be seriously scolded? After all, he did such a shameful thing.

However.

It wasn't either of his parents... Who was the one that stood waiting outside the door?

Who was the person wearing a white hat, a plain-coloured dress, quietly standing there?

With short hair... Wasn't it Nanako?

Chapter 136: We Will Take Away Your... Soul

Was it Nanako?

Zhuge hesitated... He asked but didn't get a response. It seemed that the face with sunglasses was similar to Nanako, but the figure was a little bit taller.

However, the person said nothing. Only going straight to the side of the taxi, opening the door, getting in and waving to him.

It should be the girl who bailed him out?

Eventually, Zhuge got on the taxi with some doubt. Then, he said nothing all the way and the girl merely gazed outside of the window. Zhuge wanted to say something but could only look down and feel puzzled.

"I. do I know you? Thank you for bailing me out, but... I want to get off, to find someone." Zhuge summoned up his courage.

But suddenly, the taxi stopped, the place was... the park.

Zhuge was distracted, the girl had already got off, walking to the park alone. Zhuge scratched his head, wanting to ask clearly. With his question, he followed her subconsciously.

The girl walked into the park with her back towards him. As she walked along, the people around them became less and less. Zhuge looked around, suddenly it occurred to him that he had been walking in this park with Nanako.

All of a sudden, that girl turned about and took off her sunglasses.

"Nanako..." In an instant, the girl who took off the sunglasses nearly overlapped with the Nanako in his memory.

But he soon shook his head, even though overlapping, there were

still a few dissimilarities between the two.

It could be said that the similarity between the two of them could come to around 60 percent? Zhuge thought of it subconsciously.

At this moment that girl seemed to be annoyed. She suddenly pinched her hair, "Gosh, my hair was cut, looks like it is a little bit worse."

But this was Nanako's voice!

"This... This is..."

The girl went to Zhuge and suddenly stretched out her hands to catch Zhuge's jaw, pinching it emphatically, "As soon as I woke up, I ran from the hospital to see you. Why aren't you happy?" The girl opened her eyes wide. "Or were those words you said on television all lies?"

"Ah?" Zhuge really didn't know what this girl was saying.

...

"Wake up?"

The girl nodded and walked on Zhuge's side, "...Hum, I suddenly fainted that day, then went to a dark and unlit place, I even forgot who I am. Until one day, you appeared in front of me."

"Well..." Zhuge opened his mouth. It was unbelievable. But it seemed that nothing was impossible since Nanako could appear in front of himself.

"That man said... Hum, he said to be that my soul had an out-of-body experience. It entered the game's data carelessly and had been trapped there." The girl was thought for a while and said, "If I knew it earlier, I wouldn't have touched anything. Perhaps because of that, I got an electric shock."

Electric shock, out-of –body experience, entered into the game's app, had been trapped for a long time?

"I am annoyed with the requirements raised by a stupid guy

everyday, who sends me food or urges me to change clothes, are you a lunatic?" The girl turned around, suddenly making a nasty face.

Zhuge immediately started sweating, "I am sorry... But now you..."

"It is obviously because the soul came back to its original body? Are you an idiot to ask this?" The girl was somewhat impatient.

"I... I'm sorry."

He really didn't know what the girl was thinking...

"I eventually meet you."

Unexpectedly the girl suddenly released his jaw, embracing and head leaned on his chest, "I am Nanako, idiot...Nanako said she will always accompany Zhuge, have you forgotten it?"

It was Nanako... it was really her.

Zhuge rounded up his hands subconsciously, taking this girl into his arms tightly, and the tears surged out immediately, "Nanako! It is really you!!"

"Ouch! Are you gonna strangle me!! It is disgusting...Don't get your snot over me!! So disgusting!!"

"Sorry, I'm sorry!"

"It is the time for you to lose weight!!"

"Yup..."

"Zhuge... This time, aren't you going to hold my hands?" The girl snorted, "I purposely asked the driver to come here."

Zhuge plucked up his courage, breathing deeply, and walked up to the girl. He grabbed her hands. Her hands were not cold but warm, soft, as if without bones.

The two people wandered around in the park casually, finishing the unfinished date of last time.

"By the way... Nanako, what is your original name?"

"Zhou Yuanshan." The girl said softly, "But generally it's not called this ... Usually 'Meng Xiaoyu'."

All of a sudden, Zhuge stopped... Meng Xiaoyu, he recalled who she was.

The prototype of Nanako he had mould was using this girl as a reference... It was one of the original voice actresses of the game which was initially planned for publicity.

...

...

"So... My guest, could you please tell me what do you want this time?"

'What do I want?'

Zhuge sat nervously, as if on pins and needles. He suspected he had been possessed by ghosts, or else he couldn't come here for the fourth time.

"I wonder if Nanako came here to make a deal?" Zhuge gathered up his courage eventually.

"One day."

Holding back his tears, Zhuge got a definite answer at the price of one day being reduced from his lifespan.

"So... What did Nanako use for the trade? I have asked her, she said it is a secret and would not tell me."

"It is more expensive to inquire about other guests' transactions, but considering the relationship between the two... One year."

Zhuge looked at his lost year with tears, feeling that he wouldn't be comfortable and happy if he didn't get the answer.

"Miss Zhou Yuanshan's consciousness was accidentally separated. Of course, if she has been in this state for a long time,

even though her body was kept alive by instruments, she wouldn’t wake up. Of course, it cost her a mere year of lifespan to have her consciousness return to her body. So... What else did you need? "

"No, nothing!"

Zhuge stood up immediately, even throwing away the black card on the table, looking at the boss of the club and said, "I don’t need this."

He breathed deeply, said uprightly, "I think I won’t need it from now on."

Luo Qiu grabbed the card, and spun it on his palm, "I am afraid that’s not possible. This is one of the proofs of your transaction. Besides those completed trades, when your life is over, we will..."

Boss Luo came to Zhuge, putting the card back into his pocket, patting him on the shoulder and whispering in his ear, "Take away your... soul."

...

When Zhuge came to his sense, he found himself standing outside the rented room.

Zhuge burst into laughing, "The soul... such a thing. Now I have something more important than that."

Taking a deep breath, he opened the door of the rented room.

"Welcome back! Zhuge, do you want dinner or a shower? Or, me..."

That stuff was not important at all.

As long as I could go on living with her... That was enough.

Chapter 137: Diamond

"Typhoon ‘Gotham’ will land our city in two days, the meteorological center is advising everyone to prepare..."

Luo Qiu looked outside the window, it was still shining and did not seem that it would turn into a violent storm--- Certainly, it was common to be humid before the typhoon arrived.

However, as expected, he had no motivation to go out.

For one thing, because it looked like a furnace outside, for another, the constant temperature inside the club was 25 degrees Celsius.

The so-called there is no harm without comparison probably meant this.

Boss Luo who was turning pages of the old account book and looked towards Qin Chuyu without hiding it---While thumbing through the old account book, he found the transaction with Yu Sanning 500 years ago.

His and Qin Chuyu’s eyes met each other. Nearly at the same time, Qin Chuyu’s face turned pale, before spitting out a mouthful of blood.

Yes, that’s right, it hadn’t been the first time that this temporary worker spat out blood.

The used-to-it Boss Luo knocked at the table. A few pieces of tissue were pulled out automatically from the paper box nearby, slowly flying to Qin Chuyu.

Qin Chuyu didn’t refuse it, grabbing the tissue and wiping blood off her lip. Then she slowly closed her eyes, and adjusted the chaotic feeling in her body silently.

She said she could see what she was afraid of from him. Basically she spat out blood a couple of times everyday after entering into

the club.

Without considering what kind of practice Qin Chuyu was doing, Boss Luo continued checking the old account book, while thinking about how she managed to persist when splitting out blood everyday.

"...Guest Yu Sanniang, cutting off eight tails as the transaction fee, for getting rid of the fox body to be a person."

It was just a very simple record---The transaction on the account book was basically written in this kind of narrative style, without any more stories to tell.

From a demon to human... Was it a fox monster with eight tails?

At this moment Luo Qiu blatantly looked towards Qin Chuyu with curiosity. Faint golden light flew beneath her facial skin, giving her a better look.

So, how did she survive under the excessive bleeding?

Women's natural instinct, eh...

The bell rang at the door, Luo Qiu closed the old account book on hands, standing up slowly.

The guest held the black card in his hand, Luo Qiu smiled subconsciously. It seemed that some time could be saved on explanation.

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The capital, Beijing university, a laboratory.

The third miss of the Zhong family waited here for a while. She was patiently waiting outside the door of the lab as usual, reading the original quietly.

This was recommended by her leader at the Berkeley campus of the University of California. She loved it since she first read it.

There was always a light and pleasant smile on her face.

After a certain time, the lab door was opened, a young man in a white gown came out while holding a box in his hands, "Luoyue, I am sorry. I couldn’t leave just now because a few of the students came and asked some questions."

The third miss of the Zhong family--- Zhong Luoyue smiled and said never mind, before closing the book and stood up, "We’ve been classmates for long, wouldn’t I know your temperament?"

The young man smiled and said, "Yup, here is the item you asked me to check... but, to be honest, I still don’t know what it is."

Zhong Luoyue showed an amazed expression, "Couldn’t you check it out? Or is this place unable to meet the requirement?"

The youth shook his head and said, "No. In fact, the domestic equipment here is not worse than abroad. This couldn’t be analyzed here and probably neither everywhere else, I think. Luo Yue, where did you get this kind of stuff? It is not metal, but with higher density than any other known metal in the world. More mysteriously, it is just like a good playing card, with a perfect softness."

The youth frowned, "I even couldn’t incise it using a laser. It couldn’t even be melted! It is an unprecedented discovery! If we can figure out what kind of substance it is, it will probably be an unprecedented breakthrough in material science."

"Jin Xin, considering our relationship as classmates, could you please not expose this stuff and it’s better to dispose of the data you’ve tested." Zhong Luoyue said decently.

As a returning talent, even though the lab Jin Xin worked for was a titular organization in Beijing University, actually he was supported by his backer, which was also the backer of this lady--- the Zhong Family. Considering this was exactly the funder at his back, Jin Xin could only laugh bitterly, "I probably couldn’t say no.

But I really want to research more on it."

Zhong Luoyue took over the box from Jin Xin's hand, saying indifferently, "You will have another chance."

"Well." Jin Xin didn't force it, after some small talk, he returned to the lab.

Zhong Luoyue opened the box silently, taking out the black card that Cheng Yun had stolen from Gu Yue Zhai.

Beyond all question, it was the key reason as to why her grandpa had recover miraculously... It might not only be the unknown material.

"This is from Zhang's house..." Zhong Luoyue frowned, she was sure it was necessary for her to have a good understanding of the Zhang's Family, whom had already left the capital early.

The third miss of the Zhong family picked up the phone, "Prepare a car, I will go to the Maple Club. Furthermore take out some Yunnan pipe tobacco from the mountain villa, I will send it as a present."

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It used to be a black card with stamps, but all the marks had been used up.

The new guest reminded Luo Qiu of his first guest Jin Zifu... They all heard about the club from their ancestors. He was in his early forties, and his spirit was weak, but he dressed well and should be rich.

"It turns out that the legend is true... "

This middle-aged man kept looking at everything in the lobby of the club before sitting down. He had actually been frightened by the items here.

Of course, before the guest actually came in, Qin Chuyu had

already walked into the back room, apparently she didn’t want to witness the transaction in the club.

"These... I heard we can trade with treasure here, are these counted?"

That middle-aged man was clearly well prepared. He took out a small black bag from the inside of the suit and then opened it in front of Luo Qiu.

The open bag, on top of the table, poured out a sparkling...diamond.

Luo Qiu pushed these diamonds aside, "Guest, let’s talk about what you need first. As to these diamonds’ value, we can talk it later."

The man nodded, sitting down uneasily, while saying slowly, "Recently, I met some strange things..."

Chapter 138: Master Luo

The new customer named Liu Ang, a jewel merchant.

According to what he said, recently some weird things happened around him---It was not only him, his wife and his son, even the workers in his house could hear some weird noises at night.

Yet, they couldn't find the source of these weird noises.

Not only that, all the flowers and plants in the garden had withered overnight. When he suddenly woke up at night, he couldn't move and even felt smothered as if his body was pressed down by something.

Liu Ang's family even had grisly nightmares constantly. There were many kinds of dreams, but all of them were scenes of terror with fearsome screams from people.

In conclusion... Liu Ang felt his family had run into something evil.

"I paid a lot of money and invited some experienced exorcists to perform religious rites... " Liu Ang shook his head and sighed, his tired face became even more exhausted, "But it is no use at all. Those exorcists are all liars."

Boss Luo knew some people that cultivated Taoist actually existed in the world of mortals but it was hard to meet them. Far from novel plots... As a boss, during this period of time, Boss Luo hadn't met a lot; therefore, in conclusion, monks or monsters are all scarce resources.

"One night last week..." Liu Ang's look seemed to return to that night. "My wife suddenly woke up at midnight. I didn't care initially but felt strange later, so I followed her. But I never thought... she, she!"

Liu Ang's hands trembled as he fell into the terrible memory. Even though he gazed at Luo Qiu, Luo Qiu knew that what he 'saw'

was the scene that arose during that night.

"She walked to the kitchen alone with her back to me. I called her several times, yet she didn’t respond!" Liu Ang swallowed his saliva, "I patted her on the shoulder... she suddenly turned about and smiled at me! Smiled at me!! That was not the smile of a person..."

At this moment Liu Ang folded his arms tightly and trembled, "She just looked at me and smiled all the time... I kept running away but found she was always behind me all the time. I kept fleeing, finally running to my own room! I locked the door... and she just squeezed the lock. The sound of the lock twisting was heard the whole night!"

"I just sat at the door, holding the door of the room and covering my ears..." Right now Liu Ang heaved a sigh of relief, "I didn’t dare to sleep until dawn when I heard a flopping sound but still didn’t dare to go out. Until my son came to call me and asked why mom slept in the hallway."

At this moment Luo Qiu asked curiously, "How is your wife now?"

Liu Ang sighed, "She sobered up later but completely forgot what happened. It isn’t the first time. After two days, my daughter-in-law cried out in horror... and my son acted like my wife, meeting the same situation."

"Do you still live at home now?"

Liu Ang shook his head hurriedly, "No, we all moved away."

Luo Qiu said, "After moving away, was it the same?"

Liu Ang answered, "No... but it is not the right way to do it! The house is my ancestral home, we can’t just leave it there."

——Ghosts existing in Liu Ang’s ancestral house have been confirmed(20 minutes of lifespan had been deducted).

——Clearing off the ghosts in Liu Ang’s ancestral house, 10 days of lifespan needed to be paid.

Luo Qiu listened to Liu Ang but didn’t stop. He had already been familiar with the operation of the business. He listened to it while purchasing information from the altar---Of course, if it was too expensive, Luo Qiu would definitely choose other ways to get it.

In addition, he could basically think of what Liu Ang wanted, so he asked the requirement of directly eliminating ghosts in advance.

Even though ten days of deduction was sort of ridiculous, as the words said, it’d be eliminated directly--- If he added the contract that Liu Ang had signed here, the ghosts that hid in his ancestral house would disappear directly the second he signed the contract. Both were almost completed at the same time but the rate of return was lower.

Looks like one should really have a do-it-yourself mindset.

"I’ve got the details..." Luo Qiu pinched one of the diamonds but his voice didn’t change, "So, Customer, what would you like to buy?"

"Definitely to remove all the dirty things from my ancestral house!" Liu Ang said without thinking, "That’s why I came here!"

"No problem." Luo Qiu stood up, "But first I’ll have to go see your ancestral home. In addition, please take back these diamonds as they have no value in the trade."

Liu Ang gave a start because it was a wonderful diamond. This bag was at least worth millions of dollars; yet, that guy even said it was worthless?

"Is it not enough?" Liu Ang gritted his teeth, "I could pay more!"

Luo Qiu said stonily, "Customer, you’ve already known our rules, haven’t you? If you insist to use a treasure as the transaction fee, then please take out the real treasure, rather than another kind of

currency. Of course, you could give up this request, we won’t force you."

"Wait... Please wait a minute." Liu Ang gritted his teeth and said, "There are some other objects in my family. If you’re capable, please take me into my ancestral house safely!"

Luo Qiu nodded, and grabbed two diamonds of the same size from the small pile casually, "These count as the traveling expenses. Customer, you won’t mind, right?"

Nothing weird happened... It seemed this behavior gained the tacit approval of the club.

Or did it turn a blind eye?

Luo Qiu didn’t really want these two diamonds, but due to his momentary desire, he intended to make an experiment---You Ye once said that some customers had even sent her some simple gifts.

So she could be regarded as a hidden rich woman.

"No... I don’t." Liu Ang’s gaze was rather unnatural.

"Go back first and wait for a moment outside your ancestral house, I will arrive a second later." Luo Qiu said.

Liu Ang couldn’t help but pack up the diamonds on the table quickly, putting them back into his suit pocket and then leaving hurriedly.

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Liu family’s mansion.

Liu Ang had been waiting outside his ancestral house for a long time.

Now the sky became dark and the clouds were covering the sky... The weather forecast was saying there would be a typhoon these two days, unexpectedly it came so soon.

However, the wind made the sultry weather become cool instantly.

"I am sorry, I just left to settle some small matters. Customer, please lead the way."

Just then Liu Ang heard someone talking. He gaped, looking at the club owner that had suddenly come out of nowhere, giving him a shock.

This... this was what one called really capable. This was what one called a really talented person! Those charlatans were no match for him!

"Master! I’ve finally found you, master!"

What the hell master?

Luo Qiu looked at the sky, "Let’s go inside, it’s going to rain."

Chapter 139: Pretending To Be A Supernatural And... Ghost

Liu Ang's mansion was a real villa built based on a three-storey European structure along with a swimming pool. The nearby lands were very precious, and such a mansion was apparently pretty valuable.

It was human nature to want it back.

"Master, this way please!"

Liu Ang was very deferential at this moment, leading the way in front of Luo Qiu until he reached the door of the great house. He was startled by the sudden roar of thunder.

The rain was heavy, just like pouring water. The floor was wet with countless drops of water in a very short time, and there was no dry place within the time of a few breaths.

Liu Ang swallowed his saliva subconsciously, probably because he had been tortured by the dirty beings in the mansion. He trembled at this moment, pushing the door with his chilly hands.

It was completely dark outside, but even though it was only three o'clock in the afternoon, it felt like the sun had set. Liu Ang groped for the light switch on the porch.

He seemed relieved when the light turned on. Luo Qiu surveyed the interior of the room then and suddenly pressed down on the edge of a tile, "Mr. Liu, have all the people here moved away?"

Liu Ang nodded promptly, "Yes, our family has moved away and stayed in the hotel for the time being. I also had the workers all go on holiday... Oh, and told them not to let out this matter."

It was probably businessmen's taboo. It'd defame a family's name if rumors were spread about their home being haunted.

On the other hand, Liu Ang was curious about the question and

asked cautiously, "Master, why do you ask that? Or... You, what do you see?"

Yet, at this very moment, thunder roared outside the house again suddenly!

With a snap, all lights went off in a flash! The constant thunder and the lightning brought the whole mansion into a black and white movie-like world.

Liu Ang looked at the ghostly clown mask of the club owner under a flickering light, which instantly became terrifying. He leaned against the wall subconsciously, "Did the power go off?"

"I'm afraid not."

The door was still open, Luo Qiu looked out, said coolly, "The lights outside are still on. Might be due to a power trip-out or it might be caused by something else. "

"What... what, what thing..."

There came another sound of thunder and the rain beat down more urgently, sounding like a pan of beans frying. Liu Ang grabbed Luo Qiu's arm, saying hurriedly, "Master... Shall we come back another day?"

Luo Qiu said nothing but just pushed away Liu Ang's palm. He then fished out his cellphone, letting the light shine towards the living room.

Just then, some slight sounds could be heard from the corridor of the second floor!

The cellphone's light moved and swept through the hallway!

A shadow moved quickly at this moment and suddenly disappeared at the end of the corridor! One could only see the black and scattered hair covering the whole body at the back of that figure!

With a red... robe!

"Ah---!"

Liu Ang gave out a scream. His legs were too weak to support him and he sat down on the floor. He closed his eyes in horror, grasping Luo Qiu's thigh tightly, "Master! It's appearing! It's real!! That thing! That thing!!"

"I see it."

Luo Qiu muttered, then knocked at Liu Ang's palm with his walking stick... he wasn't accustomed to being held by an old man at the calf, "But it is not your thing."

"What?" Liu Ang didn't hear it clearly.

In a second, Luo Qiu had already forced apart Liu Ang's hand, walking a few steps before turning around, "Come on, you said there was something better right?"

Liu Ang got up and thought what the real identity of this guy was. That black card was passed on to him by his old mother. His old mother has kept it before his father died. So what Liu Ang knew was all from his old mother.

It was said that Liu Family was enriched by this black card for decades. In the future if there was a great misfortune, just take out this black card and provide some treasures. In that way, any problem would be solved.

...

After weighing whether to go upstairs to finish the trade with this guy or give it up and abandon this ancestral house to keep away from those dirty things, Liu Ang chose the former one.

Liu Ang followed Luo Qiu nervously, going up the stair to the second floor step by step; however, at the moment, strange sounds came from the end of the corridor.

It was very light, vaguely, like laughter, or crying, with sounds of thunder coming from the outside occasionally!

Bang!

All of a sudden, the window seemed to be burst open at the end of the corridor! The wild wind outside blew into the corridor instantly!

Rumble!!

Under the thunder and the black and white lightning, a figure in a red robe, with hair falling down the lowered head, stood at the end of the line!

The fierce wind was blowing the weird long hair and robe!

"Hey, hee hee, whee..."

Meanwhile, a sound like crying and laughter rang out! As if pushed by the strong wind, the figure suddenly moved forward.

"No... Don’t come here!!!"

Liu Ang was extremely frightened. He had no time to do anything except turning about and attempting to run down the stairs! Unexpectedly after only one step, his collar was caught by something so that he couldn’t move forward.

"Don’t kill me... Please!"

"Calm down."

It was Luo Qiu who caught Liu Ang. He said indifferently, "Furthermore, it is not a ferocious ghost."

Liu Ang was stunned, turning around subconsciously. At this moment he saw the ‘female ghost’ with scattered long hair open her hands, screaming "Wow" and pounce on him suddenly.

Luo Qiu suddenly rotated his cane, knocking at the ‘female ghost’s head precisely without much thought. With a scream, the ‘female ghost’ fell to the ground... It appeared that something had fallen out of her body and was rolling towards Liu Ang’s feet!

It was a mini loud-speaker!

That terrifying sound should be from this microphone. Liu Ang was stupefied, looking at the woman's feet under the red robe---shoes... and they were leather shoes at that.

He frowned, rushing forward and grabbed the hair of 'female ghost'. However, he did not grasp it properly; instead, he pulled it off ---It was just a wig.

Under the thunder and the lightning, Liu Ang saw the female ghost clearly for the first time. He blurted out, "You... you brat?!"

"Dad..."

The real identity of the 'female ghost' was a 20-year-old youth... Liu Ang's son.

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Sitting in the living room of Liu Ang's mansion, Luo Qiu was quietly reading a photo album about jewels at the tea table. At this moment, the light was shining again. Liu Ang hesitated on the second floor for a moment, before coming over to Luo Qiu.

He hesitated, "I have got all the answers...there is nothing dirty at all. It is made by my unfilial son! He lost a lot of money outside due to gambling and dared not ask me for money. Therefore, he just begged his mum and they put on a play together! Just to take out the items from my steel safe and pretend that a thief came to rob my house... it really pisses me off!"

Luo Qiu leafed through the photo album but didn't raise his head. "I am not interested in your family affairs."

Liu Ang hesitated at this moment, suddenly said, "This master... since this is only a trick by my son, the deal..."

Luo Qiu asked, "Are you going to cancel the deal?"

"Can't we do it?" But Liu Ang frowned. "You've said you wouldn't force us to buy or sell."

Luo Qiu said indifferently, "Customer actually didn’t take out the transaction fee, to be strict, a deal hasn’t been made yet... And I didn’t make any real deals either. If you want to cancel it, we will surely not force you."

Liu Ang frowned. "If there is anything unholy, I’ll definitely ask for you again."

Luo Qiu stood up. "Customer, I know what you mean... then I won’t bother you."

After saying that, Boss Luo didn’t desire to stay there any longer. He held the cane which was lying beside him and went out... Before going out, he heard the muttering from the customer due to his recently improved hearing.

"Since it’s all right now, I won’t go find them anymore... What an evil place it is! F*ck, it’s taken away two of my diamonds!"

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The heavy rain didn’t stop.

Luo Qiu looked at the rainy clouds covering the whole city and looked back at the Liu family’s mansion... It should be the room at the end of the second floor.

Right now, there was an old pale face looking at him through the glazed window.

Boom---!

Thunder struck.

Luo Qiu walked out of the mansion.

Chapter 140: The Weather that Monsters and Demons Love

At night, in Liu family's mansion.

"Dad... don't hit anymore! Stop! "

Liu Ang's son, Liu Zixing, huddled himself up at this moment. His arms were bruised due to being struck by the stick that Liu Ang held.

Liu Ang's wife came back from the hotel early to dissuade him with his daughter-in-law. She cried, "Stop fighting! Would you beat your son to death?"

Once hearing it, Liu Ang was even angrier, "How dare you criticize me? You even scared me with this brat? Kill him? I think you're wanting to scare me to death!!!"

Liu Zixing's wife was afraid, "Dad... we just, just. Please save Zixing! He knows his wrongs!"

Liu Ang looked at Liu Zixing who hid behind his wife and daughter-in-law, snorting, "I've told you many times, you won't have a good result by gambling! But you don't listen! Let me ask you how much debts have I settled for you over the years? Hundreds of thousands yuan, a million! Millions of yuan! Again and again! You still do it! And this time you even lost several tens of millions!! I can't afford you, bloodsucker!! Are you an idiot?!"

Liu Zixing cried bitterly, "Dad, I really dare not do it again... Please save me one more time! If I gamble again, just cut off my hands!"

"Well! Chop it now and I will give you money right away! I promise!" Liu Ang snorted, "It's easier to support disabled person than a gambler! Feeding a dog will cost me less than raising you!"

"Dad you..." Liu Zixing looked at his mom at the moment with a

cry of help.

Liu’s gracious mother became soft-hearted immediately, "Liu Ang, are you really so cruel to watch your son chop his hands off?"

"Well, that is too cruel." At the moment Liu Ang picked up the fruit knife on the tea table directly, "Let me chop it for him!" Then he rushed forward.

"Old fart!!" Liu Zixing now scolded, "You really won’t help right?"

Liu Ang opened his eyes wide, "If you don’t chop your hands, just get out! I never had such a brute of a son!"

Liu Zixing gritted his teeth. "Fine... I’ll get out! I don’t have such a ruthless father! Watch me! When I’m dead on the streets, I won’t let you off!"

"Bastard!" Liu Ang was enraged at once. The fruit knife in his hand was thrown away immediately, nearly stabbing Liu Zixing’s body. "Get out! Go as far as you can! Never come back again!"

Liu Zixing clenched his fist and ran out.

Liu’s mom looked and wailed, "Liu Ang, you bastard, you really drove your son out!"

Liu Ang snorted, "You two had better calm down! Or you two can get out of here too! It is true that the kind mother will raise prodigal sons! You spoiled him! Later, don’t mention this brat before me or you won’t have any good days!" After saying, Liu Ang went up to the study on the second floor.

Liu’s mom and Liu Zixing’s wife held each other’s hands with sadness on faces. Liu’s mom sighed, "Let Zixing stay out for a few days. Your dad is mad at him for now, I will persuade him during these days."

That was the only way.

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There was a safe deposit box built in the study, hidden behind the

Portrait of Eight Breeds.

Liu Ang locked the door of the room, removing the hanging painting, and opening the safe door. He thought that only he knew the code of the box, hence it would be impossible to open it normally.

He didn’t know which of the three people came up with that idea. That person presumably wanted to have all the people in the mansion leave before getting the whole safe out?

"They are all vampires!"

Liu Ang cursed faintly, taking out that black card from his clothes, and then putting it in the safe. He breathed deeply and seemed much better. Then he removed another box from the safe.

He walked to the desk and sat down before opening it. Under the light, the things in the box radiated brightly and beautifully.

That was a black diamond the same size as a cobblestone with a net weight of 200 karats...It took him half of his fortune to bring the thing back! To Liu Ang, this black diamond was not an ordinary treasure.

But it was a priceless treasure!

He fondled it admiringly, holding the black diamond in his palm and looking at the enchanting sheen of that black diamond. "Well, fortunately, it was just caused by humans, otherwise... no, how could I hand you over? You belong to me! No one can take you away from my hand."

The black diamond was all that he could see and only a possessive gaze towards the black diamond could be seen from his eyes. As if he could see nothing.

He couldn’t see. Or maybe that thing shouldn’t be seen in the first place.

There was a pale, wrinkled face behind him.

And a hanging shadow.

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"Thank you, Dr. Long! Bobbi will be so obedient only in your hands! Even if it is sick, it will get nervous when meeting a stranger!"

A middle-aged fat woman said happily.

"Take the medicine three times a day after going back, then it will be OK." Long Xiruo touched the Shar-Pei on the sickbed and said, "Dance, lead this lady to leave away."

"All right!"

The little butterfly came along with smile, "Miss Zhao, this way please! I'll take you to get the medicine and settle the bill!"

The little butterfly who had been familiar with this area went in front and completed her work there seriously.

I met a good person... No, it was a good monster, an unfathomable monster!

Luo Dance couldn't help sighing with emotion.

She thought she would be eaten by Sister Long that day at the botanical garden... But she couldn't imagine that Sister Long was just going to pick up some herbs there.

Later, instead of eating her, she brought her here, taking her in. She even let her work here.

An Ning Pet Center.

This is where she now worked and lived.

'Boss, aunt, I'm living well now! Sister Long was very good, and teaches me a lot of things, except that she loves to make fun of me and gets drunk usually.'

After seeing the customer out, Luo Dance looked up at the rain

through the eave. The little butterfly's mood didn't turn bad because of the typhoon.

Luo Dance fished out the second-hand cell phone that was fit only for seniors and wiped the screen cautiously. She then opened the album, looking at the only group photo with them, smiling faintly.

"Is there something making you happy?"

At this moment, Long Xiruo came out of the inside. The only licensed pet doctor in the pet center now put her hands in the doctor's white coat pocket, walking out with a Sobranie cigarette in her mouth.

"Nothing, I was just recalling the things before." Luo Dance said softly.

"The family who took you in before?" Long Xiruo asked casually, looking at the stormy weather as well.

"Yes!"

Long Xiruo nodded with saying nothing, merely smoking half of the cigarette quietly and said indifferently, "There should be no business today, close the door... Monsters and Demons love to emerge under such weather."

Luo Dance was stupefied. She nodded and went to clean the store hurriedly.

The monsters and demons in Sister Long's words were the real customers here.

Those monsters which were hurt or got sick.

Through a certain medium, the little butterfly now knew just how many monsters were hiding themselves in the crowd.

Chapter 141: The First Night

How did the monsters that live in city look like?

It was sure that they were doing their best to maintain the appearance of human beings, living in human society carefully.

Monster would also die or fall ill; some were weak or had eaten the wrong things and so on. The little butterfly who had once been hurt in the past still remembered the fresh pain of falling ill in her memory now.

By the time Luo Dance closed the gate of the pet center and went back to the treatment room, a special ‘patient’ was lying on the sickbed in agony and had revealed its original appearance---a rat covered with black hair but dressed in plumber’s clothes.

Long Xiruo was flicking off the water in the syringe.

"Lord Long...Shouldn’t it be sterilized first?" The rat monster lying on the bed asked weakly.

Long Xiruo said coldly, "After you leave, I will disinfect it."

"Well...I mean the place where you are injecting me."

Long Xiruo inserted the syringe into the rat monster’s leg, "These germs won’t kill you, or else you won’t be climbing here."

The rat monster couldn’t say anything at the moment and sighed with emotion, "I don’t want to bother you so often."

Long Xiruo sniffed, "Since you know you are bothering me, why are you so keen on eating in the sewer? Do you think it is still decades ago?"

"It is hard to change one’s nature..." The rat monster chuckled, "Now the prices are too high, but the salary hasn’t increased at all! Lord Long, you may not know that my wife can reproduce a lot. If I don’t seek food for myself, I can’t afford them at all!"

Long Xiruo pulled out the syringe and said, "Then just go back to

the mountain forest, you will never die from hunger. Since you are greedy for the convenience and prosperity of human society, don't be contentious here, I won't give you a discount."

"Lord Long, I have both old and young family members..."

"Do you want an injection mixed with arsenic?"

"No. No need..."

This was probably the situation? Luo Dance witnessed the chatter between Long Xiruo and the rat monster obediently. She could always hear the matter of many monsters existing in the city from the nagging between different monsters and Sister Long.

The things they fretted about, their daily lives , their work and their lives.

Mr. Rat Monster gaped while looking at the medicine in the little butterfly's hands when he was settling his account, "What are these vitamins? I didn't ask for them"

The little butterfly monster whispered, "Didn't the rat aunt get pregnant again? Take it back, no charge."

The rat monster beamed at once, "Dance, you are really a bodhisattva! Quite different from Lord Long, that vampire! You're certainly the clear stream in our demon world!"

Luo Dance smiled but said nothing. She remembered sister Long's words, 'You stuffed the things in, I don't know anything.' But it was obviously sister Long who stuffed in by herself.

The little butterfly monster began to learn words recently by grabbing a new dictionary to read. She learned a new word in these two days, which she thought could especially describe Long Xiruo.

Firm in speech but soft in heart.

...

Bang---!

A loud thunder resounded outside. Such things that carried vital energies were like a natural enemy for monsters. Hence, the little butterfly unconsciously closed her eyes.

By the time she opened her eyes, she saw a small figure at the back door, which was set for special ‘patients’.

The black dress had already long been soaked by the heavy rain outside. The person, who was probably 16 or 17 years old, with long black hair and rainwater sticking on her face was standing there without wearing any shoes.

She hadn’t seen her during these days... Of course, the little butterfly didn’t thought she would get to know all the monsters in the whole city within only these few days since she came.

When did she appear? Luo Dance felt nothing at all, but the girl’s dark red eyes made the little butterfly monster feel a little fearful at the moment subconsciously.

All of a sudden, the girl in black dress fell to the ground.

Luo Dance walked in the rain subconsciously, but suddenly heard the voice of Long Xiruo from her back when she attempted to help the young girl up.

"Don’t go over there!"

At the same time, her body was also captured by a strange force. Long Xiruo had appeared before the girl who fell down, replacing the little butterfly.

Suddenly!

The girl raised her head. A strange red light sparkled in her eyes, with the sudden opening of her cherry-like mouth, she revealed two small fangs and swooped directly towards Long Xiruo. Before she got close to Long XIruo, she was caught in one hand.

Long Xiruo clutched the neck of the girl directly and frowned. She knocked on the girl’s forehead all of a sudden and stunned her

directly. Then, dragged her into the pet center.

"Close the door, I won't see any patients today." Long Xiruo said suddenly.

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Luo Qiu asked You Ye to open the club's door. He sat by the side of the cupboard next to the window, listening to the rain outside while playing around with the things in his hands.

Before he went to Liu Ang's house, he casually bought some 925 sterling silver marbles in a silver shop, which were, of course, the cheap one.

Due to his thoughts, the mini silver marbles in his hands began to change its shape gradually. After coming back from Liu Ang's mansion, Boss Luo had been playing with it for about half an hour.

The time for dinner arrived unwittingly.

You Ye pushed a dining cart towards Luo Qiu, beginning to lay out the food.

Luo Qiu said at this moment, "Where is Qin Chuyu?"

"She went out this afternoon, said she was going back to deal with the things in Qin's mansion." You Ye said softly, "So I let her go."

Was it bad to spit out blood here everyday? Luo Qiu couldn't help thinking... He nodded, and said, "I will go find out the black account book of Liu Ang, and I will have a look after the meal."

"Does master feel that Liu Ang will come back again?"

At this moment, Luo Qiu took out the two diamonds that he had picked up from Liu Ang and began to lay them on a set of silver-shaped pieces, saying, "I am just curious to see them."

As he said, Luo Qiu smiled and opened her palms, the two

diamonds had already been inlaid. The simple pieces of silver and diamonds turned into a pair of delicate earrings now.

"Master?"

Luo Qiu said, "Thanks for taking care of me during these days, but I don’t have a gift for art. Anyway, it is made by my hand, on behalf of my mind."

You Ye smiled and took the earrings from Luo Qiu’s hands. Then, she walked to the counter to take out a small case, put it in, and began to lay out the food.

Although Miss Servant smiled all the time, it seemed that she was happier tonight. She took out a champagne from the cupboard and opened it but her attention was set on the small box on the dining cart.

Now Luo Qiu felt the atmosphere was very good. He just quietly ate and listened to the first rain since the summer.

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Tonight, in Liu Ang’s mansion, a sudden cry of panic came out.

The master of the mansion–the jewelry businessman Liu Ang–woke up from his dreams with sweat running down from his face and a panic-stricken look.

His wife woke up and she asked him what had happened. Yet Liu Ang said nothing, merely lifting his quilt and getting out from the bed, "I’m going to drink some water."

Chapter 142: Transaction of Kinship

Liu Ang came to the study with a glass of water, sitting alone on the chair ahead of the desk. He wiped his face suddenly, breathing deeply.

Yet it seemed that he still couldn’t calm himself down.

He had a nightmare.

In his nightmare, there was an extremely pale face looking at him silently.

That face seemed to want to say something... but it was particularly ferocious. As that thing got close step by step, that him in the nightmare kept escaping. However, no matter where he fled, that face was still behind him.

"Stop frightening yourself... the previous matter was just done by that bastard! I’ve already spent so many years having nothing happened !"

Liu Ang comforted himself like this. He gulped a mouthful of hot tea, feeling eased. Thereupon, he went to the safe box, fishing out that high-valued black diamonds and observing it with joy.

"You’re the best, darling!" Liu Ang showed an obsessed smile. While touching the black diamond time and time again, dispelling his fear.

Boom---!

The heavy rain didn’t stop this night, shadows were moving constantly outside of the study. Maybe they were just from trees, or clouds, or maybe... something else.

...

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No matter how loud the thunder sounded, it couldn’t override the resounding Disco music. The violent storm didn’t subside the

passion of young boys and girls, who were hiding under the illusory lights and swaying wantonly on the dancing floor.

After leaving from Liu Family's mansion due to rage, Liu Zixing did not know where to go. So, he called a pack of rogues to a bar and drowned his sorrows in wine. Six dozen of beers was finished within 2 hours.

The drunk Liu Zixing's vision turned blurred. He didn't know who was lying beside him.

Under the psychedelic spotlight, a memory flashed through his mind. This was the same situation that happened in his childhood--- That time, he was kicked out from home by his father. However, he was too young at that time. Unlike now, who could find a place to entertain himself.

He used to hide in somewhere nearby his house, After half a day, he would still be found by someone and taken back after half a day.

But for now, it probably won't happen.

Liu Zixing tittered, not knowing was it for himself or for others.

'Gambling... I want to stop it... but I can't help continuing it.'

Liu Zixing himself didn't know what was it for.

When his addiction to gambling started, he couldn't help losing it over his head. He could not control his desire all the time or the pleasant sensation when gambling.

Maybe he would only hear these nagging thoughts when his nerves were about to be soaked in alcohol. Liu Zixing wanted to drown his worries in wine, but he didn't. Instead, he thought even more and got even more agitated.

Furiously, he swept out all the items on the table--- fortunately, nobody noticed it in such a noisy place.

Suddenly, Liu Zixing felt someone's hand was on his shoulder. He squinted eyes into a line with difficulty, seeing a 30-year-old

man laughing and looking at him. Liu Zixing quivered abruptly and thought of climbing away, yet he was too drunk and fell down to the ground due to dizziness.

At this moment, the 30 years old man grasped Liu Zixing's hair, getting close with a sinister smile, "Master Liu, are you gonna leave as soon as you see me? I'm not welcome hum?"

"Brother Panther... I, I'm not... I, washroom, I want to go to the washroom..."

The man called Brother Panther now made a 'humph' sound. He stood up and waved his hand. Then, both men beside him supported Liu Zixing up.

Brother Panther said indifferently, "Take Master Liu to the washroom to 'pee'."

In the washroom.

One fist after another had been punched at Liu Zixing's belly. A lot of stuff was vomited out to the ground. Liu Zixing felt his insides twisting together and almost fainted due to the extreme pain.

He begged for mercy, "Brother Panther, please give me some more time... I, Liu Zixing, only delayed the debt payment. It wasn't to owe you on purpose... you can ask others for confirmation."

While patting Liu Zixing's face, Brother Panther tutted, "Master Liu, I'm just working for others. The boss asked me to gather the debt, so I have to find the debt holders, right? Do you think I really want to be so rude to you? I'm just feeling bad for you, master! And waking you up, you know?"

"I know... I know..."

Brother Panther grabbed Liu Zixing's hair and asked, "So when would you like to pay back the debt?"

"I, I don't have money at the present..." Liu Zixing said painfully,

"One month, just give me one month’s period!"

"Master Liu, are you kidding me?" Brother Panther sneered, "Why do you pay others so quickly but have no money to pay us? Master Liu, are you... looking down on us or...?"

"I’m not, absolutely not! One month, I promise, I can pay you back within one month!"

"Master Liu, you’ve borrowed three times from us in half a year." Brother Panther sneered, "Our nice boss lent money to you because of the reputation of your father... but you can’t always delay the payment right? Master Liu, if you don’t have enough money, we can go to your house and ask your dad to pay it."

"Nono... if you go to my family, my father will really beat me to death!" Liu Zixing said with a face full of fear.

"Three days!" Brother Panther smiled coldly, "At most three days, if you don’t pay, we have a lot of methods to have your father pay the money!"

"Three days..." Liu Zixing said bitterly, "It’s too short... I can’t get all the money!"

Brother Panther laughed unexpectedly, "Master Liu, shouldn’t you take other ways to get your father’s money, instead of asking from him directly?"

"I..." Liu Zixing thought of the matter where he was chased out, sighing with emotion, "I have no idea."

"There is some other way." Brother Panther tidied up Liu Zixing’s clothes, glancing at his chest, he said, "Ruthlessness is the mark of a truly great man. If your father is unwilling to pay, you shouldn’t just wait for your death, correct?"

"Well... what do you want to do?"

Brother Panther grabbed Liu Zixing’s collar, getting close to him and whispering near his ear.

Liu Zixing’s look changed slightly, "No, no way!"

Brother Panther said coldly, "Master Liu, we want only money and won’t do anything else. But it all depends on whether you cooperate with us or not. You are clever and should know that it’ll be troublesome if we can’t get the money."

Liu Zixing showed a struggling look. After gulping down his saliva for a long time he said, "Well, OK... but you can’t hurt my dad!"

Brother Panther smiled, "That’s good!"

...

Luo Qiu was auditing the account book at home.

"...Customer Liu Jianming, exchange kinship as transaction fee, for a full 3 million yuan."

Counting the time, it seemed to happen 30 years ago.

Chapter 143: Half A Hanba Maiden

The pet center was closed for nearly the whole day.

The little butterfly monster looked at the wall clock... It was the same time as when she met that weird maiden yesterday.

She was still lying in the treatment room, in a deep slumber up until now.

Long Xiruo didn’t speak a word for nearly 24 hours. She pulled a long face and stayed in the treatment room, giving an injection every once in a while .

The little butterfly monster didn’t know what the medicine was but she was aware that it differed from other ones that were used to treat other monsters. It had been taken out from the concealed compartment under the floor of the pet center.

Monsters wouldn’t feel tired staying up for the whole day. Luo Dance sat outside of the door, reading the dictionary just so she could immediately hear Long Xirou’s orders if she needed some help.

"Dance, come in."

Luo Dance put the dictionary down and walked into the treatment room. Long Xiruo sat down and handed over her some work. She passed an injection syringe full of red liquid to Luo Dance, "Do you remember the injection method I taught you? Practice it with this one."

"Ah?" The butterfly was stupefied.

It was good to have access to practice. When she was in the bun house, the butterfly had sensed that she couldn’t eat and live there for free. Since Sister Long took her in, she always thought of assisting her seriously. Even when she was hungry, she would clean the area first before eating.

But to skip over several processes to take injections, it was too hard for her... the butterfly monster who was reading a dictionary and watching TV plays tried to say, ‘Sister Long, concubine can’t achieve it!’

"Don’t worry." After a whole day of hard work, Long Xiruo kneaded between her eyebrows, "Even if you inject in the wrong part, this guy won’t feel pain. But if you stay there and don’t take actions, it’ll soon die of hunger. Make a decision."

Luo Dance hesitated, the hand grasping the syringe quivered slightly. While murmuring in her heart ‘Sorry’, she summoned up the courage. Following the procedures, she sterilized part of the syringe with iodine.

She picked up the syringe but her nose smelled something unconsciously. She was stunned.

The liquid in it was not any medicine but fresh blood. The light smell of blood made Dance threw a look at Sister Long.

Long Xiruo yawned, "This guy is half a Hanba. She didn’t rely on blood to live, but because of the serious injuries, she has to drink it. Give her the injection, it can make her absorb it quicker."

"Han, Hanba!" Dance opened her eyes widely.

Long Xiruo said coolly, "Half Hanba’s are quite different from a real one... However, there hasn’t been any Hanbas for a long time."

Yet half a Hanba was still Hanba to the little butterfly. She’d heard this kind of being from Grandpa Tree Monster, and it was one of her childhood psychological shadows.

Grandpa Tree Monster... I’m going to give an injection to a Hanba... after waking up will she eat me...

She felt dizzy, as if her whole body had been emptied. She could not locate the accurate place to insert the syringe needle, let alone the injection.

"Don’t dilly-dally!"

To her surprise, Long Xiruo walked towards her and tapped Luo Dance’s arm all of a sudden to push the syringe into the inner thigh of that girl.

"Prick wherever you want, she won’t die. Prick more later. There’s still 500ml of blood in that bucket." Long Xiruo said indifferently.

It was jabbed in... it was jabbed in...

Yet Luo Dance seemed not to hear it, but she was thinking if this Hanba would eat her or not after waking up.

...

Taking injections to the Hanba maiden cautiously, Luo Dance was still fluttering with fear as she looked at Long Xiruo, "Sister Long, is she your friend?"

Long Xiruo answered randomly, "Not a friend, but seems like the later generation of an old friend."

"But why was she injured so seriously?"

Long Xiruo frowned, "I don’t know. This guy disappeared since one year ago, who knows where she ran to and what she has met? Moreover, I’m not her guardian. Even though she looks young, she is actually a few hundred years older than you."

Luo Dance stuck out her tongue, continuing giving injections to the Hanba maiden.

"By the way, Sister Long, what’s her name?"

"Zijun." Long Xiruo said, "Su Zijun."

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7 o’clock in the evening.

The next day after the typhoon, the rain continued to pour down

for the whole day... it seemed darker than ever at 7 this evening.

Liu Ang's wife took a cup of ginseng tea, intending to initiate a lovers' talk with her husband.

Liu Ang stayed in the study for all day long, even skipping his dinner.

"Old Liu, it's me." Liu Ang's wife knocked at the door and then pushed open it, "Take a cup of tea. How can you stay a whole day without food? Why don't you turn on the light?"

Not only the ceiling lamp, even the table lamp hadn't been lighted. It'd be totally dark without the light illuminated from the corridor.

Liu Ang's wife frowned, calling him for few times but she merely saw the chair turned facing the balcony outside of the study.

Liu Ang's wife shook her head and reached for the switch nearby... But at this moment, something flashed across her eyes.

An old pale face, white as a paper emerged in front of Liu Ang's wife. This scared her in an instant and the tea cup dropped on to the floor and broke.

Ah---!

...

Taking advantage of the darkness.

A white bread truck stopped outside of Liu's mansion. Liu Zixing hesitated, getting down from the car followed by Brother Panther and two of his underlings.

Brother Panther provided everyone with a head cover.

Liu Zixing thought for a second and wore it finally---Brother Panther's method was simple: slid over the guard system then catch Liu Ang and have him open the safe.

Nobody knew when Brother Panther had inquired about the

news that there was a safe in Liu Ang's house.

"Master Liu, don't worry. If we find some treasures, we'll return the rest to you after subtracting from the debt. " Brother Panther laughed next to Liu Zixing

Liu Zixing had to echo although he didn't believe him.

He must be possessed by ghosts. He really took them to his house. Since it had already happened, he didn't know what they would do to him if he said no.

"You... follow me."

Under the lead of Liu Zixing, they bypassed the guards here. Brother Panther frowned, "Master Liu, what's wrong with your house? Why are there no security guards standing here?"

He couldn't say that they were all scared away by the accident where he dressed up like a ghost. It would be impossible to call them back so fast since Liu Ang had his worker and doorkeeper go for their vacation.

Liu Zixing faltered, "There are no people here during these two days."

"You better don't play any tricks." Brother Panther snorted.

Liu Zixing trembled, leading the line of people and slipped into his house successfully. This guy went ahead nevertheless, leading them to Liu Ang's room.

However, they stopped after several steps. Brother Panther pulled Liu Zixing's arm and Liu Zixing said in low voice, "That's my father's study... he should be sleeping normally at this time."

Brother Panther nodded, walking towards the door of the study with lighter footsteps.

The door was unlocked with lamplight visible now. Brother Panther stretched out his head to have a look. Just with a gaze, he felt shocked and his four limbs turned ice cold.

He saw a woman... hanging on the pendent lamp.

When her body turned, it could be seen that her tongue was stuck out and her eyes rolled up!

Hanba: It was a female ghost that could cause a drought, in Chinese myths.

Chapter 144: The Second Night, Ghost of The Heart, The Second Ghost

The woman’s face was full of pain. She clutched the rope tightly, kicking both of her legs in the air.

Her body was rotating slowly along with the copper-colored ceiling lamp, giving Brother Panther a shock. He took two steps back, feeling a layer of cold sweat emitting from his back.

Liu Zixing followed and leaned his head over to see. He was taken aback first, followed by a furious quiver. He then rushed into the study directly.

"Mum!!"

Liu Zixing screamed in horror. He had no time to hide his current appearance and his original purpose. Taking a chair there, he helped her down from the ceiling lamp.

"Mum! What happened mum!" Liu Zixing yelled as he held the woman’s body.

Liu Ang’s mum coughed in pain before fainting. Liu Zixing’s first intention was to call the ambulance, hence he fished out his cellphone.

Yet Brother Panther grabbed it as soon as he just took it out, "What are you doing?"

"Rubbish! Of course..." Liu Zixing suddenly thought of his current situation.

"Don’t worry, your mum just fainted!" Brother Panther spoke in a low voice, "But she was hung by someone, you better focus on this! F*ck! Is there anyone else in the room planning to commit a crime?"

He thought this way unexpectedly.

There were a few reasons he was called Brother Panther. He had committed a lot of cruelties throughout these years and knew that Liu Zixing's mom was hung by someone with merely a glance. They obviously aimed for her life---an enemy or someone who came with a vicious purpose.

"Did your family offend someone?"

Liu Zixing was confused and shook his head.

Right now, an underling with a Sichuan accent came to Brother Panther's side, "Brother, what the hell is this?"

"Quiet." Brother Panther looked around, focusing on the safe that was revealed after the hanging picture had been moved aside in one go.

Without another word, Brother Panther walked towards it. He found that the safe was not locked, it was just a false perception! A smile emerged from Brother Panther and he pulled open the door!

Inside the safe that consisted of several layers, some brand-new cash was laid at the bottom layer. It seemed to be a lot but there was only few hundred thousand yuan after counting. Brother Panther actually cared more about the jewelry located on the shelf.

"Give me the bag!" Brother Panther turned around and said with a chuckle.

But right then, the light of the study went out. A woman's screech was heard. Liu Zixing who was looking at his mother suddenly shouted, "Wife!!"

He had no time to care about anything so he rushed out from the study in a hurry. Brother Panther and the other two people gaped and frowned, "Pack up these jewelries first! They are all good stuff."

"Fair enough!"

The three hurried to make a clean sweep of all the objects in the

safe. No matter what the things were, Brother Panther just stuffed them into the bag while observing the situation outside--- it was weird that the light was not turned on again.

It was probably a trip-out due to the rain and thunder outside. The trio were only illuminated by the flashlight of the cellphone.

"Stupid! Be careful, make sure you don’t leave anything here!"

The guy with Sichuan accent squatted down to pick up a box dropped in chaos. He opened it, "What the hell is this, just a card?"

It was a black card without any pattern, like plastic. Brother Panther took it from the underling, trying to break it off slightly with his hands.

Suddenly, he felt a dizzy feeling.

He shook his head and threw it into the bag with others. Now, since he saw everything had been cleared, he said, "Go, go have a look! If someone came here before us, they might have some treasures."

"Brother, we don’t know who they are!"

"We have three people, don’t be afraid! Useless guy!" Brother Panther snorted, "There’s no way anyone can rob anything before Brother Panther!"

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When Liu Zixing hurried into his own room, he witnessed a shadow lying at the entrance. By virtue of the faint light coming from outside, he could distinguish that it was his wife.

"Honey!"

Liu Zixing rushed to her, taking her into his arms! Yet she caught his arms abruptly, like grabbing a life-saving straw, "Husband, save me! Save me!"

There was a horrific wound left on her arm and the same on her thigh, which were apparently wounds caused by being chopped

at... She had crawled out from the house!

Liu Zixing looked towards the room subconsciously!

The lightning struck suddenly! Liu Zixing inhaled out of instinct--- There was Liu Ang wearing his night-robe!

A weird smile flashed across Liu Ang's face. His eyes were opened extremely wide, as if they were propped up by something... His face was colored by few drops of blood! His hands drooped and his head was lowered, coming forward step by step.

In his hand... there was a French knife!

Boom---!!

The thunder came after the lightning! At this moment, Liu Zixing's wife caught her husband's arm more tightly, moving her body into his arms, she said in a frightened voice, "Your dad went crazy! He wants to kill me!"

Liu Zixing suddenly thought of the scene where his mother was hung in the study!

"Dad... you, you!" Liu Zixing couldn't imagine it at all, about what happened.

Yet at this time, Liu Ang pounced on him abruptly, screaming like a dreadful ghost, "Are you too, going to robbing my treasure ?!!"

That knife was pointed exactly at Liu Zixing's forehead. It was kept at bay by him at full strength. Liu Zixing was now frightened, "Dad! Wake up! I'm your son!!"

"Kill you, kill you, kill you!!"

Liu Zixing resisted him with all strength, but he couldn't oppose Liu Ang. At the moment where the knife was about to stab his eyes, Liu Zixing's heart beat at a lightning speed!

All of a sudden, a beam swept over, Liu Zixing could only feel his body turned light, and Liu Ang, who pressing down on him, now

rolled aside!

"F*ck! What the f*ck is your father doing?"

It was obviously from Brother Panther, followed by his two underlings. The mobile torch was swept along the floor and stopped at Liu Ang.

Now, Liu Ang got up rapidly from the ground, showing a weirder look, looking like a totally different person. Brother Panther whistled, finding that there was a necklace on Liu Ang's neck.

What a large black diamond!

At the first glance on this black diamond, Brother Panther couldn't move his attention away. His innermost voice told him... that this black diamond belonged to him!

He took off his head cover, licking his lips, walking step by step towards Liu Ang! As if he didn't hear the call from his underlings at the back.

Now, Liu Ang's eyes that were widely opened suddenly rolled. He roared in a low voice, "You guys too, are coming to rob my treasure!!"

"Give me that!"

Brother Panther rushed towards Liu Ang, pressing him down to the ground due to his superior strength and reached for that necklace.

Ah---!

Unexpectedly, Liu Ang bit Brother Panther's arm! He bit with tremendous strength, biting away the meat from his arm!

The extreme pain made Brother Panther scream. His body was suddenly pushed away by Liu Ang! The terrible pain woke him up.

Yet, at the moment, Liu Ang got up again from the ground... a lump of grey light started to emit from his body. Something like smoke was gradually released from his figure.

A shadow... shadow, was now hanging over Liu Ang's body.

"What the hell is that!" Brother Panther gasped, sitting on the ground, then moving back instinctively!

The gray shadow that was covering Liu Ang's body now turned gradually into an unusually old and ferocious face.

"Grandpa?" Liu Zixing was stunned with panic.

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In front of him, Liu Ang's body slumped over the ground all at once under the presence of the large old face. Both his hands propped his body up, forming a crawling posture!

His head raised furiously. Like a spider, he started to creep rapidly all of sudden!

All the members who were already scared let out a scream! The group of people scratched and scrambled, running towards the stairs!

Liu Zixing's wife had been cut on the thigh, so she couldn't move at all. Now she had to escape with the help of her husband, bringing up the rear.

"Honey... Honey..."

"Don't worry, I won't leave you alone here..." Liu Zixing gritted his teeth, holding his wife up abruptly.

The group rushed towards the gate! Yet they couldn't open it no matter how they kicked or hit it!

"Big brother!! That thing is coming!"

Liu Ang was creeping down from the stairs! Both of his hands were full of energy supporting himself on the stairs. As for the shadow of the old face, it was now dashing towards them!

"I'll kill all of you! I'll kill whoever want to rob my treasure!!"

Hearing the penetrating scream, all of them scattered away.

There was no time for one to care about the others!

That old face hit an underling who held the bag. In pain, he grasped his own neck as his body started to float up.

The underling's feet kicked about randomly, showing extreme pain... Yet in a flash, his breath stopped, and his body fell down!

Liu Zixing and his wife hid at the back of the bar counter. Watching this, they quivered and covered each other's mouth, fearing that some sound would be made.

Meanwhile, Brother Panther and the other underling had to run upstairs again, because they couldn't open the gate!

The two were desperate to choose the way. They ran to the end of the second floor, but were kept out by the door.

At the other side of the corridor, Liu Ang was creeping towards them step by step, opening his mouth... his mouth was full of blood from Brother Panther's arm!

"Ah..."

Brother Panther wrung the lock of the door crazily. The two of them stuck against the door more frantically--- finally, it was knocked open!

The two rolled into the room and got up as quick as possible before closing the door. Then, put their backs against the door while still gasping for air, their faces turning pale after the scare.

"F*ck! That scared the hell out of me!" Brother Panther lowered his head while gasping, then looked at the underling. "Go see if the window can be opened. I don't want to stay at this hellish for another second!"

The underling opened eyes widely, quivering as he focused on the front, "Bro, brother..."

Brother Panther turned his head around unwittingly.

A shadow was floating in the air. An old person... that looked like

the huge face covering Liu Ang’s body.

"When did it come in?"

"No... it’s another one!!"

Chapter 145: Reincarnation

The shadow was floating in the room, and the face seemed to be exactly the same...

Brother Panther's hands and feet were ice-cold. Looking at the ghost, his hidden ferociousness was ignited all at once. It was said that the human race was afraid of ghosts at three points, ghosts were afraid of human beings at 7 points!

Brother Panther, who was forced to feel like a desperate man, suddenly dashed towards the ghost, saying, "Come on!! Come on!! I can even strangle a ghost!"

Brother Panther was just like a ferocious man, passing through the body of the ghost at once. Nevertheless his body didn't stop, instead, he knocked into the wall directly as if he was pushed by a huge force. Then, his entire person lost consciousness.

The underling, who was pressing on the door at that moment, saw this. He trembled and shivered even more... Gradually, there came a colliding feeling against the door. He felt like he would fail to hold the door shut soon!

Eventually, the door was smashed open all at once!

The entire body of the underling was pushed away. His head suddenly bumped against one side of the cabinet and fell unconscious. But at this point, Liu Ang raised his head slowly outside of the door.

The phantasm seemed to become even more concise. The huge face that shrouded his body became even more distinctive!

Liu Ang's was screaming with a cold look, "Old ghost, it was you! I perceived that something had been with me during these two days... It was you! It was you! You came to me, didn't you! You come to get your revenge, didn't you... You come to grab my stuff, didn't you!"

The shadow of the ghost who had been silent all this time, just like heaving a sigh, suddenly transformed into a roll of gray smoke, rolling towards Liu Ang!

In the meantime, the virtual shadow that was wrapped around Liu Ang's body was blown out instantly!

The two virtual shadows clashed with each other eventually, generating a forceful thrust. In an instant, it struck Liu Ang's body and sent his body rolling back out of the corridor!

At this moment, in the room, the virtual shadows of the two ghosts twined together causing a strong wind to come into the entire room!

Liu Ang climbed up from the ground, looking like he just woke up. When he saw the strange sight happening in the room, he shrieked and ran down the stairs frantically!

He couldn't recall at all what had happened... Except that he sensed something had been stalking him for all the time during these two days!

That face... the face carrying sneers and grudges--- It was his father--- Liu Jianming's face!

"There is a ghost... There is a ghost..."

Liu Ang ran to the hall in panic, tripping over something all of a sudden, and falling down to the ground. He reached out and found out that it was actually a person.

The lightning flashed outside, with the help of the white light, Liu Ang saw the man's face... His tongue was out, with his eyes wide opened... It turned out that it was a dead man's face!

Rumbling---!

Liu Ang exclaimed. At this moment, he saw a figure walking step by step on the second floor of the corridor!

The figure on the corridor looked down at once, an old face was

clearly seen. Liu Ang seemed to hear the figure crying ceaselessly, as if calling his name, "Liu Ang... Liu Ang... My good son... Liu Ang... Liu Ang...."

He called his name again and again.

Liu Ang's body was shivering, with his head shaking ceaselessly, "He is coming to take away my life, he is coming to take away my life... He is coming to rob my treasure..."

The figure walked down through the stairway gradually.

Liu Ang's eyes were wandering. He felt his heartbeat becoming faster. Then he covered the necklace on his neck fiercely, the huge fear making him tremble, without leaving him any strength.

Suddenly... a black card came into his sight!

That was the black card floating out slowly from the bag beside the corpse. It came to Liu Ang. Unconsciously, Liu Ang seized this black card.

He recalled that place, that club, and that quirky boss.

"Help me, help me... Come help me, please!"

Nonetheless, the figure turned into a gray shadow who seemed to be extremely anxious by jumping up right away!

The figure held out his hand and went straight to seize Liu Ang like a desperate malicious ghost! On the contrary, Liu Ang who was already extremely frightened closed his eyes with force!

Bang.

A sound rang out as if that of a finger snap.

Liu Ang opened his eyes unwittingly.

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The brightness was the same as daytime, the dullish hall became bright instantly. The lamplight seemed to be lit following the order

of the snap of a finger.

He didn’t know when the figure fell down to the ground. It seemed to be suppressed by something and could not move much. Liu Ang only saw the appearance of the struggling ghost.

"Customer, is there anything I can do for you?"

A voice came from his back suddenly.

Liu Ang was shocked and he turned around furiously! Looking at the man who was dressed neatly, holding a cane and wearing a creepy clown mask; as if catching at a life-saving straw, he knelt down and said, "Master! Save me! Save my life!!"

"Explain it."

Liu Ang’s fingers were shaking while pointing at the figure behind him. He said in panic, "There’s a ghost in my house! Master! Please kill him for me, I can give you anything you want!"

Looking at Liu Ang’s unattractive face, the boss of the club who followed the black card fell into silence for a moment and said suddenly, "Even if you knew that the figure is your father, Mr. Liu Jianming... Does Customer still insist on killing him?"

Liu Ang’s face changed immediately. Grinding his teeth, "He isn’t my father! My dad has already passed away long ago! He is a ghost coming to take away my life! He wants to kill me!"

Boss Luo said indifferently, "Dog doesn’t eat dog."

Liu Ang cried, "He really is coming here for my life... He came here to take revenge! He is coming for me! I know! I know everything! I can always feel it during these two days! When I am dreaming, when I am walking, he is by my side... still with me! He wants me to die!"

Luo Qiu looked at the suppressed figure on the ground... Liu Jianming was also one of the club’s customers before. He had already died and now became an apparition. He thought of

something and the force that suppressed Liu Jianming dispersed, allowing it to resume its ability to act.

"Stupid! Get rid of that guy quickly! You can’t make a deal with him! Or else you will regret extremely much!"

When Liu Jianming became alive, he immediately started screaming wildly, "I will not hurt you! Nor will I hurt our family! I just want you to throw away the black diamond in your hand! That thing is evil! Throw it away soon!"

"No--! You liar! You must come here to take my life! You are going to rob my thing! You want to take back your own object!" Suddenly, Liu Ang grasped the black diamond firmly in his hand while the other caught hold of Luo Qiu’s arm immediately, "Put him out! Put him out! I’ve decided to eliminate him!"

At the moment, Liu Jianming turned into a grim and grotesque ghost, leaping towards Luo Qiu, "I will not let my son make the trade with you!"

Nevertheless, its body was flicked away in a flash.

"I’m sorry... Ongoing deals cannot be interrupted. This is one of the rules." He just heard

Luo Qiu’s light voice lightly.

Liu Jianming’s body had been held down again.

At this time, Luo Qiu looked at Liu Ang coldly, with no joy and no aversion, "My Customer, what are you going to take to pay for the goods?"

Liu Ang glanced at the black diamond he seized, which he wasn’t willing to give up anyway. Yet, he didn’t know what he should do at that moment.

At present, Luo Qiu said quietly, "It seems that you aren’t clear of our transaction regulations at all."

As he was saying, Liu Qiu brandished his arm in front of Liu Ang.

All of sudden, there were five cards with flower patterns appearing in the air out from nowhere, coiling around Liu Ang.

"These are the things that you could pay... Of course, you can think it over. There is no rush."

Lifespan... Health... Doing good deeds... Pleasure... Emotion...

The decoratively designed cards flashed in front of him one by one. The characters seemed to have gone into his mind and helped him to understand the meaning behind these things soon.

Lifespan? It was definitely out of consideration... He didn't feel that he had lived long enough.

Health? Who would like to lose health throughout his life!

Doing good deeds? What a joke, even if he just did one bad thing indirectly, he would be investigated... He was a jeweler, the dirty tricks were certainly inevitable in this business. So, did it mean tonsuring and having him become a monk and giving up all his property? No way...

The black diamond? It almost cost him half of his fortune. That couldn't be given either!

...

Liu Ang who was caught in a painful struggle bit his teeth after a long time, "Family love! I use my kinship! It is no use to me! My son is just a black sheep! He and my wife wanted to scare me to death! This... this ghost also wants to take my life! What is the use of kinship?"

"My distinguished Customer." Luo Qiu's voice was stony, "We will bring your request to you right away."

He walked towards Liu Jianming, the black cane pointed gently at Liu Jianming's body.

His body was lying on the ground, showing a very malicious and sad sight, but it faded away soon. All of a sudden he giggled

bitterly, "This is a retribution... this is a retribution... This is certainly a retribution... I have a silly son, just like me! He sold the most precious and important thing... I couldn’t find it back, I couldn’t find it back... This is a retribution! Hahaha..."

With a point of the cane, Liu Jianming had already vanished.

The sound seemed to cease to exist.

Liu Ang seemed to be relieved. He sat down on the floor all at once after witnessing the disappearance of Liu Jianming, "It’s over, it’s over..."

Meanwhile, Luo Qiu was heading towards him. Liu Ang was surprised, but suddenly Luo Qiu stretched out his hand and stabbed it into his chest. He exerted some strength in his finger and pulled it out abruptly with a slight force. A mass of gray light was drawn out from Liu Ang’s chest.

At first, Liu Ang was frightened, but he found out that nothing had happened after the interposing and pulling. Neither did his body felt any inadaptation as well.

Only the black card that he held in his hand turned into ashes after burning and disappeared eventually.

"This card...."

"The handed-down black card from your ancestors has been used up already, so it disappeared." Luo Qiu said, "Of course, Mr. Liu has already become our customer, maybe we’ll have dealings later on."

Liu Ang swallowed his saliva... He still wanted to be an ordinary rich man and didn’t want to continue approaching this sort of strange things.

"My father... Why did it appear in my house?" Liu Ang suddenly asked.

Luo Qiu said, "For the room at the end of the second floor of the mansion, I’m afraid the ghost has been there since your father

died. But I wonder why his soul can’t leave the room."

Liu Ang was puzzled at once, then frowned and recalled, "Could it be the Taoist of that year?"

"The Taoist?" Luo Qiu was curious about this.

Liu Ang nodded, "At that time when my father has just died a short time ago, there were some weird things happening in my house. I also... A Taoist priest happened to pass by, saying that the grievance is serious here. I asked the Taoist to conduct a rite in my house. Then the Taoist said that the room is the place with the strongest grievance and he didn’t have any method to get rid of it. Therefore, he just scrawled something like spells in the room on the wall using cinnabar, saying that it’d be OK if the door wasn’t opened... I didn’t take notice of it. The door hasn’t been opened from then on."

At the moment Liu Ang looked at Boss Luo guiltily, adding, "... I didn’t expect, my dad’s wronged ghost has been stuck in there."

Liu Ang frowned. "But since he couldn't get out, why did I always feel something during these two days?"

Luo Qiu didn’t want to answer this question; instead, he looked at the black diamond on Liu Ang’s hands and said suddenly, "The ghost in one’s heart is more dreadful than the real one."

"What?" Liu Ang said it unconsciously, but his expression betrayed him... He probably understood what this word pointed to.

"Forget it." Luo Qiu looked around the hall, then glanced at the dead man on the ground once again. "Customer, is there anything I can do for you?"

When he realized what the club was dealing with other people, Liu Ang dared not casually make any deals. He shook his head immediately. "It is no need to do things for me! I can handle them here by myself..."

As for how to deal with it, let’s think over it slowly!

"So... Good bye."

...

...

"Come out!"

The boss disappeared immediately out of his sight, which made Liu Ang unable to calm down for a long time. But on his hand, there re-appeared another new black card at this moment.

Liu Ang looked at this card silently, and regain his attention after a long while.

But after calming down, he immediately exclaimed to the bar in the hall with a low voice.

Liu Zixing and his wife who hid there all this time now stood up shakily.

At the moment, Liu Ang looked at the corpse of Panther’s underling on the ground. Watching his outfit and also Liu Zixing’s, he probably guessed what Liu Zixing wanted to do. Thus, he said angrily, "You bastard! You dare bring someone back to rob your own house"

"Dad I...Please listen to me..." Liu Zixing lowered his head, dared not to look at his father.

"Humph! Stop calling me!" Liu Ang snorted and walked towards the sofa in the hall while holding the telephone.

Liu Zixing was feared, "Dad, what are you going to do?"

But Liu Ang said, "You want me to help you, right? I will help you right now! Listen! I will call the police! And you surrender yourself to the police, saying that you took people home to rob yourself in order to repay your gambling debts. Then you accidentally killed the man in a dispute! I will hire the best lawyer for you, I’m familiar with the head of police. You just stay in jail for a few

years, having a thorough self-examination and quitting your addiction to gambling!"

"You... How could you do this!" Liu Zixing gazed at Liu Ang inconceivably.

Liu Ang seemed to have made a final decision, starting to press the telephone button.

"My husband... run away quickly, hurry!" Liu Zixing's wife shook her husband's arms at this moment, saying quietly.

But Liu Zixing suddenly opened his eyes wide, as if he got an enormous shock. "No... I won't go..."

A blast of resentment in his heart erupted all of a sudden. He snatched a wine bottle opener on the bar suddenly, walking step by step towards Liu Ang's back.

"Husband!!"

"Old man!! You'd rather seize the money than save me!! I will kill you!!!"

Flop--!

The spiral corkscrew was stabbed into Liu Ang's back immediately. Such horrific pain made him traveled through the nerves of his whole body. Before he could say anything on time, Liu Ang experienced an extreme agony in his back!

Step by step, his son was stabbing his back madly with the corkscrew... Finally, it was thrust into his neck!

He suddenly fell down onto the sofa. He looked at his son's bloody face and look, feeling it to be rather absurd suddenly.

It was like the previous him 20 years ago.

...

"Liu Ang... Liu Ang... I'm suffering, call the doctor for me, call the doctor... Press the button, call the doctor... doctor..."

"You are so old, almost there, almost, there’s no need to live longer..."

The previous him was just like his son 20 years later.

He couldn’t close his eyes. The ferocious face of Liu Zixing was reflected in his pupils for all time... Until he lost consciousness gradually.

If a father and son lost their kinship, would they try to slay each other?

...

...

"Is it a thing which would arouse fear and sin of the heart and causing an abnormal imagination?" You Ye thought for a second, "Hum, something similar can be done in many ways."

Sitting in the hall of the club, Luo Qiu who had just described the matter of the black diamond, asked curiously, "Many?"

You Ye nodded, "It could be achieved through some witchcraft or curses. Of course, to be more precise, only if some objects have been found will it be visible."

Of course, to buy information from the altar was way more convenient.

Ring---!

The pinewood door was opened at the time. A young but panic-stricken face was reflected in Luo Qiu’s eyes.

The young man held a black card in his hand, moving closer cautiously. He looked at the two-person group sitting silently in the club and held up the black card. "This... If only I have it, I... Any dream will come true..."

"What do you want, my Customer?" Luo Qiu asked him indifferently.

He didn’t mistake the identity of the man who had a black card in his hand. He was Liu Ang’s son, Liu Zixing. Watching the blood on his face and his panicked expression, Luo Qiu didn’t speak anymore.

"Kinship... I will give my kinship to you..." Liu Zixing gritted his teeth, "I want to pay off my debt, settle the things that happened in my home, and inherit everything from my father! I want it to be legal and reasonable! Is it enough?!"

"Of course..." Luo Qiu stood up, "That’s enough."

...

...

Opening the door of the club, the rain brought by the typhoon hadn’t vanished yet. This year’s typhoon didn’t seemed special compared to former years. It was as strong as usual.

Luo Qiu’s finger snapped on the table, the account book quietly placed on the desk opened by itself to the page and the line.

"...Guest Liu Jianming, using kinship as the transaction fee, exchanged a sum of ￥3,000,000."

But right then, some new characters began to emerge slowly under that line.

"...Guest Liu Ang, using kinship as the transaction fee, exchanged the destruction of Liu Jiaming’s wronged ghost."

It was followed by another line.

"... Guest Liu Zixing, using kinship as the transaction fee, exchanged the redemption of debt, washing away the crime of killing someone, and inheriting all of its wealth."

One generation to one generation and to another generation.

Chapter 146: The Penny-Pinching Yang Taizi

The third day.

For the working class, after 2 days of the typhoon, the news from the observatory reporting that it had ceased was definitely the best news they had heard in these two days. Yet, it still rained and was not convenient for pedestrians.

The business street was totally sluggish in the morning. Nonetheless, a customer came to the club.

"This is the top-grade tender bamboo shoots from Zhijiang, my regards."

Looking at some pouches of bamboo shoots in the bag that Yang Taizi had passed, the servant girl took it over with a faint smile. It was so natural that one would think that it was as if she had bought them in the supermarket.

"Where's the boss?" Yang Taizi looked at You Ye and asked in fear while trembling.

It was not that he was only willing to come again after such a long time, but because he had tried his best to kill Ghost King Tongtian in a short period of time on that day. Since then, he had chosen a place to heal his wounds and only showed up again when he almost fully recovered these two days.

Since he had helped Ghost King Tongtian, he felt that he might have offended this mysterious place... That day, the servant girl left without leaving any words, but how could Yang Taizi pretend nothing had happened?

Yang Taizi understood the principle of catering to another's pleasure. It'd be better to send something they like than some treasures. Remembering You Ye's question about tender bamboo shoots, this old Taoist got some top-graded products by using

connections.

Miss Servant Girl said with a smile, "Master is sleeping upstairs, he'll come down soon."

He'd become the boss of the club, yet still didn't change his meal times or his everyday schedule.

Yang Taizi nodded, "That's OK. I can wait here."

He sat down in a perfectly straight position, with his eyes closed, never looking right or left. Looking so peaceful due to the cultivation of a Taoist. Yet there was another thought generated from the heart of this old Taoist.

Yang Taizi couldn't remember how long has it been since he was the waiting party.

It must have been 70 years ago when he was still cultivating Taoism. He had went to the hall of the grounds and kneeled on the cattail hassock.

"Sorry for letting the customer wait so long."

Boss Luo knew that the customer was Yang Taizi, so he seemed to be more easy-going.

Yang Taizi opened his eyes.

The purpose he came was for two things. One was to confirm the attitude of the club regarding the issue of Ghost King Tongtian; the other was about the second half of the content concerning the white jade token.

Luo Qiu sat down and drank a mouthful of black tea to refresh himself. He then opened his mouth, "The reason for Taoist Priest to come is to complete the transaction from last time?"

He only asked about the issue of the transaction? Yang Taizi thought in mind. Since he didn't mention the matter of Ghost King Tongtian, he breathed a sigh of relief in his heart. However, he couldn't make sure based merely on this simple clue.

In his view, it was hard to guess the thoughts of this boss--- but since the boss didn't mention anything, Yang Taizi wouldn't say it out at all.

"It's not about the last transaction." Yang Taizi breathed deeply, "Poor Taoist came this time for other business."

Luo Qiu was curious, "Go ahead please."

Yang Taizi said after a second of hesitation, "I hope this club could help me to fight..."

Yang Taizi started to tell the reason why he was so poor.

Originally, a powerful monster came to the mountain where this old Taoist had stayed 10 years ago. The Taoist grounds that had been inherited for countless years until it was passed to Yang Taizi and his master were forcibly occupied by this strong monster.

Therefore, he and his master went to find a common mountain. The old Taoist wanted to seize the lost Taoist grounds, so he tried to get back the missing cultivating method by all means.

Luo Qiu gradually knew about the circles of unordinary people. From there, he got to understand the situation of some uncommon beings in the modern society.

Just like those common traditional cultures and skills, eastern Taoists were declining. The difficult and hard cultivation made it harder and harder to seek people who were appropriate for cultivating. Pollution degraded the situation of Taoists, almost the same as that of monsters.

Yang Taizi's group was one of the many branches that had fallen in the eastern Taoism-cultivated field, but at the same time, it was one of the few groups which still occupied a favorable cultivating environment.

Under such a tough environment, a few fierce and cruel monsters would embark on the road of slaughter. Massacring the same species or aiming at those Taoists who possessed ancient resources.

...

Hearing that every place had its local circle, Luo Qiu continued to ask curiously after the statement of Yang Taizi, "Since Taoist Priest's mountain is robbed, why not find some fellows in the same field for help?"

Embarrassment appeared on the face of Yang Taizi, "Well... my mountain stronghold has been occupied by monsters, it's ... a disgrace to be exposed."

Luo Qiu gave a start.

Even a Taoist would feel humiliated under such situation?

Meditating in silence for a second, Luo Qiu nodded, "Taoist priest wants us to help you get back your Taoist grounds?"

Yang Taizi nodded, then shook his head, calculating the deal, "I plan to use my lifespan as the transaction fee. I should have 70 years' worth of lifespan. How many years do I have to pay to seriously injure this monster and reducing its power down to half of now?"

Taoists knew their lifespan. The one whose cultivation reached to a certain extent like Yang Taizi would definitely be aware of how long they would live.

Boss Luo said, "What's the real body of the monster and what's its name?"

"It's a 350-year-old boa demon. And it's called 'Black Water'."

Luo Qiu closed his eyes slowly, then opened them after a short while, "Let's say 50 years."

"Fine! Just 50 years!" Yang Taizi confirmed without hesitation, "Let's sign a contract!"

Luo Qiu was surprised at the frankness of the old Taoist... but it seemed that he had studied the means of exchange with the club. Therefore, he said the words about signing contracts as if he was

afraid the opposite party would regret later.

Yang Taizi left at top speed, appointing that they'd meet in a small town on his mountain 10 days later.

Luo Qiu looked at Yang Taizi who left in a hurry, saying suddenly, "This Taoist priest seems to live a tough life."

You Ye stroke her hair, tucking it behind her ears, "Once we seriously injure Black Water, he should be able to exterminate it himself and get back his Taoist grounds. There's probably something there that could be exchanged for his lifespan, hence he won't choose to exchange something more valuable like his soul for direct elimination of the target."

Luo Qiu didn't care about these. He stood up and said, "I have to go back to university this afternoon for some issues. Who knows how Qin Chuyu handled the matter of the professor, the dean's office notified me to go back to school today."

You Ye nodded, sending Luo Qiu away.

Before going away, Luo Qiu turned around, "Your earrings look nice."

The Servant Girl revealed a slight smile.

...

...

Ye Yan suddenly opened his eyes.

The gloomy weather gave him have a slight hint of fatigue. However, rings from some machine on the table woke him up.

He hurried to the window, looking through a high-powered telescope. He moved swiftly and licked his lips before whistling, "You finally came out."

The black leather windbreaker had been kicked up and wrapped around him. He walked towards the mirror, combing his black hair and stepping out from the room which he stayed for so long with a

smile.

Chapter 147: Sound of Ball-Tapping in the Aisle

Superiors let subordinates wait, leaders had workers wait, and teachers let students keep waiting... all of these might be a habit.

He came to the school, arriving at the dean's office. Yet, didn't see the teacher he should talk to.

Instead, he saw his only classmate.

Zhang Qingrui sat on the bench with him. Luo Qiu sat at the left end and Ms. Zhang sat at the right.

The two didn't keep a distance on purpose nor intended to get close. Just sitting like this like, like the distance of their seats in the classroom.

The rain was not heavy or light outside, the aisle was dim and depressing.

It was not convenient to check the account book now. So Luo Qiu logged in to his Quora account and found some new responses to his question.

It was from the same person---'Golden Eyes', who answered from last time who replied, 'It might be from Gospel of Judas'.

It probably meant whether you had verified the source of those ancient words or not. Golden Eyes said he was a student majoring in ancient characters and was recently planning to work on a project about the research of ancient characters. Therefore, he was interested in the words that Luo Qiu posted.

'Golden Eyes' left his email address for Luo Qiu.

Luo Qiu didn't reply to his request in a hurry. However, an unspeakable feeling arose. If he established a relationship with Golden Eyes, something unpredictable might happen.

He thought for a minute but didn’t greet Golden Eyes; instead, he registered a common email, and sent his email address to him.

Pa, pa, pa... pa.

The sound made Ms. Zhang look around curiously. She took a glance at Luo Qiu first, but saw that he didn’t react, so she looked towards his direction.

Zhang Qingrui saw a little girl that was about 6-7 years old, in the dim aisle at 3:30 p.m.

The little girl wore a dress with a blue and white plaid. Her face was slightly pale... Zhang Qingrui couldn’t see her appearance. She could only see her side face and behavior.

The little girl lowered her head, tapping the dark red ball.

Pa, pa, pa, pa.

The ball jumped one time after another, with a steady sense of rhythm. But her clothes were totally wet, water was dropping from her hair.

Zhang Qingrui frowned. When she was about to go there, that little girl held the ball and turned around.

"Ah..."

Ms. Zhang let out a low scream all of a sudden and her body stepped back slightly.

Big eyes, wet hair sticking on the cheeks and the bowknot hair clasp, all these didn’t impress Ms. Zhang as deeply as the little girl’s mouth.

Her mouth... was badly mutilated. It was even sewn with needlework!

...

The frightened Ms. Zhang covered her mouth tightly with her hands. Yet in a blink of an eye, that little girl ran away quickly in

front of her.

"Luo, Luo Qiu, did you see her?" Zhang Qingrui moved her pale face and focused on Luo Qiu who was sitting on the other side.

Yet Luo Qiu was still gazing at his cellphone, didn't raise his head.

"What did you see?" Luo Qiu didn't raise his head.

"Just..." Zhang Qingrui gaped. Looking at the place where the little girl stayed--- the floor that should have been soaked with water dripping from the little girl's body now seemed dry.

A chill ran over the whole body of Zhang Qingrui. She couldn't forget the scene of the little girl's sewn mouth.

"Sound, didn't you hear any sounds just now?"

Now, Luo Qiu looked up, looking right ahead of him--- the door of the dean's office. He stood up and said, "I've heard it, let's go in."

"The two students, come in!"

That was the teacher's voice. Zhang Qingrui looked inside of the dean's office. She had an impulse e to say that the sound was not from the teacher. However, she stopped even though the words were on the tip of her tongue.

She followed Luo Qiu with full thoughts, walking into the dean's office.

There was a teacher, Teacher Wang, in the office. She led two students to a small room and had them sit down.

Teacher Wang, who was over 30 years old, wore glasses accompanied with a dynamic short haircut. A female at this age could look good in today's society.

Zhang Qingrui took a glance at the ring finger of Ms. Wang's left hand. There was a light ring trace there. It was probably because she took it off recently, so it hadn't yet returned to its original skin

colour.

‘Did she get a divorce recently?’...

"During these two days, we received Qin Fang’s family member..." Teacher Wang remained silent for a while, "It’s your teacher. According to his family member, Professor Qin passed away due to a sudden heart attack. And we already received the death report of the professor."

Zhang Qingrui frowned. She recalled the incident happened at the underground graveyard in Ulan Bator but now... how did his family member get this death report?

The professor seemed to have only one family member, Qin Chuyu, Miss Qin?

"We’re very sorry to hear about the misfortune of Professor Qin Fang. Anyway, the dead can’t be brought back to life. You two please take things easily." Teacher Wang spoke slowly, "The reason why we called the two of you to come today is for your opinion for further lessons."

Teacher Wang said, "The majors of the both of you... you should be able to understand this on your own too. The university authority has set a plan for you so that we can provide assistance in changing the majors. If so, we’re going to add an additional course during summer holiday to try to help you to catch up with the learning progress before the next semester..."

While Luo Qiu asked, "Is there some other arrangement?"

Teacher Wang nodded, "In addition to that, we can try to find a new teacher for you. Even though you two are Year 2 students, due to the uniqueness of your major, basically a professor would be in charge of students for sophomores. Year 3 and Year 4 students will be doing research in other places led by other professors... Or we could let a professor that teaches freshmen to come teach you both. We can communicate with them. Otherwise, I’m afraid that

we have to wait for some new teacher to come. But it’ll take a longer time."

Teacher Wang smiled, "Of course, the university will give the two of you some time to consider it."

Luo Qiu nodded.

Yet Zhang Qingrui was shocked suddenly, "Teacher... that item..."

She pointed at a cabinet in this small room. There was a small, dark red... ball in it!

Chapter 148: The Endless Stairway

Ever since she came in, Zhang Qingrui had been in an absent-minded condition. However, the sudden inquiry about the cabinet, especially the ball inside, stupefied Teacher Wang.

"Zhang, what's wrong with the ball?" The female Teacher Wang asked inquiringly.

Zhang Qingrui shook her head abruptly, "Oh, nothing, just feel that it's not a suitable place to put a ball here."

It made absolute sense since the cabinet was full of all kinds of diplomas and medals. So it was weird to place in an old-looked ball.

Teacher Wang didn't seem to care about it but questioned curiously, "Was there a ball in here originally? I wouldn't have paid attention to it if you didn't mention it at all."

With her words, Teacher Wang came to the cabinet and opened the glass door, taking out the ball. She gave it an inquisitive glance, then turned around and moved her attention away, "All right, the several ways to deal with your matter have been stated just now. If you have any questions, just come to talk to me. The university will try to respect your opinions."

Luo Qiu nodded.

Zhang Qingrui looked at Luo Qiu and saw his expressions didn't change; therefore, she didn't say anything more.

Teacher Wang let the two students go back, before returning to her chair. She scrutinized the ball carefully and became a bit absent-minded after staring at it for a while.

Teacher Wang pinched between her forehead, turning around casually, "Old He, have you seen this ball? In the cabinet of the meeting room... Are you in?"

As she turned fully around, she saw there was no one behind the office table. She gaped, thinking that her colleague might go out for some issues.

"Have both of you left?"

She looked around the office, there was only herself with the four tables. Teacher Wang glimpsed the wall clock, it was 4 in the afternoon.

She shrugged, hiding the ball under the chair, turning on the computer and starting to absorb herself in work.

However, the ball on the floor rolled without any sound... until it finally rolled out from the office.

...

...

Ms. Zhang was in a spaced-out state ever since she came out of the office.

She thought about the ball and the weird moment... she suspected that she saw something dirty again.

Why ‘again’?

After she came back from the underground palace, for all this time, some ‘people’ had emerged in her view.

To be more accurate, they were ‘people’ that others could not see. It was as if she opened a door to a new world, regardless of whether she was at home or on the way to Gu Yue Zhai.

There were not many, sometimes she couldn’t even see one in two successive days.

Yet quality was more important than quantity. She was always frightened once she met them. Even up until now, Ms. Zhang wasn’t clear about how those ‘people’ whom she couldn’t see in the past came into her sight.

The only reason she could think off was that she'd been possessed in the underground palace.

Zhang Qingrui looked around, fearing that the little girl patting the ball would appear again. However, what she could only see was Luo Qiu's back---thereupon, Ms. Zhang realized the fact that she became absent-minded after leaving the office and followed Luo Qiu here subconsciously.

It might be assumed that she followed him in silence ... though they walked down through the same stairway, it seemed to be a little awkward.

He was not supposed to see that little girl... as an ordinary person.

Zhang Qingrui breathed slightly, "Luo Qiu, what are you going to do? I mean the schedule, change major or...?"

"If changing major, it'll be troublesome if we don't go to classes. Similarly, if a new teacher comes, the management may not as loose as what the former professor used to do."

That was true.

Zhang Qingrui had no reason to raise a dispute as she made the decision to enjoy the remaining days in the tower of ivory, thus she was a direct beneficiary of being able to skip classes.

"Let's see how the new teacher is first."

"All right."

Zhang Qingrui responded to him casually.

It had turned totally dark outside. Going down from one floor to the other, it got even darker. Zhang Qingrui walked with a heavy heart, feeling that the long stairway from 5th floor to the first one was a bit too long.

She couldn't remember how many times she had turned, but they hadn't reached the end yet. Zhang Qingrui looked up at the

floor number unconsciously.

It showed... the 4th floor on the blue board.

Zhang Qingrui was stunned, grabbing the stair handrail, "How many floors have we been through?"

Luo Qiu stopped, watching the board showing the 4th floor, "Should be 10 and a half floors."

"What?" Ms. Zhang opened her lips slightly, with an inconceivable look, "How come... 10 and a half, so we're now under the ground?"

"To be more accurate, it should be that we're strolling between the 4th and 5th floor back and forth." At the same time, Luo Qiu changed his direction, going from coming downstairs to heading upstairs,

"Where are you going?" Ms. Zhang shuddered and was slightly nervous.

"Since we can't come down, we go up." Luo Qiu watched the stairs above, "Maybe we'll get the answer."

"But... it's too weird. Aren't you afraid?"

"That's OK." Luo Qiu said coolly, "You can stay with me here. Don't worry about anything... You'll forget it later anyhow."

Even though hypnotizing the same person many times and implanting some fake memory might contribute to the imbalance of individuals and mental disorders, but if it was one's second time to receive it, that should be OK.

This idea generated in the brain of the club's boss when he was walking down the stairs.

Ms. Zhang gave a start because she seemed to hear the same words from somewhere else. As she was about to clarify it, she heard a sound.

Pa, pa, pa, pa...

At this moment, continuous sounds were heard one by one from the stairway. It turned out to be an old red ball rolling down and bouncing on the stairway again and again.

Pa, pa, pa, pa...

Without realizing it, the ball ran to Zhang Qingrui. She caught it with her hands without thinking. Once she held the light ball, Zhang Qingrui became absent-minded suddenly.

When she came back to herself, she found only herself at the same place---platform of the stairs on the 4th floor.

Looking up and down.

There was nobody else there.

"Luo Qiu... Luo Qiu? Are you there?"

Zhang Qingrui felt that her limbs became cold. She stretched out to see through the handrail, yet it was like an endless spiral, she couldn’t find the end.

So she had to look up, but the scene was filled with apprehension! Shuddering with fear!

That little girl with a sewn mouth, was now standing at the top of the stairway!

She stretched out her hand, opening the mouth faintly, trying to say something but couldn’t due to the seam.

Zhang Qingrui took one step back by instinct.

But she missed her step, falling down in an instant. After a burst of dizziness, darkness came over her eyes at once.

...

...

The empty stairs.

Luo Qiu looked around just now. Since the ball fell, his vision seemed to be transferred into another realm. And Zhang Qingrui

suddenly disappeared from his sight.

He frowned, walked up the stairway, and went along the aisle on the 5th floor.

It was very quiet. Luo Qiu tried to open some doors, but found that there was no one in every office.

Now, a figure came out from the dean’s office.

The one holding several documents in her arms was Teacher Wang, who’d been talking to him a second ago. This teacher was very surprised when she saw Luo Qiu, "Dear student, is there anything I can help with?"

Every office on the 5th floor was empty. However, Teacher Wang who was working in the dean’s office was still here.

Luo Qiu answered, "No, I forgot something in the office."

Teacher Wang nodded, "Really? Then come to take it. I need to send some documents right now. All other teachers have gone out. Take your things quickly, I’m going to lock the door."

"Thank you."

Luo Qiu nodded, walking into the office. He glanced at the cabinet... and found the ball had vanished.

Yet, when he turned around, Teacher Wang had disappeared too.

Like Zhang Qingrui, who vanished from his side.

Luo Qiu could not help but frown.

Chapter 149: Repetitive Nightmares

The sound of rain couldn’t be heard anymore.

Luo Qiu walked a round in the office, going to the cabinet in the meeting room. He suddenly stretched out to touch the place where the ball was put before.

Pressing the hand on the wooden partition, Luo Qiu closed his eyes.

Zhang Qingrui had asked if he heard or saw anything--- Considering that her memory of the matter happened in the underground palace had been erased, Luo Qiu was definitely not willing to express anything.

Instead of saying that Ms. Zhang saw her, it might be better to say she was attracted to Ms. Zhang.

Luo Qiu withdrew his palm and walked out from the dean’s office, coming to sit on the bench in the aisle.

He closed eyes again. Yet, this time he just kept them close for a mere breath. When he opened his eyes once again, there was a little girl standing in front of him.

She was clean, a hint of unease showed on her pink cheeks. The girl was wringing her dress while lowering her head.

"Well." Luo Qiu blinked his eyes, patting the seat next to him. "Take a seat here."

The little girl looked at Luo Qiu with fear, without daring to reply. She took a step back, shaking her head.

While Luo Qiu had a patient character, patting the seat again, saying gently, "Take a seat."

The little girl hesitated for a second, then moved with little steps. After sizing this big brother up and down anxiously, she sat down, but still lowered her head.

"Well." Luo Qiu lowered his head and look at her with soft words, "Were you playing a joke on us?"

The little girl shook her head and still did not say anything.

Luo Qiu thought for a moment, "Then who it is?"

She raised her head slowly and said suddenly, "Big bro, can you save my elder sister?"

Luo Qiu fell silent, then gently stroked her head, "Aren't you worried that you'll vanish then?"

She raised her head, with a firm look. "No, I won't."

"Give me your hand." Luo Qiu stretched out his hand on his thigh, opening the palm towards her. "Let me see how I can save your sister."

The little hands reached for his palms gradually. Then the little girl and Luo Qiu closed their eyes at the same time.

...

...

Dismayed cries and grieved screams.

Every stab from the sharp steel needle with fish wire pierced through her lips, pierced through her lips.

In front, the look from a crazy man who lost his marbles... there was only the steel needle and fish wire. A crazy man's face emerged from the darkness slowly.

Then the man's palm that was catching the needle turned clear gradually.

The needle was pierced through her lips little by little.

After stabbing, the fish wire was pulled crazily!

The fish wire went through her upper lip and under lip crazily. The continuous pain was several times fiercer than that of the being pierced by needles.

The pain had been spread all over her body... yet the needle was pricked again.

‘You disobedient brat who knows only how to cry! Have you cried enough?’

‘Stop crying! Stop crying! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Bottle it!! B*tch! Close your mouth!

"Ah---!"

Waking up abruptly, Zhang Qingrui was in cold sweat. The pain that her lips were stabbed by needles seemed like to be imprinted in her brain.

"Are you OK? Hey, hey?"

Zhang Qingrui recollected herself, found that she was not alone here. The one being with her in the stairway... was Teacher Wang from the dean’s office.

She couldn’t describe what she had witnessed. The only thing she could recall, was the moment when she slumped down--- the scene in which the lips-seamed girl stretched out her hand towards her.

Lips.

Zhang Qingrui touched her own lips unwittingly, but didn’t feel any of those horrible fish wire, so she let out a sigh of relief.

"Hey? How are you?"

Teacher Wang was standing here, asking about Zhang Qingrui’s situation with concern when seeing she was in a bad condition.

Zhang Qingrui shook her head hard, dissipating those grisly scenes from her mind. As a female teacher, Teacher Wang made her feel a slight sense of security more or less, "Teacher, why are you here?"

Luo Qiu had vanished. The first one she saw after waking up was Teacher Wang. All these confused Zhang Qingrui.

She surely met a ghost... but due to the unawareness of the current situation, she had to make clear of it first.

"This is what I want to ask you." Teacher Wang helped Zhang Qingrui up, "I just met your classmate, but he disappeared after a blink of an eye. But you... you fell down here when I saw you. What's wrong with the two of you?"

If she could explain it, she might not be so annoyed like now.

"Teacher... did you go downstairs?" Zhang Qingrui asked suddenly.

While Teacher Wang was stunned, "I was only taking care of you and did not go down. Are you sure you're OK? Did you faint or slip and fell down? Did you get hurt?"

It was weird that she didn't feel uncomfortable after rolling down from the stairs and waking up. The only pain was from the horrible scene in the nightmare, leaving her a pricking pain like it was a true feeling.

Zhang Qingrui glimpsed at the stairs below... the end could be seen now.

It was no longer a helix-like endless stairway!

Zhang Qingrui breathed deeply, "Teacher... I feel sort of dizzy, can you help me to go down?"

Teacher Wang nodded to agree with this simple request and helped Zhang Qingrui to step forward, "Be careful."

Zhang Qingrui nodded as well, but suddenly, Teacher Wang turned... into the appearance of whose mouth had been sewn!

She was terrified!

Out of instinct, Zhang Qingrui pushed her away at full tilt!

She used all of her strength! Teacher Wang lost her center of gravity with a dumbfounded expression!

Zhang Qingrui came to her sense at this split second... that she pushed her over!

There was no time to be afraid or frightened, she just stretched out her hand, trying to catch Teacher Wang!

However, she could only catch her clothes. The downward pull of gravity could not be reversed.

One more time, Zhang Qingrui rolled down from the stairs... but this time, another person had the same fate with her.

She felt a real pain this time! Feeling that all her bones were about to break, Zhang Qingrui dropped down with Teacher Wang lying by her side.

Teacher Wang propped up her body, shaking her head hard to sober her brain.

"What are you doing?!"

Zhang Qingrui sensed the anger in her interrogation. She was also bearing the painful feeling and when she was about to explain something, her face changed because of...

Pa, pa, pa, pa...

That familiar sound of a ball bouncing downstairs came once more! A dark red ball was seen bouncing down slowly.

One step after another.

She looked up to the stairs.

Again!

She saw that seamed-mouth little girl again, who was standing at the top end... lowering her head with a drenched body.

Ah---!

The Teacher Wang who was lying aside let out a scream in horror, scratching and scrambling to get up. Hurrying was the best way. She took a flustered escape, stumbling to run along the aisle.

That sewn-mouth girl took one and one step after another to get down. Zhang Qingrui’s consciousness turned vague. In that instant, her vision became dark, and nothing could be seen.

…

…

The needle stabbed through, time and time again.

The fish wire had been pulled, time and time again. It seemed to cut apart her lips…

The swearing voice of a man…

Zhang Qingrui woke up with a start. The stifled feeling urged her to breathe in the fresh air greedily.

"Student, what’s wrong? Student, are you OK?"

In front of her, came the caring voice of her teacher from the dean’s office … Ms. Zhang opened her eyes widely, an ice cold feeling extended over her whole body as if a large amount of cold air entered her body, which made her scalp tingled.

She… was still at the mezzanine between the 4th and 5th floor.

Chapter 150: Chasing

She was named Wang Luo.

After graduating from the university, she'd been working there under the arrangement of her family.

She had two marriages without kids... It seemed that she didn't want to have children. The two marriages were finally broken because of the lack of a child.

Recently, an idea of resignation had emerged from her mind. Maybe she simply wanted to change her working environment, or maybe it was because of fatigue or other reasons.

Zhang Qingrui hoped that she could gain more answers from Teacher Wang---Wang Luo's mouth.

She didn't remember how many times she had pushed down Wang Luo from the stairs. She always woke up from struggling, before returning to the original place. After opening her eyes, she would always see Wang Luo again.

Then, she would ask Teacher Wang Luo to help her go down from the stairs involuntarily. Each time she pushed her down from the stairs, only needing about ten seconds.

It'd always ended with this sentence, "Teacher, I am under the weather, can you help me walk down the stairs?"

Everytime, she was filled with guilt and pain as she wanted to pull Teacher Wang Luo up, but with the same fate, she would roll down from the stairs with her every time.

How many times had the same situation been repeated?

Ten times? A score? Thirty times? Or more?

Zhang Qingrui started to think--- Why did she have to push Teacher Wang Luo down to the stairs each time?

As if she'd like to end Wang Luo's life.

This hypothesis was so horrible that Ms. Zhang had to come up with an answer, which was more unacceptable--- That was, if she did not push Wang Luo down to kill her, she would not get rid of the nightmare forever.

She could not rescue herself using this way.

However, this thought constantly kept circulating again and again. Only she knew the pain and helplessness, which kept striking on her nerves, over and over again.

Not knowing how long she could insist, two entirely different ideas had emerged in her heart.

‘I can’t do that…’

‘If I adjust the angle using maximum strength at the very next time, Teacher Wang can probably fall to death…’

…

She woke up again from the cycle.

She was eager to find some place where she could escape through, instead of sitting still waiting for death!

Watching Wang Luo questioning with concern by her side, Zhang Qingrui suddenly grabbed her arm, asking quickly, "Teacher, do you know a little girl? She was wearing a blue and white plaid skirt, probably six or seven years old. Oh yeah, she also takes a bowknot hair clasp…"

The words had been suddenly interrupted.

"I don’t know."

Teacher Wang Luo’s voice suddenly turned from deep concern to indifferent. She said, "Student, let me help you walk down."

‘No…’

The cry from her heart turned abruptly into an accepting sentence. Zhang Qingrui felt she was like a puppet who was

watching her body, behavior, and words without control, "Thank you..."

Even the tone didn’t belong to herself.

‘Don’t!’

Suddenly, she gnashed her teeth, the courage that was generated from her heart shook off the constraints and had Zhang Qingrui catch Wang Luo’s hand.

Instead of walking down, they went upstairs!

The sudden change gave Wang Luo, who was being dragged up the stairs after several steps, a start. She frowned, "Student, what are you doing?"

"Teacher, I don’t have time to explain to you too much! The most important thing is that I don’t want you to die." Zhang Qingrui didn’t look back. Since they couldn’t go downstairs, they just turned back to go upstairs to have a look. They might get the answer there.

She thought of the words from her only classmate.

"Wait. Student, what did you say? What die?"

In the corridor, Zhang Qingrui said rapidly with a pale face, "I don’t know, but you, my classmate and I, we’ve all been in a pretty weird environment! And can’t go out! And just now, I’m afraid that I would have pushed you down the stairs again. I have done it dozens of times before!!"

"Are you kidding me, student?" Teacher Wang Luo frowned, considering if this girl was crazy, or was poking fun at her on purpose.

"That’s true. I don’t know if you have any impression. But I remember it clearly every time." Zhang Qingrui explained hurriedly, "Everything is because I saw that girl..."

Suddenly, Miss Zhang's face became abnormally panicked. Wang

Luo subconsciously turned around to look due to the change of expression on Zhang Qingrui's face.

A figure was seen coming up through the long dim corridor with a sound that was not footsteps---It turned out that was the sound of dragging a fire extinguisher.

The person wearing a black cloth was dragging two fire extinguishers and getting closer step by step. That guy's head was down, with abnormally scattered hair. Nobody could see exactly what his appearance looked like.

Suddenly... this person threw out one of the fire extinguishers with force--- it flew toward Zhang Qingrui and Teacher Wang Luo!

It didn't hit them, but smashed into a window beside.

Bang---!

Instantly the smashed glass spattered, Zhang Qingrui and Wang Luo let out screams in the meantime. Wang Luo got mad, "Who are you? Have you gone out of your mind?"

But it seemed like this freak had been irritated and held up the other extinguisher while, giving out a loud weird voice from its mouth. He rushed towards the two like crazy!

'Why was there another freak coming to me suddenly?'

Ms. Zhang didn't know why she was in such a bad luck. She had to turn around in order to escape from here with Wang Luo... At least fleeing away from this freak who was suddenly launching an assault without words.

...

...

Bang---!

Bang---!

Pa---!

In the aisle, a breaking sound and a glass-shattering sound were heard constantly.

Hiding somewhere in the office, Zhang Qingrui and Wang Luo peeped cautiously at the freak who was smashing doors and windows with the fire extinguisher. Looking through office by office, they felt extremely scared.

No signal was on the phone, the office phone couldn’t be used either--- it was impossible to call out for help because the office window couldn’t be opened.

Another bad news was--- there were no any other people on this floor.

Bang, Pa---!!

The glass suddenly broke and fell from the top, Zhang Qingrui and Wang Luo stifled each others’ mouths. Neither dared to make any sound. Their bodies curled up, trying to stick to the wall under the window to avoid to be found by that grisly freak that was standing out of the window.

Bang---!

The sound of another place being destroyed came, but fortunately the footsteps began to leave.

Zhang Qingrui and Wang Luo still dared not speak out loud until the footsteps had gone away. They popped their heads out and checked the aisle.

"He found this area already... so probably won’t come back for now." Wang Luo said in her quivering voice.

Zhang Qingrui didn’t dare to judge.

Wang Luo smiled bitterly, "You’ve said we are trapped in some weird environment...Now it seems to be true."

"Teacher..."

"If we think about it, how come there is a window that can’t be

opened, no others are on our floor, and the phone is out of signal?" Wang Luo breathed deeply before speaking abruptly, "You just said that you pushed me down for several times, was that true too? "

Zhang Qingrui nodded.

Perhaps they were trapped and threatened by the same source. The two who were in tribulations had become closer in a short time.

"I've tried many times, but no matter how, there is no way to leave the fifth floor. No matter how I walk the stairs, I've always come back to the fifth floor..."

The atmosphere became silent suddenly.

Who knows how long the time had passed, Wang Luo breathed deeply, raising up her head and looked outside at the cloudy sky through the window before telling, "When I was young, I had such experience..."

"I was chased by a man. No matter where I ran, I found out that I couldn't escape from him. There was full of darkness and desperation ahead of me."

Zhang Qingrui was surprised, she didn't know why Wang Luo mentioned this issue... It might have something to do with the freak with a fire extinguisher?

Wang Luo gave out a wry smile, "I thought I've forgotten that matter. Yet, it came to my mind today, the nightmare of my life..."

Chapter 151: We Had a Promise

Wang Luo was not the biological kid of her current parents but their adopted daughter.

"At that time, my father was laid off and stayed at home for about one year. The heavy responsibility of supporting my family had been shifted to my mother. Women of that era had a hard life and male chauvinism was very serious. So that was why my mother couldn’t hold a family for long."

Wang Luo talked about something she had forgotten, "Suddenly, one day, I saw my father becoming crazy after coming back from school and broke all the objects in the house. That night he became drunk with a letter in his hand written by my mother... or it should be called a note because there were only three words 'I have left '."

"Later, I heard many rumors. Some people said my mother married an overseas Chinese who returned to China, some said she went to a further place to work, while others mentioned that they found her working in a nightclub. I don’t know exactly which one is true... But my father seemed to believe all the rumors."

Even though she was already over 30, in Zhang Qingrui’s current perspective, Wang Luo was like a helpless little girl.

She clasped her own hands and said in an unusually disgusted tone, "You can’t imagine how ugly he is when a man tries to escape from the reality... It’s too serious to be forgiven even though he was my father. There was a period of time... I remember it was in summer, I could only wear winter clothes to go to school. Do you know why? That was because I was afraid of the exposure of my wound on my hands and feet to my classmates. There were scars here and there."

Wang Luo let out a sigh, saying in a low voice, "I couldn’t bear such an inhuman torture any longer. I wanted to escape from that

cold family... That night, that ugly man revealed his lowliness, cowardliness, and his incapability again. It seemed that he could only keep the remaining of a man's self-esteem through the cruel beating of his daughter."

Wang Luo stretched out her hands suddenly, "I was very afraid... I grabbed the kettle and smashed it towards his head mercilessly! Then he fell down to the ground in pain! I saw his forehead started bleeding! I felt even more dreadful, thus I ran out of the house at all cost... He chased me! I kept running and he kept chasing me from behind! I was too panicked to choose a way to escape, so I finally went to hide in a construction site nearby! He picked up an iron stick from somewhere... kept striking and hitting... like a crazy person. He kept beating many things around... "

Wang Luo retrieved her hands, holding her arms tightly again. She quivered slightly, "Just like now, hiding here."

"And what happened later?" Zhang Qingrui asked.

Wang Luo lowered and shook her head, "I have no idea. I forgot about that... I just remembered that I was not at that place after waking up, but in an unfamiliar street. I was wandering along the street, seeking something to eat from the garbage bins when I felt hungry. Such life went on for several weeks, I dared not to go back. Perhaps because of God's mercy, a couple found me and took me in... I dared not to tell them about my family affairs because I was afraid they would send me back home. Thus, I pretended not to remember anything. They didn't have children and since then, I became their kid."

"...Did you really forget about the matters happened at the construction site?" Zhang Qingrui inquired suddenly.

Wang Luo gave a start and turned around to look at this student. But who knows when Zhang Qingrui had lowered her head, therefore, her face couldn't be seen clearly. This change made Wang Luo feel a slight hint of uneasiness.

"I don’t know... I can’t remember it." Wang Luo answered unconsciously.

"You forgot about it, forgot about it... you forgot about it!"

At that very moment, Zhang Qingrui raised her head. Two hands stretched out to strangle Wang Luo’s neck. The ogrish hand strength left Wang Luo in unparalleled pain!

The current spectacle chilled Wang Luo’s heart into cold ice... The beautiful Zhang Qingrui’s looks turned grisly suddenly.

Her hair became scattered, her lips turned bloody... She wanted to open her mouth, yet the sewn fish wires that intersected one another prevented her intention.

The greatest extent to which her mouth could open was a small gap that was sewn with many fish wires!

Pain, fear, panic and despair, countless emotions started to swarm into Wang Luo’s mind in a moment.

Fragmentary pieces flashed across Wang Luo’s mind.

Wang Luo witnessed the ugliest face she knew, her biological father’s face... His hands, his fierceness and his sin!

One after another.

Steel needle and fish wire.

Wang Luo struggled frantically. Her legs kicked and flailed about on the ground--- But no matter how, she couldn’t struggle to free herself from the hands of that person!

Pa---!

Suddenly, there was a sound of something being smashed.

The office door had been kicked open, that freak with a fire extinguisher came in. A fire extinguisher was thrown towards them!

The abnormal Zhang Qingrui loosened her hands, and Wang Luo

moved back using the force in her legs!

Watching the abnormal Zhang Qingrui rushing towards this freak with an incomparable power, and pushed this freak to the wall, Wang Luo trembled. While crawling and rolling, she tried to run out of the door.

"Why did you stop me?!"

The voice was emitted from the sewn mouth with hands squeezing the freak's neck. Zhang Qingrui's current expressions showed a gruesome air.

"A little girl requested me to help save her elder sister."

However, that freak didn't show any sign of pain. He took off the black cloth on his body, and caught Zhang Qingrui's arms. He said with a gentle voice, "When she requested that from me, she looked firm. But as I grabbed her palm... I think she was more scared than you."

"Ridiculous! I'm afraid of nothing! I've no longer scared!!"

"Really? Even when you were buried in a completely dark place forever?"

"You don't know anything!!"

The sewn mouth opened to its limit furiously, but it still couldn't break those intersecting fish wires. At the same time, the blood came out. A stream of dense smoke exuded from Zhang Qingrui's body, swirling frantically.

Not long ago, the boss of the club agreed to the demand of a little customer.

...

...

Where was it?

Who knew where this place was ... maybe just an office on this

floor. The scared Wang Luo was totally unaware of where she broke into.

She hid near a sofa, holding her body tightly in her arms. The scattered hair kept out most of her vision.

The extreme fear seemed to drag her back to that night 20 years ago.

She seemed to be in the same situation, hiding in the construction site, muttering, "Don’t be afraid... he can’t find me. He can’t find me. Don’t be afraid..."

The stronger and stronger shivers made her eager to comfort herself, "Don’t panic... I’ll protect you. Xinxin, sister will protect you, don’t panic... don’t...panic."

She opened her arms, it looked like she wanted to take something into her arms.

However, there was nothing there. Her arms were just embracing the air. The vacant arms had her recall everything.

...

"That b*stard, did he hit you at the time when I’m out?"

"Today, not that much..."

"That b*stard!! Even hit the six-year-old you, f*ckin wretch... are you in pain? I can apply some medicine."

"Xinxin, be positive, sister will come back soon."

"Xinxin..."

...

"A ball! How come?"

"Hush, I took it back from school, don’t tell others."

"Yeah! This is Xinxin’s treasure! Sister is the best! Let’s play together!"

"Sorry, I can’t! If I don’t work, I’ll be beaten! What about playing sneakily on vacation? We can finish work quickly and play, OK?"

"Yes... let’s have a pinkie shake and swear! Pinkie shake on it then keep your promise forever."

"Great, pinkie shake on it then keep your promise forever."

"Hee hee!"

...

"Xinxin, let’s escape! We can’t stay here any longer, or we’ll be beaten to death!"

"But... what if we are caught... Dad, dad is fierce..."

"Don’t worry! Sister will protect you, I’ll protect you, don’t worry..."

...

"Don’t worry, he can’t find us. Don’t make any sound, he can’t find us."

"Sister... I’m scared..."

"Hush... don’t worry, sister is being with you."

"My ball is missing!"

"Ball? Leave it alone, sister will give you more beautiful ones!"

"No! The ball... is the present sister sent me! We’ve promised that we’ll play with the ball together!"

"Xinxin, don’t..."

...

Ah---!!!!

"I found you! Little b*tch!! You dare to run away and hit me!! Little b*stard! I’ll kill you!!"

"Sister, save me... sister, sister...sister, where are you... sister..."

Sister… dared not come out.

Chapter 152: Treasures of 4:15

The ink-like thick black air wrapped around Luo Qiu.

Pain, fear, hate, and despair accumulated in the air, but it still couldn’t invade Luo Qiu’s body.

Luo Qiu waved his arm while looking at Zhang Qingrui who was standing in front of him...and the other entity that released the black air in her body.

The air of despair began to withdraw from Luo Qiu, but the hatred appeared on Zhang Qingrui’s face became more and more serious.

"My classmate might have met bad luck recently, this should be the second time she was possessed." Luo Qiu said suddenly.

During the time he was talking, the black air had been entirely drawn into Zhang Qingrui’s body---It was definitely not her own desire but by the thought of the boss in the club.

"I don’t care!"

"You don’t care about possessing other’s body eh?"

"I don’t care!"

"I have no reason to say you’re willful." Luo Qiu let out a sigh.

He reached out his hands again while sighing. Following his thought, Zhang Qingrui who attached by the strong grievance was not able to move at all.

"What do you want to do? Let me go! I’m going to find that woman! She lied to me! She promised me to protect me! But---!

"No buts." Luo Qiu said fishily, "There should be 37 times, but in those 37 times, you didn’t take any action, right?"

"No! I just..."

His palm finally extended to Zhang Qingrui’s face, near to her

lips. Luo Qiu's fingers swept over her lips softly and the fish wire broke, string by string, at this moment.

The strong hatred in her body turned lighter as the fish wire broke little by little.

Until the last string of fish wire broke completely, only then did all the grievance disappear totally, like a stubborn drop of ink dissolved in water.

Luo Qiu said softly, "But you can’t wait for her to come out, right?"

While saying, his hand grasped Zhang Qingrui’s arm and he pulled it with a little force. Then, a little shadow was dragged out from Ms. Zhang’s body.

Light and transparent as if she could disappear at any time... She was exactly the little girl who was soaked, with her mouth sewn before. However, now it was opened.

As for Zhang Qingrui, she now fell on the ground all of a sudden and was seemingly in a coma.

The shadow had been pulled out from Luo Qiu’s arm. He said gently while holding this little girl, "Don’t worry. This time I’m here with you, waiting for her to come back."

Luo Qiu's palm gently pressed on the floor. At this moment, the floor began to crack completely --- the gap expanded and the whole office started to shatter into pieces.

It expanded not only through this office but this floor, even to the whole building!

Everything had been crushed in this moment and turned into countless pieces--- and all debris dispersed at one blow!

Oddly, they did not drop down, merely scattered!

The scattering of debris seemed to give a chance for the blocked visions to meet each other through the gap of countless macadam

and debris of objects.

And not knowing since when, Luo Qiu had returned to his strange look.

Within the period when the little girl was stunned, Luo Qiu stretched out his palm, pinched her neck, and lifted her up easily.

As if suffering from a great deal of pain, the little girl now kicked in the air with difficulty.

...

Wang Luo woke up from the memories. She touched her face subconsciously and found another thing except sweat.

It was the tears of regret.

She saw many images... Not long ago when she was strangled, she witnessed images of matters that she didn't understand, one by one.

Why wasn't she brave enough to run away.

No matter how her only sister lamented, she didn't have the courage to run out.

She recalled everything--- Ultimately, she didn't have the courage to leave the hiding place until her father dragged her sister away from the construction site.

She dared not even follow them sneakily back.

She fled far away, and wandered all over the streets, forcing herself to forget the hagridden scene.

Wang Luo grasped her own collar tightly. Unimaginable self-accusation, pain, and deep regret started to extend from here.

The surroundings now cracked and broke into uncountable debris of different sizes, but they didn't drop or scatter further.

Her sight became incomparably wide and caught the figure of the freak who chased her through the gap of countless debris.

That freak held his hands up, pinching a little girl’s neck... It was a very blurred silhouette.

Blue and white lattice dress and the little feet that were kicking randomly, it resembled a scene that took place at night 20 years ago when she witnessed her sister being dragged by her father.

An inexplicable courage let Wang Luo stand up furiously.

She ran into the countless debris, regardless if they were sharp ones or big ones, whether she was scratched by them or hurt by colliding into them.

"Let her go! Let her go!"

While running, Wang Luo grabbed a bar of debris--- a broken stone!

"Let her go!"

She rushed to the freak and smashed the broken stone down towards the freak’s arm that was used to pinch the little girl!

Yet at this moment, she felt no real sense of impact... Only knocking down a piece of black cloth.

That freak... had turned into a black cloth, drifting down slowly and disappeared.

The little girl's shadow was set free at once.

Her look turned ferocious, reaching out her hands unwittingly to clutch Wang Luo’s neck!

Nonetheless.

Embrace.

The moment she fell down, before she had stretched out her hands, her weak silhouette was brought into Wang Luo’s embrace with force.

"Don’t worry! Don’t worry! Sister is here! Sister will protect you! Don’t worry! Xinxin, don’t worry!"

The little girl's body became stiff suddenly.

The dark night at the construction site many years ago. The many helpless calls, and hopelessness because she couldn't get any help from her only support. Finally her crazy father sewed her mouth and drowned her to death, plus being buried for long in the ice cold underground.

It was so horrible.

...

'I'm Wang Xin.'

'I have a sister, she loves me very much. My mother is gone, so as long as I can wait for my sister to come back, I won't be afraid of my father no matter how fierce he is.'

'I like the ball my sister sent me.'

'Why doesn't my sister come out? I can't say out where my sister hiding... Will my father kill sister? Xinxin cannot say that.'

'Too painful, don't sew Xinxin's mouth, dad, don't.'

'Sister, where are you?'

'It's too dark here, Xinxin can't see anything.'

'Not sure since when, I want my sister to come back to my side... I think my sister wants too. Why is it only my sister that gets rescued?'

'Or how about killing my sister too? Xinxin is really really painful. Come and feel it, my sister. It's really, painful.

'I'm Wang Xin.'

'I have a sister, she loves me.'

'I'm buried under the ground by my father. Am I dead? I don't know... but not sure since when, Xinxin felt there is another Xinxin living in my heart. Xinxin doesn't like the Xinxin who lives in my heart... because she hates my sister.'

‘The Xinxin in my heart tells Xinxin that she wants to kill sister so that sister can be with Xinxin forever.’

‘But Xinxin… Xinxin doesn’t want to.’

‘My sister will also be very afraid, like the current Xinxin, who has been buried under the ground, ice cold, and too dark.’

…

‘I’m really really afraid.’

But it turned warmer and was no longer cold. She was feeling a tight hug while listening to the familiar heartbeats she knew when they used to sleep together many years ago. A constant warmth that had been transmitted to her.

The little girl’s body became soft, she circled her arms around Wang Luo timidly, hearing the words from Wang Luo’s mouth that could comfort her as the shadow turned lighter and lighter.

The last grievance had been dissipated by the late embrace.

"Sister, I want you to be my sister in next life…"

"Xinxin!"

The silhouette in her arms vanished suddenly. Wang Luo looked around, trying to find her, however…

She looked up to the sky through the broken ceiling of the building. On the cloudy sky above the debris, there seemed to be something rising gradually.

That was a light spot, like a star, flying above the sky.

Wang Luo became absent-minded as she gazed at these stars.

…

Through a large amount of complicated, shattered debris, Luo Qiu looked at the little girl who held his hand. She was still clean, the blue and white lattice dress appeared to be excessively simple.

Luo Qiu squatted down, tidying up the hair clasp on her hair

while asking faintly, "Dear customer, are you satisfied with our service?"

The little girl watched Wang Luo who was standing far from her, revealed a pure and innocent smile at her. Then, she passed her ball to Luo Qiu.

"Thank you! Big brother!"

The little girl suddenly kissed Luo Qiu on the cheek and turned around.

She turned around and ran towards Wang Luo. Her shadow turned lighter and became more transparent. Perhaps it had got to Wang Luo or perhaps it might not. Then, she disappeared from Luo Qiu's sight.

...

...

Breathing deeply.

Zhang Qingrui opened her eyes.

The familiar stairs, light, and shadow---Luo Qiu's shadow. He was going downstairs, and she was standing on the interlayer.

Between the fifth and fourth floor.

"Luo Qiu... when did you show up?" Ms. Zhang asked subconsciously.

Luo Qiu turned around and glanced at Ms. Zhang without expression, "When did I vanish?"

"No... just..." She wanted to speak out her experience, but didn't know how to start.

Just like the usual behavior, Luo Qiu said coolly, "I will leave if there's nothing."

Zhang Qingrui wanted to say 'wait a second.'

Yet now, she noticed that passersby went up and down the

stairs... it was no longer the spiral and endless stairway.

Ms. Zhang saw Luo Qiu walked down the stairs. She quivered abruptly before running up to the fifth floor. Everything there seemed to be normal and the same.

Slight chattering could be heard from the offices and no trace was seen to indicate that anything had been destroyed.

She hurried to the doorway of the dean's office, looking at the inside. She saw Teacher Wang Luo and other teachers there.

Wang Luo was looking out of the window, staring blankly. Nobody knew what she was thinking.

She took a glimpse back at the wall clock.

It was 4:15pm, only 15 minutes passed since she left the dean's office.

"Did... I... have a dream?"

...

...

When it was time to leave, teachers of the university left the teaching building. However, when they opened their umbrellas and were about to leave, they found one 10-meter-high palm tree located near the building had fallen down.

Perhaps it had been blown down by the strong typhoon during these days.

Luckily it didn't smash anything.

The teachers of labor union contacted some workers to come to deal with this fallen palm tree. Nevertheless, they dug out a set of bones under the tree.

It should be a kid's skeleton.

...

"The typhoon 'Tenney' has passed through our country.

Occasional drizzles will come in the next few days, but the temperature will rise again gradually. The intensity of ultraviolet in the next two days..."

At night.

The boss was listening to the weather report while playing around with an old red ball.

The ball was rotating slowly on his palm, Luo Qiu suddenly turned to the servant girl who was cleaning the display cabinet with a feather duster, asking, "You Ye, do we have some good-looking shelves?"

"There should be some in the lumber room." You Ye turned to look at the master, "What size do you need?"

Luo Qiu lifted up the ball, "I want to set it on the showcase."

"The ball?" the servant girl eyes opened wide.

Luo Qiu said gently, "It’s a treasure."

Chapter 153: Since It's A Puppet, It Definitely Needs To Be Maintained

Chengyun shook the water out of the umbrella in the hotel downstairs, taking a look at the current weather somberly.

Wasn't it said that the typhoon had passed through? There was a quick downpour this morning. Grandpa Sun had risen now and caused the rainwater to evaporate. People everywhere were inundated with a feeling of mugginess.

Chengyun hurried into the hall at 9 o'clock, then walked into the elevator. To highlight the star rating of the hotel, it had a specially designed as a sightseeing elevator.

The slowly rising elevator allowed Chengyun to keep most of the city's sceneries under his eyes. He thought of Zhong family's domestic affairs subconsciously.

It seemed that the second young master was determined to take root here. As to the old master, he didn't return to the villa in the capital city. The old master declared in the Zhong Family that this place was suitable for him to recuperate instead of the capital city where he couldn't even inhale a little bit of fresh air throughout the year.

It was true... but as to if this was the real reason, Chengyun kept a watch-and-wait attitude.

The big master had returned to the capital to deal with the family's business, and the third miss had left with her parents earlier.

Hence, rather than saying that the old master stayed here to recuperate ... it was more likely due to the fact that the second master was here. Chengyun was aware that the eldest master, Zhong Luoyun, had the desire to be the next leader of the Zhong Family, so it was not that weird to see the gloomy look on Zhong

Luoyun’s face on the day he left.

"Second master, everything is done."

In one deluxe suite on the higher floor of the hotel, Chengyun sent the documents to Zhong Luochen. The second master smiled faintly, "Nice speed, good job."

Chengyun didn’t accept the merit at once, instead, he said with a normal look, "It’s achieved with the help of Lin Geng’s biological uncle, that’s why we could finish it so fast. If his uncle didn’t see that Lin Geng had become a vegetable with almost zero chance for him to wake up, hence hurries to fight for Lin Geng’s family property, we would not be able to get the right of control to Heaven Shadow’s Entertainment so quickly through this puppet."

"Leave it for now." Zhong Luochen didn’t even open that document but put it on the table randomly. He walked towards the French window and pulled open the curtain. The view he saw was apparently different from what he had seen in the elevator.

Zhong Luochen said, "I’m not interested in starting a business, the Heaven Shadow’s Entertainment has a good base."

Chengyun nodded but sighed suddenly, "It’s a pity that the pillar Tu Jiaya disappeared. Rumor says it has something to do with Lin Geng’s drug abuse that turned him into a vegetable. It is even possible that she’s the one who has committed this, therefore is hiding somewhere else."

Zhong Luochen said coolly, "What is a star? In my opinion, whether working hard to become famous or becoming well-known by sheer good luck, the essential key is nothing more than ability. In addition to that, I don’t plan to place emphasis on film and television industry."

"Second master?" Chengyun was startled.

As if seeing a dormant lion opening its eyes at the moment.

Zhong Luochen talked fishily, "There is a large population in our

country... No matter how many much attention films and television programs can attract, how can they compete with the direction of public opinion? The so-called obscurantism, it’s nothing but deceiving the public. Condemning both speech and writing. The power of effective writers is always sharper than what you can imagine."

He turned his body around, his back facing this city, smiling, "A media empire will achieve much more than a film and television empire."

Although he didn’t mention how it would be planned, Chengyun seemed to see a huge blueprint spreading in front of his eyes from Zhong Luochen’s body at this moment.

He couldn’t control the quiver in his heart... He was thinking about the other person who provided him the benefits, the Third Miss.

The three grandchildren were outstanding among people. There will probably be a series of fights in the future.

"Oh, prepare some presents for me." Zhong Luochen said abruptly, " Old Zhang’s birthday is coming in the next few days. I have to make a trip to the Zhang’s house."

"Got it."

Chengyun nodded and promised, but once he thought of that old woman of Gu Yue Zhai who had never let out a smile in a thousand years, he couldn’t help moaning and groaning inwardly.

...

...

"...But you will override all of them since you will sacrifice your flesh."

Jesus said to Judas.

This was the translation of "Gospel of Judas" that Luo Qiu was

able to find. As to the veracity, no one in that period could testify it.

Probably one month ago, since the message had been found inside of the stain-glass window in the former boss's room, and from the time he realized that this might be one of the sentences from "Gospel of Judas" due to the hint 'Golden Eyes', Luo Qiu had therefore read the New Testament and the Old Testament, and also these sections of 'Gospels'.

This seemed to be the clues older than You Ye's understanding of the former boss. However, the clues seemed started to be lost when it reached the 'Gospel'. To study the character of Judas in 'Gospel', it was not easy to understand it by simply reading the New and the Old Testament.

Luo Qiu had inherited the club for approximately two months. His lifespan had thus become abundant after receiving many transactions. He was patient character--- even though he used to be active in his childhood, the patient character was probably cultivated by the lonely life he had lived in recent years.

In the unseen world, Luo Qiu didn't think it was accidental to find this message in the former boss's room.

After the former boss left the club, where was he now? Once he sold the club, how would his life be?

"Unfortunately... the price is too expensive."

While complaining secretly about the extreme stinginess of the altar in information-gathering, Luo Qiu checked over the temporary email he that had registered outside the dean's office yesterday.

It didn't receive any new mail.

Luo Qiu's heart didn't fluctuate due to this--- He started to discover the change of his soul after it had been imprisoned in the altar.

His emotion started to grow indifferent.

Anger, anxiety, hesitation, depression and a series of negative emotions as such, he used to show these emotions occasionally, but now it was hard for them to appear.

In retrospect, he realized his change through the transactions that he had done these days---As the number of transactions increased, his ability had been improving steadily and his change became more and more obvious.

"If I can’t laugh after reading cold jokes, it’s a little bit terrible..."

Turning off the cellphone, and after drinking a sip of black tea that was completely cold ... Luo Qiu just realized it was totally cold.

Under the precious care of the servant girl, Boss Luo who had got used to being lazy in life couldn’t help gaping.

It seemed that while he was contemplating, You Ye had said she would be going upstairs for a second... for what?

Luo Qiu couldn’t remember anything at the moment.

But looking at the time, it seemed a little bit long--- After getting used to having the servant girl by his side, Boss Luo felt unfamiliar all of a sudden.

He walked up the stairs slowly.

She was not on the second floor.

His emotions had turned indifferent... but his curiosity still remained the same just like before he inherited the club. Therefore, Luo Qiu went up to the third floor.

Different from the second floor that was used as a living room, the third floor was used to stock sundries. Luo Qiu landed on the stairs, who could gradually see the situation all over the third floor.

Half-naked.

The black and white maid costume had been taken off until her shoulders, revealing her delicate and fair back. One slender foot with an almost perfect ratio was stretched out, and the other was held close up to her chest, hiding the exposed part after the clothes were taken off.

And the skirt hemline was lifted, covering only the end of her thighs...

From his angle, Luo Qiu could see the side part clearly.

But it seemed to be more alluring.

Long hair that had long been coiled, You Ye now looked down with both her hands pressing on the joints of her knees. Her attentive look--- was distracted in that instant.

She might have heard the footsteps of someone coming upstairs.

The boss of the club and the servant girl with such appearance looked at each other now.

Was it quite embarrassing like this?.

Some thought arose from Luo Qiu’s heart. But as if a stream was flowing there, the faint restlessness disappeared all of a sudden.

He suddenly recalled what You Ye had said to him before coming upstairs.

"Master, You Ye need to maintain my own body, it might take some time."

Chapter 154: Maintaining You Ye

The club occupied the location of a store that was located in the original commercial street--- Of course, this kind of occupancy was not of a surface level.

They were not in the same realm---To make it simple, both the original store and the club existed at the same time and location.

The only difference was that the person who could see the club couldn’t see the store and vice versa.

In fact, Luo Qiu just felt that because of this existence, the sunshine that radiated into the attic-like third floor and reflected the light on You Ye’s half-undressed body had made everything more beautiful.

Embarrassment flashed across his heart and faded. Luo Qiu now said softly, "Do you need help?"

Because he was her boss, the servant girl didn’t care her current appearance. She stood up quickly and let down the hemline to cover her bare thighs without stockings. Yet, her tops still remained at her belly.

"How would You Ye dare bother Master with such a trifling thing."

Luo Qiu didn’t find any shy expressions on her face but the worried look of causing trouble for the master.

Well... even though it was the first time for him to see a female’s naked body, Luo Qiu didn’t even feel his heart beat faster.

Seeing it seemed to be nothing of a big deal ... This might be his thought.

If he saw it clearly, it was possible to see some parts of You Ye’s joints--- which could not usually be seen normally. It was probably because she needed to be maintained, so she showed her original

state.

She was a puppet.

Luo Qiu stepped up the last few flight of steps, ascending to the third floor completely.

The wooden floor let out a squeaking sound when being stepped on. He finally came facing You Ye, pulling up the clothes to cover her body, which she didn’t intend to hide.

Luo Qiu came to her back, tied up the strings, and put her clothes on completely, saying, "It’s nothing. Have you maintained your upper body?"

You Ye nodded.

Luo Qiu thought for a while before continuing, "What do you usually do to maintain your body?"

You Ye turned around and said, "Normally, I only clean the dust on the joints, then apply some lubricant. As to the components of the body, I just changed them 100 years ago, so it’s not necessary for now."

Luo Qiu looked at the bottle on the floor and the dropper, "Take a seat."

Obeying his words, You Ye sat down obediently.

Now Luo Qiu squatted down to pick up the dropper. Some yellow thick liquid was absorbed in the bottle---it might be the so-called lubricant.

But it didn’t have a pungent smell like normal lubricant; instead, the smell was fragrant as perfume. Luo Qiu looked up to see the servant girl, inquiring in a faint tone, "Just drop it on the joint?"

"Master, You Ye can do it myself."

"That’s OK." Luo Qiu said gently, "Thank you for your precious care throughout these days. I should do something for you as a return."

His look became gentle as well. He squatted down halfway on the floor, stretching out his hands to raise You Ye's shank slightly, putting it on his own knee.

Under the hemline, only a very tiny section and the ankle were shown.

Luo Qiu looked up and asked, "Is that OK?"

You Ye smiled faintly, stretching out her hands to pull up the hemline until her knees were exposed. However, her joints couldn't be seen."

"That's all right."

Luo Qiu touched You Ye's knees gently. The sorcery that was used to cover the trace on her knees had vanished now.

Even so, even if more structures of the joints had appeared, it did not show discordance or bad influence on the perfect lines of female's legs.

Even... One couldn't find any other female who owned such perfect lines.

"The alchemist must have spent a lot of time to build you." Luo Qiu couldn't help admiring.

"The former boss said that alchemist lady spent almost 10 years." You Ye said softly, "Well, You Ye is satisfied with this body."

Feeling the human-like tactile impression from a non-human body, Luo Qiu was surprised again about the manufacturing skills of the puppet-maker.

Of course, if the soul wasn't blended in the body of this puppet, it wouldn't be so flawless.

Even though she was not a human, in Luo Qiu's view, except having the ability to reproduce, You Ye owned a perfect body and soul that surpassed human beings.

The dropper approached slowly to the joint. Luo Qiu pressed it

carefully against the gap that opened slightly, his fingers pressed it with a little force. The light yellow color thick liquid was squeezed out a little by now and was poured into the gap little by little.

Well...

You Ye let out faint voices occasionally, Luo Qiu asked curiously, "Can you feel it?"

"A little." You Ye closed her eyes, saying softly, "It feels weak and numb. Actually my skin can feel it but it isn't that strong."

He thought a puppet should not have feelings. Listening to this, Luo Qiu stopped and recalled the scene where he held and lifted her calf...

Seeing that You Ye's expression didn't change, Luo Qiu definitely didn't think too much.

Next was the ankles, he held You Ye's beautiful feet in his palms completely.

The translucent toes contracted a little. Even though it wasn't a strong feeling, it might be due to the ticklish feeling. Thus, Luo Qiu acted more quickly.

Next, he did the same on the other leg.

"Thank you, Master."

Luo Qiu put down the dropper, taking the shoes nearby, and helping her to wear them slowly.

"There, it's done." Luo Qiu stood up while making a joke, "It doesn't seem to be easy work."

"It's not that easy to deal with the ankles." You Ye stood up, "But this time is a little bit quicker than usual."

You Ye grasped Luo Qiu's palms suddenly, taking out the handkerchief and wiping the liquid smeared on his hands, "Master, please don't do such things for You Ye anymore. You're the most honorable man, how can you do such a dirty thing? The former

boss didn’t do these. He just asked You Ye to do it on my own."

He had no feeling until now.

But Luo Qiu thought suddenly that he seemed to be a foot fetishist kind of pervert and furthermore, it was a puppet’s foot...

However, it was due to the altar that his emotion had turned indifferent. Therefore, Luo Qiu’s face didn’t show any unusualness; rather, he asked suddenly, "By the way, do you still remember the name of alchemist lady who produced you?"

"Ekaterina II•Alexyevna."

Luo Qiu gave a start.

This name sounded quite familiar.

Chapter 155: You are Too Young

‘If I can live up to 200 years old, the whole Europe will lie under my feet’--- Ekaterina II.

...

"...Sophia•August has obtained ‘Zosimus handwritten copy’ by using love and fertility as transaction fees."

"...Ekaterina II, has earned a gold mine by making an alchemic puppet."

"...Ekaterina II, has earned 300 years of lifespan in exchange for her soul."

...

The thickness of the account book, according to the appearance, was probably six centimeters, but the real number of pages was far more than what it looked like.

It seemed to be a book that couldn’t be finished reading--- So, even if Luo Qiu planned to read the account books after returning from Romania, he couldn’t really finish even one amongst the dozen of these account books.

Perhaps for the book that he had picked, he finished only one percent or one out of several hundreds, or even slower. Yet, if he checked using the catalog, it was easy to find the page that he needed.

Since she was the creator of You Ye’s body, Luo Qiu was definitely curious about her. This Miss Sophia•August had three deals with the club. The handwritten copy was perhaps the opportunity for her to be an alchemist.

Later on, Sophia became the first female Tsar emperor throughout history. She took 10 years to create an alchemic puppet, and obtained a mine that was abundant in gold ore

reserves---Calculating the time, Russia, in that period, seemed to be lack national treasures and was facing internal trouble and outside aggression.'

The third time was the 300 years of lifespan. According to the spirit of the club's contract, this female emperor's soul would be collected after 300 years... Checking Luo Qiu's current time, there should be at least 50 years more for her.

However, this female emperor had already died --- Nevertheless, the collecting time wouldn't be changed. No matter the difference of one year, one month, one day, or even one second.

"Did she feign her death..."

Luo Qiu continued reading the account book, it was written that Ekaterina II's soul hadn't been collected---in other words, this former female Tsar emperor was still alive.

Because Ekaterina II was a customer who was waiting to pay the transaction fee, if Luo Qiu wanted to know her current location, he should just pay quite a reduced price to the club---to the extent that he felt the club was extremely generous in this part.

"Deducted three days of your lifespan successfully. Ekaterina II is now in Szczecin, Poland."

Luo Qiu creased the part between his eyebrows unconsciously.

There was no need to push himeself to clear all the transactions that the club had made throughout these years.

Take it one step at a time.

The thing he needed to do now was... to achieve long-distance teleportation, not only in this city--- Comparing with the beginning, the distance of teleportation had already been doubled.

"You Ye, No.9 didn't come back throughout this duration right?"

Luo Qiu usually came back home punctually. Currently he still

slept at home.Therefore, if Black Soul No.9 returned, they wouldn’t meet each other.

Throughout these days, he had not received the information cards of the potential customer that No.9 had handed in to You Ye.

Although it was not the rigid requirement of the club for Black Soul Envoys to hand in their information, Black Soul Envoys were usually more hardworking to achieve higher sales.

Such as Tai Yinzi.

In fact, seeing Black Soul No.9 for the first time gave Luo Qiu a feeling that it would be the kind that devoted itself to develop customers.

But was it tired of it recently?

"No, not yet." You Ye answered quickly, "Master, do you want No.9 to come back? It’s still in the city."

Luo Qiu considered for several seconds, "No need...Well, let me go and have a look."

No breakthrough had been found regarding the matters about ‘Gospel’. Furthermore, it was too embarrassing for the boss himself to find potential customers outside, so Luo Qiu decided that going out to take a look was not a bad idea.

He smiled and said, "Come with me, since it is a waste of time doing nothing here."

...

...

The pet center didn’t open for business in the recent two days but Luo Dance dared not stop working.

The little butterfly monster didn’t want to do nothing so she

cleaned the pet center from inside out.

She stood barefoot on the brand-new floor, like a mirror, she could see her appearance. Luo Dance grabbed the mop by in one hand, while the other wiped the sweat on her forehead. A sense of satisfaction emerged from her heart.

Luo Dance decided to drink two cartons ... no, three cartons of milk to reward herself!

Bang, bang---!

Right now, a sound of something dropping was heard from the treatment room. Thinking of the young girl with black clothes who had popped up that day slept there, Luo Dance ran over there barefooted in a hurry.

In the treatment room, half Hanba Su Zijun fell down. She held the edge of the operating table that was originally used for animal surgery which was now her temporary bed. It seemed that she wanted to get up with its support.

Those tools that were placed on the shelf near to the operating table perhaps dropped when she fell down

"Ah, what happened to you? You should not leave the bed!"

Luo Dance hurried to Su Zijun, grabbing her arm to help her up and sit back on the operating table.

"Who are you?"

No longer could those dark red eyes like that day be seen. Luo Dance now saw white and black eyes of this half Hanba.

"I’m Luo Dance, the assistant of Sister Long."

"Sister Long?"

Luo Dance opened her bright eyes, "Sister Long is Long Xiruo, you should know her."

"Tut, turns out that you're the newly received servant of the old hag." Half Hanba Maid indifference on her paper-like pale face, giving off a sense of coldness.

The little butterfly monster had no experience in dealing with customers of such character, so she didn't know how to reply... If Sister Long heard someone calling her 'the old hag', she might go into a frenzy.

She still remembered that not long ago a cat monster aunt brought her son. here. That little cat monster was crying and resisting the injection while shouting 'Old hag, go away'. At that time, sister Long's face was full of indignation--- Anyway, the little cat monster left with pain, tears and snot, and shouted that it would never want to come back here anymore!

But now, Su Zijun stretched out her hands and pulled Luo Dance towards her, starting to use her nose to sniff the butterfly's neck.

She felt a little bit ticklish and intended to push her away, but was afraid of hurting her--- After all, she just recovered from a serious injury. Now, the butterfly monster didn't know how to deal with it.

Yet at this moment, half Hanba, Su Zijun grasped Luo Dance's breast all of a sudden and kneaded them with a little force.

"Well... what are you doing..."

Su Zijun didn't do it for long. She let go after several seconds. A sudden vicious desire flashed across her eyes, but showed reluctance finally, "You are too young, I'm not interested, wait another 200 years."

"Er..."

‘Did she…attempt to eat me?’ the little butterfly monster felt a shiver on her back with cold sweat starting to emerge. Her body turned weak, seeing stars.

Seemed like she was to faint.

Suddenly, Su Zijun lifted up a little bit of her dress. Her fair thighs were seen. She pointed at the holes left on the inner side, "There’s half bottle of blood left there, and the syringe has the smell of the blood. The old hag Long Xiruo isn’t that unskillful. So, did you do this?"

"I, I… this is my first time…"

"Tut, so what?" Su Zijun snorted, "Do you want me to thank you for injecting such inferior blood into my body?"

"I, I’m not…"

‘Sister Long, come back soon… this guy is too hard to get along with!’

Chapter 156: Encountering Long

City Botanical Garden.

Long Xiruo was squatting in front of a few pots of Chinese bellflowers and collecting the leaves while mumbling, "What the f*ck is this botanical garden doing... If this continues, do I have to go to another province for herbs-picking next time? The Chinese bellflowers have no spiritual nature at all."

Of course, she was just simply saying that.

It was very rare and commendable to find Chinese bellflowers with such quality in the city. Long Xiruo sighed, the world was severely polluted now. It was only possible to find flowers and herbs with real spiritual nature by going deep into virgin forests.

‘Let’s go back early.’

Long Xiruo thought of this now but frowned at once. Her gaze was fixed ahead with her pupils contracting slightly. At this moment, her sight went through a row of silver birches.

"Every kind of weird monsters appear in this society."

...

Snapping his fingers while twisting his body and grabbing his crotch, he danced a nondescript Poppin.

Tai Yinzi had admitted recently that he was brainwashed by rock and roll and couldn’t stop himself.

Of course, the process of seeking potential customers was boring... Nonetheless, ordinary people couldn’t spot the existence of the Black Soul.

Oh~just~beat~it~

Even in this dissonant place--- the botanical garden, nothing could stop Tai Yinzi from dancing crazily with his young heart.

Of course, the process of seeking potential customers had been progressing well.

Tai Yinzi now was looking for the breakthrough to tempt the guy whom he had been following for days.

Oh~just~beat~it~beat~it~

Well, when did a woman appear? Tai Yinzi was stunned, thinking that he must have lost himself ---Of course, it was normal that a person would show up in a touristic place like this.

But it was a little bit strange... The fluctuation of this woman's soul couldn't be felt.

Tai Yinzi frowned... but he could not stop his dance step after getting used to it for these few days. Therefore, he continued twisting his butt while beating to the tempo. After glancing at the new potential customer who had already sat down, he moved gradually towards the woman who had suddenly appeared.

From front to rear, left to right, he clapped his hands.

"It's weird, what's wrong with this woman?"

Tai Yinzi paused his action after circling a few loops around this woman. He stood in front of her, regaining his decent look and behavior.

But as he was looking at this woman with short hair--- Wow, such a delicate face. According to Tai Yinzi, she was not much different from the scheming servant girl in the club.

Tai Yinzi started to feel odd. He stared at this woman... but she was merely standing still at the same spot. She seemed neither to be waiting for someone nor playing with her cellphone.

Just staring like this... as if she could see through him. Tai Yinzi frowned again, stretching his hands out to wave in front of her eyes--- there was still no reaction.

Weird.

"You idiot, have you had enough?"

Suddenly, that woman opened her mouth slowly and asked.

Tai Yinzi was stupefied. He looked around unconsciously, before frowning, "Can you see this poor Taoist?"

The woman sneered, "Who else is there except you, shameless idiot?"

Tai Yinzi gaped and moved two steps backwards to keep a distance from this woman. Although his mind became younger recently, he'd never forget the experience of living in the society 500 years ago--- Since she could see the existence of black souls, she was definitely not an ordinary person and it explained the reason why he couldn't feel the fluctuation of this woman's soul.

"Who are you?" Tai Yinzi asked carefully.

"That should be the question that I ask you." The woman said coldly, "You furtive psychopath, why are you following that pair of mother and daughter? Even calling yourself a poor Taoist? You're not even a human or ghost, with no Yang Qi or Yin Qi. Where did a demon like you come from?"

'Do you think this appearance is what this old Taoist would like to have?'

Mentioning this made him angry --- If he knew early on that he'd lose all his supernatural power, letting out all his strength was like farting, and furthermore, being an inferior existence in the club, who was trampled by others randomly, he'd rather be trapped in the white jade token!

Tai Yinzi had been being resentful for long. Now he encountered a woman with such deadly words, how could he forgive her?

The tone of this woman was quite like Qin Chuyu's!

Tai Yinzi was even more enraged when thinking of that b*tch slave girl who had imprisoned him for 500 years.

"What an eloquent girl!" Tai Yinzi snorted, "When this poor Taoist was riding the whirlwind, you were not even born!"

The woman sneered with scorn.

It was exactly like the demons in his heart! This old ghost had been entrapped by a woman. So when seeing the sneer from this woman in front of him, he definitely recalled the detestable face of the b*tch slave girl Qin Chuyu.

"If I don't show you my fierceness, this Grandpa Taoist isn't called Tai Yinzi!" Black air surrounded his body, Tai Yinzi's face had now become incomparably atrocious.

Anyhow, he had finished Zhuge Cong's task, Tai Yinzi enhanced his ability after sensing the powerlessness in his first performance!

At least he wouldn't be so weak that he could only gather one puff of air the next time he met Qin Chuyu!

'I'll just take you as a test for my current ability!'

He turned into a stream of black smoke and became a black smoke dragon. Tai Yinzi let out a grim smile, swept toward this woman at one blow!

"Little girl! Grandpa Taoist is now helping your parents to teach you a lesson, letting you know what etiquette is!"

"Sure..." that short-hair woman snorted, saying coolly, "I want to see as well what ability do you have to help my parents teaching me Long Xiruo!"

'This name sounds quite familiar...'

Tai Yinzi couldn't recall it. Yet at this moment, a terrifying power coming from that short-hair woman made him quiver!

The black smoke dragon was torn up instantly into several segments, Tai Yinzi was flung back to his original state. The moment he fell down, he even couldn't feel his body!

"Long Xiruo... Long Xiruo...", Tai Yinzi's look changed abruptly,

asking inconceivably, "You are..."

"Say it, what are you going to do by following behind the mother and daughter? Evil Taoist!"

Seeing Long Xiruo moved a step closer. How would Tai Yinzi dare to continue staying there? He turned into black smoke and drifted away into the air at once.

‘This old Taoist is quite miserable! Why did I meet this legendary horrible guy by simply wandering through the streets?’

Without hesitation, Tai Yinzi couldn’t think of any other idea except retreating to hide in the club!

"Grandpa Taoist, don’t you want to teach me a lesson? Where are you escaping to... ah?"

In a second, she almost caught up with him!

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Opening the club’s door, Luo Qiu took a glimpse at You Ye., who wore a pair of jeans with short-sleeves shirt --- She seemed to like trying out different outfits.

But she was really a qualified clothes-hanger. No matter what types of clothes she wore, it always led to an unimaginable good effect.

"Don’t hang the ‘CLOSED’ sign because it’ll be convenient for us to come back if customers come." Luo Qiu told You Ye so.

The servant girl obeyed his words naturally, turning the ‘CLOSED’ sign back to ‘OPEN’.

Luo Qiu smiled. He glanced at the window near the street and looked at the red ball on the little shelf... The red ball had been originally placed amongst a mix of strange collections, without any particular out of sort feeling.

"Master! Save me!"

Boss Luo heard Tai Yinzi's voice calling for help all of a sudden. He turned around but saw only a black shadow falling from the sky and landed in front of him. It came to a destructive halt after rolling for a few times.

Almost at the same moment, an extremely beautiful short-hair woman came to the doorway of the club.

She stretched out her hands to grab Tai Yinzi without hesitation!

Meanwhile, You Ye who was standing next to Luo Qiu peered and stepped ahead, drawing half an arc consisting of black flame!

As the full-time servant girl of the club, she definitely wouldn't allow others to get close to her master easily, let alone the one in front, who was apparently using force!

Right now!

The short-hair woman touched the black smoke with her hands. Her body had been restrained furiously. She was then flipped back and fell down two meters away.

She frowned, looking at her hand that was still burning after touching the black flame. With a golden light flashing across her eyes, the fire was finally crushed out.

Long Xiruo sized up everything in front of her eyes with a grim expression.

Chapter 157: Golden Rule

Tai Yinzi now hurried to get up from the ground. The old ghost looked terrible, but his mind was still clear and knew the meaning of preconception well. So he filed a suit to the club boss immediately. "Master, subordinate was carefully looking for targets in other places, but unexpectedly this Long... this woman made trouble for me, chasing old Taoist back here, and threatening to kill me!"

Hearing the expressive description from Tai Yinzi, Luo Qiu had to size up the short-hair woman in front of him.

If someone intended to interrupt the trading process of the club, it was a violation of the club's most fundamental aspect --- The severity of this matter was even greater than someone showing maliciousness to the boss of the club directly.

To make it simple, it was like hurting the leader of a country and stirring up the country’s basic interests.

Judging from the situation that she was capable of putting out You Ye’s black fire, this woman was by no means an ordinary person.

But based on the cunning character of Tai Yinzi, Luo Qiu didn’t choose to listen to only one side of the story. The club is meant for business, and this short-hair woman also had the possibility to become a powerful customer in the future.

"He is the freshman at our club." Luo Qiu opened his mouth first, "He didn’t know the rules very well. If he offended you, I’ll teach him a lesson later. However, this is the entrance of our club. Hopefully, Miss can be generous and solve it peacefully."

Long Xiruo first took a glance at Luo Qiu before looking at You Ye. After that, she raised her head up to look at the club, saying suddenly, "No wonder there came such a guy who seemed to be

neither human nor a ghost. It turns out that this is the manufacturing place of that puppet... I heard this evil Taoist calling you master. Are you the boss here?"

Luo Qiu nodded frankly.

Long Xiruo scowled, "I remember the boss doesn't look like you."

Luo Qiu had always believed in You Ye's memory power. The servant girl was capable of telling l him all sorts of weird thing as soon as it happened. Nevertheless, You Ye didn't have any impression of this short-hair woman at the moment... so she might be similar to the case of Qin Chuyu, who was the customer even before You Ye was born.

"It turns out Miss is a customer of our club." Luo Qiu said seriously.

However, Long Xiruo replied, "I don't know what had happened here, they even changed the boss. But I heard that you got beaten by a group of lunatics when you were in the western countries hundreds of years ago, and then vanished without a trace ... I thought you guys had been rooted out. Instead, you all reemerged from the ashes unexpectedly and changed the boss."

That period of history could be what You Ye had once mentioned before---Those guys who stood in the name of justice.

Luo Qiu wanted to say something at that moment.

Long Xiruo spoke again, "Since this evil Taoist is the puppet from this place, then I beg you please restrain him properly. Since you're doing a business under freely, then these puppets should behave. If all of you stick to the rules, I don't care about the plight of those insatiable guys! These are my words!"

As soon as he finished talking, Long Xiruo stepped back, then returned to the commercial street and the crowd.

Luo Qiu didn't speak a word but pushed open the door and returned to the club.

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The meticulous servant girl served him a glass of iced water.

Luo Qiu shook his head while pushing it aside.Then, he shifted his attention to the silent Tai Yinzi, waved his hand and pointed at the chair ahead. "Take a seat."

Tai Yinzi trembled, braced himself to sit in front of Luo Qiu. However, he dared only sit on the first 1/3 of the chair, sitting quite straight and upright.

"Tell me the story from the beginning to the end."

Tai Yinzi had to tell the whole story again and added after, "Master, old Taoist has already given his self-introduction, but that woman still dared to chase me to our club. That really goes too far!"

Luo Qiu just drank a mouthful of iced water, taking it without excitement, "You know who that woman is, right?"

"Well..." Tai Yinzi's gaze shifted rapidly. He only felt a chill running from his back to his head... because of the glare from the Miss of the club at the side. !

By instinct, Tai Yinzi trembled a bit, speaking quickly, "That woman is called Long Xiruo, I've heard her name but never saw her before. There are many legends about her. Someone said that she was the female emperor above all monsters and others guessed that she might be the descendant of the ancient pure true dragon."

Luo Qiu inquired without expression, "Is that everything you know?"

Tai Yinzi hesitated, "During that time, there was a rule that monsters and Taoists would never disturb each other. If monsters didn't make mistakes, any Taoist could not fight monsters as they like. It is said the rule has been set by Long Xiruo. This old Taoist was expelled... and went down the mountain and wandered in the society. In those years, I have never met any of my peers who

slaughtered monsters indiscriminately."

Luo Qiu said suddenly, "Did she call herself the guardian of monsters?"

Tai Yinzi shook his head, "I don’t know, but it contradicted with the rule stated just now. As to monsters, if they didn’t behave well and caused disasters in the mortal world, they should be killed. I heard it was from her as well... therefore, I have no idea what her real standpoint is."

Sounded like she was a guardian?

"OK..."

Luo Qiu nodded, stood up and looked at Tai Yinzi, "You got wounded, staying here will help you recover faster."

He then turned to You Ye, "I’ll go down to basement one, and won’t go out today."

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Tai Yinzi tried to act naturally... But f*ck. This 500-year-old ghost thought this servant girl was much harder to handle than the boss.

At this time, You Ye walked out from the counter with a cup filled with strange purple-colour liquid. She placed it in front of Tai Yinzi, "Drink it, this will make you recover faster."

A strong desire impelled Tai Yinzi to hold the cup up unwittingly, smelling the flavor emitted from that purple-coloured liquid, he sensed a burst of freshness and comfort.

He poured all the liquid into his mouth. It felt as if he was having a bath in a timely rainfall.

But to his surprise, You Ye said all of a sudden, "Your performance last time has all been paid off to improve your ability, and now that’s zero. So this cup of Soul Comforting Tea will be exchanged with 20 years of your serving time. I’ll inform the

master soon."

Tai Yinzi gaped, and his hand felt stiff. Hearing this, the last mouthful of the so-called Soul Comforting Tea couldn't be swallowed into his stomach. Instead, it remained in his mouth, as if waiting to grow mold.

'What an evil-minded slave girl!!'

"Moreover." You Ye suddenly said softly, "As a freshman, you're doing good in the first performance, even though that's a lucky strike, but if you work hard, you'll get stronger and more powerful one day. Qin Chuyu won't stay here for long. Just work hard ..."

As though he had been totally seen through, Tai Yinzi felt a chill went all over his body while listening silently to the servant girl's guidance.

"...So what you need to do is just work hard." You Ye said coolly, "Don't think of some meaningless matters such as plotting to cause conflicts between master and some tough person, or think you can get some benefits such as obtaining freedom from the someone else's destruction. You'd better give up those impossible thoughts."

"Stop pulling my leg, Miss You Ye, this poor Taoist dare not do that!" Tai Yinzi swore sternly, "This poor Taoist is loyal to the master. Even the sun and the moon can testify it!"

"That would be the best." The servant girl revealed a slight hint of a smile, muttering at Tai Yinzi's ear, "Remember your words."

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Lighting an oil lamp, being with the ancient wooden desk in basement first floor.

Luo Qiu thought it was not bad to stay here occasionally.

When You Ye came down with a cup of tea, Luo Qiu was closing his eyes and having a rest.

Hearing the footstep, Luo Qiu talked to her in a gentle tone,

"You've finally finished teaching Tai Yinzi."

The servant girl walked to Luo Qiu, replying in the same soft voice, "Master, please be at ease. He'll be obedient in the future."

Luo Qiu opened his eyes, "You play the bad guy every time. Don't you feel aggrieved?"

You Ye smiled, "If Black Soul Envoys don't like me, then turn more loyal and want to make up to Master, that's the situation that You Ye wants to see."

Luo Qiu fell silent. After a while, he said, "I didn't find the records of Long Xiruo's transaction. But from her words, she apparently came here before you. Thinking about it carefully, what she said could be treated as the golden rule by monsters and Taoists... It seemed that nothing for her was unobtainable."

You Ye answered, "If one's desire generates, those with great power that seems omnipotent will probably be a priceless customer."

Luo Qiu didn't express his opinion, but asked suddenly, "Is Long Xiruo really that strong?"

You Ye said coolly, "If we were to not care about any damage, You Ye can kill her."

Luo Qiu fell silence for a moment, "To what extent?"

"Well... probably not being able to serve Master anymore." You Ye smiled, "But don't worry. If Long Xiruo has any evil intentions, just wake up all Black Soul Envoys on vacation."

She grasped Luo Qiu's palms, "You Ye doesn't want to lose the opportunity to wait upon Master."

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She still felt the impact of the fire--- even though the black flame had been crushed out.

This was the operation area of some chain restaurant where a white-haired grandpa sold fried chicken(KFx). Long Xiruo who was frowning inserted her hands into the ice machine.

The whole case of ice cubs was now melting rapidly.

"Are you kidding me? Those Westerners hundreds of years ago who were old, weak, ill or disabled could beat them until they were crippled?" Long Xiruo mumbled. She then continued frowning, swinging her hands, "Too painful..."

Until all the ice cubs melted, only then did Long Xiruo drew back her palms. Looking at the bright red hands, she was worrying about how much hand cream she should use to get recover her hands.

She shook her head, sighing, the good mood had vanished. Then, she went back to the pet center with an unhappy face.

But as the door opened, the little butterfly monster whom she had picked up--- Luo Dance, ran to her at a lightning speed, saying pitifully, "Sister Long, you've come back... Your friend, that Su Zijun is too difficult to get along with!"

Chapter 158: Lost Kid

On the lobby of the hotel's 13th floor, the specially-hired orchestra was rehearsing for the performance that would be shown few days later.

As the person in charge of the banquet, Ms. Zhang Qingrui from the Zhang family was also meticulously checking the layout of the venue.

That was because she didn’t want any slip-ups to happen on Old Zhang’s eightieth birthday.

Even though it was her eightieth birthday, Old Zhang, who was not used to showing ostentation and extravagance, would actually have such a feast unexpectedly and even invite many celebrities to come. This confused Zhang Qingrui a little bit.

But the confusion didn’t ruin Ms. Zhang’s joyous mood---How many people could live to 80 years old? Her granny reached 80 years old in the pink of health, wasn’t that something pleasing?

String instruments had stopped now. The conductor of the orchestra put down the baton, walking towards Zhang Qingrui with a smile.

The orchestra’s conductor who was wearing a tuxedo was approximately over 50 years old. He was actually Gu Yue Zhai’s customer. His attendance was all due to the dignity of her grandma.

"You’ve worked hard, Uncle Fang." Zhang Qingrui smiled, "Tomorrow must be a wonderful banquet."

Fang Ruchang smiled as well, "That’s all right. It’s my pleasure to perform for Mrs. Zhang’s banquet tomorrow... well, Jiping, come here."

Fang Ruchang now waved to a renowned fiddler in the band--- he was a handsome young boy, walking slowly to him like a

gentleman.

Fang Ruchang said, "Let me introduce you, this is Fang Jiping, my son... and this is Ms. Zhang Qingrui from the Zhang Family."

Fang Jiping started to attend to violin lessons since childhood and now he was a violinist in his father's band. The band was quite famous after attending many performances throughout these years. Fang Jiping had connections with people from the high society, so he spoke leisurely and behaved naturally with elegance.

"Hello, Ms. Zhang." He smiled faintly and stretched out his hands gradually. A simple 'hello' could be hundred times more fair-sounding that any other praise.

Zhang Qingrui stretched out her hands and grabbed Fang Jiping's fingers gently, "Hi."

Stopping at where it should, Zhang Qingrui said faintly, "It's true that the best way to learn is to learn from the best."

Fang Jiping said indifferently, "Thanks... well, excuse me, Ms. Zhang and dad, I'll continue tidying up my stuff."

Fang Jiping left after sending a simple greeting. Fang Ruchang smiled as he saw his son leaving, commenting slowly, "Dear, please don't mind. My son is perfect except the fact that he is a little bit dull."

Perhaps he was introducing his son to a potential marriage partner.

Zhang Qingrui went easy with socializing, knowing clearly about Fang Ruchang's intention... At this time, it was better not show any expression implying that she was fond of him. She changed the topic of conversation tactfully. "I heard Uncle Fang is preparing to go to Belgium after this?"

"Yeah, I have that plan." Fang Ruchang explained with pride, "This time I want to take Jiping to attend Queen Elizabeth International Violin Match held in Brussels. Hopefully, he can

have a good performance. Well, Qingrui knows about this aspect quite well. Seems like you interested in music too?"

Quite a good language trap... he could even wind it up. And the name changed from Ms. Zhang to Qingrui all of a sudden...

Zhang Qingrui felt quite reluctant to speak this way, but she couldn't get mad. High society had its own problems too. The hand that had been grabbing her cellphone was sliding sneakily without realization in an instant.

The reason was she picked the bell sound, which was the same as her ringtone sound... well, this was used exactly during such occasions.

The bell rang at the moment.

"Excuse me, I have to receive it." Zhang Qingrui showed an apologetic face to him.

Fang Ruchang said, "No, you're busy with Mrs. Zhang's birthday. Several days later after the performance, I'll come to congratulate Mrs. Zhang on my own."

Zhang Qingrui smiled and pretended to be answering the phone, nodding her head and walking away from Fang Ruchang.

In a little while, Fang Ruchang walked towards Fang Jiping's side, with a not-that-kind expression. He looked at his son, "This Zhang Qingrui looks pretty enough and is handling things with deep consideration. I've heard that she has no boyfriend."

"Dad, I only want to practice playing the violin." Fang Jiping shook his head.

Fang Ruchang said coolly, "The Zhang Family has an unimaginably large of wealth. The competition is important, yet if you can gain the support of the Zhang Family, you can really own the opportunity to become famous and successful in the world. You have a good fortune, seize the opportunity."

Fang Jiping’s heart felt agitated, "I already have someone I like."

Fang Ruchang gave a start, then smiled, "Is she the Miss Wang of last time? Or the earlier Ms. Li? I’ve seen you chatting with them well."

"Neither of them, don’t guess blindly, dad." Fang Jiping added, "I’ll introduce you if it gets to the right time."

Fang Ruchang nodded, "That’s all right. But remember, for those women who are useless to you, don’t take them seriously. Now, nothing is comparable to the upcoming competition to you."

"I understand." Fang Jiping murmured.

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The commercial street.

In front of the ice-cream shop, the boss gazed at an old woman with disheveled hair and a dirty face. "Get out of here, don’t disturb my business! Too smelly! How can I do my business if you stay here?"

There were many patches seen everywhere on her clothes. She was hunchbacked, carrying with her a large gray-white sack, and looked more than 60 years old.

Something seemed to be wrong with the old woman’s eyes. They were full of whitish fluid. She got close to the direction of the boss until her hands touched the front. Nonetheless, she drew out a pile of wrinkled white paper from the sack expertly.

There was a half-length black and white photo with a 4 or 5 year-old kid printed on it. The old woman stretched out her quivering hand to pull it out, asking with hope, "Boss, have you seen this kid?"

"Go away! Go to the police station to find the lost children! This is my shop, go away!"

"Boss! Boss! I beg you please, take some time to have a look, please..."

"Go away!"

She had to leave by touching the wall, putting the leaflet back to the bag with care.

She took out a bamboo pole that was tied up onto her body, using it to touch the ground while walking to the next shop.

She had been suffering from cataracts for years; therefore, her eyesight had deteriorated to the extent that everything was like a lump of objects in her eyes... She might be totally blind soon.

One shop after another, she touched the wall while walking towards there. Some kind people would suggest her to go to the police station, others would give her some money. Of course, some people cursed at her.

But these were not what she wanted.

She just hoped to hear from some people if they had any news about the kid on the leaflet.

Even just by saying ‘I seem to have seen this kid somewhere.’

All of a sudden, she seemed to touch a door, maybe a wooden door. The cool air coming from inside made her feel comfortable in this scorching summer.

Then she heard a clear and melodious ringing.

"Welcome to the club, dear guest. What can I do for you?"

This was the first time the old woman heard such a voice with such polite words... To her surprise, there was someone who didn’t despise her because of her dirty appearance.

She then entered the club.

Chapter 159: Finding A Person is Easy

Because of Long Xiruo's farce in this afternoon, Luo Qiu was not in the mood to go out immediately, instead, he had been reading books for the whole afternoon.

Roughly around nightfall, before dinner, a customer came to the club.

A ragged old woman was carrying a large gray-white sack and a thin bamboo pole. At the first glance, Luo Qiu guessed that she was a junkman or a vagrant.

Her face was wrinkled with hardships, her slightly hunchbacked body looked pretty thin.

"You Ye, what's the dinner for today?"

"Fried duck breast with orange juice, French corn mushroom soup with small bread."

Luo Qiu nodded, ordering, "The customer has bad teeth, serve her some thick soup and small bread."

Of course, this conversation took place when the Aeolians bell rang while the old woman was standing at the doorway. Seeing that the old woman had difficulty in moving, Luo Qiu went to help her sit down.

"I, I have no money."

The old woman's voice showed some uneasiness.

She never thought of spending money here. Although she couldn't see clearly what this place was, it felt like that the person that held her was dressed extremely tidy.

And very polite.

Was this some high-class place?

"Aunt, don't worry, we don't charge."

The name ‘aunt’ might comfort this old woman.

Luo Qiu sat in front of this aunt. You Ye acted quickly, the dining cart with a portion of soup and a small basket of bread were already pushed and placed in front of this aunt now.

Her eyes were unable to see clearly, but her nose smelled the strong flavor. She couldn’t remember for how long she hadn’t smelled such flavor that impressed her tongue and mouth.

The last time she ate it might be at the family reunion dinner that took place during Spring Festival many many years ago.

"What’s this?" the aunt couldn’t help asking.

You Ye answered softly, "Aunt, this is truffle and corn soup, the small bread is from the bakery, but it’s freshly baked today."

"These... are all for me?" the aunt was shocked, "I, I can’t afford them."

"Don’t worry, aunt, this is the treat from our boss." You Ye smiled, "There’s a lot in the kitchen."

"Sister and brother, thank you!" The aunt showed her appreciation.

Perhaps she was really hungry.

Although there were still some steamed buns in the bag, the flavor of the soup made her unable to resist.

Luo Qiu asked for a glass of water while looking at this old woman drinking soup and biting the bread.

When all the food was finished, the aunt expressed her slight anxiety, "Brother, I, I really don’t have money. I’m homeless and can’t go back home..."

"That’s OK, this is just how we treat our customers." Luo Qiu put down the glass, pressing slightly on the aunt’s hand on the table.

In just one second, the aunt drew her hand back with fear.

At this precise moment, she realized where she had come to.

Exchanging something except money for whatever one wanted to get, only if they could afford the price.

But it was still inconceivable to her.

Luo Qiu now waved his hands and sweep faintly in front of the aunt's eyes. The gray and cloudy eyes became clear abruptly.

While sensing her long-lost clear eyesight, the aunt's trembling hands touched her eyes gently, which turned moist all of a sudden, "My eyes, my eyes... how come... it's incredible! Incredible!"

She saw the beautiful servant girl clearly, and of course, the boss of the club who was in a neat outfit ... because of the sudden recovery of her eyes, she didn't appear to be too frightened even though she saw the boss's uncanny costume.

The aunt looked at her hands unwittingly... It turned out that her hands were so old and rough, the dirt attached to the palm print looked like lines of black strings.

Yet her eyesight turned blurry slowly again, as if all of this was simply a reflection in the pan.

"My, my eyes!"

"It's just an experience." Luo Qiu said softly, "To let aunt know, we're able to achieve something that you cannot imagine. This place is only for people who have some desires. Then..."

He stood up, facing the aunt with one hand in front of his chest, saying while bending down his waist a little, "Dear customer, what can I do for you?"

The aunt didn't hesitate at this moment. She fished out a leaflet from her cloth bag quickly before putting it on the table.

She flattened this seriously plicated leaflet again and again using both hands, as if she was afraid of any folds and dog-ears left there.

"Him! Him! My son, my son, can you help me to find him? 20

years! He had been kidnapped for 20 years... I beg you please! Help me to find him!"

The aunt said while holding the table, kneeling down at that place, "Brother... no, you're immortals! I kowtow to you! Please! Help me to find my son!"

Luo Qiu glanced at You Ye.

The thoughtful servant girl bent down to help the aunt up and sat back on the chair again.

Luo Qiu said, "Aunt, your name is Yang Ping, and your son went missing 20 years ago. You've been looking for him by yourself for these years, heading southward from your hometown Hebei Province. You've only gone home for three times. The last time was 7 years ago. You got cataracts and your body is not as strong as before. Yesterday you fell down by the roadside and were sent to the hospital by kind people, and the doctor said you've got cataracts. Are these correct?"

"Yes, these are all correct!" the aunt couldn't stop nodding.

"If you want to find your son in such a large population by relying only on a childhood's photo, it might be impossible to find him in your remaining life unless an accident occurs."

Based on her health condition, she might not live through this year.

"I, I just want to find my son." Yang Ping raised her head, "There are too many people like me who are looking for their sons and daughters through these 20 years. We met on the way and cried for a whole night when we talked about our kids... I saw many many despairing people giving up. But we know... even though there's only a dog chance, we are willing to do everything. Therefore, no matter what I have to pay, I only want to find my son back!"

"I see."

Luo Qiu nodded. Since the customer said she was willing to do

everything, the old goat skin started to slowly unfurl in front of her. What the aunt could pay to meet the requirement was only her old and lonely soul.

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The fair-sounding sound of a violin was heard, coming from a small yard of the duplex apartment of this housing estate.

The fencing and trees couldn't destroy the melodious sound. Fang Jiping practiced playing the violin as usual in the yard of his apartment after dinner.

Suddenly the phone rang, Fang Jiping put down the violin, glancing at the CID, then took a glimpse at the inside.

Fang Ruchang was now reading newspapers on the sofa.

Fang Jiping stepped away a little, out of Fang Ruchang's sight. He then answered the phone and chatted with the girl on the other side in a low voice.

They knew each other for one year. In one of the past concerts--- she was not his audience but just a staff in a concert hall--- a girl who was ordinary but working hard for her life.

They should not have had any interactions in life essentially, but the chord in Fang Jiping's heart was suddenly stirred. He entered into a relationship with the girl for over half a year without his family's knowledge.

"Are you playing the violin again?"

"Yeah, have you finished work?"

"Yeah, just now! But I'm working part time in a convenience store."

"Didn't I tell you not to work so hard? "

"No! If I don't work hard, I can't save enough money to watch

your violin competition in Belgium next month! I'll be an audience in the first row!"

"I've said that I'll arrange everything for you."

"We have a promise that you only take charge of the entrance ticket, and I'll prepare the traveling and accommodation expenses! Stop talking about this, or I'll be angry!"

"Fine..."

Fang Jiping shook his head reluctantly, looking at the sunny sky of summer evening while chatting about something interesting with the girl, in the hope that she wouldn't be bored on her way to the convenience store.

...

Outside the fencing.

Yang Ping, who held Luo Qiu's arm, could only see a shadow vaguely with the help of the light... who seemed to be talking.

Her eyes were not in good condition these years but her ears were trained to hear more clearly.

The aunt's hand that was grasping Luo Qiu's arm suddenly turned firmly, "Is he really my son... he, he's talking, right?"

"Fang Jiping, 25 years old." Luo Qiu said fishily, "20 years ago, Fang Ruchang bought a kid from other people ..."

Chapter 160: It’s Not Easy to Find the Heart

Fang Jiping had the habit of jogging at night... Of course, it started since half a year ago.

Of course, exercising was just an excuse, the main purpose was to have the opportunity to chat with the girl he liked so that they would have more time for speaking freely.

He thought that it was ridiculous that many rich families made their daughters marry into better families.

But Fang Jiping knew that this applied to him as well.

Since a long time ago, he realized that his father Fang Ruchang was a very greedy person. For decades, Fang Ruchang had been building up his own reputation... and now, he had gained that. Yet, he did not have enough wealth.

Now Fang Ruchang planned to turn his son into a famous violinist, perhaps to achieve the purpose of seeking a good marriage in the future.

What a snobbish guy he was.

However, Fang Jiping had told himself long time ago ... that he seemed not to have the rights to criticize Fang Ruchang.

He always made various excuses for himself, and had no courage to introduce that hardworking girl to his family.

"Well, be careful, don’t work too hard."

After hanging up the phone call, Fang Jiping walked along the path of the housing estate alone. He mocked himself. but made up his mind furtively.

When he achieved both success and fame, it was sure that he would bring this hardworking girl into his own family... rather than continuing this secret affair.

Dong dong, dong dong.

All of a sudden, Fang Jiping heard a sound.

It was so familiar. He stopped his steps, recalling this sound that had been buried deeply in his memory.

Finally, he found the origin of the sound at the place located not far from his apartment.

Under the street lights, there was a rickety silhouette. It was probably an aunt, like a ragpicker. The ‘dong dong’ sound came from the small rattle-drum in the aunt’s hands.

The sound generated from the shaking of the rattle-drum attracted Fang Jiping to come closer. All his attention was focusing on it.

In his memory, he used to have such a rattle-drum.

Fang Jiping returned to consciousness from deep thought and found that this aunt was fixing her eyes on him. The cloudy eyes looked terrifying under the night street lights, the wrinkles on her face seemed to be able to hide under the shadow. He took one step back subconsciously.

At this moment, this aunt called cautiously, "Baby Tiger."

Fang Jiping face changed slightly. He couldn’t help asking, "How do you know this name?"

"Baby Tiger!" the aunt walked one step closer with agitation. She grabbed Fang Jiping’s hand, saying raucously, "Baby Tiger, it’s me! I’m your mother!"

Mother...

Fang Jiping quivered subconsciously, he shook off the aunt’s hands furiously while talking quickly and anxiously, "I don’t know what you’re talking about."

"Baby Tiger! I’m really your mother! Don’t you remember? During your childhood, you liked to eat popsicles sold at the village entrance. You always cried for it when summer came... Oh yeah,

one time you cried and fell down, the back of your head struck a rock and left a scar! It's at the back of your head, you can feel it! Baby Tiger, mum has been seeking for you for years, I've found you at last!"

Fang Jiping breathed deeply suddenly, taking a step back again, "I don't know what you said. I'm not Baby Tiger, and I don't know you either... go find your son elsewhere."

With the words, Fang Jiping turned around and walked away quickly.

The aunt at the back looked very nervous and worried, she quickened her footsteps to catch up to him. But she was seriously ill and couldn't walk very quickly. After few steps, she stumbled and fell down.

Hearing the anguished groan, Fang Jiping turned his head around unwittingly... He glanced at her, clenched his teeth and walked towards her. He fished out his wallet, took out all the cash, and gave them all to the aunt, "Go away, I'm really not your son."

Without waiting for her reply, Fang Jiping walked quickly out of her sight.

"Baby Tiger! Baby Tiger! Baby Tiger..."

He didn't pause. Only the cold and cheerless street lights accompanied her. The same happened throughout these 20 years, she sat on the road again, alone and helpless. The aunt lowered her head, grabbing her rattle-drum, sobbing in a low voice.

...

"Do you want some water? You drank only a little soup, not drinking even a sip of water."

Under the street lights, Luo Qiu opened the bottle and passed it to the aunt.

The aunt trembled while holding the bottle, sitting silently

without a word. After quite a long time, her mood seemed to calm down. She raised her head, a slight hint of ugly smile revealed on her grieving face. "Brother, thank you, I've found my son! He's really Baby Tiger, but he denied it. I know he is."

"He didn't intend to recognize you're his mother."

Luo Qiu who was observing secretly at the side had naturally seen Fang Jiping's reaction.

The aunt smiled bitterly, "Brother, I've been contemplating throughout these years what should I say to him if I find him one day. I've been contemplating for days and nights while I'm eating, having a high fever after soaking in the rain, and even when I am dreaming... Those human traders are damnable, but I am more likely to be the damned person."

The aunt wept bitterly, "Baby Tiger must hate me a lot... that year, if I was not addicted to gambling and forgot about everything when I was gambling, how could I lose him? I remember that day, I plunged into the gambling table, thinking it was safe for him to stay in our village, so I left him alone outside because I felt it was bothersome to take him with me ..."

"I know he certainly hates me... because he was kidnapped when he was very young ..." the aunt wailed, "I'm damned! I have been damned throughout these years! It's like my heart has been cut by knives day by day. How can I blame him if he didn't want to recognize me!"

Luo Qiu took a glimpse at the corner. There was a shadow passing by.

He knew that Fang Jiping didn't go away, he was just hiding somewhere.

Luo Qiu didn't intend to point it out bluntly, he just helped up the aunt, "Let's leave it for tonight. Aunt, let me find a place for you to sleep."

The aunt was shocked, "Brother, why do you still helping me? I've found my son already."

Luo Qiu said coolly, "The person has been found but not his heart. So our work isn't complete yet."

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...

Subeditor Ren was holding two boxes of gluten with beef offal and daikon, along with some bottles of beer, stepping onto the stairs of the old building.

Soon later, she rang the doorbell, "Ye Yan, Ye Yan! Small Ye! It's me, open the door. I brought you supper!"

After work, she suddenly recalled that Ye Yan was still monitoring King Kong here. Although she promised that she wouldn't interfere in this issue... but she regarded her effort to send the supper here as a kindness towards him!

But there was no response even after she rang it for a while. She gaped, "Did this guy go out?"

Ren Ziling took out her cellphone.

Feeling that this was a wasted trip and kindness, Subeditor Ren leaned against the door with curiosity, planning to call Ye Yan.

But unexpectedly, the door opened suddenly as she leaned against it. Ren Ziling was taken by surprise and fell into the room.

---'The number you have dialed is unavailable.'

Hearing the faint voice from her cellphone, Ren Ziling got up while massaging the painful part. Feeling the switch next to the door, she switched on the light.

"God... did the war finish?"

In this room, everything was chaotic and disorganized. As to those machines used for monitoring, they had all disappeared.

Ren Ziling was stupefied. She unconsciously pulled the lock, but it dropped off the door in an instant.

It had been broken by someone!

Chapter 161: Trials and Hardships

"There are no traces of fighting here. But looking at the door lock... Ye Yan may have some trouble."

Officer Ma checked the environment of the room and couldn't help frowning. He rushed over here because of Ren Ziling's phone call at night.

"Old Ma, do you have any idea?"

At the moment, Ma Houde went to the window and looked outside, asking suddenly, "You said that the person whom he monitored was living in the opposite building, right?"

"Yes, he is the bodyguard of the former boss of Heaven's Shadow---Lin Geng, but I don't know the details."

Because they were from different systems, Ren Ziling could only choose to keep some information to herself. However, they had a good relationship, so it was common that some of the detailed information would be revealed during a chat.

Ma Houde nodded, "Ye Yan is a very outstanding person, he won't set himself in danger easily. But since this situation has happened here, and he is cannot be reached, it's possible that he's in danger now..."

Speaking of this, Ma Houde face turned serious, "I have to tell you something, you'd better calm down."

"Say it!" Ren Ziling replied very straightforwardly.

Ma Houde breathed deeply, "I've received the news today. It's from Lyon, France. They said that Ye Yan had been dismissed by ICPO last month and he is on their wanted list. They traced his record of departure, and found out that Ye Yan was born here. So they notified us in the first place and hope that we can pay attention to him."

"What?" Ren Ziling was surprised, saying in disbelief, "How come? What did Ye Yan do?"

Ma Houde smiled bitterly, "If I knew the details, I wouldn't be so confused. To be honest, when I heard about this, I even dropped my phone. Yet they said it was their classified. Of course, they have no rights to transfer us, just seeking for cooperation. Actually, before coming here, I've been looking for Ye Yan, but I've never thought that he may be missing..."

"I'll help to seek for him too." Ren Ziling said, "If Ye Yan is still in this city, I'll find him sooner or later."

While Ma Houde said, "Don't interfere in this matter, it might not seem to be the matters on the surface only. I'm an insider with the request from Lyon, so it's convenient and perfectly justifiable for me to act. Just wait for me."

"I don't care about others, but this is about Old Ye!" Ren Ziling was enraged, "He became a wanted person!"

Ma Houde knew that it was completely impossible to persuade her, so he had to say the least, "Then you promise me, we can both look for him, but if you find him first, inform me immediately. I must be the one to contact him... If we can't handle it properly, it might be upgraded to an international issue. You cannot be willful."

Ren Ziling nodded, "I'm not stupid, and I still want to enjoy my own life. Don't worry, I know what I should do."

Ma Houde knew Ren Ziling stood by her word, so he felt relieved, "OK... by the way, don't slip any word to let Luo Qiu know about this. Besides his father, Ye Yan may be the person whom he admires the most. I don't want this kid to be unhappy."

"I'm not foolish! I'm even more nervous than you!"

"Let's leave here now." Ma Houde said hurriedly, "If someone came here, they might return some time. Don't come back to this

place again these days. I'll notify you if there's some news."

"OK!"

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Fang Jiping came back home with a lot of worries. The time he came back was much later than usual, yet Fang Ruchang was still sitting in the living room and reading newspapers.

Fang Jiping didn't intend to talk with Fang Ruchang. So he lowered his head and walked towards his room.

"It's later today than usual. What were you doing?" to his surprise, Fang Ruchang inquired suddenly at this moment.

Fang Jiping turned his head around, seeing only Fang Ruchang who was still reading the newspaper, he said, "Nothing, just staying outside on my own and thinking about something."

Fang Ruchang didn't raise his head, saying indifferently, "That's good of you to think deeply. You should be clear that the most important thing to you is the competition. Don't be influenced by those inessential trifles."

"I see." Fang Jiping nodded, "I'm going back to my room."

"Yeah, have a good night." Fang Ruchang continued turning the newspapers.

After going into his room, Fang Jiping seemed to be kind of agitated. He walked towards his wardrobe and took out a small box placed deeply inside.

He opened it and it turned out that there was an old rattle-drum. Fang Jiping took it out, gazing at it blankly.

"Mum, mum, where are you? I'm so scared! Baby Tiger is so scared...(weep)..."

"Shut up! I'll hit you to death if you're crying! Brat, bottle it!"

...

"I’m hungry..."

"B*tch! If you don’t get enough money by begging, I won’t give you food! If it’s still not enough tomorrow, I’ll break your hand! So you’ll be like the one beside you who can earn a lot after his foot has been broken!"

"Don’t..."

...

"From now on, you’re the son of mine, Fang Ruchang, my biological son, do you understand? I’ll provide you the best food, clothing and education, but I have only one requirement, that is, don’t mention to others that you’re my adopted son. Remember, I can give you anything, or let you have nothing at all!"

"Yeah, yeah, I know..."

...

Fang Jiping held the rattle-drum tightly, the vague memory that faded gradually had turned clear tonight at this sudden moment. The scenes happened yesterday had been replying in his mind from one scene and another.

"Why not come out...I’ve been shouting until my throat turned sore ... Is gambling really more important than one’s own kid?"

Fang Jiping mumbled, pinching between his eyebrows and sitting on the chair. All sorts of feelings emerged within his mind.

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Aunt Yang Ping’s ID card had expired.

But to the current Luo Qiu, it was not something difficult to register a room for the aunt.

"13 years old, Fang Jiping got third prize in National Youth Violin

Match..."

"15 years old..."

"16..."

The aunt listened carefully to Luo Qiu's voice, which introduced every stage of her son's past. She dared not speak or interrupt his talk, because she was afraid that she would disturb his words, as well as the matters she could memorize about her son.

While listening, the aunt's eyes closed. She lay on the bed and fell asleep.

According to the servant girl, it was definitely not the master's obligation to do the job himself. Hence, she lifted up the aunt's feet and moved them on the bed.

By her side, Luo Qiu was now opening the large grey-white sack carried by Yang Ping.

A stack of wrinkled leaflets, which were not only crumpled, but also might be soaked by rain.

There were several steamed buns in the red plastic bag, one was bitten, and the other was rotten.

There was still a small tin of rice, a big stainless steel vacuum cup, and three suits of clothes. Two of them were for adults, a thin one, and a thick one. And the third suit was for kids.

Also, a spoon, a small medicine bottle with only a few tablets, and a pair of broken cloth shoes had been found.

And a fabric purse with some loose change, several coins, small paper currency and a tenner.

A broken plastic comb and a hand-size blurry, cracked mirror.

She also had a very old-fashioned cellphone which could not be turned on.

Some medical certificates.

A small note that was soaked by water. There were many phone numbers and addresses written on it.

These seemed to contain the 20 years of trials and hardships suffered by the aunt.

Chapter 162: A Far But Near Place

The Old Town.

Luo Qiu, who hadn’t come back here for a period, got up earlier this morning and arrived at this place.

There were fewer people than usual coming to Old Chen’s bun house.

The Old Chen couple wasn’t here and the tea here seemed to be cooler than before.

When Luo Qiu arrived, Chen Youjiu was kneading dough at the operation floor alone. A newly-hired aunt was serving customers.

Luo Qiu sat back at his preferred seat. Chen Youjiu paused as he finished twisting a dough and wiped away the sweat. He found Luo Qiu after he had sat there for approximately a quarter hour.

Chen Youjiu who had inherited the bun house smiled and walked out holding a small teapot. A white towel hanged on his neck, which was quite similar to Old Chen’s appearance.

Chen Youjiu greeted him and sat down. From taciturnity at the beginning to a torrent of words gradually, he was talking about the things that happened after Old Chen passed away.

"It’s quite miraculous." Chen Youjiu shook his head, sighing, "The doctor said my parents left very quietly, like dying a natural death. I thought that evening I came back for dinner with my wife and kid, my father might have the feeling that he was about to go away, so he took out those documents and gave them to give me."

Speaking of this, Chen Youjiu had a special sense of sadness.

At this time, the new aunt took a basket of steamed buns. Luo Qiu grabbed one, breaking it apart. The fresh minced meat emitted a good aroma that whets one’s appetite, white flour gave out a sense of satiation after being steamed.

"The bun is still here."

Luo Qiu took a bite, "And the taste too."

Chen Youjiu belonged to one of the honest men. At this moment, he smiled while saying, "Yeah, my father attracted some regular customers of his generation throughout his whole life of hard work. And next, I will have my own as well."

Chen Youjiu looked at the merry hall, which was not as noisy as before, but at least it still had half occupied. Having a smile that contained satisfaction, he said happily, "Recently, my kid said that he wants to learn to make buns."

It was good to pass it from one generation to another.

"Brother Chen, I want two baskets of buns." Luo Qiu smiled, "I'm buying it to treat others."

Chen Youjiu laughed, "No problem! I'm sure you'll be satisfied with the abundant stuffings!"

...

Holding a bag of hot buns, it'd take him at least more than one hour to go to a hotel from the old town.

Hot air of the buns was still preserved because Boss Luo gave up using all transportation to get there.

The room was extremely tidy, even the quilt had been folded up in a square and was put in the middle of the bed.

This room hadn't been checked out but the grey-white sack and the bamboo pole disappeared. Of course, the aunt wasn't there either.

Luo Qiu could imagine where she was.

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The car went out of through the gate of the estate.

Fang Jiping took a glance at the rearview mirror while driving. He found an old woman sitting at the parterre outside of the estate. She was massaging her own legs.

Looking at the car had totally diverged the lane, Fang Ruchang who was at his side knitted his brows. "Jiping, pay attention when you're driving."

Fang Jiping turned around, drove it back unwittingly to the normal lane.

"What are you thinking about?" Fang Ruchang asked curiously.

Fang Jiping slowed down his speech, "Nothing, just thought of the concert...Well, I can play better in two bars."

Fang Ruchang didn't suspect him. Nodding his head and closing his eyes, he sat quietly on the front passenger seat.

After the car left, the aunt stood up with the help of the bamboo pole. She had poor eyesight, but at least she could see the position of the security booth.

The aunt got close to it. The security guard opened the door and walked out. He could not bear to talk to such a poor old woman with a tough attitude, "Aunt, why are you here? If you are not a resident here, you are not allowed to go in."

She shook her head, "Brother, are you hiring someone?"

The guard was stunned... This was a quite boring job, so he answered with extreme patience, "Aunt, you want a job? What kind of job do you think you'll find?"

"I can weed and clean the floor." The aunt said in a kindly manner, "I don't need accommodation. What I need is just some food."

The guard shook his head, "Sorry, aunt, I'm not in charge of human resources... but I think you're too old and would be inconvenient to be hired."

"Brother, please give me a hand, I really need a job now, please."

Watching the aunt knelt down the ground and begged him, the young guard felt touched and awkward.

"Can you stand up first... Ah, I can ask my leader. I'm sure they are hiring some cleaners, but I don't know if you'll be hired. Because you look really..."

"I know! I just need three meals...no, two... one is OK too! I don't want nothing else."

She might be really hungry.

The young security guard couldn't help sighing inwardly. He looked back at this high-level estate. The residents here dressed nicely, but for the people outside, it was not always the same as them.

What a society it was... F*ck the society.

"Manager, I'm Little Wang, the security guard...Yeah... I have a person who came from the village. Security? No no, cleaning worker...Yes, yes..."

He was willing to help her if he could. The security guard in the sentry box looked at the aunt outside. Neither of them was easy to get food for life.

...

"Three meals daily without accommodation. And you said you don't need wages. In addition, we don't sign contracts. So if there are some problems like injury or something else, we're not responsible. You should consider it well."

"OK, OK!" The aunt nodded promptly.

Too much money was useless. Those with deep pockets also ate three meals a day, the same went to common people.

She was aware that she didn't have much time.

What she wanted, was just a far but ‘nearby’ place for her to see her son secretly and knew he was happy or sad, that was enough.

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Ms. Servant Girl that was sitting soundlessly with both hands overlapped on her legs. She turned her head around suddenly.

A streak of black smoke slipped in from the door before a hoarse voice that sounded like an old witch, "Black Soul No.18 greets Ms. You Ye."

"I’ve asked you to watch Ms. Ren, why did you leave without permission?" The servant girl showed her displeasure.

Black Soul No.18 hurried to explain, "That’s because last night, when I followed Ms. Ren…"

Black Soul No. 18 told You Ye all the news he heard in the room, "…that’s what I’ve heard. That Mr. Ye Yan seems to have a close relationship with the new master, and Ms. Ren and that Officer Ma showed anxiety. I’m worried that there will be some trouble later on, so I came back to report all those to you as soon as possible."

"I see." You Ye nodded, watching Black Soul No.18 expressionlessly, "Go back now, I’ll deal with this issue."

Black Soul No. 18 definitely dared not stay longer. It turned into black smoke and left the club.

You Ye glimpsed at the wall clock, standing up.

It was still a little early to cook lunch for Master, so she intended to go out.

Chapter 163: The E-mail Received from the Past

Another busy day had passed. The extremely exhausted Ms. Zhang simply ordered a single room in the hotel. She intended to take a good rest.

The banquet invitation letters had been sent already, the decoration of the assembly room had almost finished, and all the performers were ready.

However, she still had no idea about what present she should give to her granny for her birthday.

"I can’t just buy it on E-shop, hum?"

Yet Zhang Qingrui, who held her cellphone, was searching for presents online... Of course, she didn’t plan to buy it online, just looking for inspiration.

Suddenly, the mailbox reminded her that there was a new email received--- Zhang Qingrui had several email addresses that were separated according to different identities.

As to this email address, which was seldom used by her, was basically for contacting those who were her close friends.

The sender’s name read ‘Zhang Qingrui’.

Ms. Zhang gave a start... even though some people knew this email address, she couldn’t think of which old friends of hers would do such a boring thing.

She opened the email. A date was written on the first line.

"Isn’t this... the matter that happened when I was in Ulan Bator?" Zhang Qingrui frowned, started to read the rest of the email with puzzlement.

"You are Zhang Qingrui, and you have 4 bank cards, the

passwords are... You first menstruation time was in March when you were thirteen years old. You didn't wash the blood-stained clothes yet kept them as souvenirs, which were hidden between the ceiling of your bedroom. In Grade 5, you tucked your note with your dream into the 'Time Capsule' of the class, and your dream was to become an adventuress..."

By simply reading two to three lines of the context, Zhang Qingrui felt her hands and feet becoming ice cold, and her heart started beating faster.

This was so horrible!

Such a horrible email that exposed one's unbeknown secret... Everything that had happened from childhood to adult!

It was like every gesture and behavior, even her mental activity was under surveillance. This made Zhang Qingrui felt absolutely horrified.

She even felt discouraged to go on reading but she had to.

"...After revealing so many secrets, I think you're scared now, but please don't be. These words are not meant to threaten you. I just want you to know that I am you. Yesterday's you... I'd like to tell you something that perhaps you have forgotten, the real story that happened in the underground palace in Ulan Bator."

When hearing these, she became short of breath. Zhang Qingrui breathed deeply, her trembling fingers opened the next page of the email.

Underground palace... the professor.

White wolf... magical stone of outer space... Zhang Jiao...

Luo Qiu... You Ye...

"At my request, part of the whole memory of that matter may remain. I don't know how much I can keep... perhaps I'm greedy, I've written these on the way back here and have set today as the

sending time of this email so that the receiving date will be the same. Because I don't know, if I uncover the truth too early, whether I'll let it slip which will cause Luo Qiu to find out and take away my precious memories again. And I don't know the if the person in me who reads this email---it's you, will find it possible for you to recall all these matters. But I hope... all the things that happened within this period can be kept. It is a genuine memory, one of the most precious experiences to me and to the present you."

Even after reading this email for the third time, Zhang Qingrui could still not calm down.

She had totally no impression of this letter but comparing with what she remembered now, it seemed to explain more clearly about everything she had experienced in the underground palace.

She recalled the bizarre scene that happened at school not long ago, which she thought she had a nightmare.

After that, a rumor was spread within the school saying that a skeleton was found under an old tree ...

"If it's true, then do I have a really marvelous classmate?" Zhang Qingrui couldn't help scoffing herself.

She even believed that the content of this email was really what she wrote to herself.

"But if these are true, I'm afraid that I can't pretend naturally that I don't know it even after a period of time. Will I probably be detected by this miraculous classmate?" Zhang Qingrui had to smile bitterly.

She looked out at the window, drawing both of her legs close to each other. Her body leaned on her own knees. It was sunny outside, yet she was thinking about that real story... It made her recall more than what she memorized about the content of the story.

"My dream was to be an adventuress..."

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He finally realized now the feeling of being punched.

It was like all his organs were blended together. Ye Yan started thinking about alternatives to relieve the pain he was suffering.

Of course, under such a situation, it was easy for him to think about the guys who bore his strikes after he caught them---It seemed to be the same as his current state.

He clenched his teeth firmly. Every time, when his belly suffered from a big hit, he would grit his teeth firmly.

He was careless.

Although he took precautions carefully and knew that this guy was cruel and had undergone war, after trying his best to fight with this guy, he was unable to resist the terrifying combat ability in the end.

"You're worthy of an elite from Lyon. Very few people can bear my fist."

Kingkong.

Ye Yan raised his head, looking at this not-that-muscular guy who was different from those wrestlers, realizing that he had underestimated the power hidden in this guy's body since the beginning.

Ye Yan spat out bloody water, sweat-matted hair covered his eyes. "You're not bad either, deserved to be called a survivalist from the wars in the Middle East.

Kingkong sneered, grabbing Ye Yan's hair and moving closer. "Do you know? I've only used 30% of my power."

"Really? So that's why I had a feeling when I am watching you"

Ye Yan suddenly smiled, "Do you know what it was?"

"What kind of feeling?"

"Like a wild cat." Ye Yan roared with laughter, "It turned out that you didn't use all the power, I thought this is your best strength!"

Kingkong didn't talk but showed a weird smile. All of a sudden, he shook his fist---Not at Ye Yan, but brushed past his cheek, hitting the wall behind him seriously.

Some broken wall splinters shot out and hit Ye Yan's head, back, and neck, causing a slight stabbing pain.

Even though he didn't see it, he could imagine how seriously the wall had been destroyed by this guy's fist.

How did this guy train... Could a human's body even break a wall with only a fist?

Now, Kingkong sneered without words. He just stepped back, crossing his arms in front of his chest, looking at Ye Yan expressionlessly.

As if enjoying watching him.

A moment later, Kingkong opened his mouth slowly, "I've nearly run out of my patience. If you don't tell me who helped you to escape from arrest and return from abroad...I won't be that nice next time."

These might be the words that Ye Yan wished to hear most, he said slowly with hardship, "You... really plant spies here."

"I am not afraid that you know it." Kingkong said indifferently, "Whatever, you're not able to leave here."

Ye Yan had to agree with this sentence.

His hands were tied up by a specially-made handcuff and were nailed to the wall separately, so were both of his feet... This area was so quiet. No other sound could be heard during these few days when he was imprisoned. However, an animal's cry could be heard

at night, so the surroundings were probably a mountainous area ... which would not be found easily.

Therefore, if no accidents occurred, he might die here.

...

"Thanks."

When her fingers moved slightly, a sparrow that was staying on her fingertips flew away. Meanwhile, the servant girl turned around after seeing the little sparrow leaving.

It was near a hill.

And in front of them was a simple cement room, which might be a resting place for staff from the Forestry Bureau ...It seemed to have been abandoned a while ago.

Walking along the gravel road, You Ye looked at her high-heels, "Oh... I should change to flats before leaving."

Chapter 164: A Sense of Being Fooled

After locking the iron door of the cement room with a chain, Kingkong checked around the room before leaving.

This place, located on a hill, had no water or electricity. It was bearable to not washing but not without food.

All of Ye Yan's communication equipment had been destroyed by him. Plus with 4 special-made handcuffs and shackles and torture, he had suffered these days, along with the energy supported only by drinking water... he was not able to flee.

Of course, if it was possible, Kingkong wouldn't have Ye Yan get out of his sight.

But since Lin Geng had mysteriously turned into a vegetable, his task in this area was problematic. The order from his organization was to pause all activities in this area.

While making sure that everything was safe, Kingkong left quickly--- He wouldn't leave for long but come back a second later as soon as he purchased some food from the civilian houses down the hill.

Nevertheless, he didn't sense that every action of him was monitored by a pair of royal blue eyes.

Until Kingkong had walked far, You Ye walked to this cement room. Even though all the windows here had been covered... it couldn't hide the sight of the servant girl.

In the room, Ye Yan was now shutting his eyes, lowering his head and body and trying to lean towards the wall, so that it could relieve the pressure supported by his legs. Taking the advantage of the time that Kingkong had left, he sought for more time to have a rest.

You Ye went to the back of the wall where Ye Yan was locked, and put her palms on the wall.

Crack.

A slight sound was heard suddenly. Ye Yan opened his eyes and looked at his left wrist--- the handcuff had been unlocked at this moment.

Crack, crack!

Then, it was followed by three successive sounds! The other handcuff and both shackles were curiously loosened!

Shifting abruptly from imprisonment to liberation had Ye Yan confused--- There must be some trick here!

He had to contemplate meticulously who was that person who saved him... but he couldn’t get the answer. Perhaps Kingkong released him on purpose in order to know the identity of his contact when he escaped to get in touch with him?

Was he rescued by someone, or being played a cat and mouse trick?

Ye Yan frowned. He put his ear near to the wall to listen for sounds outside--- Yet, to his disappointment, he didn’t hear any sounds except the chirping of cicadas.

Suddenly, a sound of a chain dropping on the floor was heard from the iron door. Ye Yan hurried there after a moment of hesitation, pushing open it with a little force.

It was the thick chain that was once used to lock the iron door.

Ye Yan walked around to check the cement room but found nothing.

"If he releases me purposely, it seems too naïve... but who can come to rescue me?" Ye Yan felt confused, "Or he does so and thinks that I’ll ‘see through’ the trick, thus leading me to consider it in the opposite way?"

‘Whatever... Get out of this place first.’

He suffered serious torture these days with a mass of injuries. He

didn’t think he’d beat this guy with a monster-powered fist even if he ambushed Kingkong here.

Only until Ye Yan left using another route did You Ye show up carrying her shoes.

She went into the cement room, tilting her head to look at the mark on the wall hit by Kingkong... She didn’t care about it at all.

With a good habit of cleaning after oneself, the servant girl restored the handcuffs and shackles happily, before walking out and locking the door using the chain one more time. Then, she left while humming some unknown melody.

"Oh... Bracken."

Seeing some potherb grew along the path, the servant girl mood turned better... it seemed like there was no need to buy veggies.

...

"Yes, Mr. Sun, I’ll handle it properly... Yeah, Lin Geng’s company has been purchased. Yes, it’s the Zhong family in the capital city, really quite troublesome. But they should not know about those cargos. Maybe they only want the company. Because Lin Geng had contacted Zhong family for obtaining more opportunities and cooperation before his accident... Well, nobody else in Heaven’s Shadow knows it except me..."

Kingkong was walking through the road back to the cement room. Seeing the chain hanging there from far, he was not in a hurry to go in.

"I’m still investigating Lin Geng and Ms. Shu’s matter... Yes, Tu Jiaya and her sister are missing. But don’t worry, Tu Jiaya was just a tool for Lin Geng to accumulate wealth. Lin Geng already knew very little, let alone that woman. She has been long controlled by Lin Geng’s ‘inferior-quality product’, so it’s impossible for her to leave it. I suspect that she’s dead due to withdrawal symptoms but I don’t know where she fell and her dead body has not yet been

discovered... I see, I'll keep an eye on Ye Yan."

Turning his phone off, Kingkong unlocked the chain expressionlessly and pushed open the iron door.

This place was so poor. Only that human sandbag could be used to endure the boredom. Kingkong's face revealed a sneer, thinking about how long this Mister criminal police would keep silent.

But in the very next second, the sneer froze.

That person disappeared!

Tools of imprisonment were in good condition. The chain and lock hadn't been broken and no destructive signs were seen on the only window, but the person was missing!

The bag of food held by Kingkong dropped on the floor all at once. He was bewildered that how could one person vanish into thin air under such circumstances!

Bang---!

The angry Kingkong hit the iron door with full strength, the powerful fist made a huge dent on the door!

He felt that he was fooled severely.

...

...

It was easy to see Yang Ping from the outside of the window.

The aunt looked neater wearing the suit of cleaner. She acted slowly but pretty carefully. The big bamboo basket had been stuffed full of fallen leaves.

This was only an hours' work.

In the room, Luo Qiu drew back the curtain a little because he knew that the aunt would look towards this direction from time to time.

Of course, she probably could not see him because of her bad

eyesight... but Luo Qiu thought that it was not good for her as long as the one she saw was not who she was expected to meet.

It was Fang Jiping's room.

Nobody else was there except the housemaid--- actually the housemaid was taking the afternoon nap.

As to the reason Luo Qiu was here...

It was obviously because he was trespassing.

Theoretically, Luo Qiu could go anywhere in this city, including the coffer of a bank.

Luo Qiu looked at Fang Jiping's room. He found a box in the wardrobe where there was an old rattle-drum. Luo Qiu held it and rotated it for some seconds.

Dongdong, dongdong.

He remembered that the aunt had a totally same one, with the same sound when rotating.

But no matter how similar were the two drums, they could not be completely the same.

...

There was no female owner in this apartment. On the household register, it was written that Fang Ruchang's marital status was widowed.

After having a look around Fang Jiping's room, Luo Qiu then moved to Fang Ruchang's bedroom where he found something interesting in a small safety box by the bedside table there.

A diagnosis and treatment report about Fang Ruchang's infertility within the current year.

Chapter 165: Brave Japanese Car, Become a Scapegoat!

Edward•Elgar, ‘Salut d’Amour’.

The gentle, moving sound of violin rang out and it came to the solo part of Fang Jiping. This was the last day for practicing and tomorrow would be the formal performance for the banquet.

Fang Ruchang was quite satisfied with Fang Jiping’s performance--- He was clearer than anyone about the great efforts that his son had been making in playing the violin for all these years.

After a piece of music, a soft clap was heard suddenly. Fang Ruchang looked at the direction of the sound, seeing a man of his age walking towards him with a smile on his face.

Fang Jiping put down the instruments at this moment, walking towards both of them. He nodded to Fang Ruchang then turned to the other man, speaking primly, "Uncle, you’re here too."

"Take it easy." This man smiled, "Mrs. Zhang also invited your grandfather. However, he’s now abroad and cannot come back, so he asked me to represent him to attend. I’ve read the playbill and knew you’ll be performing at the banquet, so I come here to visit and see your practice."

Fang Ruchang now asked, "Dad is still abroad? How is he recently?"

This man was called Wu Qiubin. He had a family history of running shipping business. Now, when he heard Fang Ruchang’s question, he answered fishily, "He’s OK, just some minor illnesses."

"He should have more rest." Fang Ruchang said with a smile, "Oh yeah, I’ve known an old traditional Chinese doctor. I want to introduce him to dad..."

"Leave it for now." Wu Qiubin answered randomly before grabbing Fang Jiping's hand, smiling. "Come here, let's have a chat, I've not seen you for around a year, how are you these days?"

There were not only Fang Jiping and Fang Ruchang in the band, but when they saw such a scene... other members wouldn't say anything. They even pretended deliberately that they didn't see this.

Conductor Fang was born into a poor family. He seemed to fallen in love with the daughter of Wu's Family when he was young. Of course he was forbidden to marry her; so, the young conductor eloped with the honorific lady. But it was heard that the lady died of illness not many years later, leaving Fang Ruchang and Fang Jiping forever.

Perhaps it was due to shame that the Wu Family admitted Fang Ruchang... Surely, any clever person could see that the one they really received was the posthumous child of the deceased lady of the Wu's.

After that, with the secret support of Wu's Family, Fang Ruchang gained a number of chances, and now he could be identified as a famous conductor.

In other words, it was an example that a father became famous due to his son.

At a side, Wu Qiubin patted Fang Jiping's hand, saying softly, "How is your life recently?"

Fang Jiping took a side glance at Fang Ruchang and look back at Wu Qiubin, still staying cautious, "Everything is good."

Wu Qiubin said suddenly, "Don't care about your father, you are the son of Wu's Family. I heard that you're going to attend a competition abroad?"

"Yeah, I'm preparing for it now," Fang Jiping said softly.

"Your grandpa's bark is worse than his bite." Wu Qiubin added

kindly, "Work hard in the competition and get a good rank. It'll shut many people's mouths. Don't worry, you are the only son of my sister, I won't make you suffer."

Fang Jiping suddenly didn't dare to look at Wu Qiubin's eyes, he merely pretended to nod, "I got it."

Wu Qiubin smiled and looked at Fang Jiping's eyes, saying amiably, "Your eyes are quite similar to your mom."

While Fang Jiping could not but smiled bitterly and thought, 'This may be the reason why his father, Fang Ruchang, was willing to buy him.'

...

...

When they were on their way home in the evening, Fang Ruchang asked suddenly, "What did your uncle talk to you?"

Fang Jiping didn't turn to him, holding the steering wheel carefully as if grabbing his own life. He replied gently, "Nothing else except some things in daily life."

"Didn't he say anything about me?" Fang Ruchang looked outside and questioned closely.

"No." Fang Jiping shook his head.

It followed by a long period of silence. As the two almost reached the deluxe residential area, Fang Ruchang gazed at the streetlights through the front windshield, saying coolly, "Look at this area. This is what a successful man should own."

He shifted his gaze to Fang Jiping, "These things are hard to get. You must cherish them well."

Fang Jiping nodded, but didn't continue to talk about this topic... The lamplight of the front estate was far less magnificent than the common ones in the city, but that was what most people desired.

When the slow-moving car was about to arrive their duplex villa,

it stopped suddenly.

Fang Ruchang gaped, "What's wrong?"

Fang Jiping was also confused, "I don't know, the engine stopped suddenly. Let me have a look."

Fang Jiping got off from the car at once. He opened the hood and saw a puff of dense smoke. Choking on the smoke, he let out a few coughs uncomfortably.

He used his hands to dispel the smoke, turning his head to breathe in fresh air. Nevertheless, at present, he saw a figure not far away from him.

Fang Jiping gave a start, gazing at this figure that hurried away. He tried to speak...but he failed to utter a voice.

Fang Ruchang stretched out his head from the car window to look at Fang Jiping, "Who did you see?"

"No...nothing, it should be a worker from the estate." Fang Jiping muttered, changing the subject in a flurry. "It's weird, this car was bought last month but broke down so soon. The quality of current goods is surely questionable."

"Oh, is it?" Fang Ruchang opened the door and got off, "We almost arrived at our house. Leave the car here and call the property manager to deal with it."

...

Before the security guard came, a person got to the broke down car first.

Luo Qiu stretched out his hands to pat the headlights of this little car, murmuring, "Sorry, I had you become the scapegoat for bad quality."

But since it was a Japanese car... it had to become the scapegoat regardless of the problems.

Luo Qiu glanced at the lighted up house not far away, along with

the silent figure that was staring under the tree outside of the house, saying to himself, "That’s all for today."

He retreated slowly, until his silhouette disappeared from the shadow.

When he got back to the club, looking at the time, it was already past dinner. Just then, the servant girl with a quiet, statue-like look now stood up, full of spiritual nature.

"Master, do you need dinner?"

Luo Qiu said, "Is it done?"

"It just needs to be reheated." The servant girl said with pity, "I’ve picked some wild fiddleheads, but it might be too stale to be eaten."

It was definitely false to say that they couldn’t be eaten. However, You Ye had a very high standard for the food that was served to the master and would not provide him with the food that lost even a little of its freshness.

Luo Qiu looked at the time, smiling. "That’s OK, pack it up, I’ll take it home and reheat it. Since it’s what you’ve picked, throwing it away will be a waste."

...

...

"Have you had your dinner yet?"

"Not yet... I’m starving and was just about to buy some food outside."

Downstairs, Luo Qiu called Ren Ziling on the phone--- because he didn’t see any light in the apartment being on.

"Don’t buy anything. I’ve cooked some food. Just come back."

"I love you so much! Baby!" A voice of Subeditor Ren came with elation, "Now! Ren Ziling is driving back to her warm home at the

speed of 130 km/h! Hello, hello... don’t hang up!! F*ck!!"

Boss Luo laughed and put away the phone, pitying the poor Uncle Ma, who would help this woman cancel countless of speeding tickets this month.

Right then, at the roadside of his building, a woman was seen sitting on her luggage.

A foreign woman... Approximately 30 years old?

Luo Qiu didn’t see her appearance clearly. All he saw was this lady taking off her shoes and massaging her heels.

She raised her head suddenly because she felt that she saw someone passing by. She then asked in an unfamiliar Mandarin tone, "Excuse me, sir, I’ve just moved here today but twisted my ankle. Can you please help me up to my apartment?"

Luo Qiu looked at the building this foreign lady was pointing at... Oh, they were living in the same building.

"...Which floor?"

"Twelve."

Well... it was above him.

Chapter 166: This Foreigner is Suspicious

"Thank you very much, Luo! Without you, I don’t know how I would have come up here."

Out of the instinctive curiosity, Luo Qiu's sight swept through the living room of this apartment on the 12th floor. He then looked at this self-claimed Jessica, a woman from the United States. "That’s all right."

Foreigners were not uncommon in this city. On the way, as he helped Jessica up, the talkative American woman had spoken about her situation.

As a photographer, she intended to shoot a set of works about China in this city.

Quite a few units in this building where Luo Qiu was living were for rent---including the unit he and Ren Ziling lived in.

He was curious about Jessica’s living environment, but not about herself. Therefore, Luo Qiu pressed the lift button to go downstairs as soon as he sent her back.

He entered the apartment, turning on the light and taking off the shoes. Then, while holding the takeaway food from the club for dinner, he went into the kitchen. Luo Qiu rolled up his sleeves and started to reheat the food cooked by You Ye.

Soon after, he heard the sound that someone was opening the door.

Hearing the sounds coming from the kitchen, Subeditor Ren changed her slippers and hurried into the kitchen, "Reporting to Boss! Green traffic lights all the way. My God, I’ve come back safely today!"

Luo Qiu turned to glimpse at Ren Ziling’s gesture of obeisance, then continued to pan-fry the food intently before giving her an evaluation lightly, "Stupid."

Ren Ziling made a hellish face, before inhaling deeply, "What a f*ckin good smell~ fiddlehead! Oh, add some sesame oil!"

"It’s a night snack, not dinner, why make it that oily?" Luo Qiu added indifferently, "I don’t want to hear you complain about your weight."

"Tut!"

Ren Ziling stretched out her hands to flick his forehead lightly then rolled her eyes, reaching for the ready pan-fried clam.

Pat.

Before her hands reached to take up a clam, she was knocked by the wooden spatula Luo Qiu was holding. Boss Luo didn’t turn his head. While sprinkling a slight amount of salt into the pan, he said coolly, "Go wash your hands."

But the poor Ren Ziling broke through one barrier after another, picking up a part of green onion from the plate and putting it into her mouth at a blinding speed.

Why did he have the urge to hit this woman?

Luo Qiu sighed faintly.

Subeditor Ren was now like a victorious general, licking the sauce on her finger with keen pleasure.

Ring---!

Suddenly the doorbell rang.

"I’m going to open the door!" the victorious Ren Ziling knew the character of her baby too well, and was aware of the principle of quitting while you’re ahead, thus she rushed out from the kitchen promptly.

...

When she opened the door, Ren Ziling saw a blonde who looked like a movie star. She couldn’t help being stupefied for a while.

Ren Ziling peeked at the foreign lady's chest that would be almost split her blouse; she threw out her chest a little instinctively.

'I should not be overlooked either, OK?!'

"Who are you looking for?"

"Hi, I'm Jessica, is this Luo Qiu's home?"

Although this woman's accent was not standardized, Ren Ziling was pretty sure she didn't mishear at all... As if the time had been paused, an extremely shocking TV series was performing in Subeditor Ren's mind.

'F*ck! F*ck! F*ck! What is the situation?'

At ten o'clock in the evening, a woman came to see her dull baby!

And it was a foreign woman.

'Hold on... Is this little Luo Qiu's secret girlfriend out there?'

'Wait again...Even if she's his girlfriend, why is she here at this time? She should know Luo Qiu very well. And if he wants to take her back, he should tell me first. Or... did they quarrel? But, though her figure is... Mine is amazingly good too, OK?!'

'Well... even though she has a good figure, her age seems a little old?'

'Or does Luo Qiu like mature female? No wonder... he refused all girls I introduced to him. It turns out they are too young.'

'Wait a second. They are not what I should think about now. The important thing is, how should I face this woman... what's her name?'

'Jessica! Right, she's called Jessica.'

'F*ck, I'm not afraid! Wherever she comes from, if she marries Luo Qiu, I'm her elder! Though she's a foreign girlfriend, she has to be the junior!'

‘Well, just be a little bit strict … Oh, if I’m too strict with her, will it bring bad influence to the relationship between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law? So I should be at ease? Yeah… a foreign girl should be more casual.’

‘But what if she thinks I’m too light-headed? A mother-in-law should have her own dignity in front of the juniors.’

"Excuse me. Luo Qiu, does he live here?"

"Eh-hem! Yes, he’s in." Ren Ziling answered fishily, "Come in… Luo Qiu, someone’s looking for you."

Boss Luo who was wearing an apron stretched out his head to see. He said ‘wait a second’ before going back into the kitchen to turn off the fire and take off the apron. He finally walked out with puzzlement.

Unexpectedly, before he opened his mouth, his foot was trodden on by Ren Ziling. Luo Qiu had no idea why this woman trod on his foot.

Ren Ziling was angry too.

‘F*ckin you brat, your girlfriend comes to see you at night. At least show a smile!!’

"Are you looking for me?" Luo Qiu asked while looking at Jessica.

Jessica said, "Yeah. I want to boil some water to drink after coming home, but I heard that tap water in China cannot be drunk, and my teakettle doesn’t work. Can you give me some water?"

Since she already said it out, it was rude not to provide her with some water.

"Come in, I’ll pour some for you."

"Thank you."

Seeing Luo Qiu receiving an empty bottle from Jessica without hesitation and entering the kitchen, the confused Ren Ziling

looked at Jessica with an embarrassed smile. She then followed him into the kitchen.

Imagining the awkward accent of the foreign woman, Ren Ziling asked while placing her hand on Luo Qiu's shoulder, "Who is this woman?"

"The new resident on the 12th floor." Luo Qiu patted Ren Ziling's hand away, "She's a short-term tenant. I met her downstairs. She sprained her foot, so I helped her up."

"What the..., it turns out that she's a new tenant..." Ren Ziling showed disappointment on her face.

Luo Qiu sneered, "What was playing in your brain's theater?"

"Ah hahaha, is it? No, how can it be?" Ren Ziling laughed awkwardly, "... I'm going to greet her, it's bad to have her waiting! Ah hahaha...ha."

It didn't take him much time to pour water, nor for Ren Ziling to say something to Jessica... actually Subeditor Ren didn't really anything.

Anyway, she was not his girlfriend... the dream of being a mother-in-law was destroyed. Ren Ziling lost her interest all of a sudden.

After a short time, Luo Qiu walked out, "There is another one in the fridge, take it too."

Jessica looked at Luo Qiu with gratitude, "Thank you a lot. I won't bother you any longer."

Seeing Jessica holding the wall to walk into the lift, Ren Ziling said abruptly, "Well, I prefer Asian females. Although foreign girl seems to be charming in their 30s, they will age very fast in the next 10 years and look like old women ... Why do you stare at me? I'm telling the truth!"

"Let's eat the food." Luo Qiu said coolly, "Go wash your hands."

"Got it, boss!"

Watching Ren Ziling went to the kitchen to take the dishes, Luo Qiu smiled unconsciously but reached out for the shoe cabinet at the doorway, touching the shelf on the top layer.

He touched a thin, small box 2 fingernails' wide with a slight twinkling green light... It looked like an eavesdropping device.

It should have been installed sneakily by Jessica just now.

Luo Qiu frowned, putting it back to its original place and walked into the dining room. He saw Ren Ziling's look of devouring food, saying suddenly, "I'm going to take a shower first. You continue eating."

Before Ren Ziling replied, he had already gone into the bathroom, turning on the hot shower.

With the water sound, Luo Qiu disappeared from the bathroom.

At the very next second, he showed up in an apartment on the 12th floor.

At that moment, the door was opened. Jessica came in with the same posture of holding the wall. Yet, as soon as she closed the door, she moved like a healthy person.

Chapter 167: The Soul that is Worth Being Fond of

Jessica came to the window of the dining room, pulling open the curtain a little bit and observing the outside of the building through its narrow gap.

She kept her body still for about 3 minutes.

After that, she sat down, opened her traveling case, and took out a laptop and a pint-sized portable briefcase.

Unfolding the briefcase, a machine with a screen could be seen. Jessica took out a set of earphones and plugged it into the briefcase while putting the earphones in her ear and starting to rotate some buttons.

Not long after, Jessica sat leaning against the sofa with her eyes shut. She fetched a recording pen and put it near her lips.

Of course she didn't speak that weird-accent Mandarin; instead, she spoke fluent British English.

Luo Qiu walked around the apartment unscrupulously while listening to Jessica's British English. He realized it was a lie when she said she came from America.

"...It's the 26th day since Ye Yan has been missing. I came to his hometown in China."

Talking about this, Jessica suddenly erased this part of the recording. She recorded it all over again, "It's the 26th day since Ye Yan has been missing. There are no clues at all but I've approached a potential lead who can provide me with some clues, and have successfully installed an eavesdropping device in his apartment."

Jessica turned off the recording pen before putting on the earphones. She put both of her hands on her belly, listening while taking a rest.

She was not aware that her every move including the two sentences she had just said, had been detected clearly by Luo Qiu.

Luo Qiu now frowned. Snapping his fingers lightly, Jessica's breathing started to ease up.

Opening Jessica's suitcase and grabbing her cell phone, Luo Qiu started to check all these carefully.

He found a document envelope in it where there were many odds and ends. And then he found a folder.

'He colluded with an international criminal organization and sold the secrets of the international criminal police organization...'

' Got expelled ... fled to escape from punishment... wanted list...'

While reading page by page, Luo Qiu frowned more seriously. He even found Jessica's ID card along with a pistol.

It seemed that Jessica had a mission on her.

As to the reason why she became the tenant of this building, he discovered it in a photo attached in this folder.

That was a group photo of Luo Qiu and Ye Yan shot at the airport several years ago when Ye Yan left.

After Ye Yan went missing in Lyon, the headquarters began to investigate him constantly... The purpose for Jessica to come here this time might be because she thought that Ye Yan would contact him, so she wanted to wait until he appeared.

After sitting on the sofa for a while silently, Luo Qiu opened a pendant hanging on a necklace that fell out from the file.

There was a photo in the little pendant, which was shot from the side. It might have been secretly filmed.

And the person in the photo was Uncle Ye Yan.

In the photo, he was drinking a can of coffee while looking into the distance.

‘---came to his hometown…’

Luo Qiu suddenly recalled the sentence that had been omitted by Jessica.

…

…

He came out from the bathroom as usual, wiping his wet hair dry while looking at Ren Ziling who had fallen asleep and placed her bare feet on the tea table.

He then took a glance at the dishes on the dining table and saw that the leftover dishes had been tidily moved to one side.

This woman complained saying she was hungry but in the end, she still left one portion for him.

Luo Qiu turned off the TV and turned up the temperature of the air-conditioner in the dining room. After that, he got a thin blanket to cover Ren Ziling before going back to his room.

…

"One day of your lifespan has been deducted, location of the target is locked…"

He received the message sent from the altar; at the same time, Luo Qiu had already arrived at the place 30km from his home.

There were several different old town areas in this city. Luo Qiu was from one of them, but now he was in another one.

Xiaochun Martial Club.

Raising his head up to look at to the plaque, Luo Qiu fell silent… Ye Yan was staying in this martial club that had gone out of business long ago.

This club was owned by Ye Yan’s deceased girlfriend. What Luo Qiu knew was that the policewoman who was sacrificed was actually a successor of some kind of fist martial art. Although she

inherited the martial club, she eventually became a policewoman who wiped out evil. Therefore, the martial club site turned into the place where she lived.

But since several years ago, this place had been emptied... Luo Qiu remembered that he came here for several times during his childhood.

As Luo Qiu decided to go in, he stopped and his sight changed direction.

Under the old Banyan Tree in front of the club's doorway at night, a figure walked out from the tree shade, stepping quickly in front of Luo Qiu.

It was You Ye.

This was out of Luo Qiu's expectations, meeting the servant girl here. Even though You Ye had the ability to turn up at his side at any time, usually if he didn't call her, You Ye wouldn't show up to bother him.

"Are you tailing after Uncle Ye Yan?" Luo Qiu knitted his brows.

You Ye didn't expect to meet her master here. However, if she left in front of the master, she'd go against the principle of loyalty. That was why she had to greet him.

You Ye said softly, "You Ye is protecting him."

"What happened?"

You Ye explained calmly, "Does master still remember a person called Kingkong who is the subordinate of Lin Geng? He could be a member of the criminal group that used to control Jiang Chu. And Heaven's Shadow seemed to be in league with this organization. The appearance of master's Uncle Ye Yan this time is probably to chase after this lead. In his process of following Kingkong, he lost the fight and got caught. Luckily, this morning I've rescued Ye Yan from the place of imprisonment. Of course he doesn't know the truth."

Luo Qiu kept silent, thinking about this for a while and uttered something suddenly, "A foreign policewoman came to my home today, she even installed an eavesdropping device in my apartment."

He explained all the matters that he had discovered to her.

The servant girl came up with a conclusion after a second of consideration, "Well... looks like Uncle Ye was framed. Some member is hiding or colluding with this criminal organization in the international criminal police organization. Perhaps Mr. Ye Yan is holding some clues, which results in his plight today ... This time, he came back to the country, I'm afraid one side of it might be to escape from capture. The other side is to seek out the real criminal so that he can prove his innocence. Nevertheless, I cannot clarify which group does the lady who approached Master belongs to."

Luo Qiu suddenly recalled the necklace that Jessica had hidden. However, it still couldn't be the key to distinguish which side Jessica was on.

Luo Qiu thought deeply for a while, "Did Uncle Ye get a serious injury?"

You Ye answered gently, "He has probably been tortured for some days but is still able to escape to here. So his life is not endangered, he just needs to take a while to rest and recover."

Luo Qiu nodded, asking suddenly, "I discovered all the issues about Uncle Ye because of Jessica's presence. Why do you know all of them?"

The servant girl said calmly, "If it bothers master, it's all due to You Ye's dereliction of duty."

Luo Qiu heaved a sigh.

An interesting thought suddenly came to him. If Jessica didn't look for him, he wouldn't get to know Ye Yan's matters. Perhaps

several days passed would subside the matter quietly. And then, Ye Yan would clear his name and show up smiling in front of him. Then he could invite Ren Ziling and Uncle Ma to have a dinner together.

You Ye now spoke in a low voice, "Does Master dislike You Ye acting in private... That’s true, You Ye should inform Master before she takes any action."

Luo Qiu shook his head.

Luo Qiu could feel his innermost heart intuitively. Even though You Ye was just a puppet, her inner soul, he thought, was worthy for him to cherish.

He walked to the back of the servant girl, stretching out his hands to hold You Ye’s palm, smiling, "This place contains some of my childhood memories. Let me bring you in."

...

...

In the deluxe housing estate.

Fang Jiping looked at Fang Ruchang, "Dad, the estate administrator took the tow truck, I will go out to handle it."

Fang Ruchang nodded while seeing Fang Jiping going out.

He frowned... this son was bought from outside without any blood relationship or kinship; however, he was sure that he understood Fang Jiping better than how normal fathers and sons understood each other.

He had to do it anyways.

Because if Fang Jiping wasn’t under his full control and spilled the beans, the Wu Family would probably know that Fang Jiping was not the biological son of the deceased daughter of Wu’s family.

Whether it was every behavior, word, or even if some simple expressions of Fang Jiping was natural or not, he was able to

distinguish it clearly.

Fang Ruchang suddenly felt uneasy. After thinking deeply in silence for a few seconds, he wore his shoes, following noiselessly.

Chapter 168: Michael Club

Despite it being abandoned for years, it still maintained its original appearance. There was nothing more or less here except additional dirt.

Ye Yan knew this place to the extent where he used to live; therefore, even if the light was turned off, he could find everything he needed in Xiaochun Martial Club.

The curtain was drawn, Ye Yan lighted a candle and started to apply some medicine.

Looking at the bruises on Ye Yan’s body, Luo Qiu narrowed his eyes slightly.

He didn’t appear in front of Ye Yan straightaway… Firstly, it was because it didn’t make sense. Moreover, he was aware of Ye Yan’s character, who didn’t want his messy appearance to be seen.

"Is it all what Kingkong did?" Luo Qiu asked You Ye suddenly.

You Ye nodded, telling him the matter where she had seen traces of fist-print left on the wall of the cement room, "Even a common boxer who received intensive training won’t have such terrifying power."

Luo Qiu frowned, "Isn’t Kingkong human?"

You Ye shook her head, "Even the weakest monster is more powerful than the strength of his fist. Do master still remember the new type of drugs found at Lin Geng’s?"

Luo Qiu answered, "Kingkong is one of the members of this criminal group… You mean, he’s also a user of these new drugs?"

You Ye nodded, "Might be. Its power is beyond ordinary people but cannot be compared with the weakest inhuman beings. That kind of drug may help to achieve it."

While Luo Qiu was thinking about what to say, he turned to look

at the dining room suddenly, "Someone’s coming."

But the person was not who Luo Qiu needed to defend or to deal with---Instead, it was another uncle of Boss Luo, Ma Houde, Officer Ma!

Ye Yan heard the sound too. He gritted his teeth and fought back the pain, tensing his whole body. He grabbed the nunchakus on the bed---This was one of the weapons in the martial club!

Hearing the footsteps getting closer little by little, Ye Yan estimated the distance from his counterpart, then stepping out furiously. The nunchakus made a sound of whistling through the air, striking vertically at him with all his force.

But this shadow knelt down suddenly, sliding pass the strike by the nunchakus.

"Old Ye, it’s me!"

"Old Ma?"

Officer Ma was soaked in cold sweat with his heart still fluttering with fear, "If I didn’t kneel down due to the sudden pain that came from nowhere, my head will definitely be knocked out."

Ye Yan pulled Officer Ma up, "I was thinking that you’ll be the first one who would be able to find this place."

Officer Ma wiped his cold sweat, "I still have few strings in this city who used to be my brothers. You can’t hide in any place except here. And I came tonight to take my chance."

Ye Yan frowned, "Old Ma, from your tone... you knew it."

Officer Ma smiled bitterly, "I’ve received an arrest order from Lyon... You brat, who did you offend? You have a quite nice accusation... have you hurt yourself?"

"Take a seat. By the way, have you eaten?" Ye Yan sighed.

...

"...I’ve found some clues that the inside of our group has been colluding with the criminal group in the last movement." Ye Yan recalled this while biting the bread bought from a convenience store. "I intended to hand in the material after going back to headquarters, but I encountered some killers on my way back... they knew my actions, so I suspect that someone in my group revealed my information."

Ye Yan sneered, "And it turned out as how I have guessed it. Before I arrived at the headquarters, I’ve already been dismissed and the arrest order has been sent out. In private, some criminal police want to catch me as well."

Officer Ma frowned, "The traitor inside the Interpol... Old Ye, this guy might be in a quite high position."

Ye Yan let out a sigh, "I don’t know who is that person."

"Then you come back this time for..."

"In the previous movement, I was in charge of investigating the guy who helped this criminal organization to move and store their goods. I found a unit of important cargoes that should be hiding here." Ye Yan frowned, "The evidence I’ve collected is not enough to reveal who the traitor is. If I hand it in, it’ll probably be said as perjury."

"So you wanna find the cargo and force the members of this criminal group to negotiate with you?"

Ye Yan sneered, "At least I should know who the traitor is! I don’t know how many guys in the Interpol are tied up with this group... so I don’t believe anyone and have to do it myself! Make my own food."

Officer Ma laughed suddenly, "This is Brother Luo’s famous quote."

The atmosphere relaxed a little.

Officer Ma sighed, "I thought you’ve gotten better, but it turns

out it’s messier outside...where the hell is this criminal group from? It’s simply too resourceful!"

Ye Yan said seriously, "I’ve just found the tip of the iceberg. I only know the group leader is called ‘Mr. Sun’, and their group name is ‘Michael Club’."

Officer Ma was stupefied, snorting, "Quite a nice name, an angel who behaves evilly...by the way, who is this Mr. Sun?"

"It might not be a single person." Ye Yan frowned, "‘Mr. Sun’ is just a code. This so-called leader consists of several or a dozen people. The international criminal police organization has been investigating the Michael Club under the table throughout these years. According to the materials we held, these people might be important figures with different expertizes. Capitalists, dignitaries, even big drug traffickers, and warlords, etc."

Ye Yan glanced at Ma Houde, "Last time, that dead doctor was merely in the lowest level of this organization. And there might be many doctors beyond count who is helping this organization to remove human organs."

After getting the seriousness of this issue, Ma Houde fell silent.

A long silence later, Ma Houde emitted a sigh, "Old Ye, what can I do for you?"

While Ye Yan patted Ma Houde’s shoulder, "You’re about to retire soon, so don’t lend a hand in this matter. Old Ma, listen, I am alone and won’t be afraid of anything, but you have your family, and have a lot to consider."

"You think I’m f*ckin afraid of death?!"

Unexpectedly at this moment, Ye Yan stood up furiously, one hand pinched Officer Ma’s pulse on the wrist; the other pressed on the main artery on his neck, pushing Ma Houde to the ground.

"Ye Yan you..."

In a short time, Officer Ma could only see stars, falling unconscious after a short resistance.

"I've lost Xiaochun and Brother Luo, I cannot lose anyone else."

Ye Yan fished out Ma Houde's wallet and took out all his money after gazing at him for a while. He looked at his family photo in it, smiling, "I've not gotten married yet, these are considered as my wedding gifts that you owed me."

With prompt speed, Ye Yan wore the clothes and left Xiaochun Martial Club.

...

Luo Qiu helped the fallen Ma Houde up to the bed and lay him down.

You Ye who was next to him at this moment heard Luo Qiu saying softly, "Uncle Ma got rheumatism in recent years. If he lies on the ground for the whole night, he might not be able to walk tomorrow."

Luo Qiu sat by the bedside, looking at You Ye, "Since Jiang Chu's matter is finished, I've stealthily bought some information about Mr. Sun, but I didn't expect the price to be so alarmingly high... It turns out it's not a real name and there's no Mr. Sun; instead, they're a group of people. Michael Club, this name sounds like one of our competitors, but was originally just a group doing evil."

You Ye added coolly, "It says in the eastern world, should be called... contemptible scoundrel."

Luo Qiu stood up and disappeared from here. Before vanishing, the servant girl merely heard an order from her master.

"Take care of Ye Yan."

...

...

Fang Jiping had finished dealing with the car accident and

wandered around the estate for a short time, instead of going home directly.

He suddenly looked at a bulletin, "Come out, don’t hide there."

But no one walked out from the back of the notice board. However, a pair of legs were shown under the board. Fang Jiping breathed in deeply, walking two steps ahead, saying after awhile of silence, "Go back."

There was no response.

Fang Jiping flared up, "Why do you appear in front of me rather than coming to find me that year? Do you think I’ll pretend that nothing has happened in spite of your appearance now?"

"So, sorry..."

He could only hear that faint, pusillanimous and hoarse voice.

Fang Jiping clenched his fist. His heart couldn’t calm down and he didn’t know what he should say. All he saw was the person behind the bulletin board leaving away quickly.

Fang Jiping leaned against the board, lowering his head with a complicated look. He massaged his forehead, mumbling, "Why did you only show up now..."

Chapter 169: Craziness

The rehearsal for Mrs. Zhang's banquet was completed but the band had other tasks to do.

Fang Jiping got up as usual. He saw Fang Ruchang having breakfast in the dining room.

Fang Ruchang said suddenly, "I have something to do, so will arrive later."

Fang Jiping didn't say anything. He sat down quietly. The two ate breakfast in silence. The housemaid was accustomed to such a quiet scene with few words between the father and son since long ago.

That was true. For most of the time, a family with only father and son would eventually be quiter.

When Fang Jiping went out, he looked around unwittingly... He didn't see that woman. Yet, he didn't know why, but he sensed that she was somewhere nearby.

Fang Jiping couldn't force himself to stay here for too long, so he rushed out from the estate.

He had an impulse of not going back to the band and went to a place unconsciously--- a famous theater in the city, where it could let him calm down.

It was not open yet but through many times of appearance and performance, the security officer had known this young violinist since an earlier time, so he smiled and let Fang Jiping in.

There was no one in the theater except a girl who was setting up the stage.

Fang Jiping walked towards the back of the girl noiselessly, clasping the girl's waist and taking her into his arms. Yet the girl didn't panic. Instead, a smile appeared on her comely face before

letting out a heavy voice, "Oh my god, where did this molester come from? I will call the police!"

The girl used her fingers to form a cellphone, sticking it on her face, "Hello, is that police station?"

Fang Jiping smiled, lowered his head and leaned on the girl's shoulder, saying in a low voice, "Manman, I missed you."

Manman stopped her joke, grasping Fang Jiping's hand that was encircling her body, letting this man embrace her quietly on this stage.

After a while, Fang Jiping let go of this girl.

Manman turned around, pointing at Fang Jiping's nose, "Is it enough? If you are in a bad mood, I can rent out my shoulder!"

Fang Jiping smiled faintly.

The two came to sit on the chair under the stage. Looking at the stage Fang Jiping held Manman's hand suddenly, "Are you tired?"

"I'm OK." Manman pounded her shoulder, "But it will be done this afternoon!"

Fang Jiping turned around suddenly and climbed over the chair, coming to the back of Manman, pressing and rubbing her shoulders gently, "Take it easy."

Fang Jiping smiled, "Then I won't perform in this theater anymore."

Manman turned her head around at once, "No! if you don't play here, where can I find another free-of-charge concert?

"OK, stop. Take a rest here. Nobody else is here now."

Manman closed her eyes immediately. Soon after, Manman picked up her backpack. She took out a wrinkled leaflet and her cellphone.

Fang Jiping took a glimpse at this leaflet, both of his hands

paused as he blurted out, "What, what's this?"

Manman didn't care about him as she typed on the cellphone, "It's a notice for missing person. I saw a student-like guy sticking this downstairs when I came to work this morning. He said he was helping someone with this, so I asked for one. Well, I plan to post it online to do him a favor. The parents of this missing person must have been suffering."

Fang Jiping continued while speaking slowly, "But do you think that it might be his parents' mistake that led to the kidnapping of this child?"

"Yeah..." Manman blinked, "But 20 years have passed. They should have enough punishment already, no matter what mistake they made, unless they sold their kid on purpose. Besides, if they were just careless, they wouldn't look for him for 20 years, right?"

Fang Jiping fell silent.

Manman looked up at Fang Jiping who was patting Manman's shoulder at this moment, "I have something to do... Let's have dinner together."

"No problem~"

...

...

Fang Ruchang went out soon after Fang Jiping left. This famous conductor didn't leave the estate in haste; instead, he wandered around the grove near to his home.

He seemed to be seeking for something with patience. Before long, Fang Ruchang stopped and narrowed his eyes, looking at a silhouette sitting under a tree for rest.

In fact, he wouldn't have found out that there was a person there if the slight cough sound wasn't heard coming from there.

As a conductor, his auditory senses were more sensitive than

common people.

"Who are you?"

…

Suddenly, Yang Ping heard the voice coming from her back. She was eating breakfast provided by the dining hall of the realty management company. Yang Ping hurried to wipe her mouth with her hand and stood up quickly, "I, I'm not lazing about here, it's not the working time yet."

"No, I didn't ask you about this, I mean who are you?" Fang Ruchang sized up this cleaner.

Last night when the car got stuck, the person he saw seemed to be her. Later on, when he followed Fang Jiping, he found the person that Fang Jiping was looking for was her as well.

She had a slight hunchback, dark skin, and a trace of hardship all over her face. Fang Ruchang recalled the behavior of Fang Jiping last night, guessing some possible situations vaguely.

"I, I am a cleaner here, sir." Yang Ping looked down, dared not looked at this man with a stately voice in the eyes.

"I'm Jiping's father." Fang Ruchang said it abruptly.

Yang Ping raised her head right off, she seemed to become excited, but she calmed down and hesitated when she spoke, "Sir, I, I don't know what do you mean."

"What's that?" Fang Ruchang pointed suddenly at a grey-white sack tied with a garbage and asked.

Yang Ping was scared, "Nothing, just some clothes and sundries."

"Let me have a look." Fang Ruchang replied coolly but his actions were quick. Before Yang Ping responded, he had walked there and opened the sack.

"Oh! You can't see it!"

But she couldn’t stop him in time. She had a bad eyesight, but saw Fang Ruchang was rummaging about in her sack, which made her worry and was about to cry, "You can’t see it!"

"Sure enough I guessed correctly." Fang Ruchang smiled coldly, holding a leaflet when gazing at Yang Ping, "You’re really Jiping’s biological mother. I can’t imagine that you can even find him among a billion of people."

Sensing she had been detected, Yang Ping had to tell the truth, "Mr. Fang, I... I just want to see my son, I don’t plan to do anything else."

"But you’ve seen him eh?" Fang Ruchang said indifferently, "Then what are you still staying here for?"

"I... I just want to see him." Yang Ping said indifferently, "See him from far, it’s sufficient as long as I know whether he is happy or not."

Fang Ruchang sneered suddenly, "Oh do you? Don’t you continue to stay here to ask him to support your remaining life? Because you see Jiping is living great now."

Yang Ping was angry, gritting her teeth and answering with a slight rage, "Mr. Fang, how can you say this!"

While Fang Ruchang snorted, "I’ve asked Jiping about his childhood. I know you’re a gambler, and the reason why your son was kidnapped."

Yang Ping grasped her clothes tightly, Fang Ruchang who was in front of her seemed like a mountain that made her too stressful to breathe. Her lips twitched but didn’t know what to say.

Fang Ruchang added in the same tone, "Do you know how your son’s life was after he was kidnapped? I can tell you, he was forced by them to beg on the street. Can you imagine a beggar’s life? You’ve spent a lot of years seeking for your son, didn’t you see how those kids who were forced to beg money are treated?"

"I, I don’t know.... I don’t know..."

Yang Ping’s sallow face twitched all at once. She sat down weak and limp on the grass. As if she lost her spirit, Yang Ping lowered her head and big drops of tears were gradually emitted from her cloudy eyes.

She used to cry for countless days and nights but she had never emitted this kind of tears full of bitterness that dug out her heart.

When her son was kidnapped that year, she was inconsolable and had received many reprimands from her family. Therefore, she left her hometown and travelled more than half of the whole China by foot. In the past 20 years, she had never felt settled any minute for all those days and nights.

And now, as she heard the experience that Fang Jiping had ever been through, those compunctions and self-accusation hidden for over 20 years were like a deadly viper that killed her.

"I’m inhuman! I’m so damn! I’m inhuman! I’m so damn... I’m inhuman!"

Yang Ping slapped her face. She tried to use this pair of old and weak hands and all her strength to slap herself, "I’m inhuman!! My son... god, I deserve to die, but why did you treat my son like this! My God... take my life away... I’m damned!"

Just at this moment.

Fang Ruchang grabbed Yang Ping’s hands, saying coldly, "Stop acting! I’ve seen too many actors like you! Don’t you just want some money?"

He fished out a cheque book from the inside of his clothes, writing down a string of numbers quickly, tearing down and throwing it to Yang Ping’s arm, "Fang Jiping is my son and has nothing to do with you. Here is 2 million, take it and leave! Don’t ever come back again! You’d better not think it is too less. Even if your son isn’t kidnapped that year, he cannot earn all these money

in that poor place for his whole life! This is enough for you to live the rest of your life very well!"

Yet Yang Ping trembled, patting away the cheque like expelling a viper. Her lips were twitching constantly and her shoulders were powerless, "I don't need it... I don't need it, I just want my son... I have wronged him. I don't want the money... I deserve retribution..."

While Fang Ruchang was frowning, he yelled in a low voice, "Fang Jiping is important to me. I won't let you show up in front of him. I don't care if you take the money or not. If you don't leave, then don't blame me if I'm rude to you."

But Yang Ping seemed like she didn't hear all these words.

Sometimes she cried, sometimes laughed. Suddenly, she hit both of her hands on the tree, "Why did I gamble... why did I gamble... you threw away my son, I don't want you!"

A pair of old hands smashed the tree crazily. The skin was cut open and the flesh was torn, after a few hits.

The nerves in the hand are connected to the heart; however, the pain she felt was no worse than her heartache. She struck until she became exhausted, only then did Yang Ping leaned against the tree with all her hair let down sloppily.

Her hands kept quivering. She yelled as if she didn't see Fang Ruchang, "Baby Tiger, where are you, mom is coming to see you, Baby Tiger, Baby Tiger, Baby Tiger..."

Without blinking, Fang Ruchang looked at this woman who was leaving, step by step, like a zombie. He sensed that this woman had turned crazy.

"Baby Tiger, where are you... Baby Tiger, mom bought you popsicles. One for you, and the other for me, hum... Baby Tiger, Baby Tiger..."

The voice faded away.

Chapter 170: The Individual Blown Away by The Wind

The Individual Blown Away by The Wind

This crazy old woman would not be for long in this world.

Fang Ruchang looked at some medical certifications he found in the grey-white sack.

Yang Ping had turned crazy and left, so she definitely would not care about her personal items, which had been picked up by Fang Ruchang. Of course, Fang Ruchang intended to destroy them immediately; however, he knew little about Yang Ping, so he kept the sack for the time being.

As putting it down, Fang Ruchang lighted up a cigarette, smoking slowly while murmuring, "Though she won't live long, she'll always be a trouble. I cannot have anyone else know the fact that Jiping is not my biological son."

He gazed at Yang Ping who was outside the car. She was like a zombie wandering the road--- He came after her from the inside to outside of the estate.

The housing estate was located near the river... However, the forest landscape in the estate was nicely designed. People had already gone for work; the riverside path was far away for seniors. Therefore, at present, nobody was seen now except for some occasionally passing cars.

Fang Ruchang restlessly tucked all the things back into the sack, rushing out of the car door. He came to the back of Yang Ping, trying to shake the rattle-drum he held.

Hearing the sound, Yang Ping paused her actions, turning about gradually. "Baby Tiger... Baby Tiger... is that you?"

Fang Ruchang glanced at the rattle-drum in his hand and

furiously stuffed it into the sack before throwing it into the river. "Look at our son, he’s right over there!"

Yang Ping subconsciously watched the sack flew out and eventually fell into the water, which was the reason she got agitated. Both her hands grasped the handrail on the river bank, "Baby Tiger! Baby Tiger! Mother is coming to save you, don’t be afraid! Don’t be afraid!"

She then climbed over it.

Fang Ruchang looked coldly at Yang Ping rolling down the lawn, before finally falling into water, "A lunatic fell into the water, don’t blame anyone else."

The Wu Family was not merely a wealthy family. If they got to know he had been cheating them so many years...

Fang Ruchang mumbled, "Don’t blame me, I won’t give up everything I owned currently, even if there is a little bit possibility..."

Viewing that figure struggling before sinking into the water, Fang Ruchang looked around, driving his car to leave hastily.

There were neither other people nor cars on the road. The timing and place were as if the heavens were helping him. He raised Fang Jiping for over 20 years and knew his son was softhearted and irresolute in nature.

‘Then, let me make a decision for him!’

...

‘It is not only the iPhone that has such good photography capabilities.’

Looking at the clear photo, Luo Qiu, that came out from nowhere leaned against the handrail near the river. He even heard the sentence said by Fang Ruchang just now.

A figure emerged out of the river slowly and was sent back to the

river bank along with the grey sack.

Pressing the save button, Luo Qiu was lost in thought. In his thoughts, the soul that contained everything in this weak body in front, now seemed so dim and gloomy.

Looking at miserable look showed on Yang Ping's face, Luo Qiu touched her forehead softly, saying low, "Fall asleep, have a good dream for now."

While grabbing the aunt's arm, Luo Qiu brought her away from the river bank.

...

Finally, the layout of the stage had been finished in advance. The manager was nice and had Manman leave early.

While thinking about the matter of having a dinner with her boyfriend in the evening, Manman went back home by bike in a pleasant mood. She intended to take a shower first, because a girl that stank of sweat was impolite.

Perhaps she was too happy, the bike suddenly stumbled over a small stone. Carelessly, she fell off the bike and things rolled out.

Fortunately, she wasn't hurt.

Yet, the things in the bike basket had rolled out. She was crossing the bridge and had almost got to the bridgehead. The items rolled down from it.

Manman irritably tried to look for the things that dropped into water. Her good mood totally disappeared.

"Oh my god... someone's drowning!"

In Manman's sight, there was a woman lying on the river bank, that seem to have fainted!

...

...

"You can’t come out for dinner?"

"No, I met a drowned person on my way home. I’m at the hospital now and this aunt hasn’t woke up yet. I cannot find the contact information of her family. So, I want to wait here until she wakes up. Sorry, I’ll make up for you next time!"

Fang Jiping was planning to go home too. When he almost arrived at the estate, he received the phone call from his girlfriend, "Which hospital are you in? let me go to have a look!"

"No, no! it’s not a big deal! Don’t you have an important performance tomorrow? Don’t worry about me, take a good rest tonight or your father will blame you if you don’t do well. I’ve grown up, it’s OK to look after a patient."

Maybe this was the character that attracted him from among so many excellent women.

Fang Jiping didn’t argue with Manman. "Fine. Then I’ll go to the hospital to see you promptly after my performance, if you’re still there."

"Yeah! Eat enough for dinner."

Fang Jiping smiled faintly.

He came out of the taxi. There were two cars in his family. One had died last night and the other one was driven by his father, so he could only travel by taxi.

However, looking at the estate entrance, Fang Jiping was afraid of walking in... He knew there might be a pair of eyes gazing at him at somewhere.

Fang Jiping hovered outside the estate. Seeing this, a security guard suddenly headed out of the guard booth, "Mr. Fang, may I help you?"

Fang Jiping looked at this security guard, words blurted out, "Sir, have all the cleaners finished work?"

The opposite party seemed to be stunned.

"Do you have anything to do with them? They should have finished work now."

Fang Jiping said randomly, "Nothing, just there's some garbage that should be thrown out. Since they finished work, then forget it"

Since they finished work...they perhaps left already. Fang Jiping let out a sigh of relief.

To his surprise, this security guard said, "If so, there should be one that can be found. She is new and came in recent days and lives here. Let me find her for you."

Fang Jiping gaped, she might be...

"Who is that aunt?"

The security guard didn't care about the question, sighing and telling him, "She's a poor aunt. Several days ago, she came for a job, claiming that she doesn't even need money and just asked some food. She spoke to the point of crying and even knelt down here."

He pointed a place outside the guard booth, "It's right over there."

Fang Jiping lips quivered, gazing at the place the security guard pointed, absent-minded with red eyes.

"Mr. Fang? Mr. Fang? Do you still want to call cleaners? I can help you."

"No... no." Fang Jiping shook his head, "Leave it for tomorrow."

With the words, he rushed into the estate.

That security guard saw Fang Jiping leaving and shook his head. He closed the window of the guard booth, sitting down.

While sitting, he suddenly vanished into the air, disappearing

from the booth.

Soon, someone climbed up from the ground in the booth.

It was the security guard that was at work.

"It’s weird... why did I fall asleep? Did my supervisor see that?"

...

...

After arriving at his home, distraction arose on Fang Jiping’s face... He couldn’t find her.

Thus he had to come back to this cold home.

At this time, Fang Ruchang had been sitting near the table and eating. In addition, the servant had finished work... She wouldn’t live here, rather, she would leave after cooking dinner.

"Not eating?"

Looking at Fang Jiping going upstairs, Fang Ruchang asked abruptly.

"No, I feel a little tired." Fang Jiping shook his head.

Fang Ruchang replied indifferently, "Physically tired or heart tired?"

Fang Jiping stopped, showing an unnatural expression, "Dad... I don’t know what you’re talking about."

Fang Ruchang continued eating dinner and did not turn his head to him, "Today, I met a cleaner here. She came to me saying she wants to look for her son."

Fang Jiping gave a start, walking close to him, blurting out, "She... what did she say?"

Fang Ruchang sneered, "What else she would say? That crazy woman cried and screamed in front of me, doesn’t she want money? I gave her some, and she left without a word."

Fang Ruchang turned about, looking at Fang Jiping, sneering, "She laughed happily."

Fang Jiping stepped back, lips trembled inconceivably, "How come..."

Fang Ruchang stood up and walked to Fang Jiping, speaking coolly, "Don’t you understand? I don’t know how she could appear here so luckily... However, the woman of that year lost you because of gambling, aren’t you still aware of her nature? Are you still so naïve and consider that she came to compensate you? Well, she might have such thoughts, but apparently she received my money. Do you know what it represents?"

Fang Ruchang added coldly, "It means you are no match for the money! Are you planning to go back with that kind of person?"

Fang Jiping lowered his head, staying silent.

"I won’t blame you for hiding this matter to me. I was raised by my mother too and know that something like that is hard to give up." Fang Ruchang said, "But, you should be clear of how hard we worked to get today’s life. You should think about it thoroughly, that if it’s worth it to give up everything you own now for a person who abandoned you twice just for money!"

"I... I will go back to my bedroom first."

He walked to his room upstairs, step by step.

Supported by the stair handrail.

Chapter 171: The People Blown Away by The Wind(Follow-Up)

The banquet would start 2 hours later.

Zhang Qingrui was busy greeting the guests that came early.

Gu Yue Zhai might be a famous place in antique circles, but the other industries of the Zhang Family were what those fat cats had to hold in awe and veneration.

"Manager, the Zhong's family members are coming."

Shi Shijie now noticed Zhang Qingrui in a soft voice.

Zhang Qingrui nodded, "Uncle Shijie, can you please greet other guests here please? I'll receive the Zhong Family on my own."

Shi Shijie suddenly told, "Manager, Old master said if Old Zhong comes, take him to her."

Zhang Qingrui gave a start, nodding and leaving gracefully. Today she wore a full dress with light make-up, but could be referred as a Triton among the minnows in the banquet site.

"Hi, Manager Shi! Long time no see!"

Suddenly someone called Shi Shijie at back, so he turned about, faking a smile at once and looking at him, "Mr. Wu, we've really not seen each other in a while."

The coming Wu Qiubin asked his secretary to pass the birthday present for him, before pulling Shi Shijie aside to chat. Wu Qiubin had a quick view of the visitor's book, asking confusedly, "Manager Shi, we've known for dozens of years. Mrs. Zhang likes the quiet. It's the truth that today is her birthday... but inviting so many big shots, can you tell me if Mrs. Zhang has no other meaning?"

Shi Shijie took it easy, "Yes, she does. But I'll keep secret for the moment, Mr. Wu will know it later."

"Fine! I'll wait to see what good news it will be." Wu Qiubin smiled, "You must be busy, I'll talk with the others."

"Have a nice time."

...

"Switch off all your cellphones."

Fang Ruchang ordered in the dressing room. Before the performance of a band, especially classical music performance, fully rigorous preparations were a must.

And also, cutting off contact with the outside for now, so that members could settle to adjust the emotion for performance, was definitely vitally important.

Fang Ruchang now walked to Fang Jiping who had a haggard expression, sitting down and saying coolly, "The guests outside are all with fame and prestige, your looks will give a bad impression."

So, Fang Jiping then forced a slight hint of a smile.

Fang Ruchang added, "Listen, a minute on the stage takes ten-year practice. No matter how wonderful you used to be, but one mistake on the stage means all those years of efforts are wasted. You can be confused or whine, but once you pick up the violin, you are only a violinist, rather than any other role."

Fang Jiping deeply breathed, patting Fang Ruchang's hand back, "Dad, don't worry, I know what I should do."

He lowered his head, applying rosin to the violin fiddlestick, little by little, very carefully.

Since she left because of money one more time... he didn't have to be concerned.

Fang Jiping started to adjust his emotion. He turned off the cellphone, closing eyes and didn't think about anything else.

...

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"Baby Tiger... Baby Tiger..."

Manman woke up by the voice, but what she saw was the aunt talking in her dream on the sickbed.

She massaged her shoulders and found that she had stayed in the hospital for a whole day and night. The doctor said this aunt was in bad condition and had accumulated many diseases year in year out, along with phthisis.

The aunt had tightly kept the sack closed even while drowned. Manman didn't find anything useful in it, even the ID card was the first version and overdue, which could not be used any longer.

She merely knew her name is Yang Ping. However, she found some flyers in the sack---the same as what she got from a man that posted flyers under her home.

Was that a predestined relationship?

Manman interestingly thought that her tumble allowed her to meet this aunt looking for her son.

20 years, she had walked through more than half of this country.

Manman subconsciously grabbed the aunt's hand. It was injured here, the doctor said it was a new wound, but her fingers were already shattered. Manman couldn't imagine why she got so serious wounds.

"Aunt, you'll definitely find your Baby Tiger." Manman said softly.

It seemed like she heard Manman's voice, the aunt in sickbed stopped her talking in the dream. Manman's hand pressed on her forehead and couldn't help saying happily, "The fever seems to have come down!"

Suddenly, her mood improved drastically!

Manman unwittingly looked at the time, thinking about making

a phone call to her boyfriend... ‘The number you dialed is not available.

Many concert performers would be like this; while working in the theater, Manman saw a lot of people like him... She felt depressed to some degree.

Stretching herself, she started to browse the current situation in her friend circles.

A weird public account.

"Gee, when did I add this account?" the puzzled Manman watched the renewed current situation of this public account.

---It went viral in her friend circles, ‘A scumbag middle-aged man maltreating a vagrant aunt.’

Manman unconsciously clicked on the video--- it seemed to be at a river bank.

"Your son is over there!"

"Baby Tiger, Baby Tiger, mum is coming to save you!"

Manman gaped, she watched every scene in the video in rage... She didn’t know who shot this video but it was too clear! To the extent she could see the look of the middle-aged man and the aunt!

The aunt in the video was definitely the one lying in sickbed!

But the important thing was, Manman recognized the middle-aged man in the video. She felt panic and disbelief, "This... looks like Jiping’s father?"

The river view... she had seen it. That was where Fang Jiping and her usually walked.

"This..."

...

...

He looked up at this soaring hotel.

Luo Qiu couldn’t help frowning... He explicitly sensed the aura of Black Soul Envoy. Furthermore, it was Black Soul Envoy No. 9 that he rarely saw.

Luo Qiu was aware this place was the birthday banquet site for the old lady of the Zhang Family and he had come here stealthily several times before to observe Fang Jiping; however, he didn’t feel the existence of No.9 during those days.

Luo Qiu himself sat down at a quiet place in the hall of the hotel... Of course, nobody would notice him.

Before long, a cloud of black vapor emerged near Luo Qiu, which couldn’t be seen either.

"Black Soul No.9 greets the master."

Hearing the voice of Black Soul No.9, Luo Qiu raised his head, laughing suddenly, "I planned to go see you the other day, but was held up by something later. I never expected to see you here."

"Subordinate didn’t expect to meet master here either." Black Soul No.9 said calmly.

Luo Qiu asked curiously, "Are you following some new potential customer?"

Black Soul No.9 fell silent for a moment, saying suddenly, "Master, is my performance all these years enough for me to obtain those lost memories of mine?"

Luo Qiu didn’t say anything right now but stared ahead, looking at Ms. Zhang that walked out of the lift, and arrived at the hall.

At that moment, several people came into the hotel.

Zhong Luochen held Old Zhong, Cheng Yun came after them, and Old Luo, who had been following Old Zhong for dozens of years, was now beside him.

Luo Qiu gazed at Black Soul No.9, asking indifferently, "You want to get back the memories you had before you became a Black Soul

Envoy. What is the reason?"

Chapter 172: Vanity Fair

After receiving the members of the Zhong Family, Zhang Qingrui led them to the room Zhang Lilanfang used to rest.

Nevertheless, only Old Zhong had been permitted to stay there, on behalf of talking about the old days with the old lady.

Outside the door, Zhong Luochen looked at Zhang Qingrui, smiling faintly, "Ms. Zhang, the last time we met was when I returned the things to Gu Yue Zhai."

Zhang Qingrui nodded, it had been over a month. She looked at Zhong Luochen's smile. Somehow, she felt it was even better, more wonderful... and more false.

This was a very weird feeling.

Two months ago, this second master came from the capital city to visit her grandma. That time, Ms. Zhang still had quite an impression. In this fickle current society, Zhong Luochen might be classified as an outstanding person within the wealthy families.

And now he seemed to be more remarkable... as if the only thing remaining of him was this identity of his.

"Does Mr. Zhong want to wait here or go to the meeting place now?" Zhang Qingrui asked.

Zhong Luochen said calmly, "I'll wait here. If Ms. Zhang is busy, I dare not disturb."

Some servants were staying here to wait upon Zhang Lilanfang, so Zhang Qingrui definitely didn't worry about that. The Zhang Family had a few sons, so she had to greet guests personally.

"Excuse me."

Seeing Zhang Qingrui left, Old Luo, who had been serving several generations of Zhang's Family suddenly smiled, "This Ms. Zhang, was quite similar to the Ms. Li when she was young."

Zhong Luochen definitely knew who the Ms. Li was from the words of this Grandpa Luo. He learned about the past of Mrs. Zhang from him. From his narration, it was easy to sense that there were countless of outstanding youths in love with this Ms. Li of that time--- of course this Grandpa Luo was one of them.

Vaguely, Zhong Luochen even felt that his grandpa---Old Zhong was perhaps one of them too.

Zhong Luochen smiled, ordering suddenly. "Cheng Yun, go to the meeting place to see who has arrived."

"Yes, young master."

...

As Old Zhong came in holding a small bag, Zhang Lilanfang was tasting tea in the room with a mild look.

Old Zhong came to Zhang Lilanfang and sat down with a slight hint of a smile. He took out the things from the bag--- it was a delicate food box.

"This is the symbol of a time-honored brand of the capital city, Tong De Fang." Old Zhang stared blankly after seeing this.

Old Zhong smiled slowly, "It’s been years. And Tong De Fang has disappeared following the rise and decline of the time. This food box is from before. The original old chef has gone long since but I found his successor. Have a taste, this osmanthus cake has the same taste with the one before."

Zhang Lilanfang moved away the food box a little, saying calmly, "Seems like Old Zhong has put much thought for this old woman."

Old Zhong said softly, "You’re getting older. Me too. But in my mind, you never age."

"Zhong Gaoshun, do you know what you’re talking about?" unexpectedly Zhang Lilanfang replied coldly.

"Yes, I know, and there’re lots of things I don’t know." Old Zhong

sighed, "Today is your birthday, and moreover, it’s also a good day for both of our families. Don’t angry, just forget it."

Two looked at each other with no words, just drinking tea but not chatting... Zhang Lilanfang didn’t find some inkling from Old Zhong’s expression.

Her black card became a fake one; however, she did receive and checked it. She only felt this issue had something to do with the Zhong Family but hadn’t found the evidence yet.

Dozens of years passed. People and things changed. She didn’t know what the difference was between now and those old years, about this short, thin old guy in front of her. People’s heart were separated by skin and no one knew others clearly.

This room seemed to be quiet but the sound of conversation had emerged long since.

Luo Qiu first saw Old Zhong... when he increased his lifespan. As for this Old Zhang, today was the first time for him to see her.

This was Zhang Qingrui’s grandmother, who looked like her based on the appearance. Luo Qiu now looked at Black Soul No.9 beside him, "Do you want to regain your previous memories because you saw this old lady?"

Black Soul No.9 didn’t want to conceal it, "I just faintly feel... I know her."

Luo Qiu was different from the former boss. Tai Yinzi’s memory had been remained after becoming a Black Soul Envoy but those members before him did not... However, all the memories belonging to the senior Black Soul Envoys were kept in the club, except for those who had completely died.

‘It is not strange that you remember her... Rather, the relationship between the two of you was not common.’

Luo Qiu suddenly said, "We’ll talk about your memory later. I’m very busy during this period, especially today."

These days, in Black Soul No.9's perspective, the new master differed from the former one in character. The new master tended to maximize the soul qualities of potential customers but the former one didn't care about it; instead, he went after the quantity.

In addition to being an individual affected by his past, his own work was a Black Soul Envoy of the club. It was as if a brand had been engraved in his thoughts.

"Subordinate understands."

Black Soul No.9 didn't insist... because as a Black Soul Envoy, he knew clearly, that none of Black Soul Envoys could force the boss to ask for something.

...

...

The banquet started.

The band, that was famous in the city even in nearby provinces, would present a long performance for this banquet.

Following the melodious and attractive melody, guests went find their acquaintances, chatting in low tones.

Apart from Mrs. Zhang that didn't appear, Wu Qiubin saw many powerful and influential celebrities, and of course, it would not do without some city officials.

In regards to inviting people, the low-profiled Zhang Family would have much more influence than Wu's Family. Especially when he recognized an old man sitting in a corner quietly, it reevaluated his knowledge about the insides of the Zhang Family.

"That is the old master of the Zhong's Family in the capital city..." Wu Qiubin was unusually amazed. "The Zhang Family can even invite this Bodhisattva here?"

Wu Qiubin adjusted his breath, receiving a glass of champagne

from his secretary and noiselessly approached them.

"Excuse me, are you Old Zhong?" Wu Qiubing lowered down his profile to the bottom.

Old Luo, Zhong Luochen, and Cheng Yun shifted their attention to Wu Qiubin. Cheng Yun who came early to inquire about the situation had told all the situations of the guests to Zhong Luochen, who was now whispering in his grandfather's ear.

Old Zhong smiled faintly, "You're Wu Kaitong's son right? We might have been met several years ago."

Wu Qiubin smiled from ear to ear, "Old master has a quite good memory. Despite meeting for a short period of time in the banquet of the capital city several years ago, you still remember me."

Probably because the real protagonist didn't show up yet and it was too boring, so Old Zhong pointed a seat near him, "Take a seat, I've known your father for long. I hear he's in poor health now?"

Wu Qiubin sparingly sat down, "Those are all slight illness, but he's alright. Thank you for old master's concern..."

While saying, he looked at Zhong Luochen near Old Zhong and asked, "This is..."

"My grandson, Zhong Luochen." Old Zhong introduced with a smile.

Zhong Luochen nodded to Wu Qiubin, who immediately laughed, "He's quite the cream of the crop, old master is very lucky."

Old Zhong was rather happy, "This kid still needs more cultivation. Well, I plan to let him receive some training here so please take more care of this junior."

This was quite a powerful Bodhisattva. Since he ordered, Wu Qiubin would definitely not dare say anything; rather, it was better to say that he eagerly looked forward to this possible chance to cooperate.

"You came alone?" Old Zhong suddenly asked, "Didn't you take some young ones to gain experience here?"

Wu Qiubin laughed, "Both of my sons are studying abroad, they're not available. But, my nephew is here now."

"Really? Take him to me."

But Wu Qiubin hand pointed, "He's right over there, on the stage, the one that is playing the violin. That kid is talented and has won many domestic prizes. Soon later, he'll go abroad to compete in a contest."

Old Zhong sized up Fang Jiping in that band, nodding, "Very good, very good."

Wu Qiubin seized the chance, "When the halftime break arrives, I'll call him to come greet you."

Old Zhong had been living long, he clearly knew Wu Qiubin's thought. However, he was a person that liked talented boys. Such a musician wouldn't be involved in politics and business matters, which would make him like that young one more, so he nodded gradually.

During the performance, Fang Jiping took a glance at the banquet site randomly. He saw Wu Qiubin looking towards him in good faith.

Fang Jiping closed his eyes, giving more attention to his performance.

He felt Fang Ruchang was right... Nothing could confuse him---fame and wealth were now in his hands.

If he grabbed it tightly, there would be nothing to worry about in the future... And perhaps someday, he could get rid of his father's control.

Thinking about Wu Qiubin's well-meaning look, Fang Jiping said sorry in his mind.

Following the tempo changed by Commander Fang Ruchang, the rhythm turned gentle all at once. And now, the hostess of the banquet---Mrs. Zhang, showed up gradually accompanied by Zhang Qingrui.

The guests started to make way for the old hostess.

...

Under the hotel.

Manman was still calling but still could not get through... She had watched that video countless times on the way, as well as the leaflet from the aunt.

She gritted her teeth, walking into the hall of this luxury hotel.

Chapter 173: Presence

Some behaviors were uncontrollable.

While seeing the figure of an ordinary girl with a different style coming into this banquet site, Luo Qiu directly drew this conclusion.

Why did he think this way?

He was sure that Manman could go find Fang Jiping---However, he never thought this girl would come at this point.

Black Soul No.9 was by Luo Qiu's side at the moment.

The master was here; hence, he apparently dared not leave, as a Black Soul Envoy. The important thing was, Luo Qiu didn't seem to want him to leave.

He watched the girl that was constantly looking around, turning to ask Luo Qiu, "Master, is this miss your target today?"

"Yes... something uncontrollable happened." Luo Qiu coolly said.

His original plan was to view the status of Fang Jiping today, which wouldn't take too long. At this moment, Luo Qiu lips moved faintly.

The voice was very light, but it had been transmitted to a far place.

At the same time, the servant girl in some other place of this city heard her master's voice, which was, "I have something to do and will go to you later."

The far-off servant girl nodded, saying 'I got it.'. You Ye was now in a pretty tatty lodge without a license.

This was where Ye Yan sneaked in later on. He paid the money that came out from Officer Ma's wallet for the rent. After ending the contact with Luo Qiu, You Ye took a glance at Ye Yan lying in bed.

Going to any medical institutions or unauthorized doctors would probably result in his whereabouts being exposed, so it was not easy for Ye Yan to heal his wounds. Therefore, he could only use this clumsy method of allowing his body to recover spontaneously.

Of course it would take a lengthy time.

Looking at Ye Yan in deep sleep, You Ye smiled faintly. She walked to the desk, twisting off the half-left bottle of water Ye Yan drank, sprinkling some white powder slowly, which dissolved into water with no color or taste.

It was definitely not poison.

Instead, it was the something that could accelerate the recovery of wounds. It had been made in the hundred-of-year lab belonging to the servant girl; hence, must be of good quality.

...

...

It was the sound coming from some stringed instruments.

Manman located the position by hearing the sound, and walked towards the origin. At the banquet entrance, she could see Fang Jiping further up on the stage.

Manman looked at the banquet site entrance. What was more curious was that there was not even a single security personnel for such an important occasion...

Actually there were two at the sign-desk outside, but were sleeping lying on the desk.

They should be called lazy workers!

Thinking about this, Manman sneakily stole into the banquet hall.

Watching Manman walk in, the initiator---the boss of some club came to the entrance---Since Manman appeared much earlier than Luo Qiu’s imagination...

Since she came, he didn’t want her to leave.

Nevertheless, when Luo Qiu intended to wake up these two lazy workers, an unimaginable voice from his classmate came.

It was from his back, Zhang Qingrui’s voice.

Luo Qiu, you... what do you plan to do here?"

Boss Luo had just stretched out his hand but then had to turn around, frowning slightly... He should not be seen by the public.

But Zhang Qingrui saw him?

...

Ms. Zhang surely witnessed Luo Qiu. A vigilant look appeared on her face. It seemed she was hesitating but, finally, she walked several steps ahead of him. Zhang Qingrui took a glance at both of the lazy workers and paused for a moment, "You... did you let that girl in on purpose? What do you want to do?"

Luo Qiu measured Zhang Qingrui with eyes, feeling a bit curious, "Can you see me?"

While Zhang Qingrui smiled bitterly, "Is it weird? I can even see the guy beside you..."

Following Zhang Qingrui’s look, Luo Qiu was aware that ‘the guy’ was Black Soul No.9 near him. Black Soul No.9 now frowned and his look turned sharper.

Luo Qiu waved his hand, looking at Black Soul No.9, "Go wait for me outside."

Black Soul No.9 nodded, floating away.

After he left, Luo Qiu asked, "When did you have the ability?"

Zhang Qingrui bit her lips, "Since I came back from Ulan Bator, somehow or other I can see many many strange things. At the beginning when I was at home, I can occasionally see a vague shadow was in my yard, which turned clear gradually. I dared not

tell others... they won't believe that."

She took a glimpse at Luo Qiu, gathering her nerves. "I silently hid this matter and tried to think of a way secretly... I dared not even let this guy know that I've found him. I faked I didn't see him... I originally thought this was just a ghost from somewhere and would leave after a period of time. But..."

She gritted her teeth, "But I saw him contacting... contacting you in the lobby. He turned into a lump of black smoke and appeared ahead of you; since then, I realized the issue was not as simple as I thought."

Luo Qiu nodded, saying indifferently, "Seems the experience in the summer palace opened some of your talent. As the time passes, your spiritual senses will become more and more powerful. However, you pretended not to see me in the lobby and showed indifference. Compared to your calmness, I admit my inferiority."

"I would rather not see it... If the shadow didn't stay at my home and contacted with you, I'll be even reluctant to show myself. And..." Zhang Qingrui revealed a bitter smile, "Seems like the content of the email I wrote to myself is true."

"Email?" Luo Qiu gave a start.

Zhang Qingrui simply told all the truth, "The email said that it was written down before you wiped my memory, and was sent to me recently."

"Do you remember it?" Luo Qiu asked calmly.

Zhang Qingrui shook her head. "No, I have no impression at all... but it's not necessary, right?"

She took a deep breath, the calmness couldn't cover her slightly trembling shoulders, "At school... were you behind it?"

Luo Qiu nodded. Zhang Qingrui's talent allowed her to view his hidden self. Strictly speaking, she couldn't be classified as a common person any longer.

Certainly, the main reason was because of Black Soul No.9.

She first mentioned the existence of Black Soul No.9, then sensed him--- Luo Qiu did not disappear or hide from human's sight; rather, it was like vanishing from ordinary folk's perception.

Such as an ultrasonic wave which cannot be heard by normal men, but it exists.

"Then you... what did you instigate this shadow to do in my home?" Zhang Qingrui plucked up her courage, "Are you afraid I'll recall the erased memory or is there some other reason?"

He never thought Ms. Zhang considered the situation through this way---The email content had her know that this classmate was doing something to obtain valuable things from an individual's body; meanwhile, satisfying their 'desires'.

Luo Qiu easily knew what Zhang Qingrui was worrying about. Even though he didn't see the email content, based on Zhang Qingriu's character, she would probably write down everything clearly.

Sometimes a woman's thoughts were terrible.

"Young miss, the old master is requesting you to go back."

Right then, Shi Shijie walked out to Zhang Qingrui, "It's almost the time to drink a toast... who is this gentleman?"

It was like a chain reaction.

Without a sense of presence, after Luo Qiu had been found by Zhang Qingrui, while she was talking with him... Normally, a person wouldn't talk to the air. Such an absurd point rapidly struck an ordinary person's perception.

"I remember, you seem to be the miss's classmate." Shi Shijie frowned, "Luo Qiu, right? I've met you."

Chapter 174: Concerto D'Amour

Since Shi Shijie had seen Luo Qiu, then it was not hard to think of him.

He had been serving in the Zhang Family for dozens of years, going through numerous hardships in the business field for over 2 decades. Therefore, his ability for identifying people had been cultivated to the brink of perfection.

Moveover this was the only classmate of the only successor of the Zhang Family.

To say it bluntly, how could the old lady casually permit her granddaughter to go to school by herself? Not only was the secret well kept, they also had to ascertain people's background of the university through investigation.

Shi Shijie interestingly thought, that within these 2 years, Zhang Qingrui sometimes spoke of this classmate in the chat with the old master; however, what she didn't know was, her grandmother had already investigated the identity of her classmate.

Zhang Lilanfang shouldn't be blamed for doing such things. She called herself 'old woman', who was old in age but young in mind. Through so many years of trials and hardships being a widow and taking care of an orphan granddaughter alone, if she didn't keep scheming as for how she used to be in Li's Family as a servant, she wouldn't be able to take root in this place.

In the old master's eyes, though she never saw this classmate before, but he could be categorized as one who came from a decent family; so, she didn't talk more about him even though her granddaughter occasionally mentioned him.

Zhang Qingrui had commented this classmate in front of her grandma, saying he was a quiet person that was rare.

The standard of evaluating a person varied, like intelligent, kind,

progressive, with wild ambition and gentle, etc. but she specifically used ‘quiet’, which made Zhang Lilanfang feel relieved.

...

"Manager, you invited Mr. Luo here right?" As Shi Shijie recognized him, he forwardly asked with a smile.

His real intention was not bad... but he did bad things with good intention, in Zhang Qingrui’s mind. But since he said so, Zhang Qingtui had to say very helplessly, "Kind of..."

Who knows if she said no, what this uncommon ‘classmate’ would do to them?

This guy could convene wandering ghosts freely and smoothly and scour off her memory like a piece of cake

It was quite mysterious!

"Since you came, then come in." Shi Shijie looked at Luo Qiu with politeness, "Mr. Luo, sorry to bother you last time. I will have a drink with you later to count as an apology."

Well...It was probably an aspirational thing for countless people to receive such a polite manner from Manager Shi who came from the consortium of the Zhang Family.

However, the social status and wealth were less valuable to the club boss than a ball with a story. However, Luo Qiu didn’t want to refuse other’s good intentions.

Since he was found, then go in---it was a vanity fair inside.

It was one thing to hear about it; feeling it was another matter.

"You didn’t tell me yet... What did that girl come here for?" Ms. Zhang lowered her voice and asked Luo Qiu.

She gave this birthday banquet a lot of thought, so before knowing the situation better, her only wish was not to screw up this banquet.

Who knows what this guy was planning privately, who freely went and came in the underground palace of Ulan Bator?

"There might be some little situation." Luo Qiu glanced at the crowd, suddenly saying, "But don’t worry, I’ll send your grandmother a present as compensation."

"Little, little situation?"

Luo Qiu said coolly, "You’d better not get too close to me. If so, I’ll appear to more and more people."

Zhang Qingrui rolled up her eyes, "You’re a common person, is there anyone that cannot see you?"

About the sense of presence, even Luo Qiu took a while to understand it. Therefore, he was in no mood to explain it to her. "You just leave me alone. Your grandma is looking at you, just go to her."

"Well, OK."

With slight hesitation in mind, Zhang Qingrui had to listen to Luo Qiu for now; yet Ms. Zhang was still anxious about this. On her way to her grandma, she looked back repeatedly.

But just at this moment, someone else caught this sight.

Who was this young man? He was even escorted by Ms. Zhang and Shi Shijie?

Ms. Zhang constantly turned about... like a young girl, who was unwilling to part with her boyfriend.

Gee... where was he? He was here just now but disappeared at an instant?

"Young master, that should be Ms. Zhang’s friend. The one who we met at Gu Yue Zhai last time." Cheng Yun now whispered near Zhong Luochen’s ear.

Zhong Luochen took a glance at his grandpa who also saw this. He made a ‘hush’ gesture without words, as if no waves were

raised in his heart.

Old Zhong was absorbed in thought. At the same time, Zhang Lilanfang now watched her granddaughter coming to her.

Old Zhang grabbed her daughter's palm, smiling faintly, "You aren't going to introduce your friend to me?"

Zhang Qingrui didn't want her old granny to know such fantastic issue, so she answered, "He...he's shy."

Hopefully, Luo Qiu didn't hear that... she peeped at him, but couldn't find where he was... However, she witnessed the girl that came in with Luo Qiu's help, walking towards the band.

The young violinist of the band walked out---It was the halftime break now.

Viewing Zhang Qingrui's small act, Zhang Lilanfang suddenly said, "Dance with me for the first performance."

"Sure." Zhang Qingrui nodded.

This was the last event before drinking the toast.

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Fang Jiping had just paused his performance. Seeing Manman's entering, he felt very surprised... but Fang Ruchang looked sort of displeased.

Fang Jiping loved this girl but dared not to speak of her to Fang Ruchang. However, since Manman was here, he couldn't pretend that he didn't know her. Struggling with the pressure that came from Fang Ruchang's look, he pulled Manman out to the tableware-setting room.

"Manman, why are you here?" Fang Jiping grabbed Manman's hands, asking with a faint smile.

Manman sensed Fang Jiping's happiness because of her coming,

then smiled sweetly, but her look became serious.

Manman lips moved, shouting abruptly, "Baby Tiger..."

His delightfulness due to her girlfriend's appearance seemed to curdle at this moment. Out of instinct, he let go her hands, but pretended to know nothing soon, "What did you say?"

"Seems that' true..."

Looking at Fang Jiping's reaction, Manman gaped, looking him up and down carefully, "Jiping... look at this."

"Stay calm." Manman deeply breathed, taking out her cellphone and clicking on the video, before giving it to Fang Jiping.

---'Your son is over there!'

It was clear enough to distinguish the two people's face...the heart-rending yelp, going over the guard bar, finally falling into water, and the struggling person in the water.

And... the merciless man.

Fang Jiping hands quivered, the video was therefore shaking.

"I don't know who shot this but the man should be your father eh?" Manman hesitated, "I met an aunt who was drowning. She seems to be the aunt in the video. Yang Ping... Jiping, do you know her?"

The cellphone fell from Fang Jiping's hands at one blow and his eyes turned red abruptly.

As Manman was about to pick up the phone, a person suddenly dashed over. Grabbing it more quickly and clicked open the video.

His face turned alarmed, "How... how come... who shot it..."

Fang Ruchang!

...

Since he caught Fang Jiping's look, the jaunty look due to an unknown girl he never saw, he guessed it in his heart. He felt

angry concerning the issue that Fang Jiping hid from him and got together with this kind of common girl.

Or it could be said... it was unrest due to losing control.

Fang Ruchang followed them and hid outside the door, eavesdropping on their conversation...but he heard the shocking talk and the vague video sound.

Fang Ruchang wanted to seek confirmation of the video content quickly that put him in an extremely disturbing situation---So, he exposed himself.

"You...you lied to me." Fang Jiping raised up to see this man with an uneasy expression.

Fang Ruchang hurried to say something... but what he could say? This video was like an ironclad proof beyond dispute.

"You liar!!!!" As if going crazy, Fang Jiping grasped Fang Ruchang's collar, pushing him to the wall, being agitated, "You liar!! What did you tell me! You told me she left after receiving your money... but, but you even... how could you treat her like this!! You...How can you do this! You brute!!"

Fang Jiping had never acted so cruel and fierce before, as if that anger could swallow him at any time. Fang Ruchang became more flurried, "Jiping, listen to me... I just, I lost my head for the moment."

"Lost your head for the moment?" Fang Jiping felt angrier, "That's a human life! How can you so easily... you!!"

He directly grasped Fang Ruchang, pulling him outside.

"What... what are you doing?" Fang Ruchang was panicked.

"This is voluntary manslaughter... I won't forgive you!"

Fang Ruchang was scared, "Don't... Jiping, do it out of consideration for me. Be nostalgic, at least thinking of who saved you from human traders. During these 20 years, I supported you to

go to school. When did I treat you shabbily? I, I just lost my head for the moment, I’m afraid this woman will grab you from me..."

Fang Jiping sneered, "Quite a nice explanation but you are just afraid that Wu’s Family will know your filthy instinct!"

Fang Ruchang was clear that if he was pulled out of this door, it would definitely come to the worst ending; so he had to continue to implore, "Jiping, listen to me... I know I did wrong. But I can make up for you! What about this? I’ll go to Yang Ping and kneel to apologize, then we take her to our house and support her remaining life. I swear there won’t be any single little trick! Think about it, I apologize, we support Yang Ping together, you’re still my son, and could go further on the way of being a better violinist... and, if you like this girl, marry her, ok? Everything will be better."

Hearing this, Manman couldn’t help it and became angry. "How can you be so shameless!"

Fang Ruchang hurried to kneel down, pressing his suit, "Considering these 20 years of mutual affection, at least give me a chance to correct the error...I beg you please, at least going through today, let me apologize to your mother, please! If, if your mother doesn’t forgive me, then... then take me to the police station! I know I did wrong, really!"

Looking at Fang Ruchang constantly made kowtows, Fang Jiping didn’t know what to do. He subconsciously turned to Manman.

While Manman glanced at Fang Jiping with complex emotions, saying helplessly, "You make the decision..."

"After the banquet, you must go to the hospital with me! Account for every evil doings clearly!" Fang Jiping gritted his teeth, lifting Fang Ruchang by one hand, expressions turned indifferently, "For the sake of these 20 years of fostering."

"No problem." Fang Ruchang couldn’t haggle over the

transformation of their status.

He just wanted to buy as much time as possible. So long as Fang Jiping didn’t get the impulse, then he would have opportunity---he was quite clear about Fang Jiping’s indecisive character.

...

"The next is a dance music. After it, I’ll follow you."

Walking out of this tea room, Fang Ruchang promised again, as if he was afraid Fang Jiping would change his mind. However, with a face full of anger, Fang Jiping didn’t reply.

Manman either.

Fang Jiping tidied his clothes, the banquet emcee was now ceremoniously declaring the next program, dance.

"...On this gorgeous evening, our famous commander Mr. Fang Ruchang will lead his band, to play the music ‘Salut d’Amour’ of Edgar! Let’s applaud to welcome him!"

The audience burst into thunderous applause.

However, the light completely deepened. In the huge banquet hall, only a beam of spotlight projected down to the piano in the corner.

Who knows when the piano place was changed. It’s back was now facing all members and there seemed to be one person sitting in front.

However, the piano lid totally covered this person. In the dark, the piano was especially dazzling under the spotlight.

The music started, a few musical notes flew out and a young and powerful voice came out through the sound equipment setting in the hall.

"A special programme, sorry for the delay, everybody." That piano-player said softly, "A short story."

Since it was called a special program... then it must have been arranged by the host?

Everybody listened to it quietly... even though the music was not that matured in the view of those who knew the ropes.

Zhang Lilanfang glimpsed at her granddaughter, voicing softly, "What did you arrange for me?"

Zhang Qingrui... Ms. Zhang didn't arrange this at all. She just figured out who this guy was through distinguishing the voice.

When she was to explain something to make clear this, the piano player continued to talk after a heavy note.

"In a small quiet village, a woman's husband left her early. He said he went to work in another place but never came back later. Soon after, the woman heard that this man had remarried outside and had a kid. The woman didn't know if her husband would come back but she knew that communication had been broken off with her husband."

The music ran softly, just like confiding in a low sound.

"She had gone out to seek for long. Eventually, she came back to this quiet village in despair. The woman looked at her little kid, who looked dignified and strong with a pair of beautiful eyes. The mother's family of this woman urged her to remarry, but with the requirement that she cannot bring this kid any longer. However, she gave up and intended to raise this kid up by herself."

The music tempo turned quicker.

"She undertook all the work, no matter farm work or family livelihood. The life was hard, but it passed smoothly. When the woman thought she would foster this kid till he grown up, the uncertain fate torment her again. Her 3-year-old kid caught a serious illness, which was an unsustainable heavy burden. She borrowed money from her fellow villagers, leaving no means untried, but she couldn't even gather enough money to treat her

kid to conquer the disease. Afterwards, the woman made a decision that had her repent a lifetime."

The tempo suddenly became slowly.

"Later on, the village was not quiet any longer. Who knows since when, some outsider came to this village, starting a gambling business. The square dice with six different points, one two, three four, five six. It seemed these points had an endless fascination. They could have people gain a year of income in only one night and vice versa... They, seemed to be the last hope to this woman.

Together with the music, someone held their breath, as if they could all see this woman going in with hope, and coming out with a devastated mood... After all, such things were commonly seen in the society.

People here had heard such things but never experienced them. They suddenly thought they couldn't show empathy to this story in the environment with piano music.

"In this gamble, the woman succeeded. Unexpectedly, she gained enough money to treat her son. Not long after, the woman's son recovered; but the life seemed to not turn better because of this."

The soft voice turned into a whisper.

"No one knows since when, it might because of the attempt before, the woman was infected with gambling addiction. Money came so easily, to the extent that the woman thought her of former hardships and labor were like a joke. She went into the gambling house with hope each time, but without a smile while going out."

The music suddenly turned rapidly.

"Suddenly, one day, the woman started to win after a long time. She got even more excited, and forgot her kid was playing outside alone... Well, it should be that the woman remembered her son all through. She remembered every promise she said to her son. She promised if they turned wealthy, she'd take him to the town to

watch Chinese shadow puppets, taking him to the restaurant to have a fancy dinner. It was getting cold, she thought of buying new cotton-padded jackets. The kid had grown up, she considered send him to school. She even dreamed that they could buy a TV and she could hold her kid to watch it while falling asleep. She wanted a fridge with many many ice suckers. In summer evening, sitting on the doorway and eating it, while looking at the setting sun; but to her surprise, since that day, she no longer saw her son. Because on that day, a stranger came to the village, to kidnap and sell. Therefore, her son disappeared from this small village."

"The kid had been kidnapped and the woman regretted greatly. She upbraided herself, thinking of committing suicide. She hated herself bitterly, even hanging herself from the beam but was rescued by other people. She wanted to see her son. So, on a New Year's holiday with snow, the woman took a sack sneakily, leaving this small village as the firecrackers exploded. This leaving went on for 20 years... Finally, the woman found her son."

The story suddenly came to the end, yet the audience felt afflictive.

However, the story continued and the music hadn't stopped.

"Since that day the kid had been kidnapped, he was taken to a farther place. He saw many kids like him who were taken there from different places. Boys and girls, some of them had their feet and hands broken. As the same with these kids, he had to beg for money in the streets. Who knows since when, the kid started to hate the woman. He hated her for ignoring him, who only wanted to stay in the evil gambling house. He carefully hid the rattle-drum the woman sent him. He loved it and hated it."

"One day, a man bought him from the human trader. The man provided this kid with good education and even raised him up to be a famous concert performer. After 20 years, this kid had grown up. He had a girl he loved and a career he was found of. His life seemed to be perfect. But just at this time, he saw the woman that lost him

that year."

"He had grown up, but the resentment in his heart couldn’t be dissipated. He didn’t know how to face this woman. And right then, he had to make a decision. That man who fostered him said, "If you choose your mother, you’ll lose everything. But he promised him, that if he didn’t say anything, he’d have the chance to enjoy everything. He could even support his biological mother stealthily. Yes, stealthily."

The young man that played the piano fell silent, only the musical notes smoothly jumped from his finger-tips, "I don’t know the ending. But I know the woman could not hear the voice of her kid, when she was in the gambling house that year. After 20 years, her kid had done well in life, but still could not hear the woman’s voice. What a similar situation...Richard•Clayderman, Concerto D’Amour, hopefully, everyone enjoyed it."

...

The voice stopped and the performance had been paused as well. The quiet environment seemed to bring them all into a black-and-white old film, nobody was willing to open the mouth to break the silence.

Only Fang Jiping in the corner had his face covered with tears. He gazed at the piano in a daze, sobbing, "I... am exactly that kid."

Chapter 175: Moral Principles

‘I’m exactly that kid.’

Fang Jiping spoke to himself... the sentence ‘How similar...’ from the piano player, hovered in his mind, couldn’t be taken away.

How similar it was...

The thoughts of his mother in the gambling house 20 years ago.

And the current him thinking about Fang Ruchang’s suggestion.

Also, Yang Ping’s thoughts 20 years ago that wanted to give her son a better life after winning.

2 decades passed, he received Fang Ruchang’s plea, trying to continue his life in this evil way and even thought of forgiving Fang Ruchang.

How similar it was.

In this silent banquet hall, Fang Jiping didn’t know when he walked to the piano. Across the lid, he couldn’t see who was sitting behind, nor how he knew this story.

He just stood in front of the piano, attracting the attention of all guests include the hostess.

"This story should have an ending..." Fang Jiping opened his mouth slowly. His voice was not loud by very clear. He looked at the lid, "Let me tell you the ending."

"Jiping, what are you doing? Come back!"

In many people’s mind, this violinist looked familiar but Wu Qiubin knew he was his nephew... Wu Qiubin had no idea about the intention of the host in arranging such a performance that ruined the joyful atmosphere. And he didn’t plan to delve deeper; however, it was bad for Fang Jiping to continue the subject.

Wu Qiubin was worrying about how to smooth things over and

didn’t know if there would be some complaints from the Zhang Family. On the other side, Fang Jiping now turned around, taking a glance at Wu Qiubin silently.

Fang Jiping deeply breathed, "Mr. Wu... sorry, you’ve been cheated for a long time. I am actually the kid in this story, who was taken out from the mountain."

Wu Qiubin gave a start, blurting out, "What nonsense are you saying!"

Fang Jiping said seriously, "Mr. Wu, I’m really sorry, we’ve cheated you so many years. Fang Ruchang, he’s my adoptive father and he is infertile. 20 years ago, he bought me and fostered me to become a violinist. Because he knew, the young miss of Wu’s Family, who eloped with him, used to learn it."

"You..." Wu Qiubin eyes opened wide; suddenly, he turned about to Fang Ruchang at a corner, showing aggressiveness from his dozens of years of business dealings.

Under the sharp view of Wu Qiubin, Fang Ruchang’s face moved, as pale as ashes---He knew it very well, that he was doomed from now on.

Fang Jiping gave a wry smile, "How similar it is... the words of this piano player is like a head-on blow. Right, how similar it is. Just before this moment, I found this man that fostered me kept a secret from me. He sneakily pushed my mother into the river for fear that her appearance would expose the deceit of this 20 years. But... but I, who have known everything, was still thinking about living well after today."

Fang Jiping looked up, deeply breathing, "It’s quite ridiculous, I’ve had a grudge 20 years... but unwittingly, I’ve become that kind of person I hate."

Fang Jiping took off his sumptuous tuxedo, gazing at the expressionless banquet hostess---Mrs. Zhang, and bowed down

with regret, "Sorry, Mrs. Zhang, I disappointed you today... After this, I'll go to your house to make an apology by myself. I am sorry I cannot continue my performance. Since now, I'm not the violinist Fang Jiping. Now, I'm only the Baby Tiger of my mother... I am sorry, I have to go to the hospital to see my mom."

Seeing Fang Jiping about to leave, Wu Qiubin opened his mouth, saying in a low voice, "Wait, explain your words."

Wu Qiubin indignantly fought back, because the Wu Family was a respected family. A scandal came out at such an occasion. One could imagine that the rich circles would have a good laugh at him tomorrow. Even at the banquet of the Zhang Family, he couldn't bear the rage of being cheated for so many years.

"Great!"

Unbelievably, Mrs. Zhang, who kept a calm and terrible face before and was as mute as a fish, said great rather abruptly

It was forcefully articulate.

Zhang Lilanfang suddenly stood up and Zhang Qingrui hurried to hold her.

This old woman said in a powerful voice, "This is the best and most sincere present I've received today! Relatives meeting is of moral principles. The best thing in the world is nothing more than this! You can go freely. If anyone discourages you from leaving away, it means going against me!"

In the view of all high officials and noble lords, this senior who called herself old woman, was exactly a terrible Bodhisattva. Her sternness would push down Wu Qiubin's fury thoroughly.

But in Zhang Qingrui's mind, these words were not unexpected.

Because she knew, in this story... this matters where relatives couldn't see each other, deeply touched the strings in her heart which hadn't been stirred for many years.

Now, Zhang Lilanfang looked at Fang Jiping, "I don’t need you to give an apology, I just want you to be with your mother!"

Fang Jiping lips moved, making a bow deeply, "Thank you..."

With this, Fang Jiping turned about to look at the lid of the piano. When he wanted to say thank you, he found out nobody was there.

And the seat was absolutely empty.

He had no time to deeply consider, merely rushing out of the hall to go see his mom in the hospital. The large amount of guests there made a way for him.

In the light of Zhang Lilanfang’s words, who dared to stop Fang Jiping?

If she stamped her feet, the whole city could be turned over. Simply, her meaning was---This Fang Jiping, is under my protection!

"Let’s continue the banquet, this old woman is very happy! I’ve not been so joyful in such a long time!" Zhang Lilanfang said, "Qingrui, what’s next, let’s go on!"

She said that, but some time was needed to be adjusted. The banquet emcee was a famous person invited from the TV station, who was good at rescuing the situation.

"Right, relatives meeting is of moral principles. This is the best sentence today containing profound meaning." The emcee said loud, "I think everyone has the same feeling as me, who was immersed in the lingering charm of this story. Let’s quiet down and cherish our relatives. Many unfortunate things happen in the world, but this moment, perfection and happiness are embracing us. Why don’t we cherish the people around us?"

Zhang Lilanfang sat down again, smiling faintly, "This emcee is quite good."

Zhang Qingrui had to catch her grandma’s hands, saying softly, "Granny, what about me being with you forever?"

"Foolish child." Zhang Lilanfang spoke gently, glancing at the piano even though nobody was there, "It seems your classmate has left."

"Yeah..."

Zhang Lilanfang smiled, "I’m old, but eyes are good. I’ve known it was him when he was playing the piano. Well, this kid is quite good."

Ms. Zhang could not say anything.

To think it positively... it could be considered as a good thing.

But granny, don’t think he’s good... instead, he’s quite dangerous!!

...

...

Being hurried out of the hotel, Fang Ruchang just thought about how to leave this place quickly.

"Fang Jiping, you motherf*cker! You waste so much of my efforts on you!"

Thinking about the video and the fact he’d lose all his reputation after today, he gave up all hope.

He stepped quickly in the underground parking lots but unexpectedly, someone stood in front, barring his way from getting access to his car.

"Wu..." Fang Ruchang alarmedly looked at Wu Qiubin that suddenly appeared in front, along with a young man beside him.

Fang Ruchang retreated in panic. "What are you going to do?"

Wu Qiubin sneered, "I can’t touch Fang Jiping. He’s under the protection of Old Zhang and I don’t plan to. But you... are not that

lucky!"

That young man came to Fang Ruchang immediately, giving a heavy blow towards Fang Ruchang’s belly.

How could a 50-year-old man, living well all these years, bear such a thump! Right away, he fell down in pain.

Wu Qiubin gave out a cool sentence, "Break his hands. I’ll let you pay back what you got from me within these 20 years! My sister was quite blind, even marrying such a shameless person!"

"Don...Don’t! Ah...!"

Fang Ruchang’s fingers cracked while he cried piteously.

Chapter 176: 20 Years' Road of Trials and Hardships, With This Ditty, Child Go Home

Two people left the band.

But all members were experienced performers. Even though Fang Jiping left and Fang Ruchang disappeared, after a discussion, the band members decided to go on finishing the remaining performance.

Of course, it was also because of Zhang Qingrui's request---because it would be hard to find another alternative band, right?

In addition, it'd be too perfunctory if music was played by the stereo on such an occasion.

The next event was dancing.

This was a western banquet, so the first dance should be performed by the host.

Zhang Qingrui came to her grandma... because there was no adult man... However, such a pair seemed sort of weird; therefore, Zhang Qingrui specially put on a man's tuxedo.

Guests consciously made a round space. Letting the pair dance following the rhythm.

Out of the crowd, the club boss separated himself from people's perception; now he was holding a glass of water... It was a long story just now, he felt thirsty after talking.

"Master, Fang Ruchang has been taken away by Wu Qiubin in the parking lot."

Luo Qiu nodded, suddenly watching Black Soul No.9, mentioning, "I just said I'll send Zhang Qingrui's grandma a present."

Black Soul No.9 gave a start, he didn't know why his new master

mentioned this issue at this moment.

But Luo Qiu snapped his fingers at that moment.

Black smoke gradually vanished from Black Soul No.9 and was replaced by a black-white tuxedo. A gentlemanly appearance was then revealed.

With a neat and slicked-back hairstyle.

This was a young face that was not so handsome and seemed slightly pale. While looking at the confused expression of Black Soul No.9, Luo Qiu didn’t open his mouth.

He just got a white napkin nearby, folding it in half, and tucking in the tuxedo pocket of the Black Soul Envoy.

Luo Qiu patted it with a smile to tidy it, before saying indifferently, "Go to her, dance with Zhang Lilanfang, as the present I send to her... but you can’t talk."

Black Soul No.9 was stunned, he thought some unimaginable meaning was behind this order.

But... dance with Zhang Lilanfang?

Why... did he feel happy and impulsive?

He walked slowly through the crowd, ignoring all the openmouthed looks coming from surroundings. In a revolving action, he soundlessly replaced Zhang Qingrui, revealing himself in front of Zhang Lilanfang.

Just finishing a spin, Zhang Qingrui questioningly looked at the additional figure who had interrupted her next dance steps.

Who was so insensible and came out at this time---There was an etiquette that changing partners in a western dancing party but it definitely wouldn’t happen in the first dance.

But unexpectedly, her grandma, who was now gazing at the youth, had her vision turned blurry suddenly.

Without words, Black Soul No.9 grabbed Zhang Lilanfang's hand softly, getting close.

Mrs. Zhang didn't even revolt; instead, she followed his steps, dancing in slow rhythm.

What kind of emotion was it? Zhang Qingrui never saw it from her grandma... Stunned? Or something else?

She suddenly felt she couldn't interrupt this dance between this man and her granny. She even sensed that at this moment, any other person here was redundant.

No words.

The two were gazing at each other silently, their sight never left their partner... Until the waltz finished.

Right now, another music was played.

The second one was a group dance. Everybody, at their own pace, began to rotate onto the dancing floor.

Zhang Lilanfang was absorbed in an unforgettable memory. At the moment, she felt as if she went back dozens of years ago, when she was still a young girl.

However... didn't know since when, nobody was by her side.

Like a dream, the dance finished and the person left.

The old master felt lost, aimlessly checking around, but couldn't find the man that burst onto the dance floor.

"Granny..."

Zhang Qingrui came to Zhang Lilanfang, "That man is..."

Zhang Lilanfang shook her head with a complicated look, soliloquizing, "That might be the best birthday present I received."

'I'll send your grandmother a present as compensation.'

Unwittingly, Ms. Zhang thought of her mysterious classmate, who had said such a sentence casually.

Was it...

...

...

Fang Jiping was in a hurry to go to the hospital, accompanied by his girlfriend Manman.

Probably because of fear, Fang Jiping stood outside the hospital and dared not go in. Manman grasped Fang Jiping's hand, "You dared to speak your thoughts in front of so many people but fear to step in now?"

Fang Jiping showed a bitter smile, deeply breathing, and going into the hospital holding Manman's hand.

However, when they reached the general ward, they didn't see Yang Ping lying in bed. She disappeared and so did the sack.

"Why... when I left, she was still here and didn't wake up." Manman was stupefied, confusedly looked around.

Fang Jiping found a nurse coming for a routine check, going to her and asking, "Excuse me, do you know where's the aunt in that sickbed?"

"Gee? I saw she was here when I left? Where did she go?" That nurse showed a face full of confusion.

At this time, a kid lying and reading a book beside said, "This aunt said she's going to seek her son and went outside after waking up."

"Er..." Fang Jiping stared blankly, turning to his girlfriend.

Manman grasped his hands, "She might not go far, let's go find her separately!"

...

She was not in the hospital.

And she didn't stay in the surroundings of the hospital.

The two sought for her aimlessly in the crowd, sweat dripped from their faces but still couldn’t find a trace of Yang Ping.

"She is alone in a bad health condition... Where could she go?" Fang Jiping knocked the tree trunk, worry could be seen on face.

"Popsicles, tasty popsicles~ Popsicles, tasty popsicles...Sir and Madam, would you like some a popsicle?"

A man wearing peaked cap and carrying a temperature-keeping box called and came to the pair of lovers.

Was Fang Jiping in the mood to eat popsicles?

He felt agitated and wanted to expel this young man, but with a sudden inspiration, he said, "I want two... but friend, I have a question. Did you see an aunt wearing a hospital dress? She’s thin with a little humpback."

"Yeah! She just bought two from me."

"Where is she now?" Fang Jiping grabbed the man’s hands excitedly.

The man pointed ahead, "That direction, I saw her in that corner, don’t know if she left."

"Thank you very much!"

With this, Fang Jiping ran quickly towards that direction. But the man called, "Sir, you didn’t get the loose change yet."

"You can keep it!" Manman made haste to follow him, turning about to glance at the ice man.

She suddenly stopped, hesitating, and looking at this ice-cream man, frowning, "Sir, have we met somewhere else before?"

"Oh have we? He lowered his peaked cap, smiling, "It should not be... Ah, that man is leaving."

Manman turned about, he was true.

"I recalled it... he seemed to be the bill sticker yesterday I saw

downstairs my home eh?" She hurried to turn back, "Where is he?"

...

...

The aunt was sitting under a tree, which was among many office buildings. Few people walked through here at this time.

So quiet.

When Fang Jiping arrived here, Yang Ping was lowering her head, holding that broken sack while fondling something softly, seemingly trying to say something.

Step by step, he came to Yang Ping.

He could hear Yang Ping’s voice.

Actually it was not words, but an old ditty that many countryside women knew, for putting babies to bed.

It seemed she didn’t see anyone in front and was immersed in her own world. She shook the sack gently, then took out a small rattle-drum and shook it slightly.

"Baby Tiger, have a nice sleep, My Baby Tiger, good boy..."

Looking at Yang Ping kissed the sack, Fang Jiping eyes turned red.

He squatted down, both hands trembled and grabbed Yang Ping’s hands, putting them on his face, choking with sobs, and couldn’t say anything.

As if didn’t see him, Yang Ping didn’t stop singing the ditty.

In a daze.

"You don’t know me..." Fang Jiping raised his head, opened his mouth hard.

The aunt paused, tilting her head. She suddenly looked at Fang Jiping. After a burst of hesitation; finally, she fished out an unpacked popsicle, "Kid, don’t cry, do you want a popsicle? But

only one, because the other is for my Baby Tiger."

It had been melted long since.

He grabbed the popsicle, while kneeling down the ground. Embracing her, Fang Jiping lowered his head and curled up. His head leaned on the brick, sorely calling her.

Calling her.

"Mum!"

"Don’t cry, kid."

Yang Ping stretched out her hand, touching Fang Jiping’s head, as soft as when she was fondling the sack. She didn’t know why but a slight hint of a smile appeared on her face.

She restarted to humming the mountain ditty, as she touched Fang Jiping’s head and her own sack. As if a third person had came into her own world.

20 years’ road of trials and hardships, with this ditty, child go home.

Chapter 177: Good Omen

The banquet lasted until 12 o’clock at midnight. There were not any weird matters except that episode.

All the guests started to leave in order.

Old Zhong came to Zhang Lilanfang sneakily from the rear. He was not by himself, and likewise, Mrs. Zhang was accompanied by her granddaughter.

These two oldest people walked some steps away, talking alone.

"Say what you want to say." Zhang Lilanfang said softly, but in a tone so sardonic, "I’m just a common person, I’ll die some day. And, if I lack of sleep, I may die faster."

"Lanfang, you just enjoyed your birthday banquet, don’t say that." Old Zhong sighed.

While Mrs. Zhang said seriously, "Old Zhong, what are you trying to say?"

Old Zhong muttered, "Today, did you forget to proclaim something?"

Zhang Lilanfang spoke without emotion, "No, I didn’t, I just change my mind. Seniors are capricious. Why, can’t I do that?"

Originally, they had some agreements in private, that was both families would join hands. Taking the advantage of this opportunity, they’d announce they’d set up a new company in this city; and of course, there was something more intimate that would be revealed.

Yet after the banquet finished, the Zhang Family didn’t even breathe a word about. It was true that this was a private negotiation, but one should keep their promise. Such a back-and-fill behavior left Zhong Gaoshun dissatisfied.

"Lanfang, this is what we promised, how could you go back on

your word?" Zhong Gaoshun wrinkled his brows.

Zhang Lilanfang suddenly sneered, "Old Zhong, did I say I'll pull it back? Can't I announce it in another day? Or you think, this widow has to listen to you?"

Old Zhong hurried to explain, "That's not what I mean. My god, I'll be impulsive whenever I worry about something all through these years. Sorry!"

"Let's finish up today." Zhang Lilanfang said coolly, "I'll arrange the cooperation between our two families. Besides, it's not so formal to proclaim it at a banquet and the company preparations haven't been made yet. Once everything is ready, then it would be time to hold a news conference and declare it."

Since it came to this, Old Zhong had nothing more to complain. He changed a topic to ask, "Just now... who was the guy dancing with you? He seemed familiar."

A confused look flashed across Mrs. Zhang's eyes but it passed soon. She said, "I don't know either."

Afterward, Zhang Lilanfang waved to Zhang Qingrui, leaving with her.

Zhong Luochen and his people hurried to Old Zhong. Cheng Yun said, "Old master, I'll go get the car ready."

He was aware that they had something to talk and it was better that he left them alone. Although he wanted to hear the conversation... but comparing with this, he was more clear that the Zhong Family wanted him to read their faces and be well-behaved.

"Go ahead." Old Zhong nodded.

Old Zhong sat down but still held the walking stick, falling silent for a while. He abruptly turned his head; seeing this, Old Luo at the side hurriedly bent down.

"Old Luo, I’m curious about that young man that danced with Lanfang just now. Can you help me inquire about his identity?"

"No problem, master." Old Luo nodded, "He’s familiar to me, but I cannot recall who he is now."

Old Zhong shifted his attention to Zhong Luochen, "Today, two families originally planned to proclaim the issue of cooperation. And moreover, take this opportunity of cooperation, we wanted to declare that you will be engaged to Ms. Zhang."

Zhong Luochen was stunned and shocked, "Grandpa, why didn’t I know about it before?"

Old Zhong smiled, "I just talked about that with Mrs. Zhang in private. Her granddaughter is perfect and is starting to run a family business from a young age. Don’t you like her?"

"She’s OK." Zhong Luochen said coolly.

Let alone he liked her... Now, he was even not touched by anyone. Maybe he was before; but at present, she was just a good-looking woman to him.

While Zhong Luochen caught another key word, "Grandpa, you said, originally

Old Zhong said, "Yeah... she said she changed her mind and seniors are capricious."

He laughed, "It should be women are capricious... several decades passed, her character didn’t change."

"Grandpa, what can I do for you?"

The old master ordered, "Make preparations for the company these days. In addition, interact with Ms. Zhang more frequently. I know you’re perfect enough, so hopefully you can affect her."

"OK."

...

…

In the dining room, Ren Ziling received a phone call. At this time, she glanced at Luo Qiu, who just finished shower and sat on the balcony to enjoy the night breeze, then she walked to the kitchen.

Speaking in a low voice, "Mouse Qiang, what's the matter you are looking for me now? Did you find the person I asked?"

"No, but madam, should I continue the work in the ice house that you ordered me last time? I've been doing it many days! And I go up there to check, but it turns out he moved away, the apartment is empty!"

"Empty?" Ren Ziling gave a start.

Ye Yan was missing in recent days and then Kingkong, who had been monitored, had moved out too… were these related?

"Yes, it's really empty!"

"…OK, leave." Ren Ziling said softly, "I'll remit the 'thank you' reward to your account. If you have any further information, tell me as quickly as you can."

Hanging up the phone, Ren Ziling's hands held each other and thought for a long while, but no conclusion came out. Therefore, she opened the freezer and wanted to pour a glass of ice water.

However, as she opened it, she gaped; and unconsciously looked towards the balcony, "Boss! When were there a box of popsicles in our home?"

Luo Qiu walked to her, taking one from them and opened the packing to eat, "Well, I just want to eat it, so I bought a few more."

"But it's not a few." Ren Ziling counted it, "At least several dozen, man!"

She said that… but she tore one and put it in her mouth, which made Luo Qiu laugh. "Glutton, you'll eat them all within a week."

Ren Ziling threw him a dirty look, faking an action of knocking

on Luo Qiu’s forehead. Then, while holding the ice in her mouth, she searched for her cellphone and walked into her room.

And Luo Qiu came back to the room and locked the door.

The next second, Luo Qiu turned into Boss Luo, showing up in a small and tatty hotel.

...

Ye Yan was sleeping in bed with a much better look. Luo Qiu watched You Ye with appreciation, "You’ve worked hard."

You Ye softly replied, "After some days, Mr. Ye will probably regain some of his abilities."

Luo Qiu nodded, "Tomorrow should be the appointed time we meet with Yang Taizi right?"

You Ye nodded.

Luo Qiu muttered a while, "Ask Tai Yinzi to come here to look after Ye Yan. You come with me, it won’t take long... Well, I won a prize."

Luo Qiu viewed the stick of the popsicle, which showed ‘Get one free’, laughing, "I have a good luck."

It should be a good omen, hum?

Chapter 178: Outer Heaven and Freedom

It was a place worse than a village. A few sparse black-brick houses were separated here and there. At most, there were only some families living there.

It barely had access to electricity, which proved it was still in modern civilization.

Luo Qiu watched the surrounding mountains. It was full of moisture. In the morning, it evaporated slowly, becoming a dense rime fog and rising up to the sky.

He met Yang Taizi under the aged banyan of this ‘small’ village.

Another person stood near the old Taoist, who was his martial disciple, called Zhan Er.

Yang Taizi looked like he was sitting in meditation; in contrast, his disciple could not be still. Seeing someone approaching, he woke Yang Taizi up.

The old Taoist opened his eyes. With just a few steps, he met up with Luo Qiu. He said, "Boss Luo really abide by his word. This poor Taoist thought I would have to wait here for 1-2 days."

The old Taoist had a quite a good tolerance. His grounds had been robbed for 10 years, it was nothing for him to wait 1 or 2 more days.

Luo Qiu replied, "It’s not our rule to have customers wait... Can we hit the road now?"

Luo Qiu looked at the cloud and breathed the mountain air on the way. Actually, more of it was carbon dioxide but it might be because the air humidity was higher, it gave him the sense of freshness.

He heard Taoists ate wind, drank dew, and inhaled spiritual air of Heaven and Earth... but to be honest, he couldn’t sense any

spiritual air at all.

Additionally, was it really useful?

"Poor Taoist is ready." Yang Taizi hurried to make a bow, keeping himself in an extremely low position.

His closed disciple felt quite inconceivable.

From his early time, Zhan Er was picked up by Yang Taizi, who claimed that he had the root of wisdom, thus was suitable for cultivating Taoism. However, he was very young, how could he know what cultivating Taoism meant? His reason was he would have enough food if he followed this grandfather.

But as time passed, after the ignorant and dull orphan grown up, he was gradually clear of this complicated world and realized the person he met was the so-called ‘Creator’, which was taught orally in Taoist groups.

He witnessed Yang Taizi scampered up mountains, split boulders with wooden swords, paper crane flying away, and blow clouds on the rocks of a twisting mountain. Through receiving nourishing a dozen of years, he treated Yang Taizi as a very close relative of him. With a splendid ability, their relationship was beyond relatives.

His master was the God.

Therefore, seeing Yang Taizi was so respectful and submissive, the young disciple felt jealous... If the other party was a sage-like type, that was OK; but they were just two young people his age.

"Master, these two persons are just the helpers we waited for?" the young disciple opened his mouth in a doubtful tone, "You can’t even defeat the Black Water Boa Monster, are they able to?"

What a foolish disciple!

He raised him from childhood, so Yang Taizi was very clear about the thoughts in him. He understood that his disciple was just

standing up for himself.

Yang Taizi lips moved and was about to say something but Luo Qiu spoke before him. "We cannot either, so we are only helpers, Taoist priest is so polite."

Yang Taizi had to go with the flow, "After all, you came to help me, how can I be so arrogant... Zhan Er, they are guests and our helpers. How can you be so rude?"

Oh...So it was like that?

Zhan Er gave a start, thinking that his master was right. They came to help out of kindness, so to be polite was not wrong. He promptly walked to Luo Qiu's pair, behaving as a Taoist, even though he seemed not different with common youths.

Zhan Er bowed to Luo Qiu, "Sorry!"

With an honest and sincere smile.

There was no fickleness of a city dweller at all. Apologizing after mistakes, that life seemed much easier.

Luo Qiu nodded without words. He walked to the old Taoist, climbing with him. Luo Qiu didn't always get in touch with Yang Taizi but he felt Yang Taizi was an out-of-world person.

...

"Poor Taoist hasn't told my stubborn disciple the story about your club."

On the way, Yang Taizi didn't stop to explain it to Luo Qiu, "That kid is not bad in nature, just with a simple nature."

While Luo Qiu looked at Yang Taizi curiously, "Your disciple doesn't care about it, why do you care so much?"

Yang Taizi now glanced at the following Zhan Er subconsciously.

He saw he stopped under a sorb, considering picking a pear to eat, which gave him a start.

Luo Qiu said indifferently, "I don’t know more about the Taoists’ lives. But this young Taoist priest is really living away from the world."

Yang Taizi couldn’t help being ashamed; however, his disciple was well-received, it seemed to be a satisfactory issue.

Getting older, getting more insolent. Yang Taizi sighed in mind, looking at Luo Qiu and bowing to him, "Thank you, Boss, for giving directions. Boss is really a free man."

It was quite miraculous, such a simple principle could make a living immortal be enlightened, like someone drinking a bottle of amrita or timely rain, giving off a matchless and refreshing sense.

This enlightenment was quite cheap and ridiculous.

Something was learned during childhood, forgotten during youth, and found back as one’s senectitude, this was right our lives.

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In a far place, at the relics of the huge underground palace in Ulan Bator.

At the edge of that huge pit formed due to sinking, a group of people was trying to climb down using the help of different tools. There was no flat ground for the landing of helicopters in the messy terrain, so they had to use this inefficient method.

Of course, it took them almost one day.

But they had camped near the pit long since.

In the camp, a 40-year-old foreign man with fur clothing, was drinking the local milk tea with a bad grace.

This was quite a hard job.

Comparing such a bleak place with Hawaii, where he just left,

and full of sunshine, beaches and beauties, he sensed the difference between heaven and the hell.

The company lost a full treasure-hunting team, and drew a blank, so he had to leave the charming beaches of Hawaii for now.

"Mr. Bajo, Master Walla came back."

As opening the tent, a valiant man wearing a soldier's uniform with a machine gun said with great respect.

Bajo reluctantly stood up, wearing the marten hat, and ordering before going out, "Pour all these disgusting drinks and make a pot of coffee for me."

‘Tut, what an abominable damn place it is! When can I leave here?’

‘Oh! Don’t take sunshine and beauties away from me.’

Chapter 179: Downfall

His body was wrapped in white clothes, arms bared, shoeless, and the black stamp of a demon conqueror was imprinted between his eyebrows.

On such a windy and chilly prairie, this 30-year-old young clergy with a sallow face was standing at the edge of the pit.

He suddenly knelt down, opening both hands, palms up, before touching the ground and seemed to be praying.

Bajo hurried to get there but he didn't disturb the clergy until he finished a whole set of actions and stood up. Then Bajo called, "Master Walla."

Turning about, Walla could be seen with a pair of profound eyes and a pretty handsome face... in Bajo's view, this 30-year-old young clergy was of western-special neutral beauty.

But except Bajo, few people knew this Master Walla was already 70 years old.

At this time, Master Walla picked up the things in the cloth, unwrapping it. Some metal oddments were shown to Bajo.

Bajo asked, "Master Walla, what's this?"

"It's the magical item for religious rites that is always with my junior fellow apprentice, Mu Qianzun." Walla opened his mouth. "I found it in the soil below. Mu Qianzun is dead."

Bajo's look turned cold, "Our members found some wreckage of a bomb in the morning. Is it because of that?"

Master Walla shook his head, "No, the item was destroyed. My fellow Mu Qianzun might have fought with someone else. According to the degree of damage, he probably met some powerful enemy."

While Bajo was rather indifferent. "With Master Walla, we'll

never be afraid of the enemy, no matter how powerful he is. Sneijder's people were wiped out here. It must be because they took the enemy lightly. Moreover, they didn't take the best equipment before starting off."

Walla glanced at Bajo coolly but didn't continue to talk about this question. An outsider will never get the point.

However, he surely agreed with the second half of Bajo's sentence. Modern weapons were powerful. Very few people can stop a powerful RPG head-on in the world.

Bajo muttered now, "If they met the enemy, I'm more afraid that the treasure in the underground palace has been taken away."

He looked at Master Walla. "The company has invested a lot in this program and now an elite force has been destroyed. If we gain nothing, the head will definitely not be satisfied."

Walla suddenly said, "I can sense that there is still some pure power remaining underground. The eastern world calls it 'Geographical Vein', which is a magical power of the ground. Perhaps because the ground has been triggered, the whole underground palace collapsed. A thousand years ago, someone could actually master the use of such power of the ground. How amazing."

Bajo frowned, "Master means we can't exploit the underground palace again?"

Walla said coolly, "If there's still something hiding in the ground, the immoderate exploitation may have the remaining ground power explode once more. And I'm not sure if the treasure will be kept in good condition. After all, being careful is not wrong."

Bajo glimpsed the pit skeptically... It was impossible for him to return empty handed!

"OK... Master worked hard." Bajo nodded, saying quickly, "I have asked people to prepare the milk tea of the steppes. Master, let's go

back to have a rest now!"

As seeing Walla left, the valiant man beside Bajo came to him, "Sir, do we listen to that guy's suggestion and pause mining?"

Bajo narrowed his eyes, "You take some people and detour from the other side a little while later. Act lightly and avoid being observed, especially by Walla."

"Sorry?"

"Walla is not on our side." Bajo frowned, "But the dead Sneijder is my subordinate...Someone might hope we get nothing in this travel... Go there, tell me as soon as possible if you find something. In addition, keep an eye on Walla, tell me when he leaves the tent."

"Yes, sir."

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The Taoist ashram of Yang Taizi was hidden among mountains. The curious Luo Qiu watched the surroundings, thinking if the satellite cloud picture could film the environment clearly.

He checked his cellphone, there was no signal at all, so he relinquished this idea.

No words were said on the way. When it came to the midday, under Yang Taizi's instruction, Luo Qiu saw some buildings faintly under a cliff, surrounded by clouds.

On the hillside, there seemed to be a stronghold in a natural cave.

There was no mountain road but only several iron chains hanging down. Luo Qiu shook these rusty irons corroded by winds and rains, feeling it was interesting.

He asked Yang Taizi, "Taoist priest, haven't those several houses under the mountain and shabby thatched cottages on the way been found these years?"

Yang Taizi smiled, "If they haven't, I wouldn't have climbed up the mountain that year. It was because people under the mountain revered ghosts and gods before and they seldom contacted the outside world. In modern society, who would want to live under such steep mountains? The capable young people all want to go to prosperous places. The several families under the mountain are seniors that have been living here for their whole life. They don't want to move away. However, some years after, they will pass away too."

Saying these, Yang Taizi suddenly sighed, "The saying 'human beings are the soul of the universe' is true. We Taoists cultivate for dozens of year. During ancient times, we were miraculous experts. However, in modern society, everything could be achieved by science. Such as weapons, I can evade the first shot but can't escape from the following attack. Although I'm powerful beyond ordinary people but it's much easier to get weapons than several decades of hard cultivation."

"Everything's gone." Yang Taizi took a long sigh, "They've long gone since! Dozens of years of cultivation is only for obtaining longevity but I don't know if I can get it. On the other hand, I know my fate, and how long my lifespan will be. A day passed, it means one day is deducted from your lifespan. You know this number has been decreasing, the fear will be a kind of torment. Therefore, we live worse off than common people, who only care about how tomorrow will be and all necessities of life, working hard but not afraid."

Listening to the saying of Yang Taizi, Luo Qiu couldn't help thinking of those lost traditional skills.

This might be the so-called downfall.

Chapter 180: An Awesome Eristic

The issue about asking Taoists for obtaining longevity has been heard in stories or from other's mouths; but now, a vivid example was showed in front of him.

Luo Qiu didn't think about Qin Chuyu, because she might be a person that was at the boundary of longevity.

However theoretically, he could be considered a long-life person, who was different from Yang Taizi or Qin Chuyu. It was not about how easy it was to get it. Actually, the reason still confused him.

Someone had cultivated painstakingly for dozens of years but didn't even cross the threshold; some other people were drifting in the world, who suffered rebirth again and again; however, a few people had enjoyed a smooth journey.

Yang Taizi, Qin Chuyu and Luo Qiu... Luo Qiu looked up to the top. The old Taoist rites built around the mountain suddenly connected with something similar in his mind.

Some people rich in destiny were born into a wealthy family, so there was nothing for them to worry about during their whole life; and some were from a poor family, but would get achievements after half a lifetime of hard work; also, others might be still struggling among all the living beings.

No matter longing for longevity or wealth, they were all human beings.

Yang Taizi now stopped the sigh in his heart, "That Black Water snake monster hides by day and goes out at night. Now it's midday, it's a good time to fight her."

Luo Qiu nodded.

He let go the rusty iron chain, which was not necessary. The club boss raised his head faintly and his body then floated up, from centimeters to several meters, it kept rising up.

The disciple of the old Taoist opened his eyes wide.

He witnessed his master climb the mountain as easily as walking on firm earth, thinking that would take him half of his life to master.

While watching this anomaly that floated up, it would not take only half his life to learn; rather, he probably wouldn't even manage to learn it in his whole life. No wonder his master Yang Taizi was so courteous to him.

It was not because he came to help him but due to his real capability.

Looking at Luo Qiu and You Ye in a daze, who had ascended 10 more meters, Zhan Er turned to his master that with an admiring look, speaking out his inner thoughts, "Master, If I begged him, can I learn this cloud-riding Kung Fu?"

Yang Taizi immediately felt sad at heart.

His disciple's mental age was much younger than actual age. It was awkward to say Zhan Er meant no harm, just like a child's babble... but that was true.

The bitter feeling of Yang Taizi was hard to express. Nevertheless, for maintaining the dignity, he had to reply in in a low voice, "You didn't master the basic skill but want to have a skyrocketing rise? Do you remember what master taught you before?"

Zhan Er face turned embarrassed, lowering his head, "I should follow the prescribed order, step by step."

Yang Taizi nodded, one hand grabbed the chain, both legs thrust against the ground and slid up through the chain. Thought it was with the aid of other things, it still looked unrestrained.

When the two climbed up, Luo Qiu was overlooking this 'floating' Taoist abbey.

It was unclear when the Taoist temple had been built but looking at it, it was made of wooden structures with holed and suspended beams on steep cliffs as foundations. The neighboring buildings were connected by skyways and leaned against precipice, overlooking the barranco.

It was not large, but art beat nature. It actually looked very magnificent.

Luo Qiu looked at the distribution of the building, which was zigzagging, jagged, miniature but didn’t seem to be a tiny area. Instead, with a compact layout, it deserved the word ‘exquisite’.

"The designer seemed to have thought deeply about it." Luo Qiu sighed.

"The structure here is really subtle." Even the informed You Ye couldn’t help taking more glances.

Hearing to laudatory words, the ashamed Yang Taizi saved his face, saying with pride, "If Boss Luo likes it, you can live here for a while."

Luo Qiu merely nodded, without words.

You Ye called Luo Qiu softly.

Hints of grey fog came from the Taoist temple. It kept spreading from inside, rolling and gathering more and more gradually.

"Pay attention! That Black Water Snake Monster is coming." Yang Taizi hurried to form the hand seal and the other hand received a wooden sword from his disciple.

A shadow appeared from that grey fog, looking like a human shadow.

Luo Qiu counted the monsters he saw. Include the mysterious Long Xiruo, the amount was very limited. It was not surprising though, for a monster to take on a human shape.

Of course, counting the mantis monster that had a real fight with

him from the beginning, this Boa Monster would be merely the second one.

When talking about snake monster, it was easy to remind him about a certain white snake monster in a fairy story... Well, this Black Water Snake Monster was a female too?

The fog dispersed. The Black Water Boa Monster seemed to be a woman wearing a black palace dress.

She was around 20-30 years old.

But wearing palace dress... Luo Qiu thought it was beyond calculation. However, considering it was of hundreds of years' history, it made sense that she kept an ancient appearance.

"Black Water! 10 years! You possessed my temple. Today, this old Taoist came to clear the humiliation of this decade!" Yang Taizi shouted angrily.

That was right. The amount of Taoists declined, as a successor of one of few sects which still remained in their original place, his temple had been forcibly occupied by a several-hundred-year-old monster. If 200 years ago... no, 100 years ago, it would be impossible to happen. But it happened!

These years, Yang Taizi hid outside and dared not even say a word in the Line group of modern Taoists until half a year passed. This was just because he was afraid others would know this scandal, which made him feel distressed!

That woman with black palace dress... Black Water Boa Monster said indifferently, "You found two helpers eh? No wonder you, restive Taoist, became more stubborn. Don't you remember you almost lost your bowels while leaving 10 years ago? Your 'Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao' is nothing more than this."

Yang Taizi stared, saying with anger, "Your vicious organization cannot slander my 'Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao'! 'Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao' is extensive and profound; it's all the fault of this old

Taoist, I'm not skillful enough! You forcibly occupy my mountain and the intellectual area of the cave but still defame my 'Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao'. You demons are fish-blooded, don't know what appreciation is at all!"

Hearing this, Black Water sneered, "Appreciation? Ridiculous! In ancient times, do you know how many of you guys that fancy themselves as the righteous Taoists, killed our monster ethnics in the name of declining demons and ghosts? We live in solitude, abiding by Master Long's dharma, and not go beyond our bounds. But you Taoists always try every means to have us take actions first, by all dirty means, how could you be like a Taoist? You guys are nothing short of butchers!"

Her face turned severely, "And now, do you know how many forests have been felled, and how many rivers had been polluted by human beings? Many cub monsters have been caught to be cooked as delicacies, just for satisfying your desire for food? Can you tell me how the number of forests, the quality of air and river, compare with those a hundred year ago?"

Black Water Boa Monster flicker her sleeves, yelling, "You human beings are trying every means to occupy our existing places. Now, I just took over your mountain, nothing compared to the doings of you human beings. Why can't I do that? I've living here for 10 years, I can find the bones from at least hundreds of different monster ethnics. How can you, restive Taoist, explain this?"

Well... who knows if this Black Water Boa Monster was strong.

But she must be an awesome eristic... Looking at Yang Taizi, whose lips moved but couldn't find words to contradict, Luo Qiu had to size up the Taoist temple again.

The exquisite and delicate building... turned out it piled up by countless of dead bodies.

But it was a deal, he signed the contract with Yang Taizi earlier. So, after Black Water's statement, You Ye straight away... chose to

fight.

Black flame rose up her palm, the servant girl went straight towards the chest of Black Water Boa Monster...

Chapter 181: Come From the Same Origin

You Ye's black flame could burn Master Long's palm; obviously, it could hurt a mere 350-year-old Black Water Boa Monster.

Yang Taizi spent 50 years of his lifespan to seriously injure Black Water. However, he didn't know how serious the injury would be. All he hoped for was that the injury would be enough. Hopefully, the coy-looking but terrifying servant girl fight would not hold back, injuring Black Water as seriously as possible.

Black Water's expression froze the moment You Ye took action. When the black flame appeared, an utmost sense of danger pressed down on her mind.

It was so menacing that she dared not to be neglectful.

The pure white hands of Black Water waved slightly, vine-like fingers dispersed and a large number of air waves erupted from her fingertips, spreading towards the mysterious black smoke on You Ye's hands.

You Ye didn't retreat, but moved forward, flickering at the dense ripple with a fast speed. In a flash, she appeared in front of Black Water.

"Ha!"

Black Water's hands overlapped. In a blink of an eye, the ripple erupted from her fingertips, interweaving into a wide net, dropping from the skies.

However, suddenly, the net was broken from the middle. The dense ripple was like a flaming fuse, burning down around.

Black Water shouted slightly. She looked down at her body and found the black flame had chopped through a string from her left shoulder to right waist, across her chest.

The black flame resulted in a horrific wound on Black Water's

body--- she couldn’t even put it out!

As if 10 more seconds later, her body would turn into dust in the fire.

But right then, the flame disappeared from her body, only leaving a great injury on it. You Ye then returned to Luo Qiu, standing behind him.

The servant girl looked down with both hands resting, holding each other, as if nothing happened.

Black Water had obtained a serious injury. She got down on one knee, with one palm pressing against the bleeding wound and blood gushing from her mouth with a shocked look.

"You’re not human! Why do you help those Taoists?!"

You Ye smiled, "We only have a deal with Yang Taizi. He paid us for having you seriously injured, so that is what we do. But he is a penny pincher and made the decision not to take your life."

After this, Yang Taizi frantically stood up and made his move.

The old Taoist knew to use the Line group and also lurked about in these worldly matters. He understood the importance of the finishing stroke. Now since Black Water was badly-wounded and kept spitting out blood, it was the best time to give it a fatal blow.

For a serious injury, it cost him 50 years of lifespan. The old Taoist was now reluctant to waste any single second!

The wooden sword in Yang Taizi’s hand revealed dim light, emitting the upright integrity of vanquishing demons. It was suddenly chopped down towards Black Water’s head!

"F*ckin Taoist! Even if I have a serious injury, you won’t kill me by yourself!"

Light kindled from Black Water’s eyes, a huge shadow burst out from her back. It was actually a fiendish long snake!

The slash from the wooden sword towards the head merely

motivated its ferociousness! Roars came faintly from the air, Yang Taizi had been knocked into the air, towards the barranco.

Seeing this, Zhan Er trembled. Yelling, while grabbing the chain, he pulled it back seriously, which brought Yang Taizi back.

This impact had destroyed the wooden sword. The old Taoist covered his chest, a mouthful of blood spurt out and his face turned as pale as white paper.

As for the Black Water Boa Monster, she was now climbing the cliff at a lightening speed. Her legs turned into snake tail, sliding dozens of meters away, being lost in the dense fog surrounding the mountain.

Seeing the monster was escape and that, 50 years of lifespan was not enough to kill Black Water, Yang Taizi felt indignant, looking towards Luo Qiu with frenzy, "You're just letting her go?"

"Customer just asked Black Water to have a serious injury when we signed the contract." Luo Qiu replied coolly, "Since you didn't ask more, why do we have to stop her leaving?"

Yang Taizi gave a start.

'You want one and the boss gave you one, but you ask the boss why he didn't give you more... are you foolish?'

However... the old Taoist's plan was by relying on the power of the club, hurt Black Water into serious injury and reducing her fighting capacity down to the same level with himself, then teamed up to beat her!

Now Black Water actually fled!

His 50 years of lifespan had been wasted!

Yang Taizi suddenly spat out a mouthful of blood, falling down... He was actually seriously injured!

He totally miscalculated!

"Master! Master! Master! Oh my god! Master!" Zhan Er held Yang

Taizi that eyes closed. He was afraid he’d pass away here. Tears dropped from his eyes.

"He won’t die." Luo Qiu came to glance, "He just fainted because he took things too hard. If you want him to wake up, splash some water, or let him sleep for a while."

"Ah...Oh!" Zhan Er nodded, "Let him wake up by himself."

The trading content that had Black Water have serious injury had been finished, the next step was getting the lifespan from Yang Taizi. However, Luo Qiu did not to feel anxious.

As if absorbed in thought, he looked at the floating Taoism temple, while walking in.

The servant girl wanted to follow him, but Luo Qiu waved to stop her, "Wait for me here, I want to wander about by myself."

At the moment, when You Ye fought with Black Water, Luo Qiu vaguely sensed something in the temple was calling him.

...

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Soon after, Yang Taizi woke up slowly. The old Taoist face was pale. He saw the servant girl was overlooking the scenery around and didn’t mention him.

But she was here... which meant they were waiting for his transaction fee.

Yang Taizi realized things had turned awful, he suffered a great deal!

"Master! Master, you woke up! How are you now? Do you want water?" Zhan Er rapidly asked him.

However, Yang Taizi felt very anxious, he wanted to stand up to fiercely beat this foolish disciple. ‘How could you speak so loud? You want them to know I’ve woken up hum?"

Yang Taizi didn’t speak a word, eyes closed again.

"Master! Master! You fainted again? Master!" Zhan Er kept shaking Yang Taizi.

‘Don’t shake me! You idiot!!’ Yang Taizi whined at heart.

The servant girl took a glimpse at him, then went on watching the mountain scenery, sighing with feeling... ‘You’re worthy to be the person in the same sect with Tai Yinzi.’

‘You two comes from the same origin, both are quite adept at scheming,’

Chapter 182: Gold and Silver Card

The inside structure of the Taoist temple was not complicated and it was visible with the first glance.

The moment Luo Qiu stepped into the temple, that calling sound turned clearer. Following the sound, he walked deeply in the temple.

"Here?"

Luo Qiu showed up at the end of the palace right now. Dozens of oil lamps hung down from the ceiling, making this place full of warm light.

12 cattail hassocks were neatly arranged on the ground and a stone statue of a person had been laid in the middle. It hunkered there, eyes closed, a beautiful beard hung in front of his chest, along with the long eyebrows that drooped to his cheek.

It was a sage-like appearance.

He should be the ancestor of Yang Taizi, the originator of Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao. Luo Qiu sized up this status, feeling the call become extremely clear.

It sounded like he was still alive.

Luo Qiu felt an odd misconception suddenly. He felt this status would open its eyes abruptly... it gave him a familiar feeling.

Luo Qiu walked close to the status, stretching his hand to knock the pedestal slightly. Pulling back his palm and placed it against the heart of the statue.

Just then, small glaring golden light emitted from the heart little by little. They consolidate gradually, landing slowly.

Eventually, they fell into Luo Qiu’s palm. After melding together, they turned into a card flickering with gold and silver colors.

Gold and silver card.

It had the same size with the club black card. What was more suspicious, Luo Qiu saw the stamp of discount on one side of the gold and silver card, proof that it was the same as that of the black card!

His fingers pinched the card softly, one message after another flew into Luo Qiu's brain immediately. But they were disordered... like a puzzle debris.

"Er..." Luo Qiu frowned.

A gold and silver card was found in the statue of the founder of Yang Taizi's sect---and from the weird aura it gave, Luo Qiu could be sure this was from the club.

He put away the card, but didn't leave; instead, his hands made a gesture of grabbing the statue, moving it slowly.

As his palms moved, the status had been moving gradually towards a side with rumbling sound. And, it was seen that there was a square entrance under the statue.

This seemed to be a tunnel--- the end of the palace was the end of the temple and its back was mountain rock. Thus, this tunnel might be a way to go inside of the mountain.

Luo Qiu checked the entrance, jumping into it. Very soon, he could stand up... in a place about 4-5 meters in height and there was a way ahead.

Faintly, Luo Qiu heard a slight voice coming from the front. On both sides of the path, bright lamps had been set at intervals so it was not dim.

Boss Luo didn't think there must be someone keeping the lamp bright... Around 2 minutes later, he came to the end of the way.

Luo Qiu saw one, two, three, four... ten or more different kinds of little monsters.

One of them found him first. It seemed to be a 6-year-old little

girl with a floral dress, but its eyes were fresh red and a pair of long and pink rabbit ears could be seen on its head.

Plus a white, short tail swaying at back.

"It’s a rabbit monster."

…

…

Black Water spat a mouthful of blood, before eventually taking a deep breath and sitting down under a tree. She nervously looked back at the way. After making sure no one gave chase, she had time to catch her breath.

She touched her wound, which gave off intense pain. Trembling, she opened her palm, taking several times of deep breaths, allowing her to stand up by grabbing the tree.

Black Water didn’t escape from the temple but bypassed the mountain forest to go to the mountainside. She climbed into the barranco and slipped into the mountain through the crack of a rock.

Her legs turned into snake tail again, gaining the ability to pass through the rough and narrow crack.

Before long, Black Water could see the destination. She crept out from the crack of the end, falling down the ground.

At the moment she arrived, she said, "Kids, stand in line and follow me to leave this…!!"

Her face turned terrified before finished her words. She opened her mouth and four sharp poison fangs grew from two rows of teeth!

Because at the moment, Black Water Boa Monster found of the people Yang Taizi brought here!

"Let them go!!" Black Water voiced her fury and uneasiness.

...

"Don’t worry, I won’t hurt them."

Luo Qiu watched Black Water, putting a finger near his lips, making a ‘hush’ gesture.

Black Water now discovered something strange.

This man now was sitting on a platform of this cave.

And those little monsters didn’t show any fear; instead, they gathered around this man, well-behaved and lay on the ground to sleep quietly.

And this man was holding one in his arms!

It was Rabbit Monster Lingling, who was 15 years old in monster’s age, which equaled to around 5-6 years old in human age. It was too young to control the transformation to human, so rabbit ears and tail was still left on her body.

She was very shy with strangers and dared not to approach other monsters except Black Water and the other fellows here, let alone human beings.

However, Black Water witnessed the little Rabbit Monster enjoying lying in this man’s arms. When she was stroked, she even showed an enchanted expression.

Black Water didn’t let down the guard. She glanced at the side of Luo Qiu’s seat, where there were several books putting there... She gaped, one of the books was opened, in this man’s hands.

Black Water frowned. These books were the story books she got before.

Luo Qiu looked like understanding Black Water’s confusion, so he closed the book, saying softly, "They wanted me to tell stories to them and gave me some sorbs. It seemed hard to refuse them..."

He explained this but grumbled a little about the club.

‘What kind of bloody club is this! It really accepts everything except for money…’

‘The sorbs are not even enough for one second, right?’

‘But they are sweet.’

Chapter 183: The Right Method to Operate Cubs of Monsters

Although this man didn’t look like to hurt these kids, his partner had gave her a serious injury. Black Water couldn’t relax her vigilance.

It was better to say that she was scared of him... After all, those cubs were in his control.

"Let them go, you can do whatever you want with me," Black Water said through gritted teeth which made Luo Qiu feel surprised.

Luo Qiu gently put down the rabbit monster.

It made this sleeping rabbit monster curl up. The cute behavior attracted Luo Qiu to touch its nose, before standing up to go to Black Water.

"They said you brought them from the mountain 10 years ago and came here to settle down after experiencing hardships," Luo Qiu suddenly said.

Black Water face full of vigilance but she endured her anger so it wouldn’t disturb these kids. "If you human beings didn’t come again and again to fell the forests, we’ll live peacefully and won’t come here... Again and again, you always destroy the places we live!"

Luo Qiu said coolly, "Aren’t you able to protect the forests from being felled by those people who seek gains?"

Black Water sneered, "Is it useful to expel only one group? You just said they’re seeking gains! Countless groups are coveting the forests! Those people pay for lumbering permits and come back to the mountain. They are in cahoots with this country. Can I stop that? If I do, those silent Taoists will come forth to kill us with no guilt. They can’t wait for my actions!"

Her agitation affected the injury, blood flew out from her lips. She cried sadly, "This is a world led by humans! We monsters can only drag out an ignoble existence if we abide by the law; if we make a mistake and hurt humans, you Taoists will uphold the justice. But what about the opposing situation? Who will hold the scales even when we are oppressed? Can't we be tolerated in a human's world?"

Luo Qiu asked back, "On the other hand, can you guarantee humans will live better if you monsters control the world?"

Black Water snorted. The racial problem was an acute conflict. She hadn't thought about this problem, looking at Luo Qiu with resentment, "Anyway, you're the helper of that F*ckin Taoist, so you're on his side."

"No, I'm not on his side." Luo Qiu shook his head. "He's just my customer. He paid me and asked to beat you into a seriously injured state, that's all. Or do you think you could have left us at that time?"

Black Water snorted, "Do you? So that means if I pay enough to you, I can buy the life of the f*ckin Taoist as well?"

"Sure." Luo Qiu said, "Only if you want our services."

...

But Black Water didn't believe it.

She had been living for hundreds of years as a monster, who witnessed several changes of dynasties, wars, littered with corpses. Human's ferociousness was far more serious than cannibalism among monsters. The more she knew, she realized the complexity of the beings called humans.

After hundreds of years, Black Water learned how to judge a generation, instead of only one person.

She learned to see the change of a generation and what the times brought to the world--- Human civilization had been progressing.

It changed quickly but only gave benefits to humans themselves. However, in a hundred year, from green mountains and rivers to a huge stone forests now, it looked all they did was consume the life of this world.

In the latest generation, she could only see greed.

So she couldn’t believe the young man’s words at heart--- If this guy wanted something from her, he could just take these kids as hostages, which would make her give in.

Black Water didn’t know what he was thinking about.

"Customer can consider what you need," Luo Qiu added later.

Then he ignored Black Water, strolling in this cave--- It was not built by her. It actually existed from before.

The entrance to this cave was hidden under the statue of the founder. As a disciple, Yang Taizi dared not move it. The reason Black Water could find this place must have been because she wanted to do something to this statue... such as smashing it.

She probably found Yang Taizi’s arriving earlier, so she hurriedly hid these cubs here before meeting him.

...

The cave was large. There were some beads inserted in the wall at intervals with an unknown fluorescent grass around each.

One side of the wall was wet with water. Here was a close ecosphere, air could only blow in through the gaps. Luo Qiu walked up the stairs. The highest layer was a platform and a place for living had been built at back.

But when he came in this smaller stone room, he found it was just a simple cave.

There was nothing inside, except a rectangle stone as the bed, with a skeleton on it.

It seemed that Black Water didn’t move anything inside. Luo Qiu

saw some bamboo slips beside the skeleton. However, it was damaged and scattered as soon as he took it in hands.

Luo Qiu shook his head. It seemed that he couldn't get any information from it.

The skeleton might be the founder of Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao or some disciple. Luo Qiu didn't touch it, just threw a glance at it silently.

According to the cave and the skeleton, it seemed that someone came here, who might have wanted to experience the important process for obtaining longevity--- Trying to break through the death pass, several hundreds of years ago.

Until they became a skeleton.

Luo Qiu stepped out of this stone chamber, walking down the stairs. He found Black Water had already come to the bottom.

Black Water didn't come up, some of the kids including the rabbit monster had woken up.

Black Water unsnapped her upper clothes and leaned against the stage. Some female kids were now licking her body.

Correctly speaking, they were sucking the wound.

Their tongues were like whisks, which were moving about from her shoulder to waist with flexibility.

Luo Qiu heard that canine's saliva could kill germs...Well, seemed that one of the kids was a child of a dog?

Glittering and translucent saliva like silk reflected the fluorescent light, which was crystal bright.

Later, the terrible wound seemed to close up.

Luo Qiu realized that this might be a method to cure the wound. But he saw her face blush, letting out a groaning voice... Boss Luo didn't understand why she looked like she was having an enjoyable orgasm...

The saliva might have touched the part where she was hurt as Black Water suddenly tightened her body.

Her legs under the dress could be seen. Now, her calfs were intertwined, with ankles and toes pointed down and raised slightly, becoming a wonderful curve.

"En...Ah..."

She raised her head and heaved a sigh of relief as exhaustion crept over her face. Gasping slightly, she opened eyes and made eye contact with Boss Luo.

The club boss was mature enough and wouldn’t feel embarrassed by this scene. He nodded, "Go ahead, don’t worry about me."

Chapter 184: The One with A Heart of The Devil

Licking the wound seemed to provide it with vitality, increasing healing. However, it was unpractical for it to cure the wound quickly.

Black Water put on the Han Chinese Clothing, retying the belt, turning about after totally covering her wound.

Then she walked onto the stairs.

Luo Qiu saw Black Water treated her wound, so he stepped back into the stone chamber behind... It seemed monsters didn't care about this.

Such as the transmutation of the butterfly monster, who was very unperturbed--- Maybe monsters had a weak awareness about hiding their bodies.

As the blush faded from Black Water's face, her face turned pale. The exhausted expression never left.

"What's the price if I'd like to kill Yang Taizi?" Black Water asked Luo Qiu suddenly.

She might have had a thorough consideration of her situation during the time she treated her wound.

One by one, patterned cards rose around Black Water then.

They were intertwining, rotating gradually.

The 350-year-old Boa Monster tried to understand the information contained in these cards rapidly. Then, shock could be seen written all over her face.

"The legend is true..." Black Water sized up Luo Qiu with surprise, losing herself in deep thought.

Luo Qiu would have the utmost patience while waiting for his

customers' choices---Since he became the club boss, he found that his hobbies increased.

For example, he could see the customers making decisions from beginning to the end.

They would show their true face that would touch him.

After a long time, Black Water heaved a sigh of relief, smiling bitterly, "No wonder you said Yang Taizi only asked to seriously injure me, then you'll come to a halt after, and no longer stand on his side."

Luo Qiu took it lightly, "Because we always stand with our customers."

Black Water sneered, "On one hand, you help Yang Taizi hurt me; meanwhile, you entice me to make a contract with you... Doing businesses with both sides, what a shrewd consideration it is."

Luo Qiu didn't plan to refute her mockery--- because, first, the club accepts everything without moral integrity; and second, Black Water, who was already in a troubled situation, did not know she was longing for something subconsciously.

"We are only on the side of our customers." Luo Qiu emphasized a second time.

...

"Let me think it over." Black Water suddenly said, "Wait a minute please."

With that, the patterned cards floated back to his hand and then disappeared. Black Water walked down the stairs.

Seeing Black Water approaching, these preschool monster kids crowded around her. Deep dependence was expressed from their eyes.

Black Water sat down and held the youngest one into her arms. Luo Qiu then viewed a slight hint of a smile from her cool face.

She acted like their mother.

Black Water dabbed the monster, telling something to it, and a smile hung on its pink face.

The place had been dispossessed by Black Water for 10 years. During this time, she looked after these monster kids, who came from different kinds of monsters and were apparently not Black Water’s kids.

But where were their parents?

Luo Qiu didn’t find them. He knew he wouldn’t see their parents here or else Black Water would not be the only adult here.

"Sister Black Water, will we leave this place?"

The rabbit monster beside her raised her head, the sparkling eyes flickered and short rabbit tail was shaking.

Black Water patted Lingling’s face, asking, "Don’t you want to leave here?"

Lingling lowered her head, "No...Lingling made many new friends on the mountain, who haven’t grown up. They like Lingling, so Lingling doesn't want to leave them."

Black Water said bitterly, "This place doesn’t belong to us."

Another monster asked then, "Sister Black Water, will we go home? Can we see our parents?"

The plump monster had a pink pig snout... It should be a wild boar monster.

Black Water patted its head too, with slight voice, "Not now... we’ll go to other places first."

The little pig monster threw itself into Black Water’s arms, "I’ve not seen my parents for long, I miss them. Can you take me back to see them?"

"Me too. Sister Black Water!"

"Sister Black Water, I wanted to draw a picture of my grandfather, but I can't...I, I almost forgot what he looks like..."

One and one monsters intertwined her. Looking at their wishful eyes, Black Water smiled, "Well... when you grow up, you can see them. I've told you guys that before."

"But... we haven't grown up after 10 years. When we can grow up?"

Black Water answered softly, "If you practice everyday to absorb vitality, you'll grow taller soon. See, Lingling is taller than last year with longer hair? And you, Little Pig, you are 2kg heavier than last year; and Ah Fu too, you won't drool when sleeping..."

She spoke everyone's growth as if enumerating her family valuables. At last, she said in a low voice, "...These are the proofs that you are growing up. OK, you haven't done today's practice yet, right?"

After saying so, Black Water face turned serious, "Don't you want to go home to see your parents?"

"Wow---!"

Little monsters rolled and crawled away from Black Water.

They went far and sat on the ground orderly. Then, they lay in different poses, closing their eyes.

When little monsters started to absorb vitality, Black Water inhaled deeply, and exhaled it to those kids.

It was golden air, separating and wrapping around their bodies.

The golden air went into their bodies with the air they inhaled.

"You're sharing your vitality with them."

Luo Qiu walked down the stairs to Black Water. He looked at her paler face, "In those 10 years."

Black Water seemed not to care about it, "They are too young. If

they cultivated themselves, they'll gain the self-preservation ability after at least 50 years. If I help them, 30 years will be the maximum."

Luo Qiu said after a while of silence, "Why did you choose the Taoist's temple, instead of those deep mountains and forests that no one has ever been?"

Black Water explained, "Don't think monsters' world as heaven. We need to exist but other monsters need too. Every deep mountain has been occupied by its native-born monsters. If we go there, it is equal to invading their homelands. And the vitality of a mountain is limited, native-born kids need it as well. Can we take these kids to fight with other monsters? Even if I win, it'll result in other kids losing their home."

This experienced monster aroused Luo Qiu's interest to understand the monsters circle. "As I know, many monsters choose to live in human society. Will they face the problem about vitality?"

Black Water sneered, "Adult monsters will be OK. As for kids, they can't cultivate enough vitality, and have to absorb it from their parents, which means they overdraft their parents' lives. It's true some monsters long for the prosperity of the human society but more of them have no alternative. We'll reproduce but if it goes beyond the accommodation of our land, some of the native monsters have to leave there--- or cannibalism will happen."

Black Water pointed one of those kids, "That is Little Pig, its parents were wild boar monster. 10 years ago, in my living place, the amount of monsters went over the limit the vitality that the mountain could provide. The little pig's parents were killed by a tiger monster."

She pointed others one by one then, "She's Lingling... this is Ah Fu... that is Maimai... their parents died in the internal strife that year. I took them to escape to the edge of the mountain range

ourselves. But we met human woodcutters later. We had to depart from our homeland. We were expelled from one place to another that other monsters controlled... What do you think the reason is? If forests were still there with clean rivers, we won't lose our homeland."

Until here, Black Water became agitated. She pointed at Luo Qiu, "You tell me, how many monsters like us are drifting from place to place in this world? And how many monsters are lingering out in cities, just for their kids' future? Higher intelligence will result in the extinction of some beings. Hundreds of years ago, this world was full of green mountains and rivers. But now, how serious has it been destroyed by you human beings? Can you tell me that?"

Her voice contained a hint of desolation, "Little Pig asked me, Lingling asked me, Ah Fu asked me, they all asked me. Can you tell me how can I tell them the truth that their parents have gone away and they'll live in this brutal world in the future? I have no idea!"

With a deep breath, Black Water gazed at Luo Qiu, saying in a low voice, "You said customers can buy anything from you and you'll be on the side of customers! Now, I'll pay everything of mine to buy that you stand on our side! Can you give our monsters a good future? Can you let us keep surviving?!"

Chapter 185: The Missing 10 Seconds

Luo Qiu stayed silent while Black Water was talking.

It was pretty tranquil before and it turned even quieter until one could even hear a needle fall---But those monster kids were not disturbed due to the golden fog.

Luo Qiu opened his mouth as Black Water's agitation faded gradually. "Have you calmed down?"

Black Water heaved a sigh of relief, giving a wry smile, "I know I can't buy it just by seeing your silence... If everything of mine could be exchanged for the good fortune of monsters in the future, it means I'm more important than the whole ethnic groups of monsters. However, I'm not."

But the club boss said, "Yes, you can buy it from us."

"Excuse me?" Black Water lips moved with an inconceivable expression on her face, "I can?"

Luo Qiu said fishily, "Customer wants us to be on monsters' side. OK, no problem. And you want to pay whatever you owned, correct?"

Black Water nodded without hesitation.

Then that's enough for us to side with the monsters for around 10 seconds."

"10 seconds?" Black Water frowned.

She felt like she had been teased. 10 seconds were just for several times of breathing! And it would pass in a daze!

What could they do in a matter of seconds? The so-called standing on their side for 10 seconds, but would obtain all she have, including her life and soul? Was that a joke?

"It's true your club is deeper than an abyss and darker than a night." Black Water sneered, "I won't make the deal!"

While Luo Qiu replied, "That’s all right. We won’t force our customers to do anything..."

As answering her, a black card without stamp appeared on Luo Qiu’s hand which then floated to Black Water, "...If you need some help, you can get access to us through it."

Black Water hesitated, putting it away finally. She looked at Luo Qiu, asking, "How much lifespan will it take to cure my injury?"

Luo Qiu gave her a quick reply, "10 years, if you want to recover to what you were before."

Black Water felt angry, "I’ll get well by myself around only 5 years but you actually asked for double!"

"That’s right." Luo Qiu smiled. "But with our help, you can get through now, the additional five years are for the difference."

Black Water gritted her teeth, "Then that’s a deal!"

If she didn’t do the deal, instead of getting recovery after 5 years, she might be facing Yang Taizi’s revenge shortly.

Of course, she thought of asking the club to kill Yang Taizi but it might need her to pay more--- That would be the worst deal.

If she recovered, it would be easy to handle Yang Taizi and not pay more for what she could do herself.

Along with the opening of the sheep skin scroll, Black Water’s wound and the pain vanished quickly and her skin even became smooth like usual.

However at the same time, she felt weaker than before...

In other words, her lifespan had been deducted.

Black Water didn’t show her appreciation at all; instead, she taunted, "That f*ckin Taoist paid for hurting me, and I paid for recovery... After that, we still didn’t solve our problem but you’ve easily got 2 deals. You’re really standing on customers’ side!"

"Yes. Sometimes I complain about this shop too." Boss Luo said coolly, "By the way, are you going to continue fighting with Yang Taizi?"

Black Water sneered, "That f*ckin Taoist is weak in martial ability but good at escaping. He can probably escape again, like running away 10 years ago even though he was seriously injured. If he goes to you, it might not be only for hurting me! Do you think I'll go find him? Rather, I'll leave this place. If he can't find me, he won't go to you to pay a lot for making me leave. On the other hand, he might not be living well after getting back the ashram. Because 10 years have passed... Tell him to be careful of some gate crasher arriving at night! And, the most important is, I don't want you to have any deals with you!"

Well, women were all vindictive...

Luo Qiu didn't continue the conversation. He just nodded and left this cave through the way he came here.

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Before arriving at the ashram, Luo Qiu saw that Yang Taizi was still lying down and reluctant to wake up, so he squatted down.

Zhan Er blinked his eyes with confusion.

Luo Qiu said, "Taoist priest, if there's no other problem, I'll get the transaction fee. It doesn't matter you wake up or not."

Soon, Yang Taizi eyelids trembled, opening slowly. If he didn't cultivate Taoism, he was capable of being a movie king.

"Oh... Boss Luo, how long did I faint?" Yang Taizi massaged his forehead as sitting down, "Sorry... Zhan Er... that Boa Monster escaped, go to check and see if anything is broken!"

Zhan Er nodded, rushing into the ashram.

Yang Taizi looked at Luo Qiu with fear, "Boss Luo, please do it

gently."

Luo Qiu didn't intend to reveal his trick. He just pressed his hand on the Taoist's chest, making a gesture of pulling something out.

Yang Taizi face changed. His hair turned snow white in a flash, along with countless wrinkles on his face.

50 years of lifespan!

Yang Taizi heart was bleeding but had to fake a smile, "Thanks for your help."

He suffered a huge loss in fact but still showed a smile. Luo Qiu felt like he admired Yang Taizi's calmness.

Therefore, Boss Luo answered with a lie, "It was my pleasure."

"My ashram is remote but very quiet. What about staying here for a while?" Yang Taizi suggested.

Luo Qiu shook his head.

He looked at You Ye, whom then walked towards him. After saying "Return", the two disappeared from Yang Taizi.

Yang Taizi waited for a moment until he made sure they left. He then jumped up, shaking his white hair, shouting towards the ashram loudly, "Zhan Er, go to my room to get the thousand-year ginseng! I'll die if I don't eat it!!"

50 years! It greatly hurt his vitality! He needed supplements in time!

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In the club, You Ye brought a glass of water.

She put down the glass, holding the tray and saying, "It's a pity that Black Water didn't purchase the 10 seconds. She didn't know what it represented."

Chapter 186: Might Be Gay

After 2 to 3 days of monitoring, Jessica found out that the house was only occupied at night, and the two people staying in the house did not converse much. So, no useful information was gathered.

The monitor was set up in the shoe cabinet at the doorway. Thus, very limited conversation could be heard.

Since she got to know the daily schedule of this house in these few days' time, Jessica sneaked in when nobody was at home in the afternoon.

The lock of this kind of common apartment was not a headache for her. The first thing she did after closing the door gently was to check the monitor. After making sure nothing was wrong with it, she started to set up more equipment in this apartment.

She began with the bedrooms.

The experienced policewoman masterly finished the layout in Subeditor Ren's room and then went straight into Luo Qiu's room after checking closely if there were any useful clues.

It was easy for her to perceive one's personality from the layout of that person's room.

Such as this woman's room. Her clothes were left lying around, things on the table were more like a battlefield after the war. For a woman, there was nearly no cosmetics at all but only some care products--- She was a very free-spirited woman who made a hash of things in life.

In addition to that, hidden the wardrobe was half a packet of women cigarettes and, on the windowsill, there were some traces of tobacco ash --- this woman always smoked in her room and was afraid of being found out... So she probably had a rebellious mentality.

And the origin of it should be coming from the owner of the other room--- the son of this family.

It was all within Jessica's expectation. The son's room, which upon its look would even make a terrible woman like Ren Ziling fearful ... was unusually tidy. There was even a special fragrance replacing the peculiar smell in her imagination.

It was not the cologne for man, instead, it was more likely to be lady's perfume.

He made the bed tidily, ashes were hard to find on the table, window, and even under the bed. Clothes and socks were folded up before storage.

No erotic magazines... no laptop encryption, no cookies of searching indecent websites, but most were discussion boards with few posting records. Most were documentaries and audio files stored in the hard disks. And no games were found.

A system-provided background picture was displayed on the desktop, which consisted of merely 3 icons---My computer, Recycle bin and My documents.

"Is this a boy's room?"

At the moment, an illusion that the owner might be a gay came about to Jessica.

Jessica had a feeling of walking into a jail cell because of the silence. "No wonder the woman is so awe-stricken..."

She knew that the woman in the opposite room had a low-status in this family...Anyhow, it was very hard for Jessica to install equipment in this tidy room.

From the cleanliness, it showed that the owner knew everything in his room very well and could even sense which things had been moved.

She had come into contact with Luo Qiu, whom was quite hard to

deal with based on a simple conversation. Being in this room gave Jessica a stronger sense of that.

She felt as if she was imprisoned in an extremely boring jail... Everything here caused her an ineffable stress.

Subconsciously, she wanted to escape from this room. However, she had to complete the task first.

The place under the bed was the best choice. However, considering that the owner was a neat freak who would even clean that area---PASS!

Could it be in the main engine of the computer? ... F*ck it was an all-in-one machine!!

The ceiling... There was no ceiling!! Pillow... the cotton inside had perfect sound insulation... PASS!

The top of the air-conditioner... no air-conditioner? This guy was not afraid of heat?? Not even an air fan?

Socket... no, it was easy to leave traces of being tampered with. According to this boy's meticulousness, it would probably be found ... PASS!

"Will I be defeated by a room?"

Jessica chuckled while taking a deep breath to calm down her emotions--- then she opened the wardrobe. Since every place had a high possibility of being discovered, the pocket of the winter clothes was a choice.

But as soon as she opened it, she had an awkward feeling, "!!"

All winter clothes were put in vacuum bags!!

What the...

Did she have to put all those clothes in vacuum bags again in order to install a listening device? But where was the vacuum packer??

"What’s this?"

A rectangular box in the wardrobe attracted Jessica’s attention.

There was a musical instrument in it--- a saxophone.

Jessica touched it, fixed her gaze on the letters on it as if she forgot she was in the target’s room.

She gazed at it in a daze, murmuring, "Ye Yan, where are you."

...

...

"Master plans to visit Mr. Ye next?" You Ye asked.

Luo Qiu said after a deep thought, "Wait here, let me settle the transaction fee first."

While letting You Ye to stay in the hall for a while, Luo Qiu went down to the third floor of the basement of the club, but he didn’t offer his sacrifices immediately.

He looked at this omnipotent altar for a good while before opening his mouth.

Inquire: What’s the intrinsic quality of Black Water’s soul?

Reply: To purchase the information, a century of your lifespan will be deducted., is that OK?

Luo Qiu shook his head.

Deep down, Luo Qiu was shocked by the expensive price. But at the same time, he seemed to feel relieved that Black Water said she exchanged everything as the transaction fee for 10 seconds of the standpoint change of the club.

Just for knowing the intrinsic quality of the soul, it would take him 100 years... how priceless Black Water’s soul was to gain these 10 seconds.

"These 10 seconds will probably give the species of the monster a brand-new future. Black Water..."

Luo Qiu lost in thought for seconds.

He wondered in front of the altar. Suddenly, Luo Qiu stopped and stretched his palms facing up, a golden and silver card arose slowly from the center of his palms.

This was what he found in the statue of the Taoist ashram---You Ye had told him the things about black cards and white cards, and Luo Qiu didn’t think she hid anything from him... According to this information, she might not know about this object as it existed long before You Ye.

But since it came from the club, the altar was definitely aware of it.

Just when Luo Qiu intended to ask about this gold and silver card, this strange and cold altar experienced changes different from before.

Along with the slight rumbling sound, a black ink-like fluid gushed out from the altar now, flowing like water. It even floated up gradually...

Chapter 187: The Fourth Key and the Last True Dragon

Luo Qiu didn’t have any expectation at all since the beginning that this weird altar would move.

The black ink, water-like material gushed out and spread from the altar, but it did not spread rapidly.

Luo Qiu didn’t sense any heavy feeling that was usually brought by the altar. Rather, an unexplainably relaxing feeling started to surround his body at this moment.

Luo Qiu then subconsciously walked near to the edge of the altar.

The process of floating up did not too long. It only took 1 to 2 minutes to float up to about 1 meter.

But at this moment, Luo Qiu found out that the bottom of the altar was connected to a pillar of the same size! In the meantime, the gold and silver card in Luo Qiu’s hand emitted more brilliant rays compared to usual... It seemed to detach from his hand vaguely.

Luo Qiu frowned and turned his gaze to the pillar beneath the altar.

One, two, three, four... seven.

He discovered that on top of this pillar, there were 7 grooves of the same size like the card in his hands.

Luo Qiu tried to insert the card into one of the grooves... but there were no changes on the altar.

"Is there a designated place for it?" with this question, Luo Qiu frowned and started to try it one by one. When this card finally fell into one of the grooves, a new change started to appear.

At first, the card that fell into the groove turned smooth and

changed its texture into the one of the pillars. It almost fused together with the pillar.

"The fourth key has been successfully inserted."

At the same time, a message flew into Luo Qiu's brain from the altar.

Luo Qiu was stunned, "This card is a key... the fourth key, what does it stand for?"

"The fourth key."

"What is it actually?"

"The fourth key."

"What does the fourth key mean?"

"The fourth key."

Luo Qiu stopped asking. No matter how he inquired, only the answer 'the fourth key' was heard... And the problem about this so-called 'the fourth key', this gold and silver card, was that there was no information about its retail price.

He only heard 'the fourth key', which wasn't even an answer.

Luo Qiu thought for a while. When he decided to drag the card out, the altar gradually sank down into the ground again. Those bizarre materials under the feet also started to gush in.

But at this moment, there was a slight change appeared on the altar. A new sphere showed up gradually around 1 meter on top of it.

Luo Qiu tried to touch it but his palm passed through it easily... It turned out that it was just a shadow.

"Is this ... the earth?"

That should be right. This sphere apparently had an outline of the earth. According to the continental plates on it, it absolutely looked like today's earth.

However, this ‘earth’ was totally different from others he had ever seen ... the original blue and beautiful orb differed from this grey one appeared on the altar.

Grey and white replaced the blue ocean, and all the continents were brown... like a photographic plate.

"What does this earth represent?"

"Please insert more keys."

...

"Disappear."

Luo Qiu attempted to say all these out to the altar. He never thought that the sphere would gradually vanish from his sight.

Since then, the altar had a new function: to project such a sphere.

"I can’t get to know everything about the key by spending my lifespan... there was even no payment option to know why the fourth key would appear in the stone statue. Does it mean that I have to collect more keys in order to understand the story behind the hidden keys?"

He had left the underground third floor and was walking back to the hall slowly.

Luo Qiu suddenly recalled a story about the God and stone: Can the omnipotent God build a stone that he cannot lift up?

It seemed easy for him to apply this principle to the situation that he had just experienced. The club that was known for selling everything had something that couldn’t be sold by the boss.

"No... perhaps I am the only one who can’t purchase it. If it’s a customer, is it possible to purchase the information of the key?" Luo Qiu thought it in another way.

If this hypothesis was tenable, it meant the boss was not eligible to purchase the information of the key... After all, he was the boss, not the customer. There was no rule saying that the boss could buy

everything from the club but the fact that he paid his lifespan for information-gathering created a misunderstanding that he could get whatever he longed for.

"But if it's the customers... Let alone the possibility to purchase the information after knowing the existence of the key, even a simple question with the purchase had already...

To be honest, who would be interested in this key except him... The customers needed to get the things they longed for urgently.

Therefore, he could only wait for the next key to appear?

"Master?"

Luo Qiu heard a call from the servant girl, who was watchful and seemed to realize something from the confusion remained on Luo Qiu's face.

"I'm OK."

Luo Qiu smiled slightly and sat in front of the counter. His finger knocked on the desk, asking, "What food did Uncle Ye ask the hotel front desk to buy?"

You Ye answered, "Soybean paste noodles should be his dinner."

Luo Qiu spoke gently after thinking for a while, "Uncle Ye comes from the capital city. Once upon a time in Xiao Chun Martial Club, I could sometimes eat Soybean paste noodles cooked by Sister Xiao Chun... well, come with me."

Boss Luo rolled up his sleeves suddenly and headed towards the kitchen, "I should remember the recipe."

...

...

"Sister Black Water, where are we going now?"

After walking out from the mountain top where Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao's temple was located, Black Water was passing through

the forest with those kids.

Perhaps it was due to the fast walk, these monstrous kids looked tired. Black Water couldn’t bear to see this, so she found a mysterious place for them to take a rest.

Those kids sat inside the shelter while Black Water was keeping guard outside. The rabbit monster took a bamboo canteen to Black Water, "Sister, have some water please!"

"Thank you."

The rabbit monster was the oldest and the most thoughtful one among the kids. Black Water couldn’t help sighing while touching Lingling’s head, "Thank you for helping me throughout these days."

Lingling shook her head, "Sister Black Water is the one who has worked the hardest ... I know that."

The rabbit monster lowered her head. Even though she didn’t say a thing, Black Water knew that Lingling understood everything, but she had been silently playing the role of the elder sister among these kids.

Black Water sighed, "We have to walk out from this forest before the day turns dark or else we may meet that disgusting bat when the night arrives."

Lingling tilted her head while saying, "If it shows up, should we go back to the Taoist ashram?"

"If we go back, that f*ckin Taoist will have a terrible time." Black Water sneered, "The bat kept following us with bad intention since we left the mountain last time. If it can beat me, it wouldn’t have hid nearby for a decade... If it dares to come to the temple again, then let it fight with the Taoist."

Lingling’s gaze sparkled, "Then can we go back there?"

But Black Water shook her head, "That Taoist is good at escaping.

If he flees, we'll be in danger... Anyway, we can't stay in this area anymore."

Although she wasn't sure why they would be worse off if the damn Taoist escaped, in little rabbit monster's mind, words from the protector Sister Black Water must be correct.

The rabbit monster looked around, revealing a confused face, "But where should we go..."

In this whole wide world, it seemed that there was no safe shelter for them to take refuge.

Black Water hesitated for a moment, heaving a sigh of relief gradually, "I have no idea. It seemed like I can only beseech that master."

"That master?"

Black Water nodded, "She's the last true dragon of our monster ethnics."

Chapter 188: The Only Winner

The speed of recovery shocked Ye Yan. The world he lived in was also considered as an underworld. He was aware of how serious he was hurt and understood the principle of ‘touch the darkness and you shall be defiled’ since the first day he joined the game.

Based on the medical knowledge he had learnt, he knew how severe his previous injuries were. He wouldn’t even recover fully in 3 weeks’ time, let alone one week.

After washing his face in the washroom, Ye Yan knocked on the mirror in a good mood where his face was reflected, chuckling, "It seems like you have quite a good luck."

Following his recovery, his appetite had naturally increased.

But he stopped eating the take-out after the first bite. It reminded him of the first year when he graduated from school, he was arranged to work in a place far from his hometown. Both the food and accommodation condition were bad over there. The only thing that could comfort him was the special soybean paste noodles from Xiao Chun Martial Club.

The taste didn’t only stimulate his taste buds but reminded him of the past good memories hidden in his heart.

Ye Yan opened the door, walked down to the front desk and looked at the boss. "Boss, where did you order the take-out?"

The middle-aged boss was reading newspapers while smoking. He raised his head, "Why? It’s from the noodle restaurant at the corner of the street. Does it taste bad?"

"Has it been open for long?"

"A dozen year." He said casually, "If you don’t like it, I can ask them to cook another one for you. They are my old neighbors and very easy-going."

Ye Yan shook his head, saying ‘no need’. He suddenly thought of something and asked the boss, "By the way, are there any letters for me today?"

"No, there is none." The boss glanced at this customer with curiosity.

‘Who will receive registered letters in this era?’---He would definitely not ask this. In this unauthorized hotel, anybody can live here as long as they pay. The only requirement was not to create any trouble.

"If there is, please notify me."

Ye Yan went back to his room, sitting back in front of the table. He ate very slowly, a string of noodle might take him a long while to be chewed and swallowed.

To swallow the loneliness and helplessness here, the uncertainty and danger of his future, and the happy memory of the past.

…

It was hard to deny that there were some people in the world who have strong hearts. No matter the dilemma or the despair they are in, they would never lose hope.

Such men could even die with hopes and no regrets. They had a very strong will to face the death.

Luo Qiu thought Ye Yan was a member of them.

You Ye was a very thoughtful girl who knew Luo Qiu would help her secretly without any condition. On the other hand, she realized that Ye Yan was probably the most difficult customer to deal with …Even if this kind of customer had extraordinarily precious transaction items.

But she didn’t express her thought at all in front of Luo Qiu.

"Master, we’ve located Kingkong but haven’t found the hidden cargoes of the Michael Club. Kingkong is very careful these days.

He just hides himself and keeps searching for Mr. Ye."

"Stop looking. I've known where the cargoes are." Luo Qiu said coolly, "He traveled out of the city and earned some money. This information is not that expensive."

Luo Qiu wasn't worried. Ye Yan only needed to recover now.

"Keep an eye on them." Luo Qiu said gently while looking at You Ye. He then turned to Tai Yinzi, "Come back with me, I have some questions for you."

How did Tai Yinzi dare to say no? Since he had been chased and beaten to the club by Luo Xiruo last time, he had no opportunity to talk with the boss.

The two went back into the club quickly.

As a servant, Tai Yinzi knew that he should speak first. So he said with great respect as Luo Qiu sat down. "Master, what questions do you have for this old Taoist?"

"Well."

Luo Qiu nodded, "Tell me about your sect. Besides that, is the statue you worship the creator of the ashram?"

"How do you know that..." Tai Yinzi gaped but came back to his thought quickly ---the mysterious boss should know whatever he wanted to know. "It is said that the creator of my sect was a figure during the period of Three Emperors and Five Sovereigns."

Tai Yinzi then started to recall the matters when he was cultivating Taoism in the ashram, "According to the ancient books and records of my sect, the creator was taught by a miraculous person in his childhood and mastered the basic methods to cultivate Taoism. After improving himself by practicing, Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao was established and has been passing on so far."

With this, Tai Yinzi's face revealed more complicated

expressions, "My sect is not that famous among all of the branches, but it is one of the few that has the longest histories. Even though it has few successors, it's unprecedented that there is only one master and one disciple like now."

He didn't mention Qin Chuyu... it seemed like in Tai Yinzi's heart, there was no place for Qin Chuyu to be his fellow members.

Luo Qiu meditated for a second, "The Koan Sutra lives on from one generation to another. Don't you think its author is still alive?"

Tai Yinzi frowned after showing a stupefied look. He acted funny but that was to make the boss lower his guard. But after being beaten by the servant girl, he became more obedient.

His words were full of thought, "Does master think that even the f*ckin slave girl, Yu Sanniang, could cultivate the Sutra, how is it possible for the creator to fail master it, correct?"

"Shouldn't he?"

Tai Yinzi sighed, "I had the same thought that year but the creator has surely passed away. According to the records, the disciple of the second generation witnessed the creator sitting to death. The stone statue in the ashram was carved based on his appearance. Ah... it's too embarrassing. Till my generation, only the f*ckin slave girl, Yu Sanniang, managed to cultivate the sutra among all the disciples. Me, the old Taoist who has been imprisoned for 500 years doesn't know about it. But looking at the case of Yang Taizi now, it seems even more impossible for him to achieve longevity."

Instead of the legitimate disciples, it was a disciple who had transformed from a monster and successfully mastered the core knowledge of the sutra --- Luo Qiu didn't know if Tai Yinzi knew the real identity of Yu Sanniang.

Luo Qiu thought for a moment, it is possible that Tai Yinzi didn't know about this or else he wouldn't just call her a slave.

He said after a while of silence, "What's the name of the creator?"

"His real name was not recorded." Tai Yinzi shook his head, "As a disciple, I only know his Tao name 'Xian Xuan'."

"Oh..." Luo Qiu closed his eyes as if meditating. Tai Yinzi didn't dare to disturb him, so he could only wait aside.

It was hard to serve the master. Tai Yinzi suddenly felt that the servant girl had a strong ability.

He was afraid that he'd provoke the boss by accident. On the contrary, the servant girl was serving with her heart and soul... this might be the difference.

"Go get ready." Luo Qiu opened his eyes, "A customer is coming. Make some tea for the customer."

Tai Yinzi nodded hurriedly. He was good at making tea! Totally an expert!!

The 500-year-old ghost floated in excitedly.

But when he got to prepare the tea, this expert looked on in despair!

'What the hell were these candles? It was totally wrong to make tea by using a glass teapot!'

'Use a red stoneware teapot at least... where was it? And where was the teacup?'

'The tea... what the hell the tea leaves were?! This old Taoist needs Long Jing before the rain! Where's Dong Ting Bi Luo Chun? And there's even no Rock Tea of Wu Yi Mountain? What the f*ck!

'Why doesn't the powerful boss have a good–quality tea set?!'

'Damn it, no running water! The servant girl is quite unprofessional!'

...

And the well-prepared Boss Luo saw the new customer...a new

customer to the club, but not to Luo Qiu.

This was Ms. Jessica who was living above his apartment.

Chapter 189: Newcomer

3 years ago in Lyon, France.

"What? A new partner?"

"Yeah, he’s new from China. This is his profile, Take a good look. And he’ll arrive at the airport tomorrow. Go pick him up from there and take him here."

Jessica frowned to defy her superior and query, "Why assign a new partner for me? I have one already."

"Jack is old." The superior said, "He has applied to switch to be in charge of civilian work two months ago and it’s been approved recently. On the other hand, you are capable enough to train a newcomer. Jessica, be confident."

Jessica glanced at her superior. Her hands pressed on the table and her eyes didn’t blink. "I just hope that this newcomer can persist for over 1 week."

"Hope so."

...

Ye Yan, 35 years old, born in China, 10 years of working experience as a criminal police.

In the airport, Jessica was seeking for the trace of the newcomer at the exit. She was pretty confident of her memory and looking for the target in the crowd was an exercise for her eyes.

However, she felt kind of awkward to train this newcomer---because Ye Yan was 8 years older than her.

Generation gap plus different cultural background would probably hinder them from getting along with each other. Jessica had no idea about eastern culture... She was even afraid that communication between them would be an issue.

Even though he passed the examination and language test

required in Lyon ... ‘Well, I found him.’

Good eyesight helped Jessica to find the person she wanted.

The target wore a long black wind coat. He had stubble on his face and looked gloomy. He carried a valise, in which could only contain 2 suits.

As Jessica intended to lift the board up, she suddenly saw that Ye Yan changed his walking route, hiding at the back of a traveller as if willfully eluding someone’s sight.

This was a common tracking skill...he seemed to be tailing somebody. Out of curiosity, Jessica put down the board with his name. She wanted to figure out what this ‘newcomer’ from the east would like to do and who he was following.

Soon, Jessica got the answer. Ye Yan was tailing a white man from the same flight with him.

Jessica didn’t greet Ye Yan in this case. Rather, she followed him who was at the back of that white man. This formed a weird tracking relationship.

Jessica evaluated this newcomer while going after him. ‘He does well in tracking but lacks vigilance’.

In no time, Ye Yan followed the white youth and turned into an alley. Jessica frowned after waiting for few seconds and she walked passed in a casual way. But at the corner of her eyes, she found that Ye Yan and the other youth were not in the alley.

Jessica looked up, thinking that they might have gone up the stairs or somewhere else. However, a figure jumped down from the top when she looked up.

Jessica retreated out of instinct. With a fixed gaze, this was Ye Yan for sure ... Her tracking was discovered already?

"You..."

Before Jessica got ready to utter a word, the man turned around

and fell to the ground steadily. Without greeting, he got close to her immediately.

Seeing Ye Yan clenching his fists, Jessica was alarmed,

He launched an attack!

It seemed to be free sparring. Jessica didn't have time to think why he wanted to attack her... Maybe it was because he discovered the tracking---She didn't reveal her identity in the first place.

At the same time, she'd like to test the newcomer's martial ability, so she countered every movement --- Unexpectedly, like a trick, Jessica only felt being she was struck by a force. Her body flew out instantly and hit the wall violently.

With Ye Yan's weird posture, the tremendous force hit Jessica and filled her with dizziness.

She didn't know that this trick was called 'Close Body Hit' from the 'Eight Pole Fist', which was very powerful!

Jessica felt like throwing up but Ye Yan stretched out his hand to pinch her chin immediately --- the joint was unhitched and she lost the ability to speak.

She was in danger!

Jessica moved her hands to her waist. But this action didn't get away from Ye Yan's sight. Ye Yan pressed her arms against the wall at a faster speed. He drew out her gun and pointed at her forehead.

He spoke in fluent English, "Miss, you better don't move. Please turn around."

Jessica could only endure the humiliation in silence and turned around. Then Ye Yan searched her body, and got her identification card.

As Jessica thought that he would feel sorry after seeing her ID card, an incredible thing happened!

Ye Yan whistled, "Of course you're the criminal policewoman... The guy who is hiding, you can come out now,"

Jessica felt that this was peculiar so she took a glance. Then, she found out that the hidden person was obviously the white man Ye Yan was tailing in the beginning.

That youth shrugged. Without saying anything, he walked to Ye Yan's side in silence. He covered the gun with a handkerchief and grabbed Jessica's gun from Ye Yan's hand before pointing it at Jessica.

Jessica's back started to emit cold sweat!

The white man said fishily, "I won't take pity on a beauty. I didn't believe it when my dude said that he's tired of being followed by the cops! We just got off from the plane, what a bad luck!"

Watching him putting the gun in his duffel bag, Jessica knew that she was in trouble--- it seemed like this white guy wanted to kill her here!

'Isn't this Ye Yan? Did I see wrongly?' This was the first time Jessica suspected herself if she remembered Ye Yan's appearance from the profile wrongly, She couldn't await her doom to arrive. So Jessica forced herself to calm down.

But at this moment, Ye Yan grabbed this man's arm, pressing it down, "Dude, if you do it here, we will be in trouble. Next, Interpol headquarters is here... I don't think that I want to hide myself later because of your joy causing me to be unable to indulge myself in alcohol and the scent of women."

The white youth frowned. It seemed that he agreed with his words, "Then how will you deal with it?"

Ye Yan smiled while stretching out his hand to press on Jessica's carotid and her left wrist. Jessica lost her consciousness in a short time.

"If anything happens, she'll be the best shield, isn't she? I heard that foreigners strive for humanitarianism."

"Hahaha! Good idea, dude, I like it!" the white man laughed, "And I never played with a lady cop before! Come with me! I'll bring you to see my boss!"

"Thanks."

Chapter 190: Topnotch Express Delivery

When Jessica woke up, she found herself in a rather dark room with both of her hands strapped to the chair and her mouth wrapped around with a cloth.

Regardless of being frightened, this policewoman did not panicked. She was trying to think of how to escape from the danger.

At this moment, she heard the sound of fighting coming from outside, even followed by the sound of few gunshots. --- Some people were probably having a gunfight outside.

Jessica didn't know how long she had lost her consciousness here...Perhaps the headquarters had discovered this and came to rescue her?

While thinking in silence, the door opened. Facing against the light, Jessica saw the criminal who took her to this place.

Ye Yan!

He blew a few whistles and looked at Jessica from up to down. Suddenly, a knife was spun between his fingertips like a flying and dancing butterfly before cutting towards Jessica quickly.

She didn't sense the pain of a knife cutting through her flesh. Instead, the ropes that were tied tightly around her body were cut off. Jessica was startled. When the ropes unravelled, she swiftly grabbed the knife from Ye Yan and brandished it back.

Ye Yan made a quick step backwards. Jessica continued to launch attacks.

Ye Yan raised both of his hands suddenly, "Wait, wait, everything's OK. If you don't believe me, I can give you the gun and the knife is in your hand... then, look outside."

Ye Yan passed Jessica his gun to show his sincerity. Jessica gazed

at Ye Yan for a while suspiciously before stretching her hands out for the gun and turning the muzzle to point at him.

Ye Yan held his hands high all the time. He tilted his head now to direct Jessica to look at the situation outside.

"You better not play any tricks," Jessica said coldly while moving closer to the door little by little.

This place must be a bar transformed from a cellar. At the door, Jessica found some strong men lying on their stomach. "What happened?"

...

"Sorry, I don't want to involve you in this but it's considered to be the remaining work of my previous job." Ye Yan was seeking for something on the bar counter, "Well... catch it."

At this moment, a small bag was thrown at Jessica. Opening it, she found her ID card, wallet, the gun and other stuff.

"I was investigating a case about smuggling of antiques before I was notified to report here. I've been told that this case will be passed on to my colleagues. But when I was boarding the flight at the domestic airport, I found the contact person of this group." Ye Yan shrugged, "So I just take the opportunity to impersonate their roles. But out of my expectations, you were too hospitable. You've worked hard following us."

"...You mean you had detected me at the airport?" Jessica was shocked.

Ye Yan nodded and stretched out two fingers to point at his own eyes. He said gently, "Do you know? When one is looking for someone else, his pupils will experience a slight change. Besides that, you've shown the flashing moment of joy when you found the target. You wanted to lift the nameplate but you drew it back quickly. This behavior was quite obvious even though there were a lot of people."

Jessica felt a strong sense of shame. She turned around, seemingly trying to hide something and started to take a look at those people on the floor., "...I've seen this guy on the wanted list, he even dared to hide here!"

Ye Yan laughed while opening a bottle of brandy at the bar counter, "In Chinese, this is called 'the more dangerous the place, the more secured it is.'"

Jessica glimpsed at Ye Yan silently, saying without emotion, "Everything here will be gathered as physical evidence, you're destroying the evidence."

Ye Yan smiled, "I haven't registered yet. So I'm not officially employed. It means that I didn't break any of your rules ... but it's better if it's you who is dealing with the mess because it's not appropriate for me to do so... Watch out!"

Jessica gaped, a lying hoodlum pretended that he passed out had climbed up secretively. He planned to shoot her from the back!

She couldn't react in time but Ye Yan climbed over the counter and pushed Jessica away.

Bang---!

At the same time when a gunshot was heard, a cold light flashed across. It was a knife coming from Ye Yan's hand that stabbed precisely through the hoodlum's wrist!

The hoodlum made a loud cry and the gun dropped on the floor. Witnessing this, Jessica rushed up immediately and took this opportunity to tackle the hoodlum, striking him until he fainted on the floor.

"Did you get hurt?"

She walked towards Ye Yan quickly and helped him up.

With fingers pressing on his waist, he couldn't stop the blood from gushing out from his body. Ye Yan's forehead was covered

with beads of sweat, "I think I should be sent to the hospital... what's the emergency number?"

...

In the hospital, Jessica came to the sickroom full of anger. Looking at Ye Yan who was staring blankly outside, she interrogated, "Why did you tell the headquarters that I was the one who rescued you when you were being caught up? This should be your credit!"

"Then you'll be punished." Ye Yan didn't turn his head around, "You've been caught, almost turned into a hostage. It's a blot and can ruin your future. Besides that, I wasn't officially employed at that time. So it's inappropriate to act on my own. There will even be a string of questions on procedure, which is even more troublesome for me. Since it's not good for both sides, why should I tell the truth on the premise that the criminal has been arrested?"

"But you're giving a false testimony!"

"I thought you're flexible. This issue was caused by my own action and it'll give you a bad record. So there's no harm for you to be more selfish." Ye Yan turned around, seemingly wanting to get out of the bed. His hand covered the wound, "But it's up to you, you can tell the truth. Well, I may go to the interrogation room after lying in hospital. What bad luck!"

"The wounds on your body haven't recovered yet. Don't move." Jessica said softly, "What do you want to do? Let me help you."

"Oh my god, you foreigners are so enthusiastic. Are you going to help me to the washroom? I have the knowledge and experience now. (Laugh)"

Jessica was lost for words. She could only see Ye Yan holding the wall and walking out slowly.

Suddenly, she said, "Thank you for saving me."

"You're welcomed. You can buy me a cup of coffee someday." Ye

Yan turned to her, smiling, "Let me introduce myself, I’m Ye Yan from China, we are partners from now on."

...

...

"You said that I can buy anything I want here?"

Jessica chuckled. She initially wanted to come out today to buy some necessities, but while considering something on the way, she came to this weird place unwittingly.

She looked around and sized up everything here including the weird... and spooky boss. Listening to his affirmative tone, Jessica derided, "Then give me a portion of roasted lamb from Le-Comptoir-du-Vin restaurant. You should at least be able to serve me that. Can you serve me that now... right now."

She couldn’t believe she was wasting her time here with this spooky guy, Jessica thought she might be too stressed these days.

"Roasted lamb?" The weird Mr. Clown in front of her nodded and flicked his hands over the table, " Here is your food, customer."

Jessica opened her mouth slightly.

He got it. The familiar flavor of roasted lamb spread in the air. And she could even feel the warmth from the meat ... which proved that it was fresh from the oven.

Even the take-away bag looked familiar. It must have come from some restaurant in her hometown!

Jessica stretched her finger out subconsciously to poke the lamb gently. She stood up furiously and fished out a black gun in a lightning speed, asking nervously, "What are you?"

She didn’t think that it was her illusion. It was even more unlikely to be a magic trick. Also, the constant mysterious aura and unusual feeling that was sensed here couldn’t calm her nerves down. All these gave her a thought. That is... this was a very

dangerous place, very dangerous!

"I've told you that I'm the boss of this restaurant." Luo Qiu asked gently, "Then...Dear customer, what else can we do for you?"

Chapter 191: 26,280 GMT Hours

While drinking the black tea served by an old man with an American vintage style afro, skinny pants, and plaid shirt, Jessica had thought of leaving this place immediately since she didn't feel imprisoned here.

However, she chose to stay!

Inconceivable!

As long as a sufficient transaction fee was paid, she could obtain anything she wanted. There was a lot of legends from the West and many of them were stories about making transactions with the devil.

Yet she didn't expect to encounter such magical matters in this foreign country--- there was a moment where she thought that she was hypnotized. But in view of receiving many anti-hypnotizing trainings, these enabled her... to be sure she wasn't in the state of being hypnotized.

"How much lifespan do I need to pay for looking for someone?" Jessica was probing, "If you're that miraculous, you should know whom I'm looking for."

This time Luo Qiu could answer this question easily without paying more of his lifespan to gather information from the altar, "Only one month of your lifespan, I can take you to the man you want."

There was no name but two words mentioned, indicating gender... At the same time it also indicated that he knew who was the person Jessica had said.

Life was too long and no one knew where is the end. It would only be a waste of life if one acted without any purpose. Humans tended to spend more time on boring and useless things. If one month was enough to find the man, Jessica thought that this deal

was worthwhile.

"OK, deal!" Jessica nodded decidedly, "But if you guys cheat me, I won’t forgive you easily!"

…

…

"The man you are looking for is in Room 302, the third floor of this hotel."

Jessica raised her head subconsciously and looked up to the third floor. The window of a room was indeed covered by curtains. "Is he here?"

She turned around, the traces of dismay and nervousness were still seen on her face. ---Because she was in the club seconds ago and in the blink of an eye, she arrived at a totally different place.

She was already in a street!

And that so-called boss of the club had disappeared…No matter if Ye Yan was in the hotel or not, this ability of teleportation made Jessica impossible to calm down for long.

Without being aware of it, she tried to recall the location of this miraculous shop but she failed no matter how… When she entered that place, she seemed to be in a supermarket before going in.

"Who are you looking for?"

The hotel boss who was reading the newspaper put it down when he saw someone walking in… then he changed his tone immediately.

The thing happened in the club was put aside first. The purpose was to make sure if Ye Yan was here. Jessica took a glance at the boss and then put down few one hundred yuan bills, "I’m only looking for someone."

"Oh, help yourself," the boss nodded his head, "but don’t create any trouble for me."

Jessica had seen too many hotels like this. They were usually used as hiding places. She sized up the boss and thought that he was trustful. After that she walked up the stairs and reached Room 302 very quickly.

She stopped at the door side and stretch her hand out to knock on it. But it gave out a weird sound.

One short with two long, four short and three long sounds (Morse Code, it was W,H,O in sequence).

She then stuck her body on the wall.

After waiting for sometime, nothing seemed to happen. But Jessica could slightly hear a fine sound coming from the room.

She knocked again in the same way, the other hand holding her gun to pull the trigger quickly at any time.

There was no response after waiting for a while. At this moment, a tap-tap sound with the same tempo was heard through the room’s door.

Jessica controlled her wild excitement and continued to knock Morse Code on the door steadily and carefully.

J-e-s-s-i-c-a, Jessica.

Creak.

The door lock rang slightly but it didn’t open at once. However, Jessica couldn’t bear her impulse. She twisted the doorknob and pushed the door open!

"Ye, you’re really here!"

Jessica rushed to Ye Yan and collapsed in his arms. Holding him tightly, "Thank God, you’re here!"

Ye Yan frowned at first and then loosened her hands.

He sat down, voicing coldly, "You come to arrest me, right? To my surprise, you can even find me in this place. Your capability is

beyond my expectations... It’s even more surprising that you are the one who appears."

Skipping issues of the club.

Jessica said, "Ye, come back with me first, I’m sure you’re wronged. Let’s go back to the headquarters rather than being a wanted out here, there’s danger everywhere. I’ll find a way to prove your innocence."

Ye Yan sneered, "Don’t you know? The killers are right at our home. I’m courting death if I go back."

Jessica frowned, "Something happened to you suddenly. There’s a traitor among the insiders for sure... but don’t worry, I’ll find a way to send you to a special detention center with round-the-clock surveillance. No one can do you harm. You should know how dangerous it when you are out there. Moreover, you can’t be exposed."

Ye Yan took a glimpse at Jessica.

At the moment their eyes met each other, Jessica took one step backwards but still lagged a bit. Her wrist had been clasped by Ye Yan quickly.

"You don’t trust me." Jessica’s lips moved, voicing very softly.

Ye Yan spoke calmly, "At least till now, there’s no one I can totally trust in the headquarters."

Jessica took out her gun from her back and gripped it, "You made me trust you 3 years ago. Now, I hope that you can trust me as well."

From getting the gun, putting finger on the trigger to pressing the muzzle on Jessica’s forehead, Ye Yan kept silent all the way.

Jessica breathed deeply, shutting her eyes, "Let me help you, please."

...

...

Long after that, Jessica opened her eyes, she found out that Ye Yan had already put his hands down.

He still looked the same like 3 years ago---stubble, gloomy glance, and slightly pale skin. He was soon a 40 year-old man, but still looked young like 30 something.

"I won’t go back with you."

"Then let me stay with you at least."

Jessica grabbed Ye Yan’s palm, putting it tightly on her forehead.

From China to France, from a stranger to someone familiar, she had spent a full 3 years with him.

1095 rotating days.

26,280 GMT hours.

Chapter 192: Sentiment Is the Most Effective Weapon

"By the way, how did you find this place?"

Since she insisted on staying here with him, Ye Yan hoped to obtain some information about the headquarters from her.

Jessica had already thought of an excuse for this, "Your identity is too sensitive, I guess you won't stay in a regular hotel and also not your own apartment. That's why I came and checked this kind of unauthorized hotels along the way."

Ye Yan nodded... in a situation like this, she had no choice but to search him inch by inch. He believed that nobody knew he was hiding here---In other words, Jessica had a good luck.

Was that the will of Heaven?

"But how can you be sure that I'm here?"

Jessica smiled, "When a person is in danger, the subconscious will influence him in choosing a place with a higher sense of belonging. This used to be your place, so I was just testing my luck."

Ye Yan bitterly smiled, "I know you aren't a person who believes in fortune."

Jessica said coolly, "I prefer believing in fortune for once rather than doing nothing."

Ye Yan suddenly asked, "The headquarters ordered a team to arrest me, are they following you by any chance?"

Jessica said, "I was very careful when I left there and I even used a fake passport found in the confiscation room. They won't act that fast."

Ye Yan frowned while saying, "It's not necessarily so... since you

can find me, it means others might as well. It seems necessary for me to move to another place. I need to leave this place immediately...Cough!"

"You are injured?"

"Let’s get out of here first."

Jessica hurried to say, "Go to my place first. I’m living there for this period of time. It should be safe."

Ye Yan hesitated for a while and nodded his head finally. But he was just following Jessica and didn’t check out at the front desk when they left.

...

...

A red MINI-CLUBMAN stopped. Ren Ziling who was wearing a blue-white plaid blouse with a pair of white jeans got off at the same time with a black and scraggy man from the other car.

Ren Ziling raised her head and took a look before asking that man, "Mouse Qiang, you mean this area?"

Mouse Qiang smiled forcefully, "Yeah, madam! When you asked me, I cast a wide net immediately requesting everyone I know to help me with this issue! You have no idea that I even..."

"Stop, get to the point! I won’t owe you any money!" Ren Ziling rolled her eyes.

"You’re my goddess! If it isn’t because I have a faded old woman at home and if I were 10 years younger, I’d chase after you in hot pursuit!" Mouse Qiang narrowed his eyes.

Ren Ziling threw the half-remaining milk tea at him.

Mouse Qiang retreated, saying, "I have a friend who always comes to the nearby waste station to eke out a living. For several nights, he said he saw a man who looked quite similar to the appearance in your description. And I also sent him the photo that

you'd sent to me for him to compare. He said they looked 80% alike."

"Where did he go?"

"Along this street." Mouse Qiang pointed, "Madam, this area is very chaotic. Many hotels are private. If that guy intends to hide from others, this is definitely a good place to do so. Unfortunately, there are at least dozens of private hotels in this area, so it won't be an easy thing to find him! Oh, madam, are you going to look for him now? Wait!"

Ren Ziling was already checking the surrounds while going deep into this area.

"Listen, if one wants to hide, especially in this area, he'll choose a place with an open space." Ren Ziling said, "Go check out those hotels at the corners or note those down by the street first. Take those in alleys as the second choice."

Mouse Qiang shrugged, "Aren't alleys more secretive if one really wants to hide?"

Subeditor Ren laughed coldly, "Only a low-life guy like you will think of hiding in a murky place. Listen, it will be convenient to observe the surroundings in a place with a wide view. Even at the corners or by the street, it is easy for one to escape into complicated by-lanes. But if one hides in an alley, let alone the vision is blocked, he might be blocked off before being found. Instead, a crowded street will be the best shelter!"

Mouse Qiang stood in amazement, raising a bold question, "Madam, how about joining the gang? Can I follow you?"

"Good idea, would you want to be a gigolo?" Ren Ziling smiled.

Mouse Qiang laughed, "I'd do anything as long as I can earn a lot of money! Whatever you say, I'll do it without demur!"

"F*ckin good... you're quite a good guy!" Ren Ziling shook her head. Walking casually into a hotel, she asked while chuckling,

"Boss? I have a question for you."

"Madam, are you serious? You haven't told me about the hourly wage yet. What about the commission and monthly leave? Let me tell you, I don't receive all kinds of customers! There won't be more than 3 customers for one night!"

...

...

"Here..."

Ye Yan only felt that there was something wrong after arriving at Jessica's place but didn't inquire her immediately. Instead, he chose to keep following Jessica to her rental unit.

Looking at the tools placed in the living room, Ye Yan asked, "How long have you been monitoring the units downstairs?"

Jessica seemed to have predicted that Ye Yan would ask this. She took a group photo out from a file, "This is what I found in your apartment before people from the headquarters went there."

Ye Yan took it over, looking at the callow Luo Qiu in the photo. He said after putting it into the internal pocket of his wind coat, "Looks like you don't believe in fortune totally."

Jessica sat down, "But it inspired me more or less."

Ye Yan nodded. Since he chose to trust Jessica for the time being, it would be better to avoid additional quarrels. But he still emphasized, "The person who lives downstairs is the family of my teacher, my benefactor in the past. I just had a meal with them. They don't know anything about my issue at all. So I don't want to involve them in my trouble. Not even a bit."

"Sorry, I have no other choice but to do so. I didn't plan to do anything to your acquaintances here. Now I've found you, so I'll get rid of the tools in the unit someday."

Ye Yan shook his head, seemingly not wanting to continue with

this subject.

Jessica took her cellphone out suddenly.

Ye Yan frowned, "What are you doing?"

Jessica was shocked, saying hurriedly, "Take it easy, I just want to show you something. Look, I found this when I was installing the monitor downstairs. I think you will be interested in it."

Jessica clicked on her phone and showed him a photo ... it was a saxophone.

"Sorry, I'm indeed too nervous." Ye Yan sighed, taking the phone from her and gazing yearningly at the photo with this instrument, "I gave it to my teacher's son. It's been so long ago. That kid said that I was cool while playing it."

Jessica showed her amazement, "I didn't know you could play this instrument."

Ye Yan smiled without talking. He casually sized up the decoration in this unit. Suddenly, he felt a slight dizziness. His body retreated a few steps backwards. He had to hold the cabinet next to him in order to force himself to stand up.

The dizziness reached its limit in 2 to 3 seconds. Ye Yan looked at Jessica subconsciously, "You..."

"You were too defensive and kept your guard against me, starting from the hotel to here... You didn't trust me in the end." Jessica sighed, "Something on the cellphone wil make you feel dizzy ... Sorry."

"Jessica---!"

Flop--!

Ye Yan collapsed.

Jessica squatted down slowly, tidying Ye Yan's scattered hair, "Emotion is the most effective weapon, you taught me that in the past. Ah, have you forgotten about it..."

...

"Boss, let me ask you something."

This was the seventh hotel. Mouse Qiang squinted at Ren Ziling from the back...How can this woman have such good physical strength?

It was for sure because she didn't have any man. So there was no way for her vigor to abreact, thus she became a workaholic? Mouse Qiang thought about it while lying on the sofa in front of the motel's doorway.

The boss who was reading the newspapers took a glance at her casually, "150 per hour, 230 for overnight, pay 200 as the deposit first, single room only. And the condom is 10 for each."

'F*ck... Do I look like that kind of woman? How many times I've been misunderstood this way?"

Subeditor Ren bore her fury, still wearing a smile on her face, "No, I just want to ask you, have you seen this person before."

She clicked open the photo in her cellphone.

The boss threw a quick glance and continued reading his newspapers, "I don't know. Go away if you don't want to stay here. I'm not available."

Ren Ziling raised her eyebrows. It meant that she stood a chance after hearing what the boss had said. So she smiled, "500!"

"Go away, don't bother me."

"1000." Ren Ziling rolled her eyes.

"Who do you think I am? For 20 years since I opened this motel, credibility has always come first! Don't you see the shop sign? Peace Hotel!"

"3000."

"F*ck! Do you think being rich is such a great deal? Get out of

here!"

Subeditor Ren stretched out her finger to point at this boss. Closing five fingers together, she karate chopped the fortune cat into pieces in one blow without even blinking her eyes.

The scared-silly Mouse Qiang who was sitting at the back let out a sigh. Suddenly, he recalled the fear of being controlled by this so-called self-cultivated woman and the humiliation of undertaking any task despite criticism.

But when he saw such thing happening on others... Why was he so delighted?

That boss was startled, seeing her pointing at himself, and then starting to clench her fist... her knuckles could even generate sounds.

"Have you seen this man before?" Subeditor Ren inquired word by word.

"Ro, Room 302...But he left just now, he’s not in now."

Chapter 193: Only For Making This World A Better Place

Ren Ziling started to ask some questions.

The boss of Peace Hotel was very cooperative, "He’s been living a few days but didn’t go out. Today is the first time he’s away. "

"Did he tell you something?"

The boss hesitated for a while.

Ren Ziling added, "I’m his sister-in-law. Something happened back at home and I want to bring him back."

The boss started to think about the situation...’Sister-in-law is his eldest brother’s woman. As to family, it’s a team. No matter how, the woman looks marvelous, oh my fortune cat...’

‘However, her words are not exactly trustable. What if they are true...’ the boss thought it was better to keep himself out of trouble.

Ren Ziling acted as the bad guy now after playing the good guy. She fished out 2000 yuan, "This is the compensation for your fortune cat."

The boss counted the money joyfully, "Yes, he did. He seemed to be waiting for some letters from someone. Actually just exactly after he left, there was a letter for him that arrived here."

Ren Ziling waved her hands, the boss hesitated, "That... is inappropriate, hum?"

Ren Ziling took out her cellphone, clicking the address book, name---Ma Houde.

She sneered, "You’ve been living here for so long, should know what this name represents, right? Do you believe that I can screw up your business forever with just one call?"

Soon the boss was in cold sweat ... In this society, who didn't know what this name represented? The boss felt quite miserable, 'You should have just have told me in advance that you're with that guy with a beard. Why did you want to destroy my fortune cat?'

"Here it is..." the boss said fearfully, "But don't ever tell him that I told you this. It's private...you understand it"

Ren Ziling got the letter, but didn't open it right away. She asked, "You said that he left at an early time. Did he tell you when he'll come back?"

The boss shook his head, "No, he didn't, but he went out with a foreign lady. Tut, from that lady's expression, she must have slept with him! Now, they might be enjoying themselves somewhere."

"A foreign lady?" Ren Ziling gaped, "How does she look like?"

"Er... She's around 30? Quite tall, blonde, and big boobs? Well, foreign ladies look quite similar, how can I distinguish them?"

'Around 30... golden hair, big boobs? I bumped into one these days. Could it be such a coincidence?'

Ren Ziling frowned before stepping out of the hotel quickly.

"Hey, madam! Letter... don't take away my letter!"

But Mouse Qiang walked to face the boss at this moment. He stretched out his index finger and shook it in front of him. He then started to clench his fist slowly.

"I, I don't have another fortune cat!"

Watching Mouse Qiang left, the boss wiped away the sweat and sat down. Even though this place had survived for nearly 20 years, it was not the first time for him to encounter such matters. Still, he was depressed. He lowered his head and wiped his face. At this time, the door was pushed open again.

"What do you want again!" the boss got pissed off and raised his

head but then he looked distracted for a moment.

It wasn’t them coming into the hotel just now. Instead, it was another woman.

She was wearing a black dress, as if with a fatal kind of beauty. However, she was pulling two large suitcases, "Excuse me, are there any rooms still available?"

"Yeah, yes." The boss who was looking at her infatuatedly answered unwittingly.

"Can you help me to get one ready for check in?" the woman in black dress voiced softly.

"Ok, sure.." The boss took out the key of a room panickedly.

"And, can you please help me to prepare some food? I want a little of everything on the list. Here is the money, if it’s not enough, I’ll make it up later."

The boss ignored the cash she put on top of the counter. When he was still thinking whether or not he should help her to carry the suitcases up l to the room, the woman had already grabbed one in each hand, going upstairs without any difficulty.

The boss looked at the menu in his hand subconsciously, "My god, she can eat so much! This is the portion for a dozen of people. No wonder she’s so powerful... but there’s something weird. How can she squeeze so much food into such a small stomach? Her figure seems to be too thin to stuff so much food..."

...

...

Ye Yan saw Jessica again when he woke up.He couldn’t move at all and he found himself not in the previous unit but was already transferred to another place.

Ye Yan took a deep breath, smiling bitterly, "I really shouldn’t t trust you... Are you going to send me back like this or are you one

of them?"

Jessica became silent and didn’t speak a word.

But right at this moment, another voice was heard from his back, "Let me tell you the answer!"

Ye Yan didn’t even have to turn his head. He had guessed who was the person standing behind him simply by listening to the voice.

Kingkong!

He walked to Ye Yan’s side, using one of his hands to grab Ye Yan’s shoulder and pinching it with a little force, "Dude, long time no see. You look quite good. How’s your body recovering? My hands are itchy these days."

Ye Yan sneered, "Very good, I thought I needed a longer time to get well but it only took me a few days. Your fist is indeed too weak."

"Tut, you wanna have a try?" Kingkong sneered as well.

But Jessica who was silent suddenly went forward and grabbed Kingkong by his arm, "It’s not yours to deal with him."

Kingkong rolled his eyes, "Why? You taking pity on your ex-lover?"

Jessica said with a scorn, "How can you use such a stupid method to probe for the inside story and to find where he hid the evidence? This man won’t answer you I even if you beat him to death."

Kingkong frowned, "Do you have a better idea?"

Jessica said, "Don’t forget about my job. I have better knowledge in interrogation compare to you."

She walked to one side where there was a box laying on top of the table. After opening it, there were indeed some injectors, medicines, and pills.

Kingkong shrugged and stepped back at one side. He lifted his hand, pretending as if he was watching a play.

At this moment, Jessica said, "Get out, I don’t need your here!"

"What should I do if you set him free? He’s your ex-lover, I have to keep an eye on him."

"Should I ask for instructions from the superior, then only let you leave?Don’t forget that once I’m here, you’re under my supervision."

"OK, it’s your call." Kingkong shrugged, "And I won’t take responsibility if something happened. Humph, do it quietly."

...

"I didn’t expect that you’re one of them." Ye Yan looked at Jessica who was mixing some potion with a sense of incredibility.

It wasn’t like he had never seen these things before ... in the headquarters, they were used as tools to interrogate the convicts --- the so-called ‘Truthful Medicine’.

Jessica flicked the syringe, "But you’ve seen it eh?"

"...Are you also the one who revealed my tracks in Lyon?"

"Is it necessary to question this?" Jessica turned around walking towards Ye Yan.

Ye Yan tried to struggle but his whole body was powerless like an imprisoned lion who narrowed his eyes.

Jessica came close and sat on Ye Yan’s lap. As the two were looking straight at each other, she asked, "Would you like to be a part of us?"

"This is the worst joke I’ve ever heard throughout my lifetime." Ye Yan sneered, "Be a part of your team? The Michael Club? Do you think I have no idea of what that hellish place is doing?"

Jessica explained emotionlessly, "Whatever we are doing, is only

to make this world a better place."

Ye Yan let out an exceptionally bright laughter, "This is the best joke I've ever heard throughout my lifetime! To make this world a better place? So you do illegal drugs and organ-trafficking, smuggling weapons, and even promoting riots in the Middle East and Africa? Are those achievements meant to make the world better? Hahahaha!!!"

"Do you think all the evil-doings in this world could be eradicated?" Jessica coolly asked.

Ye Yan snorted, "Crap!"

Jessica said, "As long as humans exist in the world, the evil side hidden in human nature won't vanish. So it has to be controlled by using an effective method. And when there is only one origin of where the evil left in this world, a new social order will be established."

...

"Since there is only one origin of evil left in this world, a new social order will be established."

When this sentence was heard by the third and fourth persons in this room, their responses were different.

The fourth one who seemed to be in high spirit revealed a smile.

As to the third one... Luo Qiu was thinking deeply about the meaning behind this saying.

It reminded him of the sentence once said by Ma Houde.

'They are a group consisted of few people, or a few dozens of people who might be important figures from all walks of life. Capitalists, dignitaries, big drug traffickers or warlords, etc...

That was why their concepts were to be the origin of evil in the world, and establish a new order in the society.

Luo Qiu felt such concepts didn't make sense regardless they

were right or wrong. Just how delusional souls were burning in the masterminds behind this Micheal Club?

"This is all those clowns could think of."

This had been the second time for You Ye to give such a comment describing this Michael Club.

Luo Qiu didn't continue the servant girl's words. He only quietly looked at Jessica who was slowly inserting the syringe into Ye Yan's body.

Instead of the 'Truth Medicine', it was some nutritious solution, which had already been changed by You Ye in advance.

Chapter 194: Dim Lights

After a single dosage was injected, Jessica left Ye Yan.

She looked at him, "Before the next injection, I hope to hear the answer you agreed to give."

Ye Yan sneered then lowered his head, simply staring at the floor. Jessica didn’t really mind. After finished packing her things, she walked out from the room slowly.

Just at the moment when she came out from the door, Kingkong walked to her front immediately and asked, "How is it going? Did he say something?"

Jessica answered, "He’s trained. Besides, he receives an antibiotic shot every year. At least three dosages are needed for him in order to see the effects. Don’t be so anxious."

Jessica sneered, "You’ve caught him once before, don’t you know that he won’t tell anything useful even if you beat him to death?"

At this moment, Jessica asked, "Where’s the cargo located? Is it safe?"

Kingkong said, "I’m the only one who knows where it is. Don’t worry, it’s absolutely safe."

Jessica frowned, "It’s been so long, I need to go and have a look. Lead the way and take me there."

Kingkong shook his head, "That’s unnecessary. I mean it when I said it’s safe. The team has found a delivery method. You’ll see it after two days. So now, pay more attention to this man. All in all, the things that he has in hands are the most fatal ones to the internal police team."

"I have my plans." Jessica said, "I have to go out and settle something. You stay here and keep an eye on him. Don’t let him escape or else I’ll need to deal with your trouble."

Kingkong sneered, "Don’t worry, I’m watching him round-the-clock! Unless he’s a ghost, or else he won’t vanish in front of me!"

Jessica nodded, "You’d better don’t touch him because pain, intimidation, or even talking to him will only make him sober and hinder the effectiveness of the medicine."

Kingkong shrugged and threw a punch at the sandbag next to him instead. The sandbag created a buzzing sound. He said fishily, "I know that you cherish your ex-lover, so I’ll punch this one, OK?"

Jessica took a hard look at Kingkong and didn’t utter any more words.

...

She went back to her rental housing very quickly. She didn’t go upstairs to the floor where she was living immediately. Instead, she came downstairs and opened the apartment door of another resident with ease...Luo Qiu’s apartment door.

After trying to remove all eavesdropping devices without leaving any trace, Jessica took the lift and went back to her floor. Out of her expectation, she met Ren Ziling at the door at this moment.

Jessica was astounded but she appeared to be extraordinarily calm. She revealed a curious look, "Ms. Ren, are you looking for me?"

Ren Ziling had already arrived here for more than 10 minutes and had pressed the doorbell for a while, "Ah... Yeah, I came here for you."

Subeditor Ren turned her gaze and then faked a smile, "You said you sprained your foot a few days ago. Since we are neighbours, I came to see if you are getting any better."

Jessica smiled, "Thanks for your concern. I’m fine now."

"Ah...That’s good." Ren Ziling nodded, suddenly asking, "By the way, can I go in and have a look? There is water leaking to my

balcony. I want to check if there is something wrong with your air-conditioner. Hehe, I asked all other neighbors and then came to you."

"No problem." Jessica answered while opening the door, "Come in, if it is me, I'll notify my landlord immediately."

Ren Ziling scanned around the place randomly. Jessica said, "Ms. Ren, the balcony is over there."

"Ah, yes." Ren Zing asked, "Can I use the washroom? I suddenly feel like want to pee."

"No problem."

...

"...It seems like nothing is wrong with your place. Sorry to bother you."

No, No, No... Nothing was there. Not even an extra person hiding anywhere. Ren Ziling couldn't help but sighed, thinking that her intuition was probably inaccurate.

"No problem." Jessica sent Ren Ziling to the doorway. After watching her walking into the lift, she thought about something else.

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The hotel boss took out the suit that he wore 10 years ago from the wardrobe. He styled his hair like a youth and carried two big bags of take-out to Room 505. He then cleared his throat before knocking the door, "Cough...Miss, your order has arrived!"

The woman in back who just moved into this place opened the door after a short while. Looking at this middle-aged man... If she remembered correctly, the hotel boss she saw just now should be wearing a white undershirt and shorts with flip-flops.

But that was OK, she nodded and intended to shut the door close

after receiving the take-out.

"Hey... wait." The boss held the door with one hand and leaned against the door frame.

"Is there anything else?"

"Well, our hotel requires check-in using identity documents... Miss, you haven't checked in yet." He said seriously, "This is a decent hotel!"

The woman in black was stupefied, smiling to him, "Boss, I've registered, have you forgotten?"

The boss blinked his eyes, thinking in a daze, "Oh yes... you've checked in."

"Boss, see you later."

"O, OK...OK." The boss turned around immediately and walked down the stairs dully.

That woman shook her head after shutting the door close. Right then, a small black shadow fluttered in front of her, diving for the food. She stretched her hand out and seized him easily. "Little Pig, wash your hand before eating, did you forget what I'd taught you?"

"Ah! I'm starving, Sister Black Water!"

"Wash your hand, or else the food is not yours." Black Water showed a straight face.

The little pig rushed to the washroom bitterly. Black Water shook her head and opened both suitcases. There were small animal-shaped models inside the suitcase. She blew on them in one breath. The animal-shaped models started to recover their original appearances and jumped out of the suitcases one by one.

The little rabbit monster rubbed her eyes, "Sister Black Water, are we there yet?"

"Yes, little pig is gluttonous and woke up first." Black Water laughed, "Come here, have some food first. After that, sister will go

out. You guys just wait for me here. But remember, never go out of this room or pull open the curtains, understand?"

The rabbit monster replied tactfully, "Yes, Lingling will look after them!"

...

...

"He hasn’t come back yet? I see... Mouse Qiang, continue to watch attentively. If he comes back, tell him that the envelope is in my hand. If he wants to get it, tell him to come to me."

Throwing the cellphone on the sofa, Ren Ziling heaved a sigh of relief... The matter of Old Ye really made her worry.

"Ah...so painful..."

Of course it was cool to chop the fortune cat in pieces by using one karate chop. But she had to pay for it. She lamented that her springtime had gone while applying tincture and rubbing it on her palm.

In the past, she could chop two at least, "So painful..."

"What are you doing? I heard your whining even before coming in."

Ren Ziling was stunned, scrambling to hide the tincture at her back while squeezing a smile to the door, "No, a mosquito bit me just now. You’re early today. Don’t you need to make up a missed lesson for the beautiful high-school girl?"

In the ordinary course of events, Ren Ziling would probably spot something was wrong with him if she thought properly about how long the time he had taken. But obviously Ren Ziling did not.

Because people were used to believing what their kinsfolks said.

...

Luo Qiu didn’t continue asking about this question but walked to

Ren Ziling's and sat down next to her, "What are you hiding behind your back?"

"No." Ren Ziling looked up to the light, "Damn mosquito, it's still alive... why are you looking at me? Is there anything on my face?... Ah, let's watch TV... Oh, you just came back, don't you want to take a shower... Fine, fine!"

Ren Ziling couldn't stand Boss Luo's haze any longer. She could only take the tincture out from her back at last. Looking at the frowning Luo Qiu, Ren Ziling said, "I only smashed my hand accidentally, I didn't smash other people's stuff... F*ck..."

What the hell, she just revealed everything without realizing it... and when did his gaze turn so stern?

Luo Qiu exhaled, stretching out his palm.

Ren Ziling had to put the tincture on Luo Qiu's hand.

Luo Qiu lifted her injured hand, applying the tincture and massaging it. He asked, "Did they compensate you?"

"Yes...Ouch, pain. Gentler... Can't you be gentle?" Subeditor Ren's eyes were full of tears, still with a serious look.

"It didn't hurt your bones, just the tendons that are slightly bruised."

"Yeah, I already said I'm fine...ouch, pain! Gentler! It's all my fault, can you please forgive me..."

"Keep yourself away from water tonight and spicy and sour food these days. You haven't eaten, right? Let me cook some millet congee." Luo Qiu cleaned the tincture left on his hand and then went to the kitchen.

'Who said that women can't live without men?'

'My son is the greatest man!'

Subeditor Ren's heart was suddenly inundated with a great sense of satisfaction and pride. She started to smirk.

But she collected her smiling face quickly and walked into her room.

Gazing at the envelope on the table, she frowned. The other hand that wasn’t injured was reaching for it slowly but was pulled back quickly.

"No, I can’t read it..."

She kept her chin up, stretching out her hand and then withdrew it again, "No, I can’t or Old Ye will scold me..."

Thus, she stretched out her hand for the third time, "It should be OK to just to take a brief look, right?"

Subeditor Ren whistled while gazing outside of the window. Her finger started to open the envelope. She was deceiving herself.

Chapter 195: Its Descendent

"I'll go out for a while."

Luo Qiu carried a pot of millet congee from the kitchen and saw the appearance of Ren Ziling rushing out in a hurry, walking directly towards the door.

"There's an interview and I may come back very late at night." Ren Ziling added.

Then, the sound of the door shutting was heard.

Luo Qiu, who took off the gloves, frowned He had the look of thinking about something... No matter how hard she tried to conceal her worrying look, it couldn't get away from Luo Qiu's eyes.

...

...

How many days more to come?

Anyway, so many days had passed. These few days gave Dance a sort of feeling, as if a day dragged past like a year, since the temporary visitor---half Hanba Ms. Su Zijun came to the pet center.

Su Zijun and Long Xiruo seemed to find each other objectionable. They would argue about ineffable subjects after being together for longer than 1 minute.

Dance who felt herself not being able to take Sun Zijun's side would always get involved in their oral fight.

'My heart is really tired...'

But according to her view, Ms. Su Zijun was not a person who liked to look for a fight.

'How should I describe her?'

‘A person who barks more than bites? Ineloquent? Or saying one thing but means the other?’

For instance, every time after ignoring each other, she’d beat about the bush and inquired about Sister Long’s information from Dance. After finished eating up the newest Xin Hua dictionary, Dance felt that she had made a big improvement for being able to use so many idioms. Well done!

"Where’s that old lady?"

Luo Dance was shaking her feet while sitting at the front desk of the pet center. Drinking milk with a face full of bliss, she replied, "Sister Long is taking a nap in the office. You can go in straightaway to find her."

Su Zijun snorted... Su Zijun, who was wearing an apron, actually held a casserole with both of her hands. At this moment, she put the casserole on the table with an indifferent look, "This is the screw-up food I cooked just now, that old lady’s tongue suits this kind of food the best. If you don’t plan to be lazy, take this to feed her!"

‘You can actually do it yourself, and I’m not a lazy worker!’

Luo Dance sighed. As she was planning to say something, a woman in a black coat came in. The woman in black looked at Luo Dance and Su Zijun, asked after hesitating for a second, "Excuse me, is Doctor Long around?"

Su Zijun narrowed her eyes slightly. With her teenage girl’s look, she licked her lips and answered suddenly, "That old lady is not around. But you can ask me if you have any problem..."

Su Zijun stopped talking suddenly. In a flash, her body floated above the ground–––of course it was not her will to do so but there was someone grabbing her collar.

To be exact, she was lifted up by someone and was thrown aside at the very next second.

Long Xiruo appeared out of nowhere at this moment, glimpsing at the woman in black, "Leave her alone, come to my room first."

The woman in black became extraordinarily respectful at the moment when Long Xiruo appeared. She nodded her head slowly and followed her into the office with an unbiased look.

...

"What's wrong?"

Long Xiruo sat on the office chair, crossing her legs and lighting up a cigarette. She was sizing up the woman in black in front of her--- Black Water, and sighed, "Your breath becomes weaker. According to your ability, you should become stronger within these few years."

Black Water took a deep breath, kneeling down suddenly, "Master Long, please help me!"

Long Xiruo frowned but didn't help her up, "Stand up, tell me what happened."

Black Water sighed, "10 years ago..."

...

Long Xiruo exhaled a puff of smoke slowly, "I've told you 200 years ago to concentrate on your reincarnation. I repeated that 100 years ago and 15 years ago, you were still unable to concentrate. Black Water, you're the descendent of one of the greatest monster ancestors. If you can cultivate well, let alone one tiger monster, even 10 of them are no match for you."

Black Water looked at Long Xiruo with a serious look, "Master Long, if we monsters will have to massacre one another for a turf in order to live, what will be the difference between us and the human beings?"

"Conflict is the nature of all species. Do you think the turf battle will end if monsters are the ones who dominate the world? No, it

will only become more violent."

Black Water shook her head, "From being ignorant in the past, we've now mastered spirituality. From acting by instinct, we've learnt to think. Isn't this a form of evolution that gets rid of the beastial nature? And you should know that among the animals, there are some species that have never fought."

Long Xiruo said coolly, "You want me to help you, my way is to stop that tiger by force. This is the embodiment of beastial nature."

Black Water was stunned, lowering her head, "Master Long, it won't occupy our habitat by force as long as you persuade it."

"No, it will leave this place and occupy other places by force." Long Xiruo added spicily. "It's true that it will yield to me but it is also because of yielding to me, it will soon encroach other places using the same way. A tiger monster needs a lot of vitality to survive. It can't bear to launch an attack to occupy other's domain after so many years because the situation is over its tolerance. You don't wish to fight, but it'll happen anyway, because of you."

Black Water gritted her teeth.

Long Xiruo sneered, "After all, it's because you insist on not letting yourself become stronger. You fear that you can't control your power and the fear wasted away what has been passed down in your bloodline...Go back and consider thoroughly. If you really need my help, come to see me again."

Black Water grabbed her clothes and left with a disappointment.

Su Zijun who was chatting with Dance looked at Long Xiruo at this moment. She gave a half laugh, "This is 'its descendant' right?"

Long Xiruo stared at Su Zijun coldly, saying with an indifferent look, "Don't hurt her because...she's my friend."

With only one glimpse, the last true dragon of this wonderful land gave the half Hanba maid a chill from her head to toes.

"Humph."

Su Zijun snorted.

...

...

"...Why did you call me out this late? My wife thought I was going out to fool around!"

Ren Ziling rolled her eyes at Ma Houde, "Look at your kidney-deficient face, you may not even satisfy your woman, are you so shameless to say that you can fool around?"

"I..." Ma Houde gritted his teeth but didn't plan to argue more about this... Anyway, he never won an oral argument with this woman. It only courted a rebuff if he continued in this argument.

"Then why did you ask me out for?"

"Look at this."

Ren Ziling showed Ma Houde the envelope, frowning and asking seriously, "This is a letter for Ye Yan. Old Ma, what's the reason for Ye Yan to come back this time? The address written here, why is it the cemetery? And it's where my husband's tomb is located?"

He originally thought that it was a notice of Ye Yan listed as wanted by the police. After hearing the content, he was shocked, "What??"

Chapter 196: Malevolence

Ma Houde read the letter promptly. An address like this really existed... and then, there was also a time.

"Who would be the person writing this letter to Old Ye, and the time is 3 days after. Does it mean that they'll meet there 3 days later? Ma Houde frowned while guessing... but it puzzled him, "Why must they choose this place instead of others?"

"It makes me wonder as well... Ma Houde, tell me honestly, do you know something?"

Even though he knew something, could he say them out? He couldn't say that due to Ye Yan's bad luck, there was the gigantic and powerful Michael Club behind all this--- it was the first time he heard about this and knew very little about it too. That day when he woke up after being hit by Ye Yan in Xiaochun Martial Club, he almost burst with rage. But what could he say? He knew Ye Yan's character too well.

Officer Ma sighed secretly, pretending to be unperturbed, "Sister, if I know something, will I look so puzzled? Besides, how did you get this letter? So you have found Ye Yan?"

Ren Ziling talked about the matter happened in Peace Hotel briefly, "I told Mouse Qiang to stay there. No news coming from there, I bet he hasn't gone back to the hotel yet."

"Well, tell me the address, I'll go there and wait tonight. I'll keep the letter first." Ma Houde said while pressing Ren Ziling's shoulder, "Go back home now. I'll notify you at the first time moment if something happens. You know that you're loose-tongued and your son is quiet but very calculative. If we spill the beans, there will be another unnecessary thing to be worried about, understand?"

"OK." Ren Ziling nodded, "I don't care. If there's no news, I'll go

to the graveyard 3 days later no matter what you say."

Officer Ma nodded, "If there's no news, I'll go with you 3 days later!"

...

...

He was buried in this place.

There was no light in the cemetery at night and the surroundings were tranquil. Only the shrill of insects could be heard.

He remembered it was last year since he last came here to sweep his father's tomb.

Luo Qiu stood in front of the tomb.

He lowered his head, shutting his eyes. After a while, he stretched out his hands to sweep the mud on the tombstone---Uncle Ma and Ren Ziling were waiting to come at the right moment because they didn't want to inadvertently awaken an enemy even though they didn't know whom Ye Yan would meet here.

But Luo Qiu wasn't worried about this.

"I'm doing fine. Don't worry about me." Luo Qiu spoke softly in front of the tombstone.

His father was buried here that year after dying in the line of duty. Ren Ziling once said something quite similar, "I'll look after your son, don't worry."

At that time, neither Ren Ziling nor Luo Qiu himself would have thought that Luo Qiu's destiny would undergo a thorough change after a few years.

"Master?"

All of a sudden, You Ye's voice rang in front of the quiet tomb. She was surprised to meet Luo Qiu in such a place at night---She

could come to her master's side at any time. That was why, for many times, she didn't know where exactly the master was before she came to his side.

The servant girl took a quick glance at the tombstone without uttering any words and took a deep bow at it.

"I haven't been here for a long time." Luo Qiu raised his head and looked at the night sky, at those sparse and looming stars.

You Ye was listening to him silently, she knew that her master was immersing himself in his memories at this moment.

Luo Qiu suddenly stretched out his hand, "That's the Pole Star. When I was young, my father took me out to camping and taught me how to identify a location using the orientation of the stars. He said if I'm lost someday in the wilderness without a compass with me, I can at least find the way through the Big Dipper."

Luo Qiu lowered his head and smiled, "But it's a pity that I've never had a chance to make use of it even though I've learnt it... I'm afraid there won't be any chance in the future too."

Luo Qiu shook his head, "The stars have turned much darker, they are not as bright as before."

He clasped his hands at the back, sighing and asking You Ye after a long while, "What do you want me for? Did something happen to Ye Yan?"

You Ye nodded, "Yeah, something happened. But Mr. Ye is fine. On the contrary, he's been rescued by someone."

Luo Qiu gaped, "Who?"

You Ye shook her head, "I'm not sure for the time being. That person's face was covered...Should be a man. And the mysterious man rang the fire alarm at downstairs to divert KingKong's attention. After that, he took Mr. Ye away with him. I followed them all the way but something weird happened. After that man rescued Mr. Ye, he knocked him out and left the park after placing

him in the grove.

"Er...Is he the man in black?"

"I've located him, we can find him easily if you want." You Ye said, "Mr. Ye came to his consciousness soon and he's currently safe. So I come back to report this matter to Master immediately."

Luo Qiu nodded, he contemplated who would be this person who rescued Ye Yan---Besides him, no one else should know the exact place where Ye Yan was brought to.

While thinking, Luo Qiu looked around casually and stopped his gaze at the back of his father's tombstone.

He frowned and walked to the back of the tombstone to have a look. Right below at the back of the tombstone, he found an obvious trace of the grass being turned over. It's not difficult to be discovered as long as one observed it close enough.

Luo Qiu narrowed his eyes, squatting down and touching the turned over grass---He lifted up a piece of sod easily.

Luo Qiu became stiff at the moment when he was lifting up the sod. His posture remained still. Even his gaze did not move at least a bit.

You Ye took a step forward and looked at the mud pit subconsciously.

Animal's fur, dead mice and broken bones... those grimy things let out a foul smell at this moment!

"These... were probably placed here since not long ago. Who would do this..."

Luo Qiu took a deep breath and stood up slowly.

He looked at You Ye indifferently. He stroked his heart with his hands, which had a very light beating sound, "The club had latched my soul in the very beginning and within this period, my feelings had slowly turned numb. But now, it became stronger suddenly.

Do you know why?"

"Master..."

"Because there's someone here disturbing my father's tranquility using these grimy things..."

His eyes turned silver suddenly and the background seemed to distort. A gigantic door, in which laid buried uncountable ghosts who died unjustly, appeared from out of nowhere.

It opened slowly.

...

Far away, Tai Yinzi suddenly held his head in his hands. He laid on ground painfully as if something had terrified him. He felt a great sense of despair.

...

In the Zhang's house, Black Soul No.9 was hiding in a more furtive place. Holding his head with one hand and kneeling on one knee, his face revealed an anguished look.

...

Black Soul No. 18 knelt down furiously, looking at some direction in awe.

...

In some university campus in Russia, a young man with tattoos all over his body suddenly woke up from a dream with his body full of cold sweat ...

...

In Britain.

A woman woke up from a dream, her heart beating rapidly. She looked towards the East subconsciously as if hearing a call...

...

In the pet center.

Long Xiruo frowned, gazing at the sky, he murmured, "Whose malevolence is this?"

As the last true dragon, she couldn’t calm down her mind at all.

...

All the monsters and ghosts around the city were quivering at the same time.

Chapter 197: Kneel Down, Kowtow

Ye Yan held the wall, sitting down slowly somewhere in the alley.

He didn't see clearly who was the one that rescued him... When that man was rescuing him, he seemed to stab something into Ye Yan's body. After that, he fell into a drowsy state and found himself in a park when he regained his consciousness.

Ye Yan unwittingly thought of the time where he was probably rescued by someone last time when he was caught by KingKong accidentally.

'Twice... Are they the same person?'

Ye Yan frowned. He fished out a red string from his collar. There was a small lucky lock tied to the string.

The main reason he came back was to seek the hiding location of the Micheal Club's cargo. But there was another reason–––this lucky lock.

It was sent to him with a letter before the accident took place--- There was only one sentence in the letter: to check-in at a hotel in the city called Peace Hotel before a specific time.

There was time left since he had just returned to this country. So Ye Yan kept monitoring Kingkong while waiting for the specific time to arrive. Since it was the first time he was rescued by some kind man he didn't know, he just came straightaway to Peace Hotel to heal his wounds.

"The one that rescued me–––and the one who sent the letter to are the same person?" Ye Yan thought subconsciously. However, he couldn't figure out what was the intention of this mysterious man.

But this lucky lock was the reason that made him follow the instructions written on the letter!

Because this lucky lock was the object that he put in the funerary casket of his deceased girlfriend... Meanwhile, it was also what he had been bringing with him since he was a kid. It was given by his parents to ensure his safety.

Clenching his fists, Ye Yan's look revealed coldness--- When he got off the airplane, at first he didn't go to visit Ma Houde in the hospital. Instead, he went to Xiaochun's tomb first.

The tomb was ruined by someone!

But he really couldn't figure out...what he should do if the person who ruined the tomb and the one who rescued him were the same person.

No matter if they were the same person, the one who ruined the tomb had successfully enraged him regardless what was his intention.

Ye Yan took a deep breath. Standing up by holding the wall, step by step he went deep into the alley--- He'd spent 10 years working in this city, therefore he should know how to return to Peace Hotel in the safest and the most secretive way.

...

But Ye Yan didn't think he would bump into Ma Houde when he returned to Peace Hotel again. The pudgy Ma Houde who was sticking up both of his hands laid on the sofa, forcing himself not to doze off... When Ye Yan came in, Officer Ma jumped up and rushed to him.

He eventually found Ye Yan here.

The boss who was dozing off at the front desk took a glimpse at him, putting on the headphones wisely and faking that he didn't know anything about the matter between them. The most wicked bane in the city, Sir Ma, was in the town, how dared he eavesdrop!

But Ma Houde pulled Ye Yan to aside.

"How did you find me here?" Ye Yan frowned...Too many things had happened today and it was very chaotic.

Ma Houde snorted, "Isn't there something you should tell me?"

Ye Yan sighed, "Bro, sorry that I knocked you down."

Then Ma Houde's look turned better, "It wasn't me who found you here. Ziling told me you're here. Have you forgotten that our sister is more resourceful than us, the public officials?"

Ye Yan was shocked before shaking his head with a wry smile. He glanced at the hotel boss... Maybe he was Ren Ziling's spy.

At this moment, Ma Houde kneaded Ye Yan's shoulder, "Well, you got well quickly in just a few days. The last time I saw you, you were just starting to vomit blood."

"I won't die because my bones are hard enough."

Ma Houde's look became serious suddenly, "Old Ye, I have some questions for you. You have to tell me honestly–––Listen, regarding the club, I have no say in it since you have your standpoint. You can't hide it from me because this is no longer your own business!"

"Excuse me?"

Ma Houde fished out the envelope, saying in a solemn tone "This is for you...written on it is the address of your brother's burial place."

Ye Yan gaped, his pupils widened all of a sudden, turning resentful. He tore open the envelope quickly and read the letter. Without any word, he tore the letter into pieces.

"Ye Yan! Tell me honestly, other than your own matter, did you come back this time for something related to our bro?"

Ye Yan took a deep breath, pressing Ma Houde's shoulder with both of his hands, "Bro, calm down. Listen to me calmly first and I'll tell you. One and a half months ago..."

...

Bang---!

Ma Houde patted the tea table ferociously and scared the boss, making him turn up the phone volume in haste. He lowered his head and continued reading this morning’s newspaper that had been reread who knows how many times.

"What! He went so far as to dig Xiaochun’s tomb!! Let me kill him!!"

"Do you know who did this?" Ye Yan voiced softly, "Do you think I don’t feel like killing him too? But calm down."

After all, Old Ye had the greatest voice in this matter.

Ma Houde could only recollect his anger, "That guy first attracted you back, then let you see that Xiaochun’s tomb is ruined...He told you to stay here because it will be convenient to contact you at any time. But our bro’s tomb is mentioned in the back of the letter mentions. Does it mean..."

Ye Yan frowned while looking at Ma Houde, "What are you thinking about?"

Ma Houde lost his temper, "F*ck! Of course I’m thinking about what’s in your mind---I’m too stupid! Even thinking of waiting for 3 days initially! If that brute wants to destroy bro’s tomb, he won’t wait for 3 days!! He might have done that now!!"

"Let’s go to the tomb now." Ye Yan lowered his voice.

Ma Houde nodded but he was shocked suddenly and stroked his heart subconsciously.

"What’s wrong?"

Officer Ma got confused, "I don’t know what this is but my heart is beating weirdly somehow. I have a bad feeling."

Meanwhile, the teacup of the boss at the front desk dropped. He stood up after being shocked and then sat down immediately with embarrassment.

Ye Yan frowned, he seemed to have the same feeling in that split second. The feeling flashed past, he then recollected himself, saying in a low voice, "Let's go."

The two quickly got out of Peace Hotel.

When they left, the new 'tenants' of this hotel who had just checked in today quivered at this moment. All of them held the woman in black tightly...grabbing her clothes and crowding around.

"Don't worry, sister is with you..." Black Water comforted these little monsters.

...

...

That horrifying door dissipated in the air gradually and the silver color in Luo Qiu's eyes had faded. He seemed not to spot this kind of change on himself.

"Master, there will probably be a trace of the destroyer's smell here..."

While Luo Qiu waved to stop You Ye's words.

He shook his head and squatted down again. He stretched both of his hands into the pit full of nasty objects, taking them out one by one.

"Master, let me do such work for you." You Ye said worriedly... This is the master whom she needs to be devoted to. In her opinion, she couldn't let her master do such dirty work.

"This is my father's tomb, so I have the obligation to clean it up when it's dirty."

Luo Qiu look showed an extraordinary firmness in his gaze. Using his own hands, he took out the nasty things one by one, "No matter how dirty it is."

You Ye could only back off silently to aside. A great urge of

murdering someone flashed past her eyes---It also meant stepping on her as long as her master experienced this kind of humiliation!

"Who's there?"

Just when the want of murdering someone was going to explode, You Ye looked towards a direction abruptly.

In the dark, she could only see a figure coming out slowly from the tomb at the side... that was probably a man.

That man with an extraordinarily firm gait asked, "This should be the question I need to ask you guys. Who's there?"

He was carrying a kerosene lamp. This figure gradually became clearer. He carried two bags, seemingly coming back from the supermarket and not wearing the staff uniform of the tomb site.

But coming to the tomb site in the midnight, perhaps he was not here for worship.

He lifted up the lamp, illuminating Luo Qiu and You Ye. He frowned and asked curiously, "What are you doing? Who allowed you to dig these things out?"

You Ye said coldly, "Was it you who buried such dirty things here?"

"Who are you?" This man put down his bags, narrowing his eyes.

His phalanges were bigger than ordinary people, not tall, with a pale look and was around 30. His left foot took half a step back with his body turning sideways.

Luo Qiu who continued to fish out dirties didn't turn around, "Was it you who did this?"

"I don't know who you are, and I'm not obliged to answer you." That guy sneered.

"Answer me." Luo Qiu's voice became softer.

That guy gaped with amazement, blurting out, "Yes, it's me!"

Luo Qiu paused suddenly, raising his head and breathing deeply, "I don’t care what your intention is and now I don’t even want to care about what you’ve plotted. Anyway, you... come here."

As if pulled by something, the man rushed to the front of the tombstone.

"Kneel down."

That man resisted but couldn’t stop from his feet from kneeling down ferociously in front the tomb, hitting the tombstone and making a hitting sound.

His couldn’t refrain from revealing an astonished look.

"Kowtow... You! Kowtow! To! My! Father!" Luo Qiu turned his face around, "Kowtow!!"

Bang---!

The guy smashed his skull ferociously on the flagstone in front of the tomb!

Blood started to ooze from his head.

Bang, bang, bang---!

A dozen continuous kowtows.

Luo Qiu merely went back to cleaning the pit, paying close attention.

Chapter 198: The Fear from the Past Memory

After taking out all the grimy things, Luo Qiu grabbed handfuls of mud and filled up the pit.

Then he stood up.

When You Ye saw this, she fished two bottles of water out from the bags thrown away by the man. Walking to Luo Qiu's front, she poured water for him to wash his hands and fetched a square handkerchief to wipe them dry.

The man kneeling in front of the tombstone had been making uncountable kowtows. He pressed the stone hard using both of his hands, the muscles in his forearms became swollen but his body couldn't stop.

The Confucius teachings taught a man to kneel down ahead of Heaven, motherland and his parents. But now, he had to bear the humiliation to kneel in front of a dead man with kowtows. This further deepened his hatred compared to what he had to endure physically.

He tried to hold his body up frantically, using all his might to face his head upward, even gritting his teeth. His face turned bright red as if caused by blood congestion.

However, his resistance didn't last long this time--- Luo Qiu who had already cleaned both of his hands at this time went straight to the man, grabbed his hair and pushed his head down ferociously without uttering a word!

Everything sounded a lot louder this time compared to before!

Seeing him revolting with all his might, Luo Qiu opened his mouth with an undisturbed look. This tranquility contained a sense of coldness, which was very rarely seen on him, "Did you feel humiliated? And anger, resentment, and everything, right?"

"Ah---!!" The man shouted.

Luo Qiu took a deep breath, "Do you know this is my father's the tomb? As his son, what do you think I would feel when seeing it being ruined by someone?"

Luo Qiu narrowed his eyes, lifting up the man's head again and then pressing it down on the ground with a great force.

The man stopped struggling all at once.

His face was stuck on the stone. Blood gushed out from his forehead and made him look like a grisly ghost. "You're his son?"

"Didn't you check before burying these things under my father's tomb?" Luo Qiu grabbed his head, "What's your intention?"

That man sneered yet his body became weak after being hit on the stone continuously. But he was still reluctant to admit the mistake, "I like it, so how? Kill me if you can...But don't expect to get the answer from my mouth. No way!"

He grinned hideously as if enjoying Luo Qiu's look... but looking at Luo Qiu's indifferent look, he added, "Oh, I just found those things at random. In fact, I even peed there! Hahahaha!!! And today I want to poop there too!"

His gaze was extremely crazy, he still wanted to infuriate the opponent in this despairing situation.

This person was a lunatic who wasn't afraid of death at all.

Luo Qiu raised his eyebrows. When he was young, he had a dream and a vision for the future. He had learned to speak before and was always in low spirits for those few years' time too. But up till now, he could still be counted as having quite a tranquil past. There was no need to enter into a conflict with others because it was a waste of time in his opinion. There was much to be said on both sides, it was better not to be too serious since both parties would lose. He had been keeping this way of thinking since before until he met this guy who ruined this thought overnight.

Even though his face remained peaceful, his heart was boiling.

The servant girl, who didn't know that her master was in an infuriated state, had had such a strong killing intent it almost took a physical form and hoped that her master would allow her to deal with this man.

For over centuries, she had met many guys who were not afraid of death; however, she'd never seen anyone who was still reluctant to admit his mistakes till the end.

Yet at this time, Luo Qiu's fingers that were grabbing his hair let go suddenly. Instead, he grabbed his forehead.

This man couldn't see the servant girl at the back but he saw Luo Qiu's demonic silver-colour eyes clearly.

"Your name is Yu Hua."

"How do you..." Yu Hua was shocked.

Luo Qiu shut his eyes closed straightaway, saying, "Not only my father's tomb...you even ruined Sister Xiaochun's tomb before that...Humph, very good."

"Who are you guys?" Looking astounded, the craziness in Yu Hua's eyes faded away immediately.

"You asked Ye Yan to live in Peace Hotel, to monitor him easily. You want to get revenge. Ye Yan is the first target, the second is Ma Houde, and then..."

Luo Qiu spoke out a list of names.

Yu Hua was greatly frightened. His hands grabbed Luo Qiu's forehand and wrist at the same time, struggling to free himself. Nevertheless, Luo Qiu's hand seemed to be a part of his body too, he couldn't even shake it off.

A lunatic wasn't afraid of death but he was afraid of the secrets revealed by others one by one.

"4 years ago, the mastermind behind the big murder in this

city...was your father. He died in the jail last year at this time. 2 days more will be the date of his death. Your plan to take a revenge will begin 3 days later... your first target will be Ye Yan."

Luo Qiu let go of Yu Hua's forehead, saying, "No! Your plan has already started since you ruined Xiaochun's tomb. Ye Yan is your first target, you want to enrage him. You want him to be here 3 days later in order to enrage him again. You want to see him dying from pain and rage in your hands..."

He was really afraid because all his secrets had been spoken out in front of him from other people's mouths!

It might be said that there was no secret allowed since all his thoughts had been seen through. It was like being stripped naked!

"Your plan may be successfully achieved." Luo Qiu stood up, "Since you've prepared for it for 3 years. You know you are no match for Ye Yan, so you keep practicing martial art---Eagle Claw Art, right?"

Yu Hua opened his eyes wide, staring at Luo Qiu unfathomably... 'Did he even know about that matter...' His heart beat crazily.

"To practice the authentic Eagle Claw Art, you have to soak your fingers in esoteric potion in order to strengthen your knuckles so that they become firmer than ever. But the prescription of this kind of potion can only be obtained from the real successor--- your martial uncle. In order to get it, you even..."

"Stop it!!" Yu Hua became extremely agitated all of a sudden.

"Your uncle master likes males." Luo Qiu sneered, "So you..."

"Stop it!!!"

This was the deepest and ugliest secret buried in him. A man who wasn't afraid of death would be appalled by the disgrace hidden in his heart.

The madman wanted to irritate him; however, he was on the

edge of collapsing.

...

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The night wind blew, Yu Hua was still indulging himself in that miserable experience. Yet Luo Qiu said coolly, "You plan to enrage Ye Yan again but you didn't know you've successfully enraged someone before that...that's me"

Verbal attack still continued.

"There are many ways to take revenge. You don't have to practice martial arts just for that. You are aware of that, even your deceased father knew about that too. But 4 years ago, your father was involved in the fight with Ye Yan when he had no more energy left. At last, he was defeated by his Eight Pole Boxing. Before father passed away, he grabbed your hand and told you to defeat that man."

"Your father was like a god to you; how is it possible that he can be defeated by someone? It was impossible that he was defeated by someone---He can only be the omnipotent god in your heart again if Ye Yan is defeated in your own hands. You even lied to yourself that Ye Yan plotted against you instead of losing when confronting him. Because of your insistence, you even become the toy-boy of your martial uncle!"

"For half a year, you served your martial uncle like a woman."

The words pricked his heart.

And their roles had been interchanged.

...

As if losing his soul, Yu Hua became weak and limped. He raised head slowly, looking at Luo Qiu with a dispersed gaze.

But it was gathered together soon.

Yu Hua said, "I swore before that I'll never let myself to think

about those things anymore... You, go die!"

His thrusted his legs against the ground, crossed both of his hands at his chest and curled up ten finger-like claws.

This was exactly the Eagle Claw Art.

These claws were only strengthened and became stronger after being soaked in the potion. Even if it could smash the bones easily, it was still not a match for the mysterious telekinesis of the club's boss.

When hitting the lucid wall, Yu Hua pulled his left hand back in the air. The pain, like using his own fingers to hit an iron plate, had cracked his knuckles straightaway. Both his fingers and the kungfu were injured.

Yu Hua retreated continuously after being frightened. He put his left hand behind his back, opening five fingers wide, trembling.

His heart was overly panic-stricken.

Luo Qiu said abruptly, "You can't speak of me starting from now...for my part, keep it first...but it's time for to you to return Ye Yan what you owed Sister Xiaochun."

Yu Hua gaped---He hadn't figured out what was that weird guy's real intention, yet as they were looking at each other, the figure stepped backwards... and then vanished.

The cold wind blew, Yu Hua had a chill. He looked around and figured out that the cemetery had turned quiet again... and became gruesome.

But he suddenly heard light footsteps... someone seemed to be rushing in...

"Who's there?"

He heard that person's voice... that's Ye Yan's.

Yu Hua checked around quickly and everyone seemed to be his enemy.

He took a deep breath, a sense of craziness flashed across his eyes.

He suddenly tore the clothes open, one hand grabbing the metal pendant on his neck. He pulled it down from his neck and twisting it. There was a thorn inside.

He stabbed it into his heart--- One second later, Yu Hua knelt down, his face was full of blood capillaries.

Chapter 199: I'm Good At Utilizing The Dagger

They just hid instead of leaving.

Luo Qiu's face did not reveal a too-surprised look when he saw Yu Hua's physical changes--- This was the first time he bought this kind of ability from the club which allowed him to synchronize with people's thoughts.

It was not just a simple intention to come here to gather information. Instead, he wanted to understand one's thoughts completely.

So this kind of expense was definitely more expensive than the information gathered normally. But there were people who could exchange riches for their hobbies, so it was normal that Luo Qiu exchanged his lifespan for the rage in his heart.

"Fortunately, he hadn't given up all hope." Seeing Yu Hua's slight change, Luo Qiu said coolly, "This guy is the client of Michael Club who hid those cargoes, he has Michael Club's secret potion in his hands. It has the ability to strengthen a body in a short period of time, probably similar to what Kingkong is using."

"A short period of time, it is probably not a complete product," You Ye thought and said.

Luo Qiu nodded, "But it's enough for people who know its power to take it as a life-saving potion...It's also because he was still hiding this kind of thing that he thought he had a chance to win. Or else I wouldn't have beat him so easily. But the appearance of Uncle Ye at this place reveals that they've been contacting each other earlier."

Luo Qiu shook his head, "Fine. Since Uncle Ye is here then let it be. After all, Uncle Ye is more suitable to take revenge for Sister Xiaochun.

You Ye showed a faint smile.

She understood what did it mean by ‘I won’t beat him so easily’--- Yu Hua was having an obsessively vengeful heart. His extreme thoughts would easily activate the deal of the club.

If it hadn’t happened, it was because that this guy hadn’t felt devastated yet.

The servant girl retreated and stood behind of Luo Qiu so that she wouldn’t block her master’s sight. On the other hand, she hoped that her master could be somewhere nearby to her to watch the fierce battle between giants.

She could feel that Luo Qiu’s anger had eased a bit--- However, she didn’t think that her master would let Yu Hua go that easily.

People born in this country thought highly of filial piety.

And also because of Yu Hua’s behavior, the door appeared on her master in advance. This showed how serious and enormous the impact of this emotion had on her master.

The Door of Origin showed up in advance.

You Ye thought carefully. Even though she still couldn’t forgive Yu Hua, but she had to thank him for enraging her new master.

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When Ye Yan and Ma Houde arrived at the cemetery holding the torchlights, they frowned at the same time.

Both of them saw a half–naked man kneeling on the ground with both of his hands covering his face… along with the robust muscles that were full of energy.

The weird man in front of them stood up slowly.

Officer Ma asked in a low-pitched voice, "Who are you? What are you doing here late at night?"

Yu Hua ran his eyes over the two, his voice turned much lower than ever, "Ye Yan, Ma Houde, are you both here... fine, I'll get rid of you two together so as not to waste my energy! After killing you, the damn guy will be the next!"

Ye Yan frowned, "Do we know each other?"

Yu Hua sneered, "Why, can't you figure out anything since you are already able to come here? Did you forget how you received the jade lock?"

"It's you!" Ye Yan narrowed his eyes, saying with rage!

Yu Hua roared with laughter, "Are you angry? But that's not all---do you know why you have such a bad luck recently? Let me tell you that. Two months ago after you uncovered the case, you've already fallen step by step into our control."

After the secret potion got into his body, Yu Hua's body didn't only gain a powerful energy, he even experienced a sense of excitement and pleasure. He couldn't help telling the truth to Ye Yan, seeing his emotion mixed with indignation and resentment---that was the most wonderful matter in this world to Yu Hua.

He gazed at Ye Yan, teasing, "Have you ever thought about why is it so easy for you to get the clues about the scandal that those damn cops have committed? Do you think that there's someone so careless? If I didn't plot the story, how could you find it? Do you think you could find it? Hahaha, are you suffering? You had a good performance 4 years ago due to that case, then you got promoted continuously. But after 4 years, adversely you're chased by both the underworld and policemen like an unwelcomed loser! Look at yourself now! What a goner you are!"

Ye Yan didn't utter a word.

While Officer Ma defended him against injustice, "F*ck! What a shameless b*tch you are! What has my brother done to offend you? Why are you treating him like this? You're really a beast. The

deceased should get respected, but you even wouldn't let go of the deceased's tombs!"

Yu Hua snorted, "Not only Ye Yan. The second one is you! Ma Houde! Let me tell you, my name is Yu Hua! The son of Yu Zhengde! Not only you two! I'll go to other b*tches to get revenge, and I won't let all your family members of as well!"

Officer Ma was stunned and Ye Yan's mouth was slightly opened. The way they looked at Yu Hua was already different.

"F*ck! 4 years ago, your father took away numerous innocent people's lives. When I heard that he died in the jail a year ago. I felt too happy and got drunk that night!' Ma Houde snorted coldly, 'But that's not enough! Let me send you to the hell today!"

Yu Hua sneered, "Oh, can you? You just hid somewhere and earned some merit that year. Coward!"

While saying this, Yu Hua jumped up quickly and strode over 3 meters, getting close to Ma Houde. He raised his fist, trying to hit Officer Ma's face!

"Watch out!"

Ye Yan pushed Ma Houde away, one hand grabbing Yu Hua's arm, twisting it suddenly. He turned his body around and kicked his ribs with his knee!

A normal person's ribs would be broken with such attack. However, Yu Hua looked as if nothing had happened and stood there motionlessly.

Ye Yan was frightened and turned pale... he suddenly thought of another guy---Kingkong!

That guy had an iron-made body as well!

Ye Yan's mind changed yet it didn't stop. With all his might, his hand launched an attack on Yu Hua's chin. At the same time, his other arm bent, with his elbow hitting the clavicle hard!

It was a fast and ruthless move!

Unexpectedly, Yu Hua acted as if he was not influenced. Lowering head, he gave a grim smile, "I thought I could have a good fight with you, but it seems unnecessary now! I gained my martial uncle's power after killing him! If I knew he was still hiding this, I wouldn't... Humph! Go to hell!!"

He launched a hard blow!

Ye Yan's raised both of his hands, covering his face. But it looked as if he was hit by a car. His whole body flew out.

His arms became numb. Ye Yan continued to look at Yu Hua with fright.

Yu Hua came step by step, wearing a disdainful face, "Eight Pole? Like this? Apparently, you used some dirty tricks to beat my father that year!"

Ye Yan didn't talk but lowering his center of gravity slowly.

Bang---!

But at this time, the sound of a shot being fired was heard from Yu Hua's back!

He staggered before falling down on the ground.

The bullet blew his leg out!

"F*ck!" Ma Houde swore from far, "I'm not a coward! I used the Barrett M82A1 and acted as support that year!!"

Even though he grew fatter in his middle age and his belly was already pressing against the belt, he was still manly and handsome with the gun in one hand!

"Humph... kill you first!"

Yu Hua stood up from the ground furiously--- his bleeding calf couldn't stop his speed!

Under such a fright, Officer Ma fired a series of shots at his legs

and shoulders but it still couldn’t stop him!

This guy was totally a monster who couldn’t feel pain!

Officer Ma gritted his teeth, aiming the gun at his forehead. But at this second, Yu Hua turned shorter all of sudden. Bending his back and rushing to Ma Houde, he knocked him down easily.

"You could have killed me with the first shot!" Yu Hua sneered, "But you cops are idiots! You only want to catch us! Upholding the rules is the reason for your death!"

At the moment, Yu Hua raised his horrible fist. Ye Yan knew that Ma Houde couldn’t bear such a heavy blow, so he said, "Yu Zhengde was just a useless person!"

Yu Hua suddenly stopped, grabbing Ma Houde’s gun from his hand and mashing it using his fingers! He threw Ma Houde down heavily!

"What did you say? Dare you say it again?"

"I can say it as many times as I want!" Ye Yan sneered, "He was quite an useless person, or else he wouldn’t be defeated by me. Eagle Claw Art? I think it’s more like Chicken Claw!"

"Let me crush your mouth first!" Yu Hua eyes turned red suddenly. Without saying a word, he dashed towards Ye Yan rapidly!

He couldn’t feel pain, surging with endless power!

With only two or three movements, Ye Yan lost his energy to defend and was pressed on the ground by Yu Hua. Yu Hua choked his throat, smiling hideously, "I thought of giving you 3 days to recover so that you can have a good fight with me again. But it seems to be unnecessary! What do you want to say before dying?"

Ye Yan squeezed the words out from his throat, "You... are right..."

At the moment, Ye Yan’s hand shook as if a cold light flashed

past, hitting Yu Hua’s eyes. Yu Hua evaded it by instinct!

But at this moment, Ye Yan’s palm crossed over Yu Hua’s wrist during the interval!

Yu Hua who couldn’t feel the pain was enraged. He tried to squeeze his throat but couldn’t feel any power on his hands!

Ye Yan body twisted crazily and rolled to one side. His hands swept across Yu Hua’s ankles at the same time!

Yu Hua got even more enraged. He wanted to chase him but knelt down suddenly. He couldn’t stand up no matter how! He got greatly frightened, "What did you do to me?"

Ye Yan touched his neck, letting out a few coughs, saying hoarsely, "You’re right. I used dirty tricks to defeat your father... because I’m good at utilizing the dagger."

He turned his palm over, only a little dagger was seen between his thumb and index finger. "Especially this kind of dagger! It’s the sharpest!"

"You..." Yu Hua realized after a while.

The tendons in both of his hands and feet had been cut off!

Thus now, Yu Hua could only move his body by crawling!

Ye Yan walking towards him quickly, stabbing the dagger into Yu Hua’s scapula, completely limiting his capacity to act.

He looked at Yu Hua’s horrific muscles, teasing, "Didn’t your father tell you that IQ is also a strength hum... you’re enraged easily, truly a useless person!"

Chapter 200: Wait For the Sunrise

Ma Houde got up from the ground, shaking his head to get rid of the dizziness. He then walked towards Ye Yan.

"Ye Yan, are you OK?"

"I'm OK. Still alive." Ye Yan spat out a mouthful of blood mixed with impurities.

The two middle-aged man looked at each other--- looking at the familiar smile on each other's face. Officer Ma raised his fist, so did Ye Yan.

Their fists bumped together faintly after 3 years.

"What happened to this guy?"

Officer Ma frowned at this moment, seeing Yu Hua who was laying on his stomach. Yu Hua had a cramp suddenly and kept spitting white foam from his mouth. That body of strong muscles contracted little by little.

Ye Yan squatted down, his fingers touching Yu Hua's pulse, "It's very weak, but he won't die immediately... he had probably used some kind of hormone or special stimulant before that? Based on his look, it seemed that he had already gone through something before we came here..."

"Or maybe he guessed you'd come in advance?" Ma Houde's heart was still fluttering with fear, "It's uncommon! That guy was like a beast just now... Old Ye, he said that he was the one who had entrapped you like this?"

Ye Yan thought about it for a while. His hand was searching for something in Yu Hua's pocket suddenly but simply found a cellphone and a wallet.

Ye Yan recalled the situation when he was rescued for the second time... It was hard to see the rescuer clearly but his figure was

obviously thinner than Yu Hua.

And from the conversation with Yu Hua just now, it showed that he was not the rescuer... Then, who was the one who saved him?

"Bro, can you give me a hand?" Ye Yan suddenly asked.

Ma Houde didn’t say anything but patted his chest.

Ye Yan looked at the dying Yu Hua, saying, "Don’t let him die, and don’t let anyone know that he is in our hands... he might be the chance of a reversal for me."

Officer Ma nodded, "I know some black market doctors."

Ye Yan nodded.

The two lifted up the fainting Yu Hua quickly. They took a glimpse at the tomb before they left, saying together, "Bro, we’ll come to have a drink with you next time! Take care!"

...

"Master, Mr. Ye and Officer Ma left the cemetery, bringing Yu Hua together."

When You Ye came back to the tomb, she only saw her master grabbing a broom and was cleaning the dirt alone.

The fighting scene had left lots of traces and even dirtied the tombstone.

"I got it."

No more talking between them.

Luo Qiu cleaned the tomb, waiting for the dawn.

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Jessica and Kingkong were standing in front of a screen.

Only a man’s chin was shown on the screen. The surroundings were so dark that it was impossible to see other things.

That man said coolly, "Kingkong, you've lost the person twice. I really doubt your working ability."

Kingkong lowered his head without uttering a word.

Not only feeling depressed, he even felt strangely enraged. But the fact was that---He was not resigned to be blamed by his superior.

Kingkong suddenly explained, "Mr. Sun, I feel it's very weird. By right, only Jessica and I know about this place! And soon after she left, someone came to rescue Ye Yan. So I feel it's too much a coincidence."

While saying this, he even narrowed his eyes and glared at Jessica.

Jessica stood still like a statue.

That man standing behind the screen suddenly raised his voice, "That's enough! Jessica won't betray us, don't find excuses for your negligence. Think about it, she has revealed her identity in front of Ye Yan. It means she won't let him go because it does her no good."

Kingkong knew about this matter, he frowned, "I'll try to find him, and the guy who had secretly rescued him too. Jessica, is there anyone else coming here from your group? According to the intelligence, someone seems to be helping Ye Yan secretly... his contact?"

Jessica shook her head, "I didn't receive such message, but someone might be doing this stealthily. I'm not in the headquarters, so I can't get that."

That man hesitated for a while, "It's an uncontrollable matter. Kingkong, inform the buyers to prepare to make the deal in advance... Jessica, you take charge of it."

"Yes, sir."

He was reluctant but had to receive it.

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At dawn, Officer Ma let out a long sigh of relief, sitting down. And Ye Yan was dressing a wound of his arm beside him.

This was the second floor of a Chinese medicine pharmacy, an Old doctor was living here.

That doctor washed his hands, drawing back the curtain, "Officer Ma, he won't die, and I got out the bullet, but he lost excessive blood, so won't wake up soon. Besides, some important joints have been hurt, so I suggested to send him to the hospital to do surgeries to connect his tissue system, or he'll probably be disabled in his remaining life... the killer is so cruel!"

Officer Ma dared not to tell him the killer was just sitting beside. He took a slight cough, "I will. But it's better to be disabled. Or, more innocent people will be injured."

The old doctor didn't talk more, "I'll go boil some medicine herbs, excuse me."

Ye Yan suddenly said, "Doctor, can I use that computer?"

"No problem."

Ye Yan nodded, walking to the computer. He got the data cable on the table, connecting it with Yu Hua's cellphone, starting to play with it.

"Dude, what are you doing?"

"Cracking his password." Ye Yan concentrated on it, "Since he's with the buyers, there should be many clues. I saw a new message coming, I want to know the whole content."

Ma Houde eyes blinked, grabbing the cellphone and clicking it randomly, "It's unlocked."

Ye Yan frowned, he got the cellphone... He remembered it was locked when he came.

"Weird..." He clicked open the message.

Content: 8:30 p.m. tomorrow, basement parking of Caesar Commercial City, A-105, wear black cap, deliver ahead of time, be careful.

"Deliver ahead of time!" Ye Yan voiced a little heavily.

"Ahead of time..." Ma Houde face cracked smile.

Ye Yan pointed the keywords, "Wear black cap."

Ma Houde laughed, "Yu Hua might not have seen the seller yet!"

They looked at each other. The two old men narrowed eyes, saying together again, "We’ve got the chance!"