TRAFFORD'S TRADING CLUB

BOOK 03

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 201: Come Again

"No, we didn't see him. But don't worry, I've already order someone to capture him as soon as he arrives. I'm telling the truth! How dare I? When did I ever cheat you... Ok, fine, I have a meeting, and we can talk later!"

Officer Ma wiped off the cold sweat, turning off his cellphone. He looked at Ye Yan, pouring his grievances out, "To be honest, I rather face those bald guys in the police station than talking with that girl... was she a rat in her past life? She could dig out many problems in a simple case!"

Ye Yan patted Ma Houde's shoulder, giving him comfort.

Ma Houde patted Ye Yan's hand, "Dude, you said you didn't want to get me drawn into this and knocked me down. But you didn't take a stand this time. I'm in deep water."

"Maybe we have to resort to the local policemen." Ye Yan said helplessly, "Kingkong and... both of them know me, so I cannot attend the trade tonight."

Ma Houde nodded, "Don't worry, I've arranged some colleagues... If it wasn't because I interrogated Kingkong before in another case, I'll attend this time! Tut, I've not been in such major case for a long time, I've almost lost control of myself!"

"Anyway, let's bring it to an end tonight."

Ye Yan took a deep breath.

He shut his eyes closed, honing his strength for the big push from now on.

...

...

One year ago.

Luxembourg.

"Do I look weird in this dress?"

Jessica fiddled with her long dress awkwardly. On the contrary, Ye Yan who was wearing a suit looked quite refined.

As her partner, Ye Yan's look ran down the banquet site. Jessica frowned, "I regret listening to your suggestion. Actually, I found out that I don't have to fake being a guest to come here."

Ye Yan took two glasses of champagne from the tray on a server's hands, passing one to Jessica, "Your adaptability is not flexible enough. Are you jealous of those female guests?"

Jessica sneered, "I only think that this kind of high heels will probably be an impediment if something happens."

Ye Yan smiled, "They look very good. Don't worry, you should trust your beauty."

Jessica replied fishily, "Thanks... The target showed up."

Ye Yan got in Jessica's way, blocking her sight, "That guy is quite vigilant, don't look at him. Let's approach him later."

Jessica said unhappily, "Don't take me as a freshman! I know what I should do. Moreover, You're the freshman I brought in to receive training."

The music started playing at this time. It was a waltz.

Ye Yan grabbed Jessica's hand suddenly and then put it on his shoulder.

"What are you doing?"

"To get near to the target of course." Ye Yan said softly, "Don't worry, I won't step on your feet. Instead, I'm more worried that you will step on me."

Jessica glared at Ye Yan but could neither say anything nor turn hostile. She told herself that that was only for the sake of approaching the target.

They were dancing in the dancing pool among other guests, getting closer little by little to the target.

Under the misty light followed by sweet-sounding waltz and trots, Jessica suddenly stepped into a trance.

"Good dance." Jessica looked at Ye Yan’s eyes.

She felt that Ye Yan’s glance was drifting away to monitor everyone who had passed through, insensibly bringing her closer to the target.

"I used to have a dancing partner." Ye Yan asked casually.

She knew that something sorrowful had happened to him before. So she stopped talking.

She started to size up this man in front of her: mature, calm, and having a gloomy look that couldn’t be brushed off. She didn’t think she had ever understood his heart completely even though they had been working together for 2 years.

Jessica felt that at this moment, Ye Yan’s eyes were telling stories. The distinctive black and white of his eyes were different from the westerners but had a kind of fatal magic.

Her body swung with the music but her gaze was fixed on his eyes... she could even saw her inverted image in his eyes.

Ye Yan’s face got closer to her slowly, Jessica stood on tiptoe by instinct.

Like the kissing fish met in the sea, they’d overlap eventually...during this task, heart palpitations had made Jessica forget about almost everything.

When they almost lost themselves, Ye Yan stopped and apologized. It turned out they collided into another pair of guests.

"Oh, sorry, sir, I can’t help kissing my female partner."

"Don’t worry." The man smiled, praising, "If I were you, I’d have the same reaction with such a beautiful partner."

It seemed to be a little episode and that man walked away with his partner.

Jessica took a deep breath, calming down. Ye Yan whispered, "I've installed the tracking device."

"Oh...Really." Jessica lowered her head, "Then let's get out of here first."

...

Her head dropped unconsciously, Jessica who was taking a short nap opened her eyes.

She touched her lips. It turned out that it was only a dream. It was also her memory of the past.

A glass of red wine that had been touched was left near to the sofa. Jessica looked at the red liquid in the wine glass, taking off her necklace and playing with it between her fingers.

Then, the phone rang at this moment. It was from Kingkong.

"I've arranged everything. Come here now. Mr. Sun said you're in charge of this deal."

"I got it. I'll show up at the appointed place on time."

Turning off the phone, Jessica looked at the time. It was 4:21 p.m.

She took a deep breath. But she still couldn't erase the fear and uneasiness in her heart. She didn't know what would happen later tonight.

She changed her clothes with a heavy heart. She hadn't went back to her apartment due to Ren Ziling's inquiry last time. Therefore, she checked into a hotel nearby.

The lift was opened, there was nobody in it.

Jessica walked in, at the moment when it closed, she held her arms tightly subconsciously and took a step backwards.

As if walking into a cage, she couldn’t see the surroundings clearly. The path ahead was indeterminate...no future. This feeling arose from her thoughts, her willpower.

Ding---!

She came to the first floor.

As the door opened, Jessica saw an old pine door. She hesitated, then pushing open it and walking in.

It was that weird place. Those same dim lights, along with all sorts of weird decorations that made her dreadful.

"Nice to meet you again, dear guest."

It was still that boss... it seemed like he knew ahead of time that she’d come again.

Chapter 202: Two Letters

Jessica asked for a pen, two pieces of white paper, and two envelopes from the club. She lowered her head and started to write something.

The second visit, from the moment she entered the door and sat down, to making a simple request at last, she was more cautious than the previous time in Luo Qiu's view.

Different guests with different characteristics and behaviors... these might be the reasons why Luo Qiu expected to meet new customers each time.

Jessica finished writing quickly. She put the paper into the envelope, taking a deep breath--- She didn't ask why this time the one who was with the boss was this pretty servant and not the previous old and weird man.

She stifled her curiosity about this strange place. She only needed to know that by paying enough, she could buy whatever she wanted.

Jessica sat in front of the boss, pushing the envelopes to him and saying gently, "I don't know the price, but it shouldn't be that expensive... I need you to open them after the sunrise tomorrow."

"You don't have to suspect us for such trifle things." Luo Qiu shook his head, "Since it's the guest's request, we won't read these letters before the sunrise, we can promise that."

Yet Jessica said, "No, I don't believe in any verbal promise... since the business must be completed once the transaction fee is paid, this is the first thing I want to buy for today."

"I got it." Luo Qiu said coolly, "What about taking the time from now to tomorrow's sunrise as the transaction fee?"

Jessica was stunned but said nothing. She nodded, feeling relieved after signing the contract.

She said, "If I don’t take back my words by 6 a.m. tomorrow, please open it. The deal that I really want to make is inside."

"Sorry, we can’t accept this way of trading." Luo Qiu continued to answer after moments of hesitation, "If we can’t negotiate face to face, we cannot confirm the guest’s request and whether they have enough funds for the transaction fee..."

He picked up the envelope, "For example, if the things you want are beyond your ability to pay, we won’t take any action even after we’ve read it. Thus, you’d better not trade this way, you may not get what you want."

Unexpectedly, Jessica seemed to have thought it over, leaving a paragraph of shocking sentences, "I’ll mortgage my soul...giving priority to carrying out the trade in the first letter. But if that’s not enough, please carry out the content in the second letter by taking my soul as the transaction fee. If it’s still not enough, then help me to achieve part of the second goal. On the other hand, if I take the letters back before sunrise, then I’ll have my collateral back. But please be at ease, I’m not cheating you, I can use part of my lifespan to pay the service charge."

Luo Qiu hesitated, "Are you sure you want to pawn your soul before having a clear picture of the transaction fee and the result we’ll achieve? This is an unrestrained gambling. If you sign it, you’ll have no choice to regret."

At that moment, Jessica said seriously, "No... I believe you’ll at least complete the contents of the second letter."

Luo Qiu frowned.

He felt a sudden urge to read the second letter but due to spirit of complying with the contract, he had to wait until the sunrise tomorrow.

Jessica left... But if she didn’t show up tomorrow before sunrise, her soul would be extracted from her body, according to the

contract.

The club had the norm of paying before receiving, or buying and selling instantaneously...But today, it was Luo Qiu's first time in receiving before calculating the price and finishing the deal.

However, this request from the guest did not break the transaction rules of the club.

"Master, the thing is ready."

As Luo Qiu fell into deep thought, You Ye held a tray and got close to him. Luo Qiu lifted the white cloth, using his fingers to touch the thing inside.

He revealed a smile.

...

...

Near to the Commercial City, Officer Ma was carefully instructing tasks the young policeman in a nanny van.

The young cop looked kind of nervous because Officer Ma was setting up a tracer and putting a bulletproof vest on him.

"Listen, you're the smartest one among your peers, I believe you can do it well." Ma Houde urged again and again, "But don't try to be brave. Come back immediately if you sense any danger. The case and the prisoners are less important than your life."

The young policeman took a deep breath, nodding.

Ma Houde added, "If they reveal the thing, my colleagues will show up to help you. Be unperturbed, don't give yourself away. Don't converse with them about additional things, focus on the trade!"

"Roger that." The young cop nodded. Tidying up his equipment and wearing a black cap, he wanted to push open the car door.

Officer Ma pulled him back quickly, "Wait, take this with you!"

"Officer Ma, is it your..."

A pistol was handed to him.

Ma Houde smiled, "It’s been with me for years. My safety depends on it!"

The young policeman nodded, putting away the pistol. He then saluted to Ma Houde before getting off the van.

"Dude, take it easy." Ye Yan patted Ma Houde’s shoulder.

"Oh, am I nervous?" Ma Houde wiped off the cold sweat on his forehead, "Will I, your father, be nervous?"

Ye Yan grabbed Ma Houde’s shoulder with force, "Then, let’s get started!"

"Sure!" Officer Ma breathed in deeply, putting on the earphone for eavesdropping and adjusting the microphone, "Attention to every group, listen to my order!"

...

8:20 p.m.

The young policeman walked slowly into the underground parking.

He pulled down the black cap, lowered his head and walked slowly towards the appointed location.

At the appointed location, he only saw a black Santana. But there was nobody in the car and no footsteps were heard.

Time ticked away slowly, the young policeman knitted his brows. He started to check this common Santana suddenly. He walked around the car and crouched down to examine the chassis.

Not long after, he found a bag stuck on it. He opened the bag and saw a cellphone and a car key in it.

8:30 p.m.

The cellphone rang.

"I've arrived. Where are you guys?"

"Don’t be nervous, you just have to follow my instructions. Don’t blame our carefulness." A woman’s voice was heard over the phone.

"OK, go ahead." The young policeman said briefly, according to Officer Ma’s instruction.

"Next, keep the phone connected. Drive the car out and down to the road towards Sunset Boulevard..."

Chapter 203: The Best Undercover Agent

"They are starting to instruct our people to take action... Seems like they are very cautious!"

Ma Houde took off one earphone and frowned while looking at Ye Yan, "Do we follow or not?"

"Follow him." Ye Yan said decisively, "We're in, it doesn't make sense for us to give up... Dude, give me a map!"

...

On top of Santana, the young policeman said over the phone, "I've driven into the Sunset Boulevard."

"Take the U-turn before entering the underpass."

...

"I've already taken the U-turn."

"Good... Next, you will need to drive into the circular expressway and exit the first toll station."

...

"Get off the car now. Can you see the bus stop at the side? Get on the first bus."

...

"Get off and cross the overhead bridge."

1.5 hours had passed since he drove out from the underground parking. The young cop who was familiar with this city couldn't help thinking that Officer Ma's plan was thrown into disorder since long ago. It seemed that the opponent was too cautious.

"I've already walked up to the overhead bridge."

"Good, turn to the Middle-South Boulevard. I start to count down to 5 seconds. After 5 seconds, you'll have to jump down. 5, 4..."

The woman didn’t spare him time to consider. She had already begun counting.

3, 2... 1!

The young policeman gritted his teeth. Climbing over the guardrails, he took a deep breath and jumped down straightaway!

At this moment, a large truck was running through the bridge, and that policeman jump dropped on it!

He wiped off the cold sweat and saw the surroundings clearly---this was a truck that transported cars.

He picked up the phone again, clamping it to his ear and querying with a slight anger, "Do you really want to make this deal?"

"Sorry, please forgive us for being so careful. Because the monitoring system in this city is really good, both you and us might be revealed."

"You said you were revealed?" the young cop asked.

"I said it was possible... OK, now, please throw this phone in your hands away, of course, including your own phone as well."

"Done."

"Now, walk to the end of the top floor and then climb down. We’re in the last car on the second floor."

He followed the words, finding and climbing into a white car. He saw a man and a woman over there. The man sat in the driver’s seat and the lady at the rear seat.

"Your cautiousness really enraged me."

Jessica sized him up randomly, saying coolly, "Please fasten your seatbelt."

The young cop frowned. At this moment, the car reversed suddenly and ran over the rear guardrails before falling on the highway... after a fit of bumping, the white car was already driven

down the road and then entered a small road of the city.

"Where’s the cargo?" the cop asked.

Kingkong chuckled while driving, "You’ll see it real soon... don’t worry, this car will be given to you. Where’s the money?"

The cop fished out a tiny E-key, "Give me the cargo and I’ll give you the money."

"No problem." Kingkong whistled, licking his lips, "Sit well!"

Jessica passed a long black cloth to the cop, "Please blindfold your eyes."

"Do you believe that I can end this deal at anytime?"

Jessica replied under an extremely dissatisfied gaze, "You have to know, this is the first time we make a deal... last time’s deal was ruined by international police. So as the seller, we have to be more cautious. Therefore, if you want to continue making this deal, please do so according to our instructions. Well, you can finish it, but remember, you won’t find any better goods than ours. Don’t worry, we just want to finish the deal. We won’t do anything to you."

The cop had to blindfold his eyes silently.

...

"The signal is cut off."

In the van, Officer Ma flung the earphone in his hands with force, swearing in rage, "F*ck, are we revealed?"

Ye Yan said calmly, "Not sure... they may just be cautious. Jessica is an elite from the criminal police system, she probably has interferential equipment with her... they are afraid of being framed."

Officer Ma was burning with anxiety, "We’ve lost touch with him that’s why we can’t guarantee his safety. He’s in danger during the period. Besides, we don’t know what happened after he jumped off

from the overhead bridge!"

Ye Yan used his fingers to comb his hair, closing his eyes. Time had been passing slowly.

Furiously, he gritted his teeth, "Get off, let me drive the van!"

...

...

When the car stopped, the young cop was told to take off the black cloth.

He looked around the environment first... It seemed that he fell into another parking lot.

After getting off the car, Kingkong opened the trunk, there was a new set of license plates. Kingkong smiled, "Are you still worried? We've made adequate preparation. When you swap out the license plates, you can drive it to anywhere you want. Of course, you can choose not to drive it."

"Where's the cargo?"

Kingkong said indifferently, "Follow me."

Kingkong led the way and Jessica walked behind. The cop was stuck in the middle. They went to the second floor by lift.

The young cop counted... it was a 27-floor building.

There were not many high-rise buildings in this city. He clasped his hands together suddenly, his fingers tapping his waist lightly.

Walking out of the lift, Kingkong took them to a room---the surveillance room.

The door of the surveillance room opened not long after he knocked on the door. The security was surprised to see Kingkong. But before he spoke, Kingkong covered his mouth quickly and threw a punch at his belly. The security guard fell down to the ground.

Then Kingkong walked straight to the console, erasing the records of the parking lot and then turning his body around.

He looked at Jessica, "Leave him alone for now, I worked here not long ago and he knows me. But don’t worry, I’ll handle it well."

This place was... the tower of Heaven’s Shadow!

Jessica nodded. She took out a laptop and connected to the network before adjusting the screen facing herself.

Soon after, a man who showed only half a chin appeared on the screen.

"Are you the one whom General Prasong sent to make the deal? Only yourself?" that man opened his mouth.

"There was only 2 people from your side who came here too."

That man nodded, saying after awhile of silence, "Jessica, you did well this time. I’ve been keeping an eye on the whole process from catching that guy to instructing this action. I appreciate your ability... Kingkong, take out the cargo."

"OK."

Kingkong walked to the screen, starting to tear it down. Not long after, he fished out bags of blue powder one by one, along with a leather bag.

Jessica gaped, "It turns out that the cargo is hidden here."

Kingkong said coolly, "I used to be a bodyguard in this company, as well as the security supervisor. This is the best place. My staffs guard for it for free every day... and, there are at least two months till the next inspection."

Kingkong took out the bag and the cargoes and separated them, "28KG with high purity, do you need to examine it? But I have to warn you, just take a little bit or you’ll suffer your own risk if you’re too high."

The young cop grabbed those bags, pretending to check them---

How could he identify if they were real?

"Have you finished checking? We have a high reputation and won't cheat you." Kingkong said impatiently.

"OK, no problem."

"Then let's finish the deal." Kingkong logged into an account of some foreign bank using the laptop.

That young cop looked at Kingkong and behind Jessica. He could only walk towards the laptop step by step, taking out the E-key and inserting it into the laptop.

He started to squint his eyes slowly, one hand groping something at his waist secretly.

Bang---!!

All of a sudden, a resounding gunfire echoed in the surveillance room. The young cop felt a sharp pain in his back and then fell down to the ground straightaway.

"Jessica, what are you doing?" Kingkong was stunned, hitting the roof.

Then, the second shot went through his chest!

"You...How dare you..." Kingkong opened his eyes wide, gazing at Jessica unbelievably. He knelt down and tumbled down the ground.

Holding down the pistol, Jessica looked at the laptop coldly.

That man didn't look worried. He rested his chin on both his hands, "I don't understand why now only you betray us. You were raised up by us since childhood, it's impossible to turn against us by right."

Jessica took a deep breath, "Mr. Sun, let's make a deal."

"Go ahead."

Jessica grabbed one bag of blue powder, "It's not easy to extract

and purify it. One bag is worth a lot. So, I think Michael Club won’t give them up easily right?"

"Interesting, go ahead."

"I want to leave you guys." Jessica told him while watching his reaction on the screen. But he kept still, "But I know it probably won’t come true. Therefore, I changed my mind. I want you to send my mum to the headquarters of Interpol safely before tomorrow’s sunrise... if not, I’ll destroy all these objects now!"

"Do you really want to betray us?"

That man said coolly, "You might be perplexed temporarily. I even think that there’s some misunderstanding between you and us. We don’t control your mother. Instead, we provide her with a better life in a perfect world. In Utopia, there’s no fighting, sorrow, or enmity. Everyone lives happily."

The man’s voice became gentle, "Jessica, you should know that only those who are selected by the heavens have the chance to go to the paradise. Because of you, your mother is eligible to live in that paradise, why do you want her to go back to this earthly hell? Jessica, you’re a lucky dog picked by the god and a messenger that brings a new order to this world. This is your mission, did you forget your belief?"

The man’s voice brought a vast and limitless power. Jessica stepped back, showing a painful expression. She covered her forehead, trying hard to open her eyes.

"Jessica, you’re the best. You’re our excellent warrior and our kid. You’re the most loyal supporter of our belief, aren’t you?"

"Stop it!"

Jessica pulled the trigger suddenly, shooting at the console randomly. She said breathlessly, "Send my mum out there before sunrise! Or I’ll destroy these goals! This is my only request!"

That man seemed to sigh, "Is it because of Ye Yan? It seems that

you are degenerated by human emotion... Jessica, you used to be a promising kid, but now you've been contaminated. A dirty one should be erased."

That screen shut down automatically and the man disappeared.

Jessica sensed a terrible crisis was hitting her. By instinct, she turned her body around and saw Kingkong standing up there.

That bullet hole was still obvious on his chest and his clothes were dyed red with blood. But he seemed not to feel any pain.

Kingkong twisted his neck, cracking a grim smile, "Hopefully you have better endurance than your lover."

Jessica raised up the long gun in her hands calmly.

But Kingkong tore his clothes violently, throwing them to her.

At the moment when her sight was blocked, Kingkong rushed up to her, striking a karate chop at her arm.

She felt as if it was cut off straightaway!

The gun dropped on the ground due to the sharp pain. Jessica dug out a small round box from her belt, pressing it open with force!

A fierce light filled in the whole surveillance room all of a sudden--- Kingkong lost his sight.

"Ah! Ha!!"

Kingkong waved both of his hands with anger--- He only heard some sound. When he regained his sight, Jessica had already escaped from this room.

Kingkong gnashed, rushing back to check the monitoring screen in order to track her down. Soon, Kingkong sneered, "Since you've betrayed us, you won't be able to flee."

He ran out of the surveillance room quickly.

...

The young cop moved his body suddenly.

He sat up, untying his clothes and taking off the body armor eventually... Looking at the shot mark, he heaved a sigh of relief.

He then stood up, stretched himself and mumbled, "This is the feeling of being a spy... quite exciting."

The young policeman stretched his hands to touch his own face. Taking off a thin layer of something, he revealed his original appearance--- this was the club servant girl’s handcraft dermis mask.

He shook his head, his hands started to fiddle with the laptop.

Chapter 204: A Treasure Blade Does Not Age

Carrying a 28KG big bag of cargo was a very heavy burden for a woman, especially a woman who was running.

Moreover, one of Jessica's arms was chopped at by KingKong. It was, perhaps, fractured.

But she had successfully run down to the parking lot using the lift.

Fortunately, Kingkong gave the car key to the buyer in advance to show his sincerity. At the moment when the miniature flash bomb sparkled, she fished out the key from him.

It didn't take too long for her to get into the white car. She could do it faster but only on the premise that she threw out the cargo.

However, she couldn't do that... Because it was the only chip she could use to negotiate with the Michael Club.

Starting the engine, Jessica stepped on the gas. She ran wildly in the parking lot! But when she almost arrived at the exit, she had to stop!

The gate was closed--- she didn't think that she and the car would be safe if she attempted to rush out.

So she could only choose to reverse the car!

Yet, the car wouldn't move at this moment. Instead, the rear wheels were tilting!

Frightened, Jessica saw Kingkong from the rearview mirror!

He lifted up the back of the car with just his hands!

Kingkong roared furiously. Both of his arms turned over this car directly with a tremendous force!

Jessica felt dizzy. At the moment when she sensed her body

becoming topsy-turvy, the car roof collapsed on top of her!

Turning upside down, the thin roof caved in due to the heavy car chassis!

Jessica climbed out from the car in a panic state but she couldn't escape because her left leg was stuck in the seat.

"I told you that I've been working here for a period of time. Did you think you could escape from me?" Kingkong walked to Jessica, sneering, "You have 5 seconds to say your last words."

5 seconds was not a long time.

But that was enough for Jessica to generate an intense thought... The young club boss had arrived as she was following this thought.

Like a phantom, Luo Qiu stood behind Kingkong. He raised his arms slowly, aiming at Kingkong's back.

At the moment when he was about to pull the trigger, he put his hand down, knocking on the pillar at the side lightly.

It was followed by a loud noise!

Boom---!!

...

This sudden noise came too abruptly. In a very fast speed, the gate in front of him became deformed and a huge thing ran through it all of a sudden.

Like a monster, it was a totally deformed nanny van!

It hit Kingkong ferociously and smashed into his body out. He turned motionless after rolling on the ground for a few seconds, not knowing whether he was dead or alive.

The door of the nanny van was kicked open at this moment. A figure ran out. That was Ye Yan, followed by the confounded Officer Ma who had received a huge shock.

Officer Ma shook his head, saying with stars in front of his eyes,

"Dude, can you inform me in advance..."

Officer Ma went around in circles as if he was lost. But Ye Yan walked up to Jessica quickly, pulling her out from the car.

"Ye... How did you..." Jessica looked at him in a daze.

Ye Yan pressed the part of her leg that was bleeding, saying quickly, "I found the tracer that you had left at home and followed its signal to this place."

Jessica moved her lips, lowering her head and saying softly, "You... you still chose to believe me at last."

"Sorry." Ye Yan breathed in deeply, "I could have found you earlier. From the conversation we had on that day, you skipped the things that took place 3 years ago. And the shot you injected into me was a product made several years ago. The newest one should not be used separately... Even just now, you looked very cautious by dragging the time of the buyer on purpose during the transaction. But I still think you were delaying the time... you actually hoped that I could find you! Even... the person who saved me was probably you."

"You've guessed everything correctly. Sorry, the club was monitoring my each and every move. If I didn't catch you..." Jessica smiled wryly, shaking her head and sighing, "I saved you just to let them sense the danger as the potential enemy would foul up their plans. So, the trade was brought forward."

Ye Yan frowned, "Why did you put so much effort? What's your motive? Or do you want to seize the cargo and fight with Michael Club by yourself?"

Jessica shook her head, skipping Ye Yan's look while saying, "I'm not as kind as you think... I did it for myself. I didn't expect you to discover the clue that I had left in the very beginning. It was just my backup plan so that you can find my corpse and maybe the cargo in case I failed."

"What's your real identity?"

"Me?" Jessica looked at Ye Yan, saying depressingly, "I'm just ..."

At this moment, Officer Ma interrupted, "Old Ye, it's not the suitable time to talk about love... F*ck, we seemed to be meeting a monster again!"

Because of Kingkong.

He stood up then... his muscles bulging.

"Ye Yan, Jessica..." Kingkong took a glimpse at the trio, "And Officer Ma? Very well, the trio of hindrances are all here. Let me solve all together at once!"

Ma Houde said in a deep voice, "Don't struggle for nothing! We have surrounded this building, you can't escape! And!"

Kingkong frowned, "And what?"

Ma Houde stretched out his hands to fish out something from his back, "And, I'll shoot your head with one bullet!!"

But when he tried to fish out his gun customarily, there was nothing--- he gave his gun to the young underground cop.

It was...it was quite embarrassing!

...

"What do you use to shoot my head? The air?" Kingkong gave a grim smile, "Let me shoot your head!"

He pulled out a pistol from his belt. Kingkong loaded it, "I like to shoot a little lower in 1V1... but when there are many people, I prefer targeted killing!"

Kingkong pulled the trigger but he couldn't finish it--- because the cartridge was stuck!

The probability for the cartridge of this kind of pistol to be stuck was...0!

Kingkong had no time to think about the problem. At this

moment, a cold light was emitted from Ye Yan’s palm, hitting his wrist precisely.

The pistol dropped from his hand... Ye Yan ran toward Kingkong at full speed. Both of his hands sliding in front of Kingkong!

Continuous retreat!

Kingkong looked at his chest. A notch was left on his clothes and the skin inside was faintly cut open. Kingkong wiped the blood with his hands and smeared it on his lip, sneering, "Seems that you have some other strategies."

Ye Yan sneered, "I’m skillful. For instance, I’m good at keeping and maintaining guns, it would be impossible that the cartridge would be stuck."

The teasing made Kingkong squinted his eyes. He sneered and swung his palm for a few times, then clenching his fists and putting them in front of him. Both of his legs bounced swiftly.

"Ye! He’s transformed by the secret potion of the club! And his motor neurons are beyond a normal person!" Jessica reminded him quickly.

One of Ye Yan’s hands flopped, saying coolly, "I’ve met someone similar to him before... I know how to deal with it."

He breathed in deeply. A tense body rushed up to him!

The two got into a hand-in-hand fight very quickly.

Kingkong tried to avoid Ye Yan’s dagger and Ye Yan tried to avoid having a dogfight with him as far as possible.

"Old Ye couldn’t even fight him off..." Officer Ma could only be worried at one side.

He totally realized that Ye Yan could only resist hard instead of fighting Kingkong. As to him, being knocked out would be the only result.

"Ma... Officer Ma!"

Suddenly, Officer Ma heard a familiar voice. That young cop ran quickly to him, panting heavily, "Officer Ma, sorry... I, I failed!"

Officer Ma had no time to think if he won or failed!

He was very happy to see that this spy had returned safely!

Ma Houde asked hurriedly, "Where's my pistol?!"

The young cop took it out and gave it back to him.

Receiving it, Ma Houde gave a heavy kiss on the pistol!

Raising the gun, Ma Houde shouted, "Ye Yan!! Squat down!!"

Ye Yan did as instructed as soon as he heard the voice.

Bang, bang, bang, bang---!!

4 extremely loud sequential bullet sounds were heard in the parking lot!

Officer Ma took 4 targeted shots, precisely hitting both of Kingkong's knees and elbows!

Kingkong knelt down with rage and horror. Ye Yan soon rolled to him, pushing the dagger into his back, pulling it out, and sweeping over his ankle!

"Ah---!!"

Only KingKong's screech was heard. He was pressed down by Ye Yan.

Kingkong couldn't use his strength. His face stuck on the floor, trying to struggle but had no way to stand up.

Officer Ma blew a mouthful of air to the muzzle with an excitement shown on his face, "I've told you that I'm the number one sharpshooter in the office!"

Ye Yan didn't see Ma Houde but raised his thumbs and pointed at him, "A treasure blade does not age!"

"Good job, Officer Ma!"

The young cop smiled faintly.

...

He laughed sincerely, a warm feeling was flowing in his heart....That was him several years ago. 10 years ago when his father was alive, he lived such life with Ma Houde and Ye Yan.

Going through fire and water, such a lifestyle attracted them. He seemed to understand that the deep relationship among elders was precipitated by going through such a life.

Chapter 205: Who Are You!

Officer Ma walked up to Ye Yan in a hurry, taking out a pair of handcuffs and putting it on Kingkong.

"You can’t escape. Just obediently cooperate with us!"

But Kingkong sneered while turning his head aside without having any intention to speak.

Right then, a police car drove in, followed by another two. Those fully-equipped policemen held guns in both of their hands and ran out of the cars.

"Officer Ma! Officer Ma!"

"F*cking b*tch, do you always show up after the battle? How can you guys be cops?!" Officer Ma said angrily.

‘But you’re a policeman too…’ Those policemen thought that but dared not speak out. They just took away Kingkong silently.

Ye Yan walked to the site where Jessica had an accident. However, he didn’t see Jessica.

He looked around the parking lot and saw the undercover young cop. Grabbing his arm out of instinct, he asked him nervously, "Where’s that lady?"

"Ah… Sorry, I don’t know, I didn’t see her," The young policeman answered blankly.

Ye Yan let him go. He took two steps backward and searched the surroundings. He put his hand to his mouth, "Jessica!! Jessica!! Jessica--!!"

He walked out of the parking quickly, calling her name while looking for her.

…

Luo Qiu took off his mask.

A group of policemen was collecting evidence and cleaning up the site at a corner.

The servant girl was right beside him. And the one who was supposed to play the undercover role originally was sitting on the ground.

You Ye pointed her finger at his forehead for a while.

Finally, she drew back her finger, looking at Luo Qiu and saying gently, "Master, after he wakes up, this mister will have the memory as if he experienced everything that had happened just now."

Luo Qiu nodded and turned his attention to the silent Ye Yan who was leaning against the van, saying after a second, "Let’s go, it’s over."

...

...

Jessica came to an alley near the building.

She spent all her strength trying to reach this place but she still managed to take out the cargo successfully. After forcing herself to take a few deep breaths, she fished out her cellphone.

Soon, the phone call got through but the opposite stayed silent.

Jessica said slowly, "Mr. Sun, from the phone call, you should know that Kingkong had failed."

‘Mr. Sun’ replied unhurriedly, "Dear Jessica, based on your voice, I feel that you’re not in a good condition."

Jessica said, "I’m fine... at least I still have the cargo with me. None of your henchmen are here, so can we come back to negotiate the deal I’ve talked about, hum?"

‘Mr. Sun’ said, "No no no, Jessica, I don’t care about the cargo. Now I’m worried about you. Jessica, you deserve to be the kid we had fostered and one of the best believers. Kingkong’s fall proves

that you’re excellent. Jessica, you are just confused for a short period, aren’t you? We always open our arms to welcome you."

"Stop this bullsh*t! My requirements won’t change! Before sunrise, you must send my mother to the headquarters of Interpol safely! Or I’ll throw the cargo into the sewer!"

"Oh, kid, you really let us down." ‘Mr. Sun’ talked in a sighing tone, "It’s time for you to come back to us and listen to our beliefs."

Suddenly, a strange sound rang from the other side of the phone.

Jessica held her head suddenly. A horrible, ear-piercing sound rang in her brain!

She fell down on the ground in pain.

The phone was still ringing, "Jessica, tell me, who are you?"

"I... I’m Jessica, the most loyal believer in Michael Club...No, No...No! I’m Jessica... No..."

"Jessica, when was the last time you listened to the gospel of our lord? Girl, you’ve stayed out for too long, the temptation of this world has hoodwinked your mind. Girl, think about who you are."

"I’m... I’m..."

Jessica stopped, her expression turned blank. She picked up the cellphone slowly. Even though her eyes seemed to reflect slight struggle, her consciousness had been replaced.

Jessica tried hard to control her body but the words she spoke were the opposite of what she had in her mind, "I’m... a child of the god... I’m a believer of the god... I’m..."

‘Who can... come to save me.’

...

"Yes, you’re our child, everything you have, including your thoughts are meant to serve our great god."

"Yes..."

"Then child, let me know your location, I'll send people to pick up you and the cargo. Don't worry, you'll meet your mother in the 'heaven' soon."

"Meet..."

What 'Mr. Sun' didn't know was that the phone was grabbed by someone else.

Feeling that Jessica's answer was not that wonderful, 'Mr. Sun' continued to instruct, "Jessica, good girl, tell me, your current location."

"Yeah... Are you Mr. Sun? Well, one of the Mr. Suns?"

It was not Jessica's voice. Rather, it was from another person whom 'Mr. Sun' had never heard of before! He frowned but was not flurried, inquiring coolly, "Who are you?"

...

Who are you?

It seemed that this question was one of the most common questions the club boss had been hearing in these 2 months.

The boss who appeared in this box now looked at Jessica, sensing a slight hint of struggle from her look. He said peacefully, "Me? I'm just a businessman. Now, Jessica is my customer."

"Oh really?" 'Mr. Sun' fell into silence, speaking after a second later, "Interesting. We're all businessmen. If so, I think we can have a good talk."

Luo Qiu chuckled, "Dear customer, what can I do for you"

'Mr. Sun' said, "Very simple. No matter how much Jessica gives you, we'll double it, even more, as long as you pass Jessica and her stuff to us."

"The purchasing power of our customer seems to be quite strong." Luo Qiu squinted his eyes.

‘Mr. Sun’ said, "Stop this bullsh*t. I don’t know how much you know from Jessica... but if you know me, you’ll regret negotiating with me. But that’s OK, I like to negotiate with brave guys. A billion."

"A billion?"

"Euro." ‘Mr. Sun’ said indifferently.

Luo Qiu said, "That’s quite a large amount. However, it’s a pity that what we accept isn’t money."

"Excuse me?"

"Italy, Turin, Arpino Street, No.38... Well, Unit 4, the study room..." Boss Luo squinted his eyes, "Customer, does the Margaux in front of you taste good?"

"!! Who are you!!!!"

His revealed his fear and confusion.

In one of the flats of that exact address, the wine glass dropped from a man’s hand. He stood up abruptly and checked if there was anyone else in the study.

He even walked to the window and pulled open the corner of the curtain, viewing everything in the street carefully...

Chapter 206: Reason for Living

Nevertheless, this ‘Mr. Sun’ who had experienced various trials and tribulations before, recovered from the state of being shocked very quickly.

He walked towards the doorway quickly and switched off the light in the study---if someone was monitoring him, they wouldn’t be able to clearly see his current situation.

He didn’t believe that someone would be able to ‘see’ him on the other side of the world. That person must be hiding somewhere nearby his flat.

Collecting his thoughts quickly, ‘Mr. Sun’ operated something using the laptop while talking him, "You can even find me here. Very smart. Can you tell me who are you exactly?"

"If customer plans to make a deal with us, you’ll know by then."

‘Mr. Sun’ raised his eyebrows, asking slowly, "You said you won’t be receiving any money? Then how about some hard currency like gold?"

"Any form of currency will be denied as the transaction fee."

Luo Qiu said in low voice, "But be assured, the reason for me to contact you is to know about the so-called Micheal Club. But I feel a little bit disappointed. Mister seems to be one of the important personnel of the club. But from the conversation over the phone, you seem to be just an unimportant role under the code name ‘Mr. Sun’. You are more like a contact of the external affairs."

The man breathed in deeply, "List out your requirements. Let’s get straight to the point."

"We’ll surely make the deal..." Luo Qiu put the cellphone near to his lips, "But this is not the time to trade with you yet. Besides that, I’m a curious person... So, let me see to what extent is the execution of your orders to unify all evil."

The voice was completely cut off in the middle of this sentence.

The man narrowed his eyes, looking at the screen of his cellphone. At this moment, he received another phone call---That was a reply from the order he had issued using the laptop.

"Sir, ‘Demon Eye’ has observed the surroundings but he didn’t find any suspicious person. Besides, we can trace the origin of the telephone number... there’s probably some skillful hackers on their team."

"Can’t find any suspicious person?" The man couldn’t help blowing his fuse, "Then can you tell me how could he see the brand of the wine I was drinking?"

"Maybe... maybe they own the same ability as ‘Mr. Demon Eye’..."

"Moron!"

"Sorry, sir... is there anything else we do for you next?"

"Get ready immediately. I want to leave this place." The man stood up and commanded, "This place is exposed. Destroy everything here after I leave... Oh, get ready for me first. I have to go out to the sea. Right now!"

"Yes, sir..."

The man closed his laptop, both of his hands pressing on it. But he still felt someone was watching him. It made his hair stood on end.

Yeah, the man felt an unprecedented horror.

The unknown... was too frightening!

...

...

"It’s you..."

The moment he hung up the phone was the time Jessica opened

her mouth to speak... She was looking at the club boss with a mixture of vigilance and fear.

She basically heard the second half of the conversation between the club boss and ‘Mr. Sun’--- because she had already woken up in the middle of the conversation.

Luo Qiu glanced at Jessica, returning the cellphone to her, "Michael Club didn’t really hypnotize you effectively. That man tried to rouse the part where they had brainwashed you but he obviously failed."

Jessica intended to recall her memory. She gritted her teeth and held the wall to stand up, "For these few years being out on missions, I didn’t always go back on time. As time went by, I’ve developed a resistance against my other self."

It was probably on account of some other reason.

Luo Qiu didn’t lay bare the truth. During the painful process of the hypnosis, there was a short period of time when she grabbed her collar--- it was the pendant of her necklace that she was grabbing.

Jessica looked at the weird boss suddenly. "It seems that you know more about Michael Club compared to me."

"Well, I only knew about that place recently." Boss Luo didn’t intend to beat around the bush, "Then I paid the price to gather some information."

Jessica suddenly asked, "Since you know what the Michael Club has been doing and you have such a wonderful power, why do you still want to let this organization continue to exist?"

Luo Qiu replied calmly, "Dear customer, are you probing our standpoint?"

Jessica breathed in deeply, "Since you have such a mysterious ability, you can make this world better, can’t you?"

Luo Qiu shook his head, "Gratuitous expense will never be our choice. Moreover, why do we have to wipe out Michael Club purely because of its existence that darkens the world and lets a lot of people indulge themselves in suffering?"

Jessica explained angrily, "At least without them..."

Luo Qiu interrupted her, "Have wars ever stopped throughout human history? How can you ensure that another Michael Club won't exist again after this one disappears, right? You can't guarantee it, and we... don't have to guarantee it."

Jessica sneered, "The root of this cause is that you don't get enough benefit. You won't act until you gained enough, will you? Personal profit before anything, you're indeed a businessman!"

Luo Qiu revealed calmly, "You don't have to infuriate us. Besides, like what you've said, we are businessmen who seek nothing but profit. If you can afford the transaction fee, you'll definitely have the right to ask us to wipe out that club."

Jessica faked a wry smile, "Even if I sacrifice all I have, it may not be enough to root out 1% of it!"

Luo Qiu didn't speak but stood there in silence. He was exceptionally quiet in the dark alley as if he had been blended into the darkness.

Jessica kept silent as well.

After some time, Jessica opened her mouth, "I want a deal."

"Please go ahead."

Jessica spoke in a low voice, "Michael Club is heavily-guarded. They are unable to tolerate any betrayal. They are vicious and merciless ... I need to know if my mother is safe now."

Jessica had to consider her next step, she was even worried that the people in the club weren't threatened... After all these years, she became aware that they are a group of madmen.

She couldn’t understand their way of thinking.

Sacrificing 5 years of her lifespan as the price, Jessica got the answer from the club boss.

"I’m sorry. Dear customer, your mother had passed away 25 years ago."

...

...

Luo Qiu said out an unbearable answer!

"Impossible!" Jessica roared, "That’s impossible! I video-called with my mum several months ago! She was still alive at that time!"

Luo Qiu sighed, "Actually, you’re an orphan. Your mother was gone since you were very young. And you were picked up by the club from the street. They started to hypnotize you since then. The ‘mother’ in your mind is used to lull your will... well, she’s an actress."

"You’re lying!"

Luo Qiu came to Jessica, touching her forehead softly with his finger. He added, "Your childhood memory is there, hidden deep in your brain...Dear customer, you should be able to believe me if this is the case ."

The memory was suddenly evoked in Jessica’s brain.

...

20 years old.

"Don’t worry, mum. I’ll be an excellent believer. After my birthday, I’ll be sent outside to fight for our god! I’ll definitely fight for the chance to let you to live better!"

"Dear child, don’t work too hard. Take good care of your health. Just try your best in whatever you do."

"Got it, mum!"

...

18 years old.

"Sorry, mum, I didn’t reach the target for today’s training..."

"Dear, don’t work too hard.Take good care of your health. Just try your best in whatever you do. Our god will witness all your hard work."

"Mum... will I get to eat your apple pie tomorrow?"

"If you work hard, I’ll make that for you. Fighting!"

"Yeah! Mum!"

...

13 years old.

"Mum, what’s that place opposite the sea? I ... I don’t know. I saw it in the video and videotape. Is there a lot of people over there too?"

"Of course, a place opposite the sea is also a very dangerous place. Remember, we can only live happily here."

"Oh, I see."

...

10 years old.

"Mum... mum, where are you... I, I’m so scared..."

"Dear, I’m right over here! Can you hear me? Listen, use the dagger in your hand to kill that hunting dog. It’s an embodiment of the demon. As the believers of our god, we’re obliged to kill it! Listen, sometimes we have to employ force in order to guard the paradise we are living in. We have no choice but to do that... I’ve made the apple pie for you, good girl..."

However... she was still scared.

‘Mum, I don’t want to kill the hunting dog...’

...

6 years old.

"Where... where is this place?"

"Here? This is the paradise. There’s no sadness or enmity in this place."

"Who are you?"

"Darling, did you forget? I’m your mum..."

"Mum..."

"Good girl."

...

5 years old.

"Get out of here, wimpy kid. You’re so dirty. Don’t stand in front of my father’s shop!"

"I... I’m starving..."

"Do you want to eat? The bread that is sold here? If you can act as a dog and creep for two circles, I’ll give you the bread."

"Woof... Woof..."

"Eat it! Little dog!"

...

Three years old.

"Mama, I want to listen to the story of Cinderella!"

"OK, but after that you must go to bed."

"Yeah!"

"Once upon a time, there’s a hunter family..."

...

...

Jessica leaned against the wall, her body slid down slowly until she sat on the cold floor.

"Who... am I... doing this... for..."

Chapter 207: Customer, Are You Satisfied?

The vehicles on the street became lesser and the crowd slowly dispersed. 12 a.m.... 2 a.m. ... 3:30 a.m.

Jessica raised her head slowly.

She subconsciously touched the corner of her eyes and realized that there weren't any tears dropping.

She remained silent.

She looked at the only person who had been accompanying her in this dark alley. Sizing him up from up to down, her mouth opened, "Thank you."

"Dear customer. Have you thought of what you want?"

Jessica nodded, "First, nullify both of the letters... but I'll continue to use the transaction fee that I told you before."

"Go ahead."

Jessica breathed in deeply, "I need power to resist Michael Club."

"Do you want to take revenge on Michael Club by yourself?"

Jessica asked indifferently, "Do you need to know the customers' need when you sell things to them?"

Luo Qiu shook his head, "No, I'm just a very curious person"

Jessica told decisively, "Then don't ask too much... I need the power to take revenge."

"As you wish, my dear customer."

The club boss stood up, snapping his fingers. An old goatskin scroll fell down from the sky slowly.

The scroll unfolded itself in front of Jessica. She seemed to enter a different space with another dimension that was dark and empty.

Jessica breathed in deeply. Now she wished to be an avenger.

As soon as her palm pressed on the goatskin, the pain caused by the fracture disappeared rapidly, Since the wound on her leg had already recovered, she felt a power gushing out endlessly from her body.

A special firecracker-like sound was heard again from her body. She found blue-purplish light wrapping around her body.

Jessica stretched out her palm, seeing the blue-purplish arc light turning over between her fingers... This was an electric current.

"Your body's ability is strengthened." Luo Qiu said peacefully after seeing how Jessica was shocked after obtaining the power. "As to the strength, it'll be more powerful than your original ability because it'll keep growing--- Of course, along with its growth, your lifespan will become shorter."

Jessica watched him in silence, "The more powerful it becomes, the closer I am to death... and you'll get the transaction fee faster, right? You're indeed a businessman who seeks nothing but profit."

But she shook her head immediately, "Never mind, I didn't expect you to be a kind man. That's enough for me."

While saying this, Jessica passed by Luo Qiu and rushed to the deep of the alley without uttering a word.

Luo Qiu was confused as to why she left the cargo here--- Jessica seemed to leave them on purpose. She didn't want to take them away.

Lifting this big bag, Luo Qiu fell into deep thought.

...

...

Inside the little Chinese pharmacy, the exhausted doctor who had been busy for the whole day was laying on the table and deeply asleep. Because the resourceful Officer Ma urged him repeatedly, the old doctor had to keep an eye on the seriously wounded guy

round the clock.

The doctor didn't know that the patient had woken up.

Yeah, Yu Hua woke up a little while ago.

But he didn't move--- the muscles and bones of his limbs had been cut off. He completely lost the ability to act. On the other hand, it was because of the side effects of that prohibited medicine.

It was not his first time using this kind of prohibited medicine. Since some trial products had been spread from Michael Club and his martial uncle turned powerful with the help of it, he knew its side effects.

After a long while, its side effects would make people feel extremely weak. One had to keep one's vitality by continuing consuming it. But he drew a conclusion from his martial uncle who kept using it even though it meant to shorten his lifespan.

One could get power that was over the limit of one's physical ability with the price of his life!

It was also because he had already paid the price but still couldn't achieve his expectations that led him to this kind of situation.

As a martial artist, he was clearly aware of the serious implication of the wound he had--- even though he tried to connect the bones with muscles in right after the injury, it couldn't recover to its original state, let alone such a long time had passed.

He became a useless man.

This was the only thought he had after he woke up. It was like a nightmare.

Thinking about the past, an extreme hatred rose from the bottom of Yu Hua's heart... he was not afraid of death but he didn't want himself to be so stupid and cowardly.

As a martial artist, nothing would be more terrible than unable to practice martial arts.

"I’ve already become... a useless man..."

Yu Hua lay on the sickbed. HIs heart recalled the memories of these few years.

His heart was crying.

It seemed that he was imprisoned in a dark and black cage that kept compressing and pressing against his body.

When despair reached its limit, he seemed to suffocate. Tears dropped from the corners of his eyes!

Tears!

It made Yu Hua even more agitated--- this kind of cowardice made him feel like his heart was stabbed by a very sharp knife.

Rage, abomination, enmity, humiliation... all the emotions rolled in his heart.

"I hate myself!!!"

He roared like a ferocious ghost escaping from the hell, crying hysterically, "Ah!!! I hate myself!! Ah!!!!"

He struggled with his body crazily but had no energy left at last. So he could only lay down on the sickbed and roll down on to the ground straightaway.

He fell, face stuck to the cold floor, sobbing like a helpless kid, "I hate myself..."

Suddenly, he saw a pair of legs.

Someone was standing in front of him.

Yu Hua raised his head with difficulty... he looked at this man who wore a clown mask.

This man squatted down, opening his mouth, "Dear customer, what do you want?"

"What do I want?"

"Yes, I can help you achieve what your desire. As long as you can afford it, we will help you to realize it." That voice turned softer, "Whatever it is."

"Power... I need power! I need power! Can you give me power?!!" Yu Hua roared, "The best power that can break the destiny! Can you give me that?!"

He asked like a madman, "Can you give me that? Hahahaha!!!"

"Dear customer, what can you pay?"

"What?" Yu Hua laughed frenetically, "Only if you can let me stand up again! And let me own strong power! I can give everything I have! My wealth! My life! Even my soul!!"

"Are you sure?"

"Stop this bullsh*t!! Give me that quickly!!"

"As you wish, dear customer."

...

...

"Wait, what are you planning to do?"

Yu Hua looked at the weird man in front of him who was pouring all the blue powder into water with fear.

He knew the blue powder too well!!

"Of course, these commodities are for you."

At this moment, that syringe full of blue liquid was stabbed into his arm, "This much was enough to get the customer an unparalleled power."

"No...No! I don’t want!! Stop! I don’t want it!!!"

"Sorry, customer... we have to abide by the contract we’ve signed."

"Don’t... Ah!!!"

Endless power gushed out from Yu Hua's body... but his heart beat crazily as if l it was going to explode at any time.

One dosage after another was injected into Yu Hua's blood vessels. Along with his galloping blood flow, the drug flew crazily into every part of his body.

They even went up to his head, invading his brain.

Finally, Yu Hua knelt down. The muscles on his body swelled crazily; blood vessels turned dense and strong on his face--- the same happened to his body.

The dense and swollen vessels even formed messy, spider web-like vein lines.

Both of Yu Hua's hands supported his body up. His whole body was shaking, his fingers were crumbling the firm floor to release redundant power!

However, the power kept gushing out from his body--- As if it was limitless!

"Ah---!!!"

He had to alleviate the pain his body was suffering using this way. His fist struck against the floor. Each strike broke the firm concrete floor as if it was a piledriver!

"Power! Hahahaha!!! I gained power! Hahaha!!!"

Laughing crazily, Yu Hua stood up slowly. At this moment, he felt that he was almost invincible and could destroy everything.

"This kind of feeling is wonderful!" Yu Hua looked at his own hands, letting out crazy laugh once more.

Then he grinned hideously.

He took one step forward... however, he collapsed instantly with only one step!

A large amount of black blood was now spraying out from his

vessels.

"Ah---!!!"

He shrieked miserably and madly. At this moment, his muscles and bones were crunching gradually.

Yu Hua’s pupils rolled up, blood congested heavily in his eye white.

The man eventually stood in front of him and gave him power. He now took off the mask slowly.

Yu Hua moved his lips as if he wanted to say something.

But he didn’t say anything at last ... He lowered his head, his body looking like a collapsed statue on the ground, pressing against the black blood.

The club boss bent down gently, asking softly, "Dear customer, are you satisfied? Then... please pay your transaction fee."

Luo Qiu grabbed Yu Hua’s forehead and caught a greyish soul.

Chapter 208: Thank You...

Ma Houde and Ye Yan‘s expressions turned extremely grim.

Both of them didn’t even get to shut their eyes for more than 5 minutes since last night--- even though Kingkong had been put into prison.

But Yu Hua died.

People who rushed to the old doctor’s pharmacy were covered with cold sweat when they saw the surroundings!

Yu Hua died in quite a miserable way!

His body fell on a pool of thick, black blood. Most of his muscles burst forth. Not one part of his body was complete nor it looked like its original state... it was badly mutilated.

So was the crack on the floor.

Flipping open Yu Hua’s body, Ye Yan looked at everything here in silence. He frowned, "The damages here must be done by Yu Hua..."

Officer Ma frowned as well, "How serious a punishment could be that it tortured a person into such a miserable situation..."

Ma Houde turned to the pale old doctor behind him, "Didn’t you see or hear something?"

The old Chinese doctor shook his head, looking quite frightened, "Officer Ma, how dare I lie to you? I’ve been treating your sprains, haven’t you know me for decades since you started working? I saw such a situation when I woke up and I contacted you immediately!"

"Well..." Ma Houde breathed in deeply, the air was filled with a frowzy smell of blood--- like the smell in the sewer that was full of dead fish, fishy and niffy!

"Would it be the people from Michael Club?" He looked at Ye Yan, saying out his first thought.

Ye Yan shook his head, sighing, "No matter if it is or not, no more clues can be found from Yu Hua... Besides, he was with the buyers, he might not know much about the Michael Club. The key figure is still Kingkong."

Ma Houde nodded, "I'll send people to keep an eye on this guy around-the-clock. He won't even be able to commit suicide! I don't believe that the people from Michael Club dare to rush into the police station!"

With saying this, Officer Ma pat Ye Yan's shoulder, "Dude, don't worry, I'll send more people to find that lady if she's still in the city... and the cargo!"

Ye Yan patted Ma Houde's hand that was pressing on his shoulder, faking a smile. He heaved a long sigh, looking at the sky through the window, "The sun rises."

"Let me send you back to Peace Hotel." Ma Houde said after considering for a while.

Ye Yan shook his head, "No, I want to be alone... notify me if you have some news about Kingkong. Keep in touch."

"You won't disappear this time, right?" Ma Houde asked seriously.

"No, I won't. Go back to let the tigress of your family know that you're safe." Ye Yan smiled faintly, tidying his black wind coat, exiting the door.

...

...

Luo Qiu looked at himself in the mirror after washing his face... The feeling he had in the Chinese pharmacy faded away from his heart.

Yu Hua's emotions broke the peace that he had been having. The impulse then went away with the trade like a burnout oil lamp.

He went back to his room, sitting in front of the desk.

Two letters were placed here...it was formerly written by Jessica. According to her request, the contents of these two letters were to be nullified.

But that didn't mean he couldn't read it--- and the time had passed, it was 7:01 a.m.

Luo Qiu tore open the first envelope.

"There is an island in the Pacific Ocean, where the 'heaven' of Michael Club located. Many people live there. Kids, adults... believers. So, please set all the people free from that island. If my soul is not sufficient, please set my mother free at least and keep her away from the belief of Michael Club so that she start a new life. And, forget my existence."

It was not a long letter.

But this was what Jessica wanted to get from the club after thinking that she might fail.

Luo Qiu took this letter and put it on top of the garbage bin. Since Jessica was aware that her mother was a swindler, this letter was useless.

It burned in the air, the ashes fell slowly into the small garbage.

Luo Qiu closed his eyes, putting his palm on the second letter, but he didn't open it right now.

...

This kind of lock couldn't stop Ye Yan.

At the moment when he opened the door, he suddenly recalled the scene in which Jessica passed her pistol to him not long ago. He heaved a long sigh, fingers sweeping over the furniture.

Sitting on the sofa, he closed his eyes... imagining that Jessica was sitting next to him and was carefully eavesdropping the sounds in Luo Qiu's home.

Ye Yan covered his ears using both of his hands, tilting his head slightly.

He thought that Jessica should be like this.

Suddenly, Ye Yan curved his fingers and placed them gently at the corner of his mouth, imagining that he was holding a recording pen. He was thinking if he were Jessica, what she would say.

"Would that be ‘I came here, to Ye Yan’s hometown.’?"

Ye Yan put his hands down, giving out a smile that was neither happy nor sad... it was probably a fake one.

He looked around the room and discovered a black case under the tea table.

Ye Yan took it out and touched its surface... he was quite familiar with the shape.

Ye Yan opened it.

A saxophone, a letter and a USB flash disk.

That was a two-page letter.

...

"To Ye Yan"

"I know you’ll come here again, probably very soon. I know you are curious about my identity."

"I’ve been with Michael Club for a long time. From my childhood, I’ve grown up in the Michael Club."

"Yes, I think Michael Club would become my belief for the rest of my life until I met you."

"I even remembered when I first saw you at the airport 3 years ago, I spotted you among the crowd with my first glance. A comatose drunkard, a face full of beard, and your eyes were reflecting depression."

"3 years had passed, can’t you show your smile?"

"I know there has always been a person living in your heart. And I, might not have the chance to be that person."

"But throughout these past 3 years, you entered my empty 25 years of life."

"I might be the person whom you hate the most. Because you can’t believe how many things I’ve done that go against your values when I was spying in the Interpol. And how many innocent people have been dragged into this misfortune. And what’s more, beyond your imagination, because of my belief, I did countless evil deeds that seem unbelievable looking back now.

"I’m a devil and now this devil will become an avenger."

"The information in this USB flash disk is about the group arranged in the headquarters along with the material that entrapped you. All these could prove that you’re innocent and then could get you a good reward."

"Do you remember? You gave me a reward 3 years ago. What you told me that year is also applicative for now. Only the speaker of those words has become me."

"Ye Yan, please don’t look for me."

"Can you play saxophone for me for one last time..."

Ye Yan shut his eyes closed, letting out a sigh, "Jessica..."

...

Luo Qiu tore open the second envelope.

"If I die after failing and my mum gets punished to death due to the anger of Michael Club, please let Ye Yan live on happily. And, forget me."

Luo Qiu didn’t burn them up.

He only folded the letters, putting them into the envelope separately.

When the familiar saxophone sound came from upstairs faintly, Luo Qiu locked the letters in the drawer and shut his eyes closed.

Both of his hands moved to the front. He imagined himself holding a saxophone and his fingers were bouncing up and down together with the sound and rhythm.

That was the fingering of this melody.

Upstairs, Ye Yan picked the saxophone that Jessica had left, standing in the quiet room, the dim light in the early morning set off laziness and gloom like a stage.

He played ‘Yesterday Once More’ slowly.

...

She stood on the top of the building, watching the sunrise.

Her left hand covered one of her ears, feeling the gentle breeze and listening to the sound coming from her earphone.

The breeze lifted her hair, and blew away her yearning.

A single tear dropped.

"Thank you..."

Chapter 209: Reunion and Separation

As the plane landed on an island above the sea level, the man had no time to chat with the pilot and walked down in a rush.

The team consisted of five persons who were holding the same guns. A man wearing a white long wind coat had been waiting here for a while.

"Minister, you came back."

A man in the front nodded at this moment.

And this man nodded as well. He threw a glance casually at the other side of this island---located at that side was the living area and the inhabited land of the believers whereas this side was the base of the club.

Mr. Sun was just a code name. Each supervisor in charge of an area could use this code name in the club.

After returning to the base, the man recovered his real identity---one of the four supervisors in Western Europe with the code name Scorpio.

Named after twelve constellations, each regional supervisor had their own code name.

Scorpio looked at the equipped man, "Let’s go in, I have to talk to all the supervisors."

While the equipped man said at this moment, "Actually, Supervisor Scorpio, Hanged Man, Temperance, Pontiff, Priestess, Tower, and Wheel of Fortune have been waiting for you half an hour before you returned."

Scorpio gaped. Among 21 supervisors, there were already 6 waiting for him in advance? He couldn’t help thinking about the seriousness of the issue.

"I got it."

...

Walking through the secret entrance made of rocks, Scorpio stepped quickly into the lift, coming to an underground area.

This base had been built for since a long long time ago. Now it had expanded to quite a large scale.

The lift stopped. Scorpio passed through the sluice gates one after another, entering a room alone.

There was a 4-meter-long bridge in the front. Scorpio took a deep breath, walking to the end of the bridge. Suddenly, the surroundings started to shine.

At this time, the whole room could be seen clearly---this place was like a sphere that had been broken down into one tiny part.

The sphere-shaped wall was divided into 21 same-sized spaces--- They were all screens. And now, only 6 screens were turned on. The rest were all switched off.

Hanged Man, Temperance, Pontiff, Priestess, Tower, and Wheel of Fortune... Scorpio looked at the figures projected on these 6 screens.

But he couldn’t see the real faces of these supervisors because the screens only showed their signets.

The signets matched with Tarot cards.

"Everyone, what happened for the 6 of you to want to see me so urgently?" Scorpio spoke loudly.

Hanged Man’s screen blinked suddenly, followed by his voice ringing as if steels were hit against each other--- it sounded extraordinarily heavy after going through the special sound-processing, "One hour ago, 5 of our staffs who were designated to be at the Interpol were arrested."

Scorpio was shocked "What? So fast?"

Hanged Man: "Someone revealed their information. We know

that the Interpol is well aware of our existence and have been trying hard to locate us. Since our information was revealed this time, of course they will be controlled first."

Scorpio frowned, saying heavily, "It's Jessica, it must be her who revealed their identities... Damn it! She no longer cares about her mother's safety?"

Hanged Man: "She was sent out for some tasks recently but didn't return for a few times. Perhaps some of her memories were recovered?"

Scorpio shook his head, "No, no one could break my hypnosis..."

But he suddenly fell silent.

Scorpio recalled that weird phone call. That guy whom he talked to could easily reveal his hiding place.

Would that guy be able to break his hypnosis?

In fact, on his way to the base, he was still waiting for Jessica to contact him first because he knew that if Jessica's 'mother' was still in the 'heaven', she wouldn't act rashly.

"Scorpio, why are you keeping quiet?"

This time, it was Pontiff's turn to speak.

Scorpio had to adjust his standing posture. Facing 'Pontiff', he said after taking a deep breath, "I encountered a strange situation on my way here before arriving."

He recounted every conversation between him and that weird man without leaving out any details, "Last time, 'Demon Eye' who was sent by 'Temperance' checked everything around me but found nothing. However, the opponent seemed to know each of my moves!"

The sphere-shaped room became as quiet as a mortuary.

Right at this moment, one of the blank screens turned on suddenly. A voice was heard from it, "Scorpio, you've worked

hard. Since we just arrived at the island, have a rest first."

Scorpio turned to this screen that was on just now, saying respectfully, "Yes, Supervisor ‘The Fool’."

And the sphere-shaped room fell silent again.

After a long while.

Tower’s voice rang, "Scorpio told me that that man called himself a ‘businessman’."

Wheel of Fortune: "Does not receive any cash... and know every movement of him."

Pontiff: "To see what extent we can reach?"

Hanged Man suddenly voiced. His voice sounded hoarse under the voice changer, "Yes, that place."

Fool: "It’s the club..."

Tower: "Centuries ago, it had been..."

Priestess said with a slight hint of unease, "If it’s the club, I’m worried if Jessica actually made any deals, and what was the content of those deals..."

Fool: "Stay calm. Even though that place still exists, it won’t have an impact on us. That’s just a place to trade lust and desire, not a place for me to wait for my enemy. But, we should be careful during the next few months for the sake of safety."

Wheel of Fortune: "Then, stop the activities of all the branches temporarily. We need to observe for a while."

"I second that."

"I second that."

"I second that."

...

...

One day, two days.

Two days had passed, Ye Yan who understood that speed was too important in war sent the information Jessica had left to the headquarters at once. He even successfully controlled some spies in it in the first moment.

Soon after, Ye Yan received a message from the headquarters that reinstated him to his post as well as setting up a team to strike the horrible cancer, Michael Club, using all resources in priority.

"When will you leave?" Ma Houde sighed.

"Tonight." Ye Yan smiled, "When the staff from the headquarter arrive, they'll escort me and Kingkong back. And then, I might be busy for a long time."

Ma Houde didn't say anything but patting Ye Yan's shoulder hard. He believed that this excellent guy would definitely realize his ambition in the future.

"Old Ye! Old Ma!"

Ren Ziling's voice was heard suddenly... Subeditor Ren called them from far and Luo Qiu followed her unhurriedly.

The third day... Ren Ziling came to her husband's tomb.

Of course, Ye Yan and Ma Houde made up an excuse saying that this place was only a place for Ye Yan to wait for someone.

Ren Ziling felt relieved because she knew that Ye Yan had proven his innocence.

The four met each other here.

Pouring 4 glasses of liqueur.

And then parted.

Chapter 210: Must Be A Lovely Girl

"Come in."

Luo Qiu went back to the school on this day, the next day after Ye Yan left.

And the person who greeted him was still Teacher Wang Luo.

Luo Qiu walked up to Wang Luo, recognizing quickly that he was the student of Professor Qin Fang. She also recalled the matter about the replacement of the two students.

So Wang Luo smiled, "I remember... You're Luo Qiu. Have you made up your mind? You'd like to switch your major or wait for the newly hired teacher?"

She continued saying, "But there's a bad news, I'm not sure. Because there are too little students in this major, the university is discussing if we should repeal this major. The hiring process will still go on, but... the result is not fruitful."

"That's all right." Luo Qiu said indifferently, "I came here this time to proceed with the dropout procedures."

"Dropout?"

Wang Luo didn't expect this reply from her at all. She looked slightly distracted and flabbergasted, "Luo Qiu, do you have any dissatisfaction with the process of the disposition? If yes, you can bring it up, we'll respect students' opinions."

Standing in the shoes of the university, Wang Luo definitely had the duty to retain students in this situation--- It was not due to the student's mistake. Wang Luo didn't know this student very well. What if he spread negative news about the university after leaving? It would a hassle.

"Oh no, it's all because of my personal reason." Luo Qiu said politely, "Don't worry. I won't look into the responsibilities of the

school. If you are still worried, we can sign an agreement."

"Oh I see..." Wang Luo considered for a second, "Give me a second, let me make a phone call."

Luo Qiu nodded.

Wang Luo left the office quickly, she made a call in the corridor. Soon after, she walked back quickly, "The headmaster said it's ok but we probably cannot go through the procedures today...Well."

Wang Luo didn't finish her sentence. She covered her mouth, frowning, and retched.

"Are you OK?"

Wang Luo took a deep breath, taking a sip of water and shaking her head. She lowered her head, feeling her belly with a smile, "I'm fine, I got used to it after these few days."

Luo Qiu smiled, "Congratulations."

Wang Luo sighed, "I didn't want a baby before but still found out that I'm pregnant at last. Alas, I still feel very anxious these days. But..."

She looked out of the window subconsciously.

Not long ago when the typhoon struck, a tree was blown down at that place. She felt her belly, revealing a blissful smile, "I have a feeling that this will be a baby girl."

Luo Qiu nodded, smiling, "Well, I think she will be very lovely."

"Thanks."

...

...

Subeditor Ren was seeking for news materials in the street. She looked up to the scorching sun, asking her female assistant, "Lizi, go buy two cups of milk tea. My treat."

"Sister Ren, your hand got hurt. Don't you need to avoid certain

food? She rolled her eyes, "Besides, milk tea contains high calories."

The assistant pinched her slightly plump belly, "I’m not like you who won’t get fat no matter how much you eat."

It killed Ren Ziling’s interest. She was boringly watching people walking pass on the street. Suddenly, she asked, "Why are there so many students walking pass on the street? Don’t they need to attend classes?"

Lizi smiled, "They’re enjoying the summer holiday. Sister Ren, don’t you know that?"

Ren Ziling used her hand to block the sun, looking up at the blue sky and sighing emotionally, "Oh, it’s summer holiday... summer holiday, summer holiday, summer holiday?"

Subeditor Ren grabbed her assistant’s arm suddenly, squinting her eyes, "Lizi, last week there was a resort asking us to prepare a news report, right? Where are the materials?"

"Ah? You said you’re not interested. So I rejected them that day."

"...Quick, go contact them. Tell them I’m interested! Even if the pay is only half the ad-rate!"

"...Sister Ren, such a low price will make the editor-in-chief explode!"

"Don’t worry. If he explodes, I’ll send him sanitary napkins! It’s effective in stopping bleeding!"

As one of her assistants, this was not the first time for Lizi to see her boldness as a ‘heroine’... but for now, it was more important to think about how to negotiate the price with the principal of the resort.

Even though Ren Ziling exaggerated by saying half-price, Lizi didn’t dare to promise them... even 20% off would probably make their boss angry.

Alas.

...

In the club, Boss Luo was reading a travel magazine leisurely--- he bought it on the way back. Strategies to travel in Russia.

He promised to travel with You Ye to Russia. Even though she didn’t mention it, Luo Qiu was still planning this.

The phone rang. It was from Ren Ziling.

Luo Qiu had a sense of foreboding. He hesitated but still picked it up.

Ren Ziling’s gentle voice gave people goosebumps... Luo Qiu could even imagine that this woman must be squinting her eyes now.

"Baby, I heard you’re on summer holiday!"

"...Then what?"

"Don’t tell me you still need to be a tutor during the holiday huh?"

"...Yes, go on."

"Don’t worry! If you feel embarrassed, give me the phone number of your students’ parents. I will talk to them!"

"...Tell me, what are you calling me for?"

"Baby! Let’s go to the seaside! Sunshine and beach, summer holiday should be like this! Oh, take your girlfriend! I tried my best to get some complimentary passes from my clients. It will be a great pity if we waste them!"

Luo Qiu tried to recall but couldn’t help saying, "Since when did I give you a wrong impression that I have a girlfriend?"

"Let’s call it a deal!" Ren Ziling acted as a dictator, "Let’s hit the road tomorrow! Take your girlfriend! If not, wait for countless blind dates all over the summer! I have something to do, let’s get

into the details this evening!"

Beep---!

That was a quick decision.

...

Closing the travel magazine, Luo Qiu put his cellphone on top of its cover, knocking his fingers on the table.

The servant girl walked out of the back room. The black lemon tea emitted a tempting aroma in the club.

She put down the tea plate, teacup, and the sugar bowl, "Master, how many cubes of sugar do you want?"

Luo Qiu suddenly turned to You Ye, blinking, "Do you have a swimsuit?"

The servant girl blinked, feeling confused.

Chapter 211: Legend& Let Me Make Her Drunk

Lizi watched the two sitting in the front seats.

Everyone in the company knew Sister Ren had a big son but few had seen him--- anyway, it was the first time for her to see him.

How did that feel?

He was a very quiet person... and his skin was very fair, didn't look like someone who did outdoor activities often.

Considering his age, he was probably still studying and hadn't graduated from the university yet.

Since they were still inside Sister Ren's car, she and Luo Qiu were limited to introducing themselves to each other.

It seemed hard to pick a topic to chat... Lizi's circle of friends who started to scroll their phones had some news, "Gee, Sister Ren, the weather forecast said typhoon is coming!"

"Is there any problem with typhoons?" Ren Ziling galloped at full speed on the mountain road, 145km/h couldn't make her satisfied, "It would be weird if there are no typhoons in the summer."

Lizi felt that Sister Ren was overly excited today. What was so special about going to the seaside?

"Ah, it turns out that there's a legend around the resort area," Lizi said with excitement while watching the news on the phone.

"What legend?" Out of her work habit, Ren Ziling subconsciously turned her head around but just at the moment when she turned her head around, Luo Qiu turned it back to the front.

"You're driving."

This was probably the first sentence Lizi had heard from Luo Qiu since they hopped in the car.

"I got it!"

And this was also the first time for Lizi to see Queen Ren from the whole editorial department acting obediently like a baby... which refreshed her perception of her.

"According to the legend..." Lizi had to finish her words, "Every year at this time, songs of the sea can be heard at specific places of this gulf.."

Luo Qiu frowned.

But Ren Ziling snorted, "What legend is that? The sound was created when the wind goes through the cliffs and the caves. I think this is a fictitious story told by those merchants to attract tourists! It's very common. Lizi, we're media workers."

Lizi shook her head, "No, it's definitely a voice. Somebody said that it's in an unknown language...Oh, this article was recorded in the news, let me play it for you guys!"

The volume was suddenly turned up to the maximum. It could be faintly heard, but driving on the highway with the sound of strong wind resistance, inside the car stopped them from hearing it clearly. So Ren Ziling had to slow down the speed.

Luo Qiu shut his eyes closed in order to listen carefully to the sound.

A twittering voice... Luo Qiu couldn't identify what language was that. But it was quite a clear and melodious voice.

It was probably a female's voice.

Luo Qiu's heart shivered suddenly. He wanted to read the news properly but found out that Ren Ziling and Lizi were both distracted.

He frowned, putting his hands on the steering wheel... There was a U-turn in the front but the car didn't turn.

At the moment it turned, Luo Qiu pressed the car honk. The

piercing sound of the horn gave Ren Ziling a shock. She quickly grabbed the steering wheel with both of her hands.

"F*ck... I was frightened" Ren Ziling got panicked, patting her chest with one hand.

Lizi obviously knew what had happened. She was also covered with cold sweat.

The car pulled in at the roadside. Below them was the area where they could the sea. Ren Ziling heaved a long sigh of relief, "It’s a toxic song! I got distracted!"

Lizi nodded, "Yeah... the observers said so. They said they forgot about the time while listening to it. Now I believe them, and I don’t want it to happen again. Fortunately, Luo Qiu saved us, or... Hehe."

Lizi made a face, putting her tongue out like a female ghost.

Ren Ziling swallowed her saliva but saw that Luo Qiu was watching outside of the window as if he heard nothing.

"Anyway... Let’s go to the resort first." Ren Ziling collected herself, restarting the engine.

And Lizi never mentioned this legend again.

...

...

"We're here finally."

After driving since early in the morning, it was now noon. After they got off the car, Subeditor Ren stretched herself.

Seeing her from far... she could be said as having a good shape.

Comparing herself with her, Lizi thought it was better not to stretch herself.

"Ah... I can carry them."

Luo Qiu walked to the car trunk and started to carry the luggage

out.

"It’s ok, they’re not heavy."

Really not heavy? Lizi gaped…but this young man didn’t look like someone who worked out often. But carrying three cases in his hands, he looked effortless.

Ren Ziling didn’t care about that. She walked to Luo Qiu’s side, putting her hands on his shoulder. She put her face close to him, smiling gruesomely and saying in low voice, "Good boy, you told me last night that your girlfriend will come today. If I don’t see her later, you’ll have to sleep with Lizi tonight. Let me do you a favor by making her drunk."

Hearing this, Boss Luo had an impulsion to hit this woman.

He sighed secretly.

Because of this woman’s terrible personalities, he decided to ask You Ye to come here straightaway. If she was inside the car with them… it would be a quite a miserable journey.

"No need." Luo Qiu shook his head and looked at the front, "She’s here."

"She’s here. Where is she…" Ren Ziling followed Luo Qiu’s gaze. With only one glance, she couldn’t move her gaze away, "Oh my god…"

There was a girl standing at the entrance of the resort.

She wore a white dress with a maize-yellow hat. The gentle breeze lifted up her dress and her hair at the same time.

The girl tucked her hair behind her ears, looking towards this side.

The moment she smiled, the natural color of the natural mountains and river was gone.

After a good while, Subeditor Ren collected herself. She sighed and gave out an astounding sentence, "I’ve made up my mind, my

son! I’ll make her drunk tonight!"

"..."

...

‘Perhaps I shouldn't have let You Ye come here...’

Chapter 212: Sea, The Aged, and Picture

The holiday village was ran by a couple with a daughter. The host was Lui Hai and his wife was Luo Aiyu.

Their daughter’s name was Lui Yiyun. Since the university entrance examination was just over, she helped to run the business in the resort during the summer holiday.

The man was in charge of the food and the ladies served customers in the dining hall.

And another female employee in her 40s was doing chores.

It was not a large-scaled resort--- located in quite an isolated place surrounded by the sea and cliffs.

It was a family-studio kind of resort. The dining hall might be reconstructed; the 3 3-storey houses were built behind the backyard as guest rooms. The small yard was clean.

The slightly salty sea wind blew over, bringing the scent of blue dazes from the yard.

The blue dazes filled the yard little by little, green and blue overlapped each other like the sea.

"You can see the sea from the room. Are you satisfied?" the landlady Luo Aiyu took Luo Qiu’s group to the resort bedrooms.

She was rather enthusiastic.

The boss, Lui Hai, was not that passionate, but still retained basic courtesy. Lizi said that the landlady made all arrangements by herself, from invitation to the negotiation.

"I’ll go get the food ready, excuse me." Lui Hai seemed unwilling to stay long, walking out of the room.

Luo Aiyu faked a smile and explained, "Please don’t mind it, he doesn’t like to talk. But he’s very good at cooking, the dishes he cooks are very famous in the village."

When they arrived at the village, Luo Qiu saw a sign named ‘Lui Village’. The hostess’s surname was Luo, she might be married into this place.

Actually, this village was far from other resorts and the environment couldn’t be called superb. Besides, the sea-view was warded off by the cliff in the front.

As to the advantage of this resort, it must be its quietness.

"Yiyun, serve the customers here, I’ll go make the tea."

The girl nodded. She never left the county since she was born, so she had no experience in being in contact with big cities and the people from there.

The customers she ever met were from the neighboring counties, mostly seniors. Young guys wouldn’t choose here because there were no recreation facilities.

So when she met these beautiful and handsome people, the girl seemed to be a little reserved.

Ren Ziling’s real intention wasn’t about writing about this place. However, her professionalism would not allow her to slack seeing her innocent character, Subeditor Ren threw some questions at the girl.

"Is it always crowded here?"

Lui Yiyun shook her head, letting out an innocent sigh, "No, at most, there are a dozen guests during the peak season. Otherwise, two tables of guests can be regarded as good enough during the low season."

Ren Ziling was writing something on the booklet before raising her head and asking, "Why did you choose this place, rather than that merrier area?"

Lui Yiyun hesitated. Her face was to read. She glanced at the doorway, worrying about something.

Ren Ziling tone changed, "It doesn’t matter if you don’t want to say."

Lui Yiyun nodded, "Mom said you want 2 double rooms. Let me piece one more bed in the room so that it’ll be enough for 3 people to sleep together."

"Sleep together?" Ren Ziling smiled, "No!"

She pointed at Luo Qiu and You Ye, saying like a procuress, "These two sleep in one room."

"Yes, we sleep in one room."

Unexpectedly Luo Qiu nodded without thinking.

Ren Ziling gaped, opening her mouth... What the hell! She thought Luo Qiu would refuse to do so.

But he agreed straightaway? Had they already... No wonder most of the kids were precocious today!

Subeditor Ren’s theatre played again in her mind. It was some special adult program after midnight.

She gazed at You Ye... this girl was completely perfect. She didn’t talk more, but in Ren Ziling’s viewpoint, this quiet girl would make a perfect couple with Luo Qiu.

She didn’t look bashful when hearing Luo Qiu’s reply but quite natural and graceful as if having seen enough and acquainted with everything.

"Then, please come with me."

However, the little girl hadn’t gotten used to this. She had to lower her head, leaving the room quickly.

Watching You Ye smiling and following Luo Qiu to leave, Ren Ziling touched her chin, murmuring, "I’ve miscalculated!"

"Sister Ren, what have you miscalculated?"

Ren Ziling kept a straight face, "I thought I knew my son

completely! He is a blockhead, but... He’s quite a man. They probably did it many times?"

"...Sister Ren, don’t speak like this, I’m just a kid."

"Shut up." Ren Ziling rolled her eyes, saying, "Oh, stick near to the wall and check how the partition is."

"Why?"

"You idiot! Can you bear it if they are too vigorous at night?" Ren Ziling groaned, "Or you want to do something with me?"

Looking at the Ren Ziling’s hands gesture expanding and grabbing, Lizi stuck her body on the wall, her words revealed her fear "Sister Ren... I, I’m really a kid, don’t... don’t go wild."

"Hey hey."

Catch!

...

...

"Dear guests, are you satisfied with this room?" Lui Yiyun took a deep breath.

Perhaps it was due to misconception, she felt even more pressured greeting these two than serving the four.

"If not, there’re still some rooms upstairs."

Luo Qiu shook his head.

He walked to the window and opened the it, going out to the terrace and looking at the cliffs and the sea.

Actually the outside was a lawn surrounded by a circle of stone walls---this resort was built on the hillside.

"Who’s that man?"

Luo Qiu suddenly pointed at an old man sitting on a bench.

The senior man was holding a drawing board, looking at the

distance.

"Oh, that’s my grandfather." Lui Yiyun smiled, "Don’t worry."

Luo Qiu nodded, walking down along the wooden stair by the terrace, he seemed to walk towards the senior.

"This guest..." Lui Yiyun gaped.

The servant girl smiled, "Don’t worry, he’s just taking a walk. By the way, can you give me a hand?"

"Oh, please go ahead!"

"Can you take me to the kitchen? I want to prepare the food by myself."

The girl was stunned... she never heard such a request before.

...

Luo Qiu sized up this old man wearing a hat, seemingly in his 60s or 70s. He had probably been sitting on the bench near the cliff for a period of time.

The sketch pencil paused on the paper as if hadn’t moved before.

Only a simple outline like a life drawing was drawn.

The old man didn’t realize anyone approaching him or he didn’t mind him. He was looking at the sea in front of him.

As the sea wind blew over, the blue dazes under the wall shook. Luo Qiu sat at the other side of the bench, snapshotting the moment with his phone.

He lowered his head, handling the photos and giving a sudden voice, "Why don’t you finish drawing the picture?"

The senior appeared not to hear it.

Until the second gust of sea wind blew.

He said slowly, "I... can’t recall. I can’t recall."

He grabbed the pencil tightly, scribbling on the paper rapidly.

The original outline was covered by the messy drawing and couldn’t be recognized.

"I can’t recall!"

Now the sea blended with the sky, dark clouds moved from a distance. It would rain soon, a heavy rain.

Chapter 213: Family

Luo Aiyu was a sociable person.

At least Ren Ziling thought that was how Luo Aiyu regarded herself to be.

"Oh, Ms. Ren is so beautiful, and successful in her career. What an admirable lady you are!"

She was dressed in an old-fashioned style, the hair was probably cut in some nearby county barbershop, which was neither better nor worse. Apparently, she deliberately dressed up but they seemed not to match anyways.

"Well... can I stand over here? I will probably look slimmer like this." Luo Aiyu fiddled with her hairdo, "And, Ms. Ren, I hope that the report can highlight all the best parts of this resort. I paid a large sum of money to refurbish it. It'd be a pity of it no one sees it."

Was it necessary for this resort to exist? Even though it was said near to the touristic area, Ren Ziling felt she was tricked.

She should not be greedy for small advantages. If she travelled alone to this resort to write the travel guides, she would probably be worry-free.

"Landlady, move over here a little bit. Good, right there. Good, good."

Well, this way, she wouldn't hide the seaview outside. As to the person... She won't appear in the photo of the report.

"Lizi, give me the 70-200mm lens."

"No problem!"

The hostess felt very pleased suddenly. Seeing this Miss Ren coming from the big city installing the long lens, the professionalism made her think that it was worthy to pay the such

a heart-aching high price!

But Ren Ziling stopped now, watching through the lens, "What the hell is that boy doing there?"

Luo Aiyu gave a start, turning back to have a look. As she saw the long bench on the grass, she frowned and said, "Excuse me, let me head over and see."

She didn’t explain it clearly, just walking immediately out of the room.

"Sister Ren, should we go follow her?" Lizi asked.

Ren Ziling shook her head, "No. Let’s walk around and take photos. Let me try finishing the draft, then we can enjoy the remaining time!"

"Sounds perfect!"

...

The paper was full of irregular lines due to scribblings. In the end, it turned into a huge vortex.

The old man kept drawing circles, ‘I can’t recall’ was constantly repeating from his mouth.

"Sorry, sorry!"

Right then, the landlady walked quickly towards Luo Qiu, asking hurriedly, "Guest, did he do anything to you?"

"Will he?" Luo Qiu asked Luo Aiyu.

Luo Aiyu took a glance at the old man and the messy paper, being assured before faking a smile, "No, no! He’s just an old man, and has some cognitive disorder, so sometimes he doesn’t recognize people, but he would never hurt anyone!"

"Alzheimer disease?"

Luo Aiyu was stunned... what did he say?

Luo Qiu then said faintly, "I mean Senile Dementia."

Luo Aiyu nodded, sighing with bitterness, "Alas, it has been years and becoming more and more severe these days. It isn't easy looking after him. I got married to this place, but have to take care of my husband, the old, and the young, along with this resort... Ah, this time, I want to see if your report can bring the dead back to life. Or we might starve after the New Year! Can you give me a hand?

Luo Qiu was not interested in the landlady's chatter--- He could feel something from the contrast between the husband's indifferent manner and the wife's enthusiasm.

"It's very windy here." Luo Qiu stood up, smiling, "Take the grandpa back then... Actually, this place isn't bad, at least I like the tranquility here."

"Oh... OK."

Luo Aiyu nodded.

She didn't know high officials, noble lords or influential relatives. The highest official she ever met was the village secretary. However, this young man made her feel more pressured than seeing that village secretary.

She did as he instructed unwittingly.

Luo Qiu had gone far.

But he could still hear the voice at the back.

"Stand up! Old fart! Don't terrify my guest! You even peed here? My god! What did I do in my last life to have met you, old fart! Stand up! Stop drawing. You should be caught and eaten by the sea monster! Stand up..."

...

"Song, legend..." Luo Qiu went back to his room, closing the window. He sat on the recliner by the window, looking at the grey sky.

His phone was turned on.

The strange rhythm Lizi played in the car was heard again.

Boom---!

The lightning flashed above the sea.

...

...

"Yiyun, Yiyun!"

As she pulled him back to the resort, Luo Aiyu called her daughter.

But she saw her husband sitting at the counter, drinking beer with a straight face.

The daughter rushed out after hearing the call, "What's wrong, mum?"

Luo Aiyu pulled her aside, asking secretly, "What is your father doing? Why isn't he working? The day hasn't turned dark, why is he drinking beer?"

Lui Yiyun peeped at her father, saying, "The most beautiful lady in the group asked me to take her to the kitchen, then..."

"Why?" Luo Aiyu frowned, "Is she afraid that our kitchen is not clean?"

Lui Yiyun mumbled, "No, she said she wanted to prepare the food and asked dad to take a rest. Then they had a quarrel. And... after that miss showed her cutting skills, dad walked out and drank the beer in silence."

Luo Aiyu gaped. Even though her husband had weak working ability but when it came to cooking, nobody else could compete with him in this neighborhood.

If he didn't have this cooking skill and hoped to make something out of himself, she would never get married to this isolated place

next to her hometown.

But she had never seen her husband being so depressed after witnessing other's knife skills. This was the first time throughout so many years,

"Oh, what's wrong with Grandpa?" Lui Yiyun watched her grandpa.

Luo Aiyu turned around and looked at the old man who was taking off his pants. She became angry suddenly, "You old fart! I didn't ask you to take them off here!! Oh my god, why am I so miserable to be with this old fart and married a useless man!"

"Shut up! You can do nothing except rant!" Lui Hai stood up suddenly.

"If you're so capable, go to the kitchen and proof it! Are you ashamed to be rousted out by a girl?" Luo Aiyu snorted.

Lui Hai didn't know how to answer. He just snorted with a red face.

"I'm so unfortunate to have met such a weird family like yours! Luckily there's only one useless grandpa in the house, if there's another useless grandma, I'll be very pissed off!"

"Don't mention my mother!" Lui Hai goggled his eyes like a testy ox. He smashed the beer bottle on the ground, "Dare you say it again!!"

"What? You want to hit me? Bring it on! Bring it on if you're capable of doing so!"

Lui Hai raised his hand but drew it back after forcing himself to take a deep breath. He shut the door closed and walked out of the hall straightaway, "Don't count me in for dinner!"

Hearing Lui Hai's voice, Lui Yiyun became frantic but she could only pull her mother, voicing hoarsely, "Mum, don't get angry. Customers are here, don't quarrel with dad."

"OK, I don’t want to care anymore!" Luo Aiyu swung her arms, walking into the room.

Lui Yiyun could only look at her grandfather quietly... he probably had no idea at all of what had happened.

The girl let out a sigh.

Chapter 214: Senior, Hold On Please!

When it was almost dusk, dark clouds spread from the sea to here, then followed by a rainstorm.

When it came to dinner time, everybody gathered at the refurbished dining hall that used to be the living room.

There were merely 3 round tables separated by little screens. The dining hall that was painted grey seemed pretty simple and crude. But the delicious cuisine had bottled Ren Ziling and Lizi's mouths.

However, no matter how much tasty food there was, it couldn't completely stop them from talking... because You Ye was not there.

Ren Ziling who hadn't had a good talk for the whole day wanted to have a thorough understanding of You Ye at the dining table!

"She's under the weather, resting in the room now," Luo Qiu said.

"Under the weather?" Ren Ziling looked at Luo Qiu doubtfully with concern, "Did she get sunstroke? Is it serious? Let's check on her."

"No need. Let her take a nap." Luo Qiu shook his head.

The true reason was that You Ye didn't have the ability to eat... And it'd be a hassle to clean out what she ate.

Lui Yiyun who was serving the final dish overheard the conversation and said without realizing, "Is that lady tired? After all, she just cooked a lot of food."

How much?

At the place rich in seafood, the dining table was filled with sashimi, seafood soup, shrimp, steamed basa, sea snail, and home-made pan-fried mountain delicacies---Besides that, she worked hard on garnishing.

This table full of dishes that could be seen in a Michelin-starred restaurant appeared in the simple dining room, Lui Yiyun felt that it was too surreal.

She could more or less understand her father’s sense of powerlessness.

"What? All of these are made by You Ye alone?" Ren Ziling revealed a stupefied look!

The girl smiled, "Yeah! We shouldn’t let the guests to cook by themselves but that lady insisted to do it by herself."

Ren Ziling’s eyes kindled with excitement. She used chopsticks to pick up a bar of sashimi and put it into her mouth. It turned out well with mashed white turnip even without dipping in soybean sauce or wasabi.

The layers of fats and flesh of the sashimi were evenly spread as if being measured. One could taste the sweetness of fats mixed with the freshness of the fish, along with a hint of spiciness and coolness from the white turnip like snow thawed in the mouth.

Ren Ziling couldn’t help shutting her eyes, revealing a fascinated look.

She suddenly opened eyes widely, "This daughter-in-law, I’ll marry her for sure...Oh, no, you must marry her!"

Apparently, she was bribed by a table of dishes.

Luo Qiu looked at the retarded Ren Ziling, throwing a peeled shrimp into her bowl.

Ren Ziling got used to his behavior since long ago. She rolled her eyes, "Do you want to bottle my mouth?"

Luo Qiu pretended as if he didn’t hear it, turning attention to Lui Yiyun, "Where are the boss and his wife? We can’t finish it all, let’s eat together... Oh, and that old man."

Lui Yiyun shook her head, "My father went out... and my mum is

tired and having rest in her room. As to my grandpa, he isn't used to eating with other people."

She couldn't say that they just finished quarrelling. She sighed and definitely wished that her family could enjoy the dinner together.

"Is anyone there? Is there anyone home?"

Suddenly, someone called from outside.

...

A man about 28 came in. His clothes were wet and was carrying a black leather case.

He had a hasty appearance.

"Alas, fortunately, I found a hotel in such an isolated place."

Lui Yiyun took the youth to the dining hall, letting him seat at the next table so that he could greet the others since the helper had finished work and gone back home before the rain started to pour down.

"Sir, this is a resort, not a hotel," Lui Yiyun said cautiously.

The young man had dyed his hair blonde, wearing a waistcoat. There was a Kylin tattoo on his left arm--- and an earstud.

Such appearance gave the girl living in this peaceful place a shock. Lui Yiyun dared not to get close to him.

That youth waved his hand, "Whatever, I'll stay here tonight. Get some food for me, please... Oh, those dishes look good, give me a portion of it!"

That man eyes ran down Luo Qiu's table, squinting his eyes.

It stumped the girl, "Ah... sir, those are cooked by the guest. We... we are not able to cook those."

"What the hell is this place? Do customers have to cook for themselves?" The young man frowned.

"This is... is..." Lui Yiyun couldn’t match the words.

The young guy was discontented with her, "Then what can you cook?"

Lui Yiyun had to tell him, "My dad went out, he’s the chef... If you don’t mind, I can cook some simple dishes..."

The girl lowered her head. Perhaps she was unconfident with her cooking skill.

That man turned his gaze, walking to Luo Qiu’s table. He took a seat without greeting them.

He put both of his hands on the table, smiling while squinting his eyes, "Guys, since you can’t finish them all and I’m starving, can I pay some money and share the food?"

Ren Ziling didn’t talk. She first ate the shrimp in her bowl solely, then wiped her mouth and gave him a smile.

The man thought that that was a sign of agreement. So he smiled and was about to pick up another pair of chopsticks. But Ren Ziling said coolly, "Sorry, we aren’t selling it."

Sell what?

This table of dishes was made by the future daughter-in-law of the mother-in-law in presence! Subeditor Ren was reluctant to share it with a stranger!

‘Granted that this mother is stuffed, I’ll eat it up!’

That man squinted his eyes more while smiling contemptuously, "The full table looks nice... 5000, I can pay 5000 to eat a portion!"

"5000... What a nice price!" Ren Ziling answered with a shocking face before giving a fishy reply, "No, we won’t sell it. Can you go away? Don’t interrupt our dinner!"

The man shrugged, standing up suddenly.

He stood up, his eyes looking down--at Luo Qiu, Ren Ziling, and

Lizi. He whistled and smiled scornfully. "It’s quite a pity to waste this table of nice dishes..."

His face suddenly sank, "Don’t eat then!"

Both of his hands grabbed the table, intending to flip the table like a rascal.

But unexpectedly, his face turned red but still couldn’t flip it.

His gaze became astonished... looking at the trio. The two ladies were holding bowls, throwing a stunned look at him.

Only the young man who was silent pressed the table with one hand.

The youth withdrew both his hands quickly as if being stabbed by something.

As he was panicking, Luo Qiu picked up some food for him.

"Have some food if you’re hungry." He pushed the bowl filled with food to him, "It’s free of charge, enjoy it."

The youth swallowed his saliva, trying to lift up the bowl unwittingly. When he held the bowls in his hands, he could only feel it was too heavy to be lifted!

It seemed impossible to lift this bowl no matter how hard he tried.

The young man who had a special identity understood that he met some skillful man. His back was covered with cold sweat after being shocked.

"What’s wrong? You don’t want it?" Luo Qiu threw a glance at him, smiling, "It tastes quite good."

The man got up anxiously. Looking at Luo Qiu, his heart beat faster... ‘I’ll eat it if I could lift it up!’

"So, sorry, I lost my temper because I was too hungry."

He swallowed his saliva, taking two steps back and waving his

hand, "I can eat what that girl cooks for me... Sorry, I'm so sorry!"

Watching his blonde hair, the tattoo on his arm, his ears tub, and the funny look when he stepped back and apologized, Ren Ziling gaped and whispered, "This fellow...is he retarded?"

But Lizi seemed to give a thought about it, "Sister Ren, I think Luo Qiu's calm attitude has scared him off. He must think that Luo Qiu comes from some influential family, so he dared not to create trouble!"

"Well... that makes a little sense." Ren Ziling sized Luo Qiu up "This guy looks quite scary when he's not talking."

'He must be difficult to get along with...' Lizi added in her heart... actually she dared not to look at Luo Qiu in the face.

Luo Qiu said, "Eat quickly and I'll bring some of the leftovers to the room later. Everyone's tired today, rest early."

"I have to finish the manuscript." Ren Ziling said while gobbling the rice, "Brat, she doesn't feel well. Stop tormenting her!"

"..."

'It was probably a good idea to let that guy flip the table.'

Ren Ziling added, "Be careful at night, lock the door... that guy looks ferocious. Scream loudly if something happens."

Lizi nodded.

...

...

Soon after, Ren Ziling and Lizi went back to the room, and Luo Qiu pretended to pack the food.

Lui Yiyun dared not to walk out after going into the kitchen.

That young man looked at him, saying after a moment of hesitation, "Senior... sorry for being rude to you just now."

"No, you didn't do anything wrong." Luo Qiu said calmly.

The youth continued, "I felt that there was a hint of a monster's aura coming over from here, so I wanted to check it out...I didn't expect to meet such a skillful person like senior in this place. I'm so embarrassed to teach a fish how to swim."

Luo Qiu didn't answer... the reason the bowl and table couldn't be lifted was that it was from 2 different powers.

A total of 4 different powers.

Two were from himself, and the other two were from... Lizi.

She first held the table, then Luo Qiu exerted his power.

The food in the bowl was the same... 2 powers were exerted on it, one from the club boss or else the youth wouldn't be so confounded.

That man knew that talented people were supercilious. So he had to continue, "The monster who was with senior... must be your servant right?"

Luo Qiu didn't want to talk to him, thus throwing a 'you-are-annoying' gaze at him.

The youth didn't get it, voicing lowly, "Senior, you came here for that legend too... right?"

"What legend?" Luo Qiu stopped working.

The youth smiled, "Senior, let's get straight to the point. Several decades ago, a sea monster haunted this area and disappeared after that. However, it seems like it'll appear again, right?"

While talking, he stood up and put his hands together, facing Luo Qiu and worshiping him, "To be honest, junior came here to seek for the sea monster this time. I hope senior can join me to wipe off the sea monster!"

"I'm not interested." Luo Qiu said coolly, "I didn't come for this."

"Alas... Senior! Senior! Hold on please!" The young man called, "Junior Momo is the successor of Dragon Tiger Mountain, seeking

advice from se..."

Luo Qiu had already left the dining hall.

Momo frowned, sitting down and talking to himself, "I heard that this area is of Xian Xuan Huan Zhen Dao... is he the successor of this mysterious sect? Not coming for this... then for what?"

Momo tapped his fingers on the table, calculating in his heart, ‘Master said that I’m more sensitive than the common ones, and more skillful than what he was like at my age... I didn’t meet a counterpart throughout the journey except that skillful person. Should I go and have a try? I suffered losses because of inadequate preparation... I can’t denigrate the prestige of Dragon Tiger Mountain."

"Guest... guest... your food..."

Lui Yiyun was holding the plate, walking out carefully.

Momo smiled.

He tidied up his wet hair by pulling them backwards, receiving the plate with both hands and saying softly. "Sorry, girl, did I frighten you?"

Lui Yiyun was stunned after seeing a totally different attitude from Momo... this man, was actually, handsome.

"No, I’m fine..."

Chapter 215: This was Exactly the Martial Artist's Style!

Ice cubes were added to the cold water. Small ice cubes collided with each other in the glass and the club boss was lying on the deck chair in front of the French window, listening to the rainstorm quietly.

The rainstorm from the seaside was definitely different from that in cities.

"Dragon Tiger Mountain?"

You Ye stood by Luo Qiu, replying her master, "Basically, I seldom touched the circles of Eastern Taoists, so I knew little about the regional division of this area. But I've heard of Dragon Tiger Mountain, which is famous in this circle."

Luo Qiu shook the ice cubes in the glass, saying in a low voice, "I've heard some anecdotes about catching ghosts and yielding demons by Dragon Tiger Mountain. Dragon Tiger Mountain Taoist Master must be such name."

You Ye who didn't care about it too much said, "It'll be OK as long as this Momo doesn't do anything pointless."

The servant girl took up Luo Qiu's cellphone--- that weird song that they heard before kept repeating.

She said softly, "Even the recording of it could permeate one's soul. The singer sings with soul... Sea Monster. I don't know exactly what it is, because in western legends, there are some kinds of Sea Monsters that posses beautiful voices."

Luo Qiu showed his curiosity, "Have you seen a sea monster before?"

You Ye smiled, "I've met a Siren in Barents Sea. But that ethnic line almost came to an end... If that Siren is still alive, it must be

very old."

Luo Qiu asked, "Does this song seem like it is sung by a Siren?"

You Ye shook her head, "Sirens normally won’t sing such sad songs..."

She shut her eyes closed, feeling the song to understand what it wanted to pour out. She said suddenly, "But if it concentrates on something, it might sing those."

The servant girl always took ‘replying her master’ as her priority, "This weather is good for sea monsters to catch some air. Master, You Ye will go to the nearby sea bank now, I’ll probably get some harvest."

Luo Qiu put down the glass with his hand stayed in the air, seemingly contemplating about something. He waved his hand then, "No... let it appear in front of us freely. Or we’ll lose the fun of exploring."

To the recent Luo Qiu, if it was not necessary, he didn’t want to spend part of his lifespan to improve the ability to gather information because he had almost mastered it.

The club boss grabbed You Ye’s hand and played a soft melody on his phone and said, "Since we came, let’s be tourists and enjoy the holiday."

You Ye laughed faintly.

Her gaze swept over the door but didn’t disturb that pair of eyes hiding behind the door gap.

Subeditor Ren’s eyes.

And at this moment, looking at the two swaying with the music, Ren Ziling felt relieved while standing on her tiptoes and stepping back.

"This brat is pretty romantic... Oh! I forgot to finish the manuscript!"

...

...

It was a quick rainstorm. When everyone woke up in the very next morning, the sky had already turned bright and the blue sky stretched over the horizon.

Lui Yiyun said that the guest who came yesterday just stayed for one night. He checked out and left in the morning.

The girl didn’t look happy with the temporary business. Instead, her face revealed a worried look.

Because the boss, Lui Hai, hadn’t come back since he left yesterday afternoon.

She tried to call him but his cellphone was turned off.

"Your father always leaves for several days every time after quarreling. Humph, never come back! Worthless wretch! So that I won’t get angry!" Luo Aiyu swore, as if she hadn’t calmed down... meanwhile, it was the first sentence Luo Qiu’s group heard since they came out of the room.

Seeing those ‘honored guest’ had woke up, the landlady faked a smile, "Ms. Ren, you woke up! I’m going to prepare the breakfast for you guys."

Ren Ziling said, "No, thanks. We planned to have a look at other places."

Luo Aiyu seemed not too satisfied, "Ms. Ren, shouldn’t you continue to..."

Before she finished her words, Ren Ziling interrupted, "Landlady, if you want people to visit this place, you must let them know what the touristic spots are apart from the accommodation, right? If you don’t give an introduction to the surroundings, why do they have to come here rather than living in a hotel?"

Luo Aiyu explained hurriedly, "You’re right... Oh well, let my

daughter lead the way for you! It’s better to follow her to go around this unfamiliar area."

Ren Ziling thought about it, then nodded.

Luo Aiyu pulled her daughter aside, ordering, "Keep an eye on them. If they just play there rather than working, then tell me... we can’t waste the expensive advertisement fee!"

The daughter had to listen silently to her mother’s instruction and nodded... although Luo Aiyu always showed such features, the girl never thought her as Mother Liu or Old Biddy Wei mentioned in the textbook.

"Mum, I’m going out. Grandpa hasn’t eaten his breakfast yet..."

"Fine, fine. I’ll get that ready. I won’t have him starve to death." Luo Aiyu interrupted her with impatience.

The girl had gotten used to her attitude after these years.

...

The girl felt stressful being among those people from the city... especially the woman with good culinary skills and who was much more beautiful than the famous stars on the TV.

Lui Yiyun felt like she was an ugly duckling.

"Oh, you have it tough. Your mum must have asked you keep an eye on us and see if we will play instead of work hum?"

Ren Ziling suddenly threw such sentence at her while driving.

The shy Lui Yiyun didn’t even know what to respond upon hearing this, "No, no, my mum is afraid that you don’t know the way, and probably get into some trouble, so..."

"Forget it." Ren Ziling shook her head, "We received your money, so we’ll work carefully. I will neither flatter you nor defame you intentionally. I’ll write the truth."

"Thanks! Ms. Ren!"

She was no match for Ren Ziling... this innocent girl was probably easily bullied by everyone else.

Luo Qiu didn’t want to see her being embarrassed, so he asked, "Is there any scenic spots?"

Lui Yiyun felt excited with his question, "There’s no main one, but I know several small spots... one is in front, called Hearing-The-Sea Cliff, let me take you there!"

...

Momo, who had blonde hair and dressed up trendily, was quite dazzling walking in Lui Village.

But his appearance couldn’t be compared to the smart style that used to be popular in the village, so villagers wouldn’t pay more attention to him.

But what about the tourists?

All the families of Lui Village were running resorts!

"Sir, do you need somewhere to live? We have a package service! You know it!"

"Are you the boss here? Local?"

"Yes! Don’t worry! It is absolutely safe here." The middle-aged businessman was slovenly but smiled brilliantly... because his mouth was full of yellow teeth.

Momo thought for a while, "OK, only if you can help me to find a senior."

"A senior?" The middle-aged boss gaped, sizing up Momo with a weird look... then he hesitated, "You really want a senior? How old? I may not find one if it is too old."

Momo said coolly, "Of course the oldest one. I don’t mind that as long as she can talk and have a good memory."

The businessman swallowed his saliva, "Well... the oldest woman

here is over 70, but I don’t know if she will or not."

Momo frowned, tossing out a wad of bills, laughing chicly, "That’s OK. if you do well, I’ll pay much more."

He learned this forthright attitude after walking down from the mountain.

This was exactly the martial artist’s style!

Aunt Liu and Old Biddy Wei were the characters of the composition "Wish" from Lu Xun.

Chapter 216: Legend 1st

Momo highly doubted the boss's work efficiency in this shop... he hadn't brought the person to this place after 1 hour.

Because of his miraculous skill, he wouldn't worry about the source of his income. The successor of Dragon Tiger Mountain sometimes might even rob the rich and assist the poor occasionally.

But at the same time he also knew that time was money, thus he lost the patience to continue waiting here.

When he was about to leave, the middle-aged boss came, wearing a disgusting smile.

"Sir, I found the person you want!" the boss wiped his forehead, "I have a hard time inviting the aunt to come here! But don't worry, she used to be famous when she was young... Hey hey, to be honest, I've tried her before when I was young!"

'What's this guy talking about?' Momo looked at him astoundingly. He just wanted to find an old person. Since she came, he didn't give much thoughts of this guy's the words, "OK, bring her in!"

The boss revealed a cunning smile, "You'll satisfy her! She hasn't left her home since long ago. So it took her a little more time to dress up. Aunt Golden Flower, come in please!"

Momo watched the boss bringing an aunt in. He was almost scared to death at first glance.

Bloody red blusher was applied on both of her wrinkled cheeks. Colorful lipstick was painted on her shriveled lips, a yellow flower was stuck in her coiling grey hair... it was probably a fresh flower.

The aunt wore old-fashioned cheong-sam but it couldn't hide her swollen figure... Anyway, she was pinching a scarf, walking closer leisurely.

The boss closed the door with a smile, "Have fun... don’t worry! No one will come to bother you."

Momo’s lips moved.

He had very good listening ability. After the boss had left, he could still hear his whispering vaguely.

"I don’t understand the taste of these people from the city... quite heavy. Apparently, they want some special flavor, different from their daily life."

...

The aunt sat near him, ogling and using her body to touch him slightly, Momo couldn’t help shivering.

He knew what the middle-aged man had misunderstood.

The aunt grabbed Momo’s hands at this moment, casting amorous glances at him and smiling, "What a young boy. How old are you?"

"Let me wipe out this evildoer!!"

The successor of Taoist Master Momo gathered his power. A feeling of imperatorial was revealed on his peaceful face!

The sound of wind and thunder was heard in the air.

However, years gone by had deteriorated this aunt‘s hearing. She didn’t even know she was in danger.

She stood up, squinting and opening her mouth that had no teeth, "Let’s get started, honey! It’s late. Be gentle!"

Momo took a deep breath, reaching the state where his mind nearly collapsed. He stretched his hands to prick her forehead with force, murmuring some incantation.

Then, the aunt stopped.

Momo acted like a statue enshrined in the Taoist temple, showing an impressive and a dignified manner. Both of his eyes

flashed with golden light, bellowing in a low voice furiously.

That aunt's body quivered faintly, shaking and looking at Momo with fear.

"Listen! I'm the current successor of Taoist Master of Dragon Tiger Mountain. I'm coming now to get rid of the evil demons! And the purpose of why I look for you is to hear about the matter of the sea monster, you'd better behave!"

The aunt was scared. Looking at Momo's awe-inspiring righteousness, she knelt down immediately. She didn't understand technology or advance civilization but after encountering bizarre matters since young and worshiping deities on the first day and the fifth day of every month, she thought she met a living god now.

"Oh, dear immortal. This old aunt feels sorry for offending immortal!"

Momo sat down, forming a sword shape and pointing at her, "Let me ask you. Do you know the matter about the sea monster dozens of years ago in this area?"

The aunt nodded hurriedly, "Yeah, I know that. I can never forget that!"

"Tell me the details!" Momo yelled in a low voice, awing her mind with mysterious methods of Taoism, "Don't try to hide something or some bloodshed might happen to you."

"Yeah yeah yeah! I know that!" the aunt's body shivered but dared not to stand up. She said while lowering her head, "That was a matter of 40 years ago."

40 years ago, a horrifying matter happened in Lui Village.

Since then, the whole Lui Village was stirred into a tempest. Everyone was scared, hiding in their own house, and seldom walked out.

The aunt sighed, "I still remember that day as if it was last night.

A sudden rainstorm came and a boat was capsized at the bank. A loud thunder was heard, the lightning cleaved the rock of Hear-The-Sea Cliff, and a huge rock dropped into the sea..."

...

...

"This is Hear-The-Sea Cliff."

Lui Yiyun pointed to the front cliff and a silvery voice was heard in the wind, "This mountain road was paved 10 years ago to develop tourism. During my childhood, we had to spend more than half a day to climb the mountain."

They drove along the mountain road. Luo Qiu asked with a strong interest while looking at the delicate edges, "Why does it seem like an edge of the cliff was gone?"

Lui Yiyun said, "I heard a thunderbolt cleaved it long long ago."

"Cleaved?" Ren Ziling gaped.

Lui Yiyun nodded.

Right then, Lizi screamed suddenly, "Look! Is there someone standing on the top of the cliff?"

All of them looked over. Lui Yiyun then cried with fear, "That’s my dad!!"

Chapter 217: Legend 2nd

40 years ago, a bloodcurdling accident took place in Lui Village but it was not about a thunderbolt cleaving the cliff. To the villagers, it might be just a beginning.

Since then, a weird disease started to spread among the closed fishing village, beginning with a solitary senior, then a strong man, and then, kids,

"Weird disease? What was it?" Momo frowned.

Decades passed, but the aunt still revealed a frightened look whenever she recalled that incident. She trembled, "That wasn't a weird disease! That was the demon's curse! It was a curse! I saw one on my sister! Horrible! They... they were not human! They were monsters!"

"Quiet!" Momo yelled in a low voice, a golden light flashed across his fingertips. Again, he pointed his finger at the aunt's forehead.

That aunt calmed down but her face still showed a sign of panic. She opened her eyes wide, "From both hands to both feet! Something thickly dotted and stiff like deer horns grew there! Finally, their arms and legs turned into things like coral!"

She turned around, her finger was quivering while pointing at a corner of this room, "I saw it that day when I came in! Hidden over there! She hid behind the door, and curled up... she looked at me with fear. And I almost fell down... I ran away."

Momo remained silent. That aunt paused continued talking after pausing for a while, "It was the punishment from the sea lord! Old Female Immortal Huang said that was due to our disrespect towards the sea lord that caused such a punishment!"

"Who is Old Female Immortal Huang?" Momo asked suddenly.

She said, "She's an immortal, good at divination and can summon dead men to the world! If some one-month-year-old kid is

frightened, she'll be invited to get rid of their fear."

Momo sneered, 'Immortal? Humph, she must be a cheater. Decades ago, those who purposely made a mystery out of simple things were not practicing the true teachings from each sect of Taoism.'

Some were basic knowledge learnt from somewhere else; others were simply deceptions.

"And what happened next?"

The aunt took a glimpse at Momo with a face full of hesitation but she dared not to withhold anything ahead of his serious look. She whispered, "Old Female Immortal Huang said, there's only one method to quiet down sea lord's indignation, that is to return to the sea lord the wife whom it fancies. Otherwise, the whole Lui Village will be cursed and everyone will turn into corals in the end!"

"What's the matter about the sea lord's wife?" Momo asked, confused.

The aunt said, "Lui Village has never practiced intermarriage with outlanders... but several years before that accident happened, a fisherman married an outlander who had a mysterious background. We heard that she was saved by the fisherman at the seaside."

The aunt stopped before continuing, "Immortal Huang said that that woman was supposed to marry into the seabed but didn't arrive there. It turned out that someone picked her up and married her. She gave birth to a child. The sea lord got furious after knowing about the truth! And blamed us–the Lui Village!"

"Then you sacrificed this woman to the sea lord?" Momo loured.

The aunt nodded, telling him, "Right at the rock that was cleaved by a thunderbolt... That day, everyone went there. We... tied up that woman, after conducting a religious rite, we threw her down

into the sea."

"F*ck!! Ridiculous!!" Momo pounded the desk heavily, snorting, "You guys were taking an innocent life!"

He took a deep breath, snorting while seeing the aunt dared not answer, "What happened after that? The villagers were healed?"

She said submissively, "Then, Immortal Huang asked people to gather those who were cursed, sending them into the sea as the dowry... since then, no one in Lui Village had that problem!"

Momo squinted his eyes, asking after meditating, "Then, what about that old sorceress?"

The aunt said, "Then, some soldiers came and took her away in the name of breaking away from feudalistic superstition..."

"Stupid, ignorant, blur!"

Momo snorted, patting her forehead and knocking her out. After heaving a sigh of relief, he left this place.

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The newly appointed village secretary started to develop Lui Village into a tourist attraction.

Hear-The-Sea Cliff was also developed into a scenic spot. Guard bar would be built and a stone tablet was set up, carved with the legend of the place being struck by a thunderbolt.

Lizi found Lui Hai sitting on the guard bar on top of the cliff. He was on the verge of collapsing and would probably fall at any time.

Lui Yiyun was terrified.

Ren Ziling drove her red MINI-CLUBMAN at the top speed, arriving at the top soon. Lui Yiyun rushed out of the car.

Lui Hai sat in the circle of beer cans. A bike was blown down by gale beside him.

"Dad! Don’t do anything stupid!" Lui Yiyun said with anxiety.

She ran to Lui Hai, grabbing his arm.

Fortunately, Lui Hai didn’t attempt to resist.

He looked drowsy, gazing at Lui Yiyun and recognizing her after a long while, "Yiyun, you came ... Haha... come drink with dad, haha..."

"Dad, come down first!"

"Why... Here is good, what a nice landscape! Look at the sea... And the wind is cool..."

Lui Hai might have stayed here for the whole night. His body was wet due to the rain. It didn’t dry yet. His lips had turned white because of the cold weather.

Ren Ziling gave Luo Qiu a wink secretly.

Luo Qiu nodded. The two walked close to Lui Hai, grabbing his shoulders and pulling him down from the guard bar.

Lui Hai who had fallen down and was still in a daze stood on the ground, stretching his hands out to take the can.

Suddenly, he turned around like a crazy. Shaking his head, his finger pointed at them and yelled, "What do you guys want! You demons!! What are you going to do!! You threw my mum down!! Isn’t that enough? Come on!! Throw me down!! Come on!! You brute!! Come on!! Come on..."

Howling.

"Come on..."

Chapter 218: Taboo

Lui Hai was wildly drunk. Not long after, he fell down on the ground and seemed to fall asleep.

Ren Ziling touched his forehead and frowned, "He has a high fever, probably because he was out in the rain for overnight...Girl, where's the village hospital?"

Lui Yiyun answered, "There's only a clinic, not a hospital!"

"Whatever." Ren Ziling arranged them, "Brat, wait here with You Ye, I'll pick you up after sending him to the clinic!"

Luo Qiu said, "No, thanks. We can walk back, it's not too far."

Ren Ziling didn't say more but nodded, "OK, we'll talk later."

Luo Qiu watched the car leaving.

There was no one on Hear-The-Sea Cliff at that time. It gave people quite a relaxed and happy feeling in the morning. Luo Qiu moved his fingers slightly, separately placing beer cans and trash nearby flew up in orders towards a garbage near the resting pavilion.

Luo Qiu walked to the stone tablet of Hear-The-Sea Cliff, reading the words carved on it before asking, "Is it really struck by thunder?"

You Ye looked around, then tidying her hair and saying calmly, "It might be because there is a wind gap here. Plus with the humid weather, the rock was probably loosened by the wind and rain with years."

The servant girl pointed at the edge of the cliff, "Thunder is always followed by a rainstorm, maybe the thunder destroyed a loosened rock."

Luo Qiu nodded. He agreed with her thought.

He walked to the edge, looking down--- Right below the cliff were

the sea waves, along with reefs scattering around. People would die if they fell down from here.

No wonder Lui Yiyun revealed a frightened look.

"Did he just say that his mother was thrown down here?" Luo Qiu was puzzled.

You Ye nodded, "Yeah, he did... And that doesn't seem to be nonsensical talk after becoming drunk. From that kind of rage, he must have gone through something."

Luo Qiu said, "I want to have a look at the village over there."

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The village clinic was established two decades ago by a young villager who returned to the city after studying medicine.

The medical facilities were old, some should be renewed. But with good maintenance, it was obvious that the doctor cherished them a lot.

From a youth until today's silver hair, the doctor could set people's mind at rest even though he was no longer young.

He looked at Lui Yiyun, smiling, "Don't worry, it's not a big deal. He just needs a transfusion of fluids, then take some medicine with several days of rest. Your father is in good health, so he'll get well soon. But don't drink too much! You come and look after him, I have other patients to see."

"Thank you, doctor." Lui Yiyun expressed her gratitude.

Ren Ziling and Lizi felt relieved as well. At this moment, the girl's face turned a lot better, Subeditor Ren regained her interest in gossiping.

She looked at the girl, squinting her eyes and asking, "What's it about that your dad said that his mother was thrown down?"

Lui Yiyun gave a start.

She shook her head, "I have no idea. I thought it was just balderdashing from my dad after drinking."

Ren ZIling thought before asking, "She's your dad's mum...which means she is your granny? Oh, it seems like I haven't met your granny?"

Lui Yiyun said, "I haven't met her either. I heard from my dad that my granny passed away during his childhood. I've asked him several times about this but he seldom brought that up. Neither my grandpa... my mum, on the other hand, talked about that before."

She checked outside of the sick room, saying cautiously, "I heard... she was killed by the villagers."

The girl gathered some courage herself, saying, "Sister Ren, actually I tried to find out what happened to my grandma but I didn't hear anything from anyone. I've asked some classmates and they have also asked their relatives but they sealed their mouths too... I, I want to know that."

Ren Ziling asked, "You want me to check that?"

The girl nodded seriously, "Yeah! You're journalists, so you must have more ways compared to me... I, I have some savings, around 1000 Yuan..."

"No." Ren Ziling shook her head.

The girl looked disappointed, "Is it still too little..."

Ren Ziling laughed, touching her head with her hands, "I'm not sure if I can get some clues. After all you didn't get any throughout these years. But if I can, you can just treat me a seafood feast!"

"Ah, really?" The girl became delighted.

Ren ZIling nodded, "I'll go take a walk outside for now and come back to see if your father is awake. If everything is OK, let me send

you back home."

"OK!"

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Despite of its name ‘village’, this place was slowly developed into a town.

It was common to see two-storey and three-storey buildings here being occupied by owners. The small fishing village became a place full of seafood restaurants.

And so did motels increase. Luo Qiu saw one like a bar just now, which was not open yet.

This place was quite different from Lui Hai’s desolated resort. There were tourists out there in the street. Probably because it was the summer holiday, some youths had already planned ahead to enjoy their summer starting from here.

Boss Luo was strolling along the stalls.

"Bro, do you need a room? Our place is safe, one full package service! You must know that"

The middle-aged businessman with a mouth full of yellowish teeth called him while smiling.

Luo Qiu sized up the medium-scaled hotel behind of him.

"We have very good service here! A young man came here just now, he was very happy!"

Luo Qiu smiled, "Oh, does he? What kind of happiness?"

The businessman walked to him, couldn’t stop laughing. He had to whisper softly to Luo Qiu, "Don’t tell others, that young boy ordered a very old lady! And is enjoying now!"

The club boss gaped, thinking that everyone’s desire was different.

He shook his head, losing his interest.

"Sorry, I’m here just to have a look." Luo Qiu explained.

Watching him leave, the hotel boss got into a flap and caught his arm in a hurry, "Alas bro, don’t misunderstand. That was just that guest’s special requirement. I just want to let you know that whichever your preferences are, you can get them here!"

"Anything I can help you with?"

Seeing her master being dragged, the servant girl who was looking at local accessories came close.

The boss saw her and couldn’t move his eyes away. Thinking in his heart that this woman was extremely gorgeous, the whole Lui Village couldn’t compare with her!

"Nothing, let’s go." Luo Qiu shook his head.

You Ye nodded, walking to Luo Qiu’s side.

The hotel boss was speechless. Because a man wouldn’t be interested in any other women if such wonderful lady went with him.

He lost the deal!

Right then, the gorgeously dressed, flashy aunt came out sneakily. She pulled the boss’s ear, yelling, "You brat, are you making fun of me? What customer did you invite! He was a scam and scared me a lot!! Then he fled!!"

"What? He fled?" the boss was stunned.

The aunt pulled his ear with force, "I know right?I passed out and didn’t know what he did to me! He asked me a lot of things and I don’t know what I said because I was muddle-headed! Tell me, did you meet a swindler?"

The boss said, "No! he paid me!"

With the word, he took out his waist bag, fishing out as saying, "See! This is a lot of banknotes... Oh f*ck! What the hell! It... I saw..."

They were not banknotes but some leaves.

That aunt raised her voice, "I said that guy must be a swindler! I don’t know what he did to me! I’m feeling dizzy now! You must be cheated!"

"Really?" the boss asked, "Aunt, what did he do and ask you?"

"I can’t remember. Seems something like the matter with that Old Female Immortal Huang." The aunt said while massaging her forehead.

"What?" the businessman suddenly shut his mouth.

He found the man and his female partner hadn’t walked away. They were looking at him and the old lady. The boss lowered his head and pushed the old lady into the hotel before shutting the door closed.

...

Luo Qiu stepped back, taking a glimpse at the hotel and then turning around to the vendors in the street as if thinking about something.

He suddenly walked to a stall, sizing it up curiously.

"Sir, do you want a silk ball? Sending a silk ball to the girl you love will get you a perfect marriage!" an old woman was sitting at the stall, knitting a new silk ball.

Luo Qiu squatted down, picking up one with curiosity, asking, "How much is it?"

"Small one, 5 for each. And a big one is 12. Very cheap!"

"Give me a small one, please." Luo Qiu smiled, "By the way, I have a question."

"There you go...Oh, say it please." The old woman agreed to his request with a smile.

Luo Qiu asked, "Do you know Old Female Immortal Huang?"

Unexpectedly, her face changed upon hearing this name.

She didn’t say anything but grabbed the silk ball from Luo Qiu’s hand, "I won’t sell it. Go away!"

"Excuse me?"

But this woman cleaned up the goods quickly, walking into an alley rapidly. Before leaving, she turned around and looked at him nervously.

"Master?"

Luo Qiu said in a deep voice, "Go inquire about the background of Old Female Immortal Huang."

"Yes."

Chapter 219: The Object Covered by the Red-On-White Flag

Ren Ziling and Lizi didn’t leave the clinic. Instead, they came to the consulting room sneakily.

Subeditor Ren had a very sensitive touch of professionalism.

From Lui Yiyun words, she obviously felt that the people in Lui Village were avoiding talking about her granny’s death.

Even a local girl who had been living here for 17 to 18 years couldn’t inquire about the truth, so it was much harder for her to know anything about that in such a short period. Besides, in such a newly-developed village, many feudal customs must still be in practice.

It was better to find an easy-going and enlightened person to get some clues.

The doctor used to study western medicine in the city, so Ren Ziling thought that he must be a very open-minded person who believed in science. Therefore, he shouldn’t have any taboos speaking of it.

"How did Lui Hai’s mother die?"

Regarding the question asked by a woman in front of him who claimed herself to be a journalist, the doctor from the clinic... Lui Chaosheng was very astonished.

Lui Changsheng frowned, "Lady, why are you asking this? If you want to write something about a dead person, it’s not worth at all. Aren’t you afraid of losing your dignity by speaking ill of the dead?"

Ren Ziling replied calmly, "Doctor Lui, you’re major in western medicine. Do you still believe in such a superstition?"

Lui Chaosheng shook his head, "Dignity is just a plea. What I mean is actually the issue of moral principle."

But Ren Ziling said, "Is it also a moral principle to hide the truth from a girl whose close kin had passed away?"

Lui Chaosheng looked thoughtful, "Does Yiyun want you to ask that?"

Ren Ziling nodded, "Doctor Lui seems sensible."

Lui Chaosheng sighed, "Actually she asked me several times."

He shook his head, "She just finished the university entrance exam... Well, she has grown up, so she has the right to know the truth."

Lui Chaosheng took a deep breath, "OK, I can tell you, but be calm. After all, everything has passed."

Lui Chaosheng walked to the cabinet, squatted down, and opened the bottom drawer. He took out an object wrapped by newspapers.

He unwrapped it slowly in front of Ren Ziling, letting out a sigh, "Talking about this, it happened 40-50 years ago."

Ren Ziling opened her eyes wide. She knew she got the answer!

...

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These were the residues of a burnt building.

The sooty wood had already turned into the nutrient for some plants. Collapsed bricks scattered around. This place could not be recognized since long ago.

To infer from the trace of its frame, this building probably belonged to a wealthy family many decades ago.

Luo Qiu picked up a brick full of moss.

You Ye said, "I heard that this place was burned up by soldiers after they took Immortal Huang away."

"Yes..." Luo Qiu threw away the brick, cleaned the dust on his hands and then walked into the site, saying, "That woman sent as the sacrifice should be the wife of Lui Hai's father."

You Ye nodded, "She's of a dubious background. The villagers of Lui Village have never married outsiders. That immortal must have known this and probably took actions due to this reason."

Luo Qiu paused, asking curiously, "Since outsiders are not welcome, then why Immortal Huang..."

You Ye knew that he'd ask this, so she answered, "Immortal Huang was a villager of Lui Village, her past surname was Lui. But she changed it to Huang one day because some immortal told her in her dream that she used to be some immortal's kid in her past life and she came to the human world after breaking the law in the heaven. She had to go through disasters before returning to the paradise. Then she performed some wiles."

Luo Qiu nodded. At this moment, he suddenly focused on something.

That was the wall that didn't collapse completely.

You Ye was looking it at this moment, murmuring, "Who's hiding there?"

A small black flame emerged on the servant girl's fingertip secretively.

Right then, a voice came was heard, "Don't worry, senior, it's me!"

A figure showed up from that wall---It was the successor of Dragon Tiger Mountain, Momo.

Luo Qiu was stunned.

He said unwittingly, "Oh, it's you who look for that old woman in that hotel eh?"

Momo's face revealed embarrassment all of a sudden. He waved

his hands while explaining, "Senior, that's not the truth! Let me explain it! It's not like what you think!"

Momo had a serious headache!

If this matter spread to the Taoists circles and his master, how would he keep his reputation for the rest of his life?!

Luo Qiu didn't seem to believe in him, Momo's head dropped, whining, "It's true...It's really not like what you think!"

'Is he a clown?'

Boss Luo contemplated... he shook his head, "No problem, I'm neither interested in your special hobby nor talking about it to others."

"...It's really not like that, senior!"

...

If Momo felt a sense of awed reverence to this senior, then for that woman whom he had just met for the first time, it would probably be experiencing the shattering of his Tao heart.

This woman seemed to obey this senior.

Like a servant.

Momo was confused about the background of this senior... Maybe he was an old guy who kept his face young.

His master talked about a lot of long lost special skills and martial arts but this place didn't lack excellent Taoists with their sects.

Momo still wanted to have a competition with this senior but he held this intention back, "Senior, did you come here for the matter of that old female immortal?"

Since it was not clear, then... how about changing a subject??

"I'm curious about it." Luo Qiu nodded.

Momo smiled, jumping out of the wall, "I think so. To be honest, I thought you will find this place soon."

Luo Qiu looked at Momo who arrived earlier than him, "Did you find anything?"

Momo tittered, "Yeah, I did. Senior, come with me!"

Momo led the two of them to the back of the wall. It was an empty place cleaned up by Momo.

Looking at the empty area and black burnt mud, Momo chuckled, "I heard that this place used to be destroyed. Everything was taken away... but the things underground are probably not discovered yet."

Luo Qiu didn’t ask how he found them. Instead, he only focused on his next step.

Momo grabbed the other wrist with her left hand. The index and middle fingers of his right hand got together forming a sword shape, pointing at the middle of his forehead.

Slight golden light flashed across his fingertips, then he pointed at the space in front, "Five Ghosts Hauling!"

Dragon Tiger Mountain caught ghosts and monsters but they also seemed to foster ghosts as well.

The so-called Five Ghosts... Luo Qiu didn’t see five spirits but a lump of black fog emitted from the sack tied around Momo’s waist. They immersed themselves in the mud.

Not long after, the mud was seen to bulge out slowly, something came out of it.

That was a box.

Momo waved his fingers again to point. The box was unlocked automatically. After the black fog swirled around the box, it opened.

Even though it couldn’t be compared to Luo Qiu’s mobility skill, it was very convenient as well.

Later, the black fog returned to Momo’s sack.

Momo raised his head with exaltation like a kid showing off.

Luo Qiu didn’t mind Momo’s little pride, merely showing a frown creased his brows.

When the box opened, the pattern of a cloth was first seen...a red circle on white background.

It might be the national flag of some insular country that was commonly seen.

Momo paid attention to it, frowning, "Why did the old immortal have this in her box?"

"Something is covered under it." Luo Qiu said, "Let’s see what it is."

The servant girl understood what he meant. She went to the box and lifted the cloth. It turned out that the space inside the box had been divided into dozens of grids.

Between the grids, a test tube was inserted in every space except the one of in the first row.

You Ye lifted one out of it, looking at it under the sunshine.

Half of the tube was filled with blue-green liquid. Perhaps it was placed for too long, some tiny particles precipitated at the bottom.

Chapter 220: We

"Ah!"

Lizi made a horrifying voice and then covered her mouth with her hands immediately.

But Ren Ziling didn't blame her---Because she couldn't suppress her fear as well. She even felt her back turned cold after hearing Lui Chaosheng's statement about the accident.

All the villagers took an innocent woman to the cliff together and threw her down into the sea alive regardless her pleas.

It was not only ruthless, it frightened people thinking about human's ogrish hearts.

Ren Ziling sighed, "Fatuity is always abnormally terrible."

She gave a wry smile, "I understand why you insist not to tell Yiyun. If she knew such thing, she..."

Lui Chaosheng heaved a long sigh, "This accident has always been a taboo in this village. Decades later, the elimination of the four stereotypes extended here. Nobody mentioned about that incident. Everyone came to a consensus to act as if nothing had happened... who wants to recall that kind of things? And who wants to take charge of that thing? The instigator has been taken away and her house totally burned. They may think that their crimes have gone with the ashes."

Ren Ziling heaved a sigh of relief, "No wonder Lui Hai's family moved to such an isolated place... all the villagers are his enemy."

Thinking of Lui Hai's agitated expression, Ren Ziling could imagine that he had experienced many devastating things 40-50 years ago since he was a kid.

Lui Chaosheng's consulting room fell silent.

Lizi lifted up the thing that Lui Chaosheng had shown them---it

was the appearances of the people after they caught the weird disease.

It was not a photo but something that Lui Chaosheng drew from his memory. Lizi watched the thickly dotted swells on their hands and feet, couldn’t help feeling absolutely horrified, "Is that... really the demon’s curse?"

Lui Chaosheng shook his head, "My decision to study medicine was because I want to dig out what the disease it was. Because I don’t believe in the so-called curse."

"Then did you find the reason?" Ren Ziling asked curiously.

Lui Chaosheng didn’t show an uncertain look, "No, I haven’t encountered this kind of disease yet throughout these years. But I’ve read some news regarding this kind of disease on the Internet in recent years thanks to advanced technology."

Lui Chaosheng turned the old computer screen on his desk, clicking open the website that he had saved before saying slowly, "This kind of disease is rarely seen in the world, only 10 to 20 cases. There’s no clear definition for it from the medical aspect. The name ‘Mop hand’ was assigned to it temporarily, which means that after the patient's’ limbs become deformed, a big amount of keratinocytes will grow and make them look like a mop. It should be a kind of cell mutation disease."

"Well... I’ve read a report about this disease before." Ren Ziling nodded.

She looked at the photo of the patient on the webpage and found it similar to the photo that Lui Chaosheng had drawn.

"This disease makes patients’ limbs look like mops and also like corals at the seabed. No one knows if their bodies will be fully covered with keratinocytes. But to the people at that time, it was quite horrible. Therefore, the villagers believed in Immortal Huang’s aspersion." Lui Chaosheng shook his head, "I’ve been

keeping this secret for years. I planned to tell Yiyun if she asks me again at anytime."

Ren Ziling fell silent for a while, "Doctor, can I keep these pictures?"

Lui Chaosheng considered for a while, "If you want, you can keep them. They are useless to me anyways."

Ren Ziling said while cleaning up, "Thank you, doctor. Then, we won't disturb you any further...Lizi, let's go."

Watching them leave, Lui Chaosheng heaved a long sigh of relief. He leaned against the chair, lightened a cigarette, closed his eyes and thought about something.

It could have happened since a very long time ago.

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"This looks like some chemical substance."

You Ye shook the test tube in her hand, turning to Luo Qiu, "As to the ingredients and effects, we'll know those after the test."

Momo frowned, "Senior, have you heard of the ruthless atrocities committed by the Japanese invaders before the second World War?"

Luo Qiu glanced at Momo, "Are you suggesting that the weird disease that was spreading in Lui Village in that year was caused by the objects in this box?"

Momo nodded, "There's one empty space in it right? I wouldn't have discovered that in the underground if I didn't know the art of Five Ghost hauling. That old female immortal hurried to throw the patients into the sea. She was probably worried that this thing was infectious and she wouldn't be able to justify herself if anything happened."

Momo loured, "Think about it, assume that the old immortal

used this thing and infected people with this disease. If she didn't continue utilizing it anymore, all patients would then die. Then the whole Lui Village would recover its original state, wouldn't it? Thus, she could combine together the idea of sacrificing a living person and the fact that no one would get infected, making the villagers believe that she was a miracle, does that make sense?"

Luo Qiu suddenly asked, "If so, what will you do next?"

Momo replied, "Of course revealing this matter completely. That old immortal would definitely have a bad ending after being taken away but every participant in this village were accomplices. Should they be free to live and act as if it was nothing of their business after depriving an innocent person's life? Ridiculous!"

Luo Qiu felt and appreciated Momo's steadfast sense of justice, "How would you like to publish it?"

"Well..." Momo gave a start, he hadn't considered about this aspect.

Luo Qiu said calmly, "This is what you discovered... you can regard me as the witness but I'm an outsider in any event. The conclusion is from your own inference according to this box you found here. How many persons do you think will believe this is the reason for the accident of that year?"

Momo's face turned blue immediately.

Luo Qiu sighed, "Immortal Huang's trick might be revealed by the time she was caught. No villager would not have thought of how nonsensical that incident was. But they avoided talking about that, right"

Momo looked at the box that he had found, his face looked very embarrassed.

Luo Qiu said softly, "It's not that they don't know... they're just reluctant to admit it."

Momo got angry, "These people! How could these people do so?!"

Luo Qiu turned around.This burnt house was located in a place with a high altitude. One could catch the sight of more than half of the entire Lui Village. His voice was heard slowly, "Perhaps because... it should not only be one person in this matter."

It should be called ‘we’.

Chapter 221: Human Hearts are the Coldest

Momo didn’t know what he should do.

Because he didn’t have the experience in handling these issues. As the successor of Dragon Tiger Mountain, he learned many skills at a young age. He expelled the evil spirits but he never tried to correct human hearts.

Luo Qiu’s words were too heavy for him.

Momo, who had a dream, found himself too young whenever he wanted to do something.

However, it couldn’t stop him from reminding himself that he was the successor of Taoism of Dragon Tiger Mountain and his responsibility was to defeat the devils. But he had been carefully keeping the incident happened in Lui Village 45 years ago in his heart.

Because he knew.

That someday when he became more mature, he’d be able to deal with it.

History was filthier than the monsters and ghosts that he ever killed.

Momo looked at Luo Qiu, overlooking the whole Lui Village with him. Even though he dyed his hair blonde and had a tattoo of a Chinese dragon on his arms, he still didn’t like a hooligan. Instead, he looked more like a scholar.

He said, "My master once said that human hearts are the coldest."

Luo Qiu didn’t answer him but stood there, trying to think if his master’s heart was cold when he said that sentence.

Momo chose to leave.

He came here for the legend of the sea monster.

Since the legend was made up, his goal remained the present only.

That miraculous song that made people lose themselves.

Because that was true.

Momo started to recall something only after leaving. He forgot to take away or destroy the box. He didn’t even know if this senior was a good guy or a bad guy.

He returned, but neither he nor the box was there. Momo felt painful when he saw the ruins, feeling confused about the future.

He didn’t know the senior came from, not even his name.

The successor murmured to himself, "Is he…a gossiper? Hopefully he won’t spread it."

The incident in the hotel was a dark history for the young Taoism successor.

…

…

Luo Qiu met Ren Ziling and Lizi in the village, hearing from them the subsequent incidents and news that Lui Chaosheng had told them.

Looking at Lui Chaosheng’s photo, Luo Qiu said subconsciously, "It’s like mop hand."

Lizi was shocked by his profound knowledge and thought that Sister Ren’s son was excellent. Of course the more excellent one was his ‘girlfriend’, You Ye, who was present too.

Due to her optimistic nature, she gave too much thought to too many things---From Luo Qiu’s behavior along the way, it was easy to sense how serious he had spoiled Sister Ren.

It felt like their roles interchanged.

Ren Ziling nodded, "I’ve completed the thing that that girl

requested but I don’t know how to tell her."

Luo Qiu suddenly asked, "Where are you heading to?"

Ren Ziling answered, "I have no idea, just take a walk to relax and seek for something special... Oh, Lizi, do you find there’s a string of shell Aeolian bells hanging under the eaves of every house?"

Lizi thought, "Maybe that’s the local custom. Like Octagonal Mirrors are hung in front of many places right?"

Ren Ziling added, "The use of those is to chase away evil spirits. But can an Aeolian bell achieve that?"

Lizi shrugged, "I don’t know. Let me ask someone."

Before Ren Ziling said ‘Yes’, a person rushed to them. That figure was Lui Yiyun who should be taking care of Lui Hai in the clinic.

She run hurriedly, panting heavily with a flurried face, "Sister Ren, have you seen my dad?"

Ren Ziling frowned, "What’s wrong?"

The girl almost cried, "I left for a second and went back but found that my dad wasn’t there! I asked the doctor, he said he didn’t see him either. What should I do? He’s still running a fever!"

Lizi comforted her, "He’ll be safe. He probably woke up and wanted to go somewhere else? Or maybe go home by himself!"

"But..."

Ren Ziling interrupted her, "Let’s go look for him separately. It’ll not be hard to find a person in this small village, unless he’s hiding intentionally."

"OK!" the girl nodded.

Luo Qiu said, "Then let’s go this way."

Luo Qiu pointed towards a direction. Ren Ziling nodded, heading towards another direction with Lizi and Lui Yiyun.

Watching the trio leave, Luo Qiu didn’t go to the way he pointed.

Instead, he checked the location of the clinic and walked towards there---It was not a hard thing for the club boss to seek a person.

Lui Hai didn't get lost.

The information gathered showed that he was still in the clinic.

...

In the clinic, Lui Chaosheng was seeing patients. The clinic was always busy because it was the only medical facility in the village.

When Luo Qiu and You Ye passed by the consultation room, Lui Chaosheng was using a stethoscope to hear something in a kid's body.

Lui Chaosheng, together with the kid and his parents didn't see the two coming in.

Luo Qiu took a glimpse, going in the consultation room--- Lui Chaosheng's office. The door was slightly opened.

At that time, no one noticed that the door was opened a little wide.

The office was small and could be viewed with one glimpse. Luo Qiu walked to a steel cabinet near to the wall. The servant girl understood tacitly, pressing her hand on the lock.

Crack.

The door opened slowly.

All the shelves were taken away. There was only a spacious area left and Lui Hai was now in this cabinet.

He was sleeping while the needle was inserted in his hand. An infusion bag was hanged above him.

There were not enough sickbeds. It was impossible to take him here for intravenous infusion.

This was Lui Chaosheng's office, he was the only one who had the cabinet key.

Chapter 222: 'Curse' Reappears

Since they found Lui Hai, You Ye asked, "Master, do we need to inform Ms. Ren?"

Luo Qiu shut the cabinet door.

He said, "If Lui Chaosheng wants to take actions against Lui Hai, he won't leave him here and purposely gave him have him intravenous infusion."

You Ye nodded, she agreed with him.

Luo Qiu walked around the office, watching all the places that had been cleaned by Lui Chaosheng.

The cover of the old computer had already turned yellow but it contained no dust. Even the keyboard appeared to be cleaned often.

The letters on the keyboard had already become unclear but no dust was seen in the gaps.

And the same was with every other object--- After stepping in, Luo Qiu sensed that Lui Chaosheng treated his work with a very serious attitude.

He came to sit on Lui Chaosheng's chair, leaning on the back and looking at the door.

He loved to observe others from their perspectives in order to comprehend the role. He looked at You Ye, smiling, "He is a thoughtful and careful man. As to the reason why he hid Lui Hai, let's continue to observe."

You Ye smiled faintly.

She only wanted her master to be happy.

The servant girl walked into the office, then stopped in front of another steel cabinet. Lui Chaosheng probably used this cabinet to store information and casebooks.

Even ordinary people could easily unlock the locks, what was more when it was the servant girl from the club.

Opening the bottom drawer that was locked, each separated craft bags was seen with documents laying tidily. You Ye stroke over them with her finger in a dancing gesture but stopped suddenly.

She drew out one of them, opening it.

Soon after, the servant girl showed a smile. She looked at Luo Qiu, saying softly, "Master, there's something interesting here."

...

...

"Lui Hai? No, I didn't see him, I didn't see him. Get out of here!"

Another one said he didn't see him.

Along the way, Ren Ziling sensed that Lui Hai was not welcome in this village---If she didn't know about the incident happened 45 years ago, Ren Ziling might think that Lui Hai's family did something that enraged the heaven and people.

But now, she couldn't help sensing the weird vibe in this village.

She shook her head, sighed, and then walked to Lui Yiyun's side.

The girl hung up the phone, shaking her head and saying with a disappointed look, "My mum said that my dad didn't go back."

Ren Ziling frowned, "No villagers mentioned seeing a big living person like your dad... Maybe he didn't come here. Let's wait for Luo Qiu's news. Don't worry, your father is such a grown man, he won't do something silly."

The girl nodded. Her weak appearance made people feel painful to look at.

Ren Ziling recalled Lui Yiyun's request, hesitating for a while. She still wanted to talk about it after finding Lui Hai.

Lui Yiyun took a deep breath, "Sister Ren, let's have a look there.

We haven’t gone there yet."

"OK." Ren Ziling nodded.

Lizi asked, "Something happened there? Why is everyone running towards that way?"

This was no longer the main street of the village but the back alley of the neighborhood.

"Is it about my dad?" Lui Yiyun revealed a worried expression, walking quickly towards there.

Ren Ziling and Lizi followed, they squeezed themselves into the crowd. This was the gate of someone’s house---When they saw this scene, they immediately understood why people gathered here.

"Ah!"

The girl Lui Yiyun screamed straightaway.

Even Subeditor Ren who had witnessed different situations had a thrilling feeling---A man around 50-60 years old who should be the member of this family now fell down in front of the gate.

The gate was open and the man was lying on the threshold...It seemed like he tried to climb out of the house.

Both of his hands and feet were fully covered with grey branches like the roots of an old tree, like the corals at the seabed...and like the disease of the patients in the photo that Lui Chaosheng showed to them!

The man was throwing up white foams from his mouth, His face was pale with his eyes closed.

His face was so horrible that nobody dared to check if he was still breathing!

A kid squeezed into the crowd, whose face turned dark after the first glimpse, screaming instantly. His mother hurried to cover his eyes, turning him back with trepidation, "Don’t look! Don’t look!"

"This is... is... Oh, I got it! I got it!"

An old woman screamed. Her legs felt like jelly and she slumped down on the ground. But her feet kept thrusting aimlessly, moving her body far away from him.

She reached out her fingers, shivering, saying while trembling, "Curse! Curse! That's the curse!! That curse returned again!!"

Some very young people living nearby were scared, asking, "Aunt Guiyu, what, what curse?"

That old woman's body thrilled, "I don't know! I don't know about anything... nothing to do with me... nothing to do with me... many people died... nothing to do with me... nothing to do with me..."

The old woman crawled out of the throng, leaving in a flurry by holding on to the alley wall. She kept repeating, "Many people died... many... nothing to do with me, nothing to do with me... I don't know about anything! Don't come to me, don't come to me, don't come to me..."

Not only that old woman.

Nearly at the same time, several aged persons were in helter-skelter, hiding their faces silently at home without uttering any sound. Some went back home and some slipped off through alleys nearby.

Only some young guys who were too scared to know what to do remained there.

Ren Ziling was puzzled and frowned, "What are guys standing still there for! Send him to the clinic!"

"You can do that if you want... this guy is so dreadful, who knows if it'll infect others?"

Ren Ziling pointed her middle finger at them, ignoring their ugly look, "Lizi, come and help me! Yiyun, call Doctor Lui, tell him that

the disease of that year arose again!"

"Oh, oh, OK!" The girl hastily fished out her cellphone.

Ren Ziling tore a strip of cloth from her blouse, twining it around her hand.

Lizi imitated her to tear her sleeve and covered her both hands. The two helped that person to sit up.

"He’s still breathing."

Ren Ziling firmly said.

Chapter 223: Ways are ALL Blocked

"Step aside, please. For the rest of you, please leave. Thank you for your help."

The only nurse in the clinic--around 30 years old, wearing a nurse uniform--was persuading the crowd to leave the clinic.

The incident about the disease attacking that old man spread soon in this small village. More and more people got to know about the news.

Comparing with the hustle and bustle outside, Lui Chaosheng looked stern in the consultation room.

After receiving the phone call from Lui Yiyun long ago, he had done preparing the medical tools and was ready to take action.

Ren Ziling and Lizi observed at the side. They asked for some ethyl alcohol and were scrubbing their hands at the moment because their skins touched the patient.

"What kind of disease it is?" Ren Ziling asked seriously, "Is it..."

Lui Chaosheng pulled a long face, telling her seriously, "It's quite similar to what I saw that year... as they were the same. But I'm not sure because I was too young that year, so might have remembered something wrong, just..."

Looking at the two brave people who sent the old man here, Lui Chaosheng said, "The facilities in this clinic are limited. In order to find out what it is exactly, I suggest you send him to the county hospital, or even some farther but larger hospital."

Ren Ziling recalled that she saw a lady's motorbike parked at the gate of the clinic, saying forwardly, "Doctor Lui, I can help to send him to the county!"

Lui Chaosheng nodded, "Then... let's hit the road now. Don't waste any time!"

Right then, noise was heard from the outside of the room. A 40-year-old man in white shirt and suit pants entered hurriedly with 2 other men.

"Doctor, they say... they want to have a look." The nurse said perplexedly.

Lui Chaosheng shook his head, asking the nurse to calm other patients down. Then he turned to the leader, faking a smile, "Why did the secretary and the village head come here for?"

This man’s surname was Wu, Wu Qiushui, the secretary delegated by the county. The one next to him who was around his age was the village head. The one at the back was the assistant of the village secretary, also an outsider from the county. His surname was Du, graduated from a university and became a village officer.

Wu Qiushui said, "We heard that an old man was infected with a horrible disease his look was terrible. I’m afraid it’s an infectious disease, so I have to come and get a clear idea of this. On the other hand, I want to know about his family status and see if there’s anything I can help with. These two are... I never saw them before."

Wu Qiushui took a glimpse at Ren Ziling and Lizi, squinting their eyes.

Lui Chaosheng said, "These two ladies were the ones who sent him here. They came here for a holiday."

Wu Qiushui nodded, expressing his gratitude, "Thank you for your help."

"That’s all right. Human life comes first." Ren Ziling said calmly.

Lui Chaosheng said, "Secretary and village head, I don’t know the cause of the disease, plus the limited facilities, I can’t diagnose it. We just want to send the patient to the county hospital."

Wu Qiushui and the village head took a glance at the patient,

revealing an aghast and startled look due to his appearance.

Wu Qiushui took a deep breath, "Yes, that’s necessary! However, we shouldn’t bother these two ladies. Doctor Lui, let Little Du drive and send you there!"

"Fine. Let’s go." Lui Chaosheng didn’t intend to beat around the bush, nodding.

...

"How’s it going? Did you find him?"

After a long while, Ren Ziling met Luo Qiu again in the clinic---Boss Luo came back after strolling around with You Ye.

He shook his head, didn’t say anything.

You Ye said softly, "Ms. Ren, why are so many people gathered around here?"

"Don’t stand on ceremony! Call me Sister Ren, or if you’re shy, just call me mum!" Ren Ziling said some appalling words that shocked Luo Qiu again.

‘What the hell is the mother...’

"Sister Ren."

You Ye called her naturally and gracefully.

Subeditor Ren felt satisfied, feeling that this drew their distance closer. So she recounted all the incident from the beginning until the end with pleasure.

While listening to it, Luo Qiu’s attention moved to the silent Lui Yiyun who was sitting at one side. She lowered her head with a heavy heart. She seemed to be worried about her father Lui Hai who suddenly went missing without a trace.

Sensing some sight was gazing at her, Lui Yiyun raised her head.

She dried her tears and met Luo Qiu’s eyes.

Luo Qiu smiled faintly, shaking his head.

The girl was stunned, didn’t understand his meaning.

Ren Ziling noticed Lui Yiyun’s expression, saying, "Let’s go to look for him again. If we fail, then let’s go back to resort to discuss the next step."

This seemed to be the only way.

When they walked out of the clinic, a car right stopped there. They saw Lui Chaosheng and his assistant Little Du carrying out that old patient.

"Why did you take him back?" Lizi asked.

The young village officer frowned, "Ways are blocked, we cannot go out!"

"What?" Ren Ziling gaped.

Little Du nodded, "Landslide happened, it’s hard to clean the road in such a short while. Don’t know if it because of the rainstorm last night."

"Is there any other way to leave?" Luo Qiu suddenly asked.

Little Du looked at Luo Qiu, shaking his head, "No, and the only road was built to develop tourism some years ago. Others are all mountain road, neither vehicles nor motorbike could go through. I discussed with Doctor Lui if we can take the patient detour the obstacle and then order some cars to pick him up."

Little Du explained it quickly, turning to Lui Chaosheng, "Doctor, take care of the patient, I’ll call the shipowner."

The young village officer acted straightforwardly with a responsible look, leaving quickly.

"What a coincidence!" Ren Ziling frowned, "I’ve seen the construction of the mountain, which looks good. How could a landslide happen so unexpectedly... Lizi, was it a serious rainstorm last night?"

Lizi slouched her head, "Sorry, I was in a deep sleep, so I had no

idea... but it should not, or Lui Hai would be blown over rather than staying on the cliff till this morning."

Ren Ziling touched Lizi with her elbow. Lizi stuck her tongue out to show apology, forgetting Lui Hai's daughter was here.

"I'm OK, Sister Lizi." The girl shook her head,

Ren Ziling asked Luo Qiu, "Brat, what do you think of it?"

He said, "That Little Du should come back within a short period."

Ren Ziling gaped, "What are you talking about?"

Luo Qiu explained, "I mean he may not find a boat to go to sea, so he had to come back."

"Eh? Why he can't? Wasn't this place a fishing village before?" Lizi inquired with confusion, " Even though most of them don't earn their living through fishing anymore, there must still be some."

Luo Qiu said, "I didn't say they don't have boats, just that they might not work anymore. If the road is blocked, the sea lane too."

Lizi was astounded.

Ren Ziling loured, "You mean if these are not coincidence right?"

"Did you suspect that after knowing that the road is blocked?" Luo Qiu replied.

...

After a while, Little Du rushed back, panting heavily, "Bad news! All the boats can't work! Something pierced through the bottom of each boat, and they're leaking now! The trace left there looks like they were bitten by something!"

Upon hearing the news, Lui Chaosheng stood up, his eyebrows knitted into a frown.

Lizi looked at Luo Qiu in amazement... he was right about the matter!

Chapter 224: Panic 1st

It might be a coincidence or an accident if landslide just happened alone. But it would be impossible to take it as either an accident or a coincidence because even the fishermen’s boats were completely destroyed.

The young village officer frowned, "It’s like a planned conspiracy."

Lui Chaosheng had no idea, "We need to find a way to send him to the county hospital as soon as possible because his heartbeat is very weak. I don’t know how long he can live."

"Let me ask the secretary!" Little Du said.

This might be the only way they could think of.

Lui Chaosheng nodded, "I can prescribe some medicine to help him live longer ."

While saying this, Lui Chaosheng turned to look at Luo Qiu and the group with an air of apology, "Sorry, I didn’t think of this accident. I wanted to help you find Lui Hai... I’m sorry that I have to deal with him now. I probably won’t have time to take care of you."

"That’s all right. Go ahead. Don’t worry about us." Ren Ziling said.

Lui Chaosheng nodded without words, then walked into the consultation room.

The group discussed for a while, finally decided to follow the original plan to look for the person first--- as to the patient, the local officers would have more ways than outsiders.

Growling!

A loud sound was heard when they went out.

Lizi covered her belly, revealing a look of embarrassment. It

turned out that it was already 1 o’clock in the afternoon but they were too busy to have any food after breakfast.

"Let’s find a place to eat something." Luo Qiu looked at Ren Ziling, "Your stomach is not that strong in the first place."

Ren Ziling covered her belly too to ease Lizi’s embarrassment, "Alas, I’m hungry too... Yiyun, how about having some food first? or we won’t have any energy left to look for your father. We will starve ourselves before we find him, that’s not what you want, right?"

The girl could only nod...It was not their obligation to help her but they still did. So she felt sorry to let them starve. "Then let me treat you. There’s a decent noodles restaurant in front!"

"Great!" Ren Ziling accepted her kindness directly.

If she didn’t, the girl would feel more apologetic.

...

But unexpectedly, Luo Qiu still saw a familiar face in that noodles restaurant---He bumped into Momo.

The young master of Dragon Tiger Mountain was already here before them. He was now eating the second bowl of noodles.

Since the restaurant is not big, every customer could be easily seen with only one glance.

Momo was eating while scrolling his cellphone. When he saw them entering, a mouthful of noodles hung in his mouth and then slowly dropped into the bowl.

Momo quickly wiped off the oil left on his mouth. When he was about to stand up, he saw Luo Qiu looking at him and shaking his head.

Momo deemed that this senior didn’t want to talk to him or to attract any attention.

Because the girl from the resort was following with him.

But he could still listen to their conversation to know more about this senior.

So he concentrated on his eyes immediately, trying to utilize the superpower of Taoism to improve his eavesdropping ability.

"Is this the stupid guy last night?" Subeditor Ren had sharp eyes, "How come he is here too?"

Momo... pretended as if he didn't hear it, continuing eating his noodles.

Lizi made a 'hush' gesture by placing her finger on her lips, saying, "Don't look for trouble, Sister Ren... that guy doesn't look like a good guy."

Momo... only added a spoon of chilli paste to his bowl.

Luo Qiu sat down.

After sitting down, his feet kicked hard, moving the chair to aside. The leg of the wooden chair rubbed against floor tiles, producing a sharp sound.

Like scraping glass.

A normal person wouldn't bear such a strident sound--- Therefore, it was like a thunder for the young master of Taoism who was utilizing his eavesdropping ability!

The exploding noise made him choke by the noodles added with more chili sauce. He couldn't stop coughing painfully!

His throat felt like burning and his ears couldn't hear anything like a deaf person. The young master was stuck in a difficult situation all of a sudden.

He didn't feel well until after drinking tonnes of water. Momo peeped at them and saw two ladies lowering heads, bearing their laughter.

Momo inhaled cold air to cool down his tongue while glancing at that senior who acted like he was innocent. He couldn't help

letting out a sigh in his heart.

‘This senior is so scheming!!’

And he dared not to use his eavesdropping ability any longer.

...

"What do you want to order?"

In such a family-style restaurant, the ladyboss asked them casually without paying too much attention to her service.

The girl who brought them here let out a sigh of relief after ordering something... It seemed like she could afford it.

Everyone noticed her look but no one exposed it.

Ren Ziling felt such a kind girl was rare in this society. It was said that bad surroundings made bad civilians but it was also easy to foster innocent kid like this as well.

Hopefully she’d never ‘grow up’ or be edified by the bad society when she went out for further studies.

Suddenly, a sound came.

It seemed to be a loud rolling sound. All the 4 tables of guests were shocked and they looked over.

It was a family-style restaurant. The first floor was for business purposes and the second floor was for accommodation. They were connected by a wooden stairway.

"Oh! Dad, how did you fall down!"

The ladyboss put down the things in her hands, running hurriedly to him.

But she saw that the man was climbing out at this moment, his face was pale, crying with fear, "Help... help..."

The senior’s hands were like thick roots buried deep under the trees. They were very fearsome! He tried to climb out like a ferocious ghost!

The ladyboss screamed, slumping down the ground!

"This... isn’t this..."

Everyone from Luo Qiu’s group knew about the situation. Their expressions were the same.

And Momo who was at one side frowned.

He thought of the accident he had asked regarding the incident that happened 4 decades ago.

Just right at this moment.

"Get out! Get out! Get out!"

Someone was yelling loudly outside of the noodles restaurant!

A young man was carrying an aunt on his back... Or maybe she was his mother.

The aunt looked like that old man. Her body was full of root-like keratinocytes!

"Get out of here! Don’t get in the way!"

The young man ran towards the clinic at full tilt...

There were 3 patients with such symptoms already including this aunt.

However, perhaps this was only the beginning.

Chapter 225: Panic 2nd

The street was chaotic; the noodle restaurant was equally chaotic.

Only the customers quickly hid at a distance.

It was perhaps because the senior man’s look was too horrible that the young lady, Lui Yiyun, turned her head to the side, avoiding looking at him.

"What happened?"

At the same time, a boy around 18 walked in with a bag of sundries. He first saw the senior lying on the floor. He was so shocked by his look and bag in his hands dropped on the floor. Inside of the bag were gingers and garlic.

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" the boy running towards his grandfather, revealing a nervous look.

The landlady grabbed his arm, "Quickly go to the kitchen and tell your father to send your grandpa to the doctor!"

The boy flustered, took a look at the people in the surroundings and then rushed into the kitchen.

Soon after, the boss and his son carried the senior away and closed the noodle restaurant. The ladyboss followed them to the clinic.

At this moment, the infected person could be seen on the street.

The news spread around easily because the village was very small. A kind of weird and uncomfortable atmosphere could be sensed.

Some noisy sounds were heard from the street over there... The fifth one.

In a day...No, in half a day.

The sixth one.

...

"Doctor! Doctor! Please save my mum! You must cure her!"

"Doctor, my dad is too old and I know he's dying but I don't want him to suffer. Please cure him!"

"Step aside! Is the doctor here? Chaosheng, Chaosheng, for the sake of growing up together, you should save..."

The clinic was cramped enough during ordinary times when there were only children coming to take vaccinations. And now, there were 6-7 patients along with their relatives squeezing in this place. Lui Chaosheng and his assistant were too busy to care about everyone.

Moreover, the entrance of the small clinic was surrounded by bystanders. It was tightly packed.

The matter alarmed the village secretary Wu Qiushui. He came hurriedly with his assistant Little Du without having any resolution. Before long, the village head came here too.

"Doctor Lui, what's going on, how come in such a short while..." Wu Qiushui's face looked pale. He frowned, "Apart from them, I bumped into more infected people who are heading towards this place..."

Lui Chaosheng sighed, "Secretary, I'm completely frightened. I still haven't found any clue about this!"

Wu Qiushui pulled Lui Chaosheng to one side, asking under his breath, "Doctor Lui, tell me honestly, is this some kind of disease like pestilence? Do they need to be quarantined?"

Lui Chaosheng shook his head, "Sorry, I really can't diagnose anything by using the tools here. And we have no rights to quarantine them. If... if it is pestilence, I'm afraid..."

Wu Qiushui got what Lui Chaosheng meant immediately---If so,

the disease might have already spread out!

Even more, he might have been infected. Just that the attack had yet to happen!

"Er... Secretary, the roads are blocked and the fishing boats have also been destroyed by something. We are unable to send the patients out now!"

"Don’t worry, I’ve contacted the county. The rescue team will come to clean up soon," Wu Qiushui said calmly.

Just right after this sentence, an impatient voice was heard from a patient’s relative who was eavesdropping or passing through, "What? We can’t go out?"

The village head voiced lowly, "Come here, didn’t you hear the secretary said that the rescue team will come over soon?"

But that person retreated, shaking his head, "No... This matter shouldn’t be hidden from everyone. Not even the secretary or village head could hide it!"

Seeing that person turning and leaving, the village head and Wu Qiushui pulled their long faces, calling, "Come back! Don’t spread the nonsense! Come back!"

But they couldn’t stop him.

Wu Qiushui and Village Head Lui looked at each other. They knew it had become troublesome and that guy would probably cause unnecessary panic!

...

"Listen! I heard that all the roads are blocked! Even the fishing boats are not working! Can any fisherman here testify that?"

A man shouted outside of the clinic.

"That’s true! I’ve called my dad and he said that the boats of my family could not be used! All boats are destroyed!"

Wow---!

"That’s a curse! Curse! The same thing happened that year! The curse has returned!"

"Aunt Shuihua, don’t scare us. What curse?"

"That’s really a curse! Really! I’ve witnessed it with my own eyes that year... Ah, one more person!"

Someone in the crowd who rode a bike was carrying an old man with that disease. He pushed the villagers aside to make way.

"All of us will be cursed, all of us will be cursed... I don’t want to stay here any longer, I don’t want to stay here any longer!"

The old woman named Shuihua burst through the crowd, stumbling and falling over. But she got up soon, running away as if escaping for her life.

Witnessing Aunt Shuihua’s frightened look and another old man being sent to the clinic, everyone looked at each other, but no one uttered a word.

They felt like mourners who were standing in silent and paying tribute to the deceased.

Outside of the crowd.

Lui Yiyun grabbed Ren Ziling’s arm, asking worriedly, "Sister Ren... You know about the curse Aunt Shuihua mentioned right? And... Did my father fall down somewhere... that was why we couldn’t find him?"

"Stay calm..." Ren Ziling took a deep breath, "Listen to me first, your dad may not get infected. But I know the curse, and it has something to do with your granny’s death."

The girl totally freaked out.

Luo Qiu looked at Ren Ziling who was explaining the whole matter to Lui Yiyun and frowned. You Ye who was at his side was narrowing her eyes.

Luo Qiu waved his hands secretly to stop You Ye. He stepped back slowly and sneaked into an alley.

The club boss met the young master of Taoism, Momo.

...

"What's the matter?"

Luo Qiu looked at Momo. This master with blonde hair was calling him just now.

Momo took a deep breath, "Senior, you see those patients in the clinic right?"

Luo Qiu nodded, "And then?"

Momo voiced lowly, "Those patients are exactly the same the patients in Lui Village 45 years ago, right?"

"Yes, you're right." Luo Qiu nodded.

Momo suddenly took half a step ahead, he hid his right palm at the back, saying, "But we know that the disease 45 years ago was not a curse but was caused by the objects hidden in that old female immortal's house."

Luo Qiu glanced at Momo, shaking his head, "Are you suspecting that I spread out the liquid in the test tube and caused this chaos?"

Momo gritted his teeth, "Nothing like this happened in this village throughout these decades. And only we know about the liquid that was dug out today. However, there were people who got infected one after another within the same day... senior, please teach me how to not suspect you!"

"It's not me."

Luo Qiu gave him a very simple reply. He didn't attempt to dispute at all.

Momo yelled, "There's nothing so coincidental in this world! I thought that you were a senior with profound skills. I didn't expect

you to commit such a cruel thing! I won’t let you continue spreading out that liquid! Let me enforce justice on behalf of heaven!"

The young master opened both of his hands. The yellow talismans were ejected one by one from the box that was placed on the ground and winded around his body.

The yellow talismans started to emit golden light accompanying by some noises like the sound of frying beans!

"I’m not your senior, you’re the one who calls me that." Luo Qiu shook his head, "And... you had better not bear any evil intentions."

Chapter 226: Wickedness and Turbidity

But Momo firmly believed his own judgment and had performed his Art of Taoism to the best. How could he be stopped by only a few words?

The yellow talisman was made by specially-made cinnabar from Dragon Tiger Mountain mixed with the essential blood of mountain beast. It was one of Momo's most unique techniques.

He even sensed that this young 'senior' was too profound to be understood. So he dared not to be careless, sparing no pains the first time.

"Tiger and dragon lurk on blue water and red elixir. When elixir tempers, dragon and tiger appear!"

Yellow talismans dropped on the ground one by one following Momo's low voice. However, they didn't disappear. They just turned into ferocious tigers.

The golden-light ferocious tigers were of a common wolf size. They escorted Momo and owned an imposing manner.

At this moment, the claws of all the golden-light tigers were gripping the ground, pressing their bodies down with a fierce look as if encountering a formidable enemy.

Momo's right hand grasped his left wrist with his left index and middle finger crossed together to form a sword seal. He pointed at his forehead, concentrating on communicating with these golden tigers!

Nevertheless, no matter how he drove them, those obedient tigers kept absolutely still!

The ferocious and beastial soul of each of these golden tigers was sequestrated. They had a spiritual nature... but they were afraid!

Momo activated his Taoism art crazily. Both of his eyes sparkled

with golden light, staring at the ‘senior’ watchfully.

He just stood there like that. Nothing had changed from the beginning but Momo could see one thing appearing out of nowhere!

A door.

It was a partly hidden and visible door. A door where there seemed to have uncountable spirits emerging and giving people shivers.

Momo revealed an astonished look. Since he saw this bizarre door, his spirit felt like it was being drawn into a huge maelstrom. His soul and spirit seem to be breaking away from his body.

"So you can actually see it." Luo Qiu said, "Tell me what it looks like."

He walked towards Momo.

Watching him getting closer with each step, Momo had an extremely strong feeling that his soul would be sucked out. After the third step, he vomited a mouthful of blood.

His spirit sagged. What he vomited was not fresh blood but the so-called ‘essential blood’!

In a flash, his vitality was sapped!

And those ferocious tigers disappeared, suddenly transforming into yellow talismans and returning to his suitcase.

Gritting his teeth, Momo made a hand seal. White fog filled this quiet alley immediately right in front of him.

"Feel like escaping?!"

You Ye’s voice was heard from the thick fog.

The servant girl used the black flame on her hand to clear up the fog. Momo who was battered and exhausted was seen at the exit of the path.

Unexpectedly, Luo Qiu grabbed You Ye’s wrist suddenly, stopping her.

He watched You Ye’s angry look. Using his hands to appease the wrinkles on her eyebrows, he said, "Ignore him, we’ll still see him in the future."

"Master?"

Luo Qiu said, "I have clearer sense in this aspect."

The servant girl smiled from ear to ear, "That’s because Master has gotten more powerful following the increasing numbers of the transactions that you made."

Luo Qiu shook his head, "How about the situation over there?"

You Ye answered, "The village is out of control. The secretary and the village head want to calm the villagers down but it’s ineffective. Fortunately, the number of infected persons has stopped increasing. There’re 10 patients in total. All old people.

Luo Qiu nodded, "It means that they’re the people who went through the incident that year."

"It should be."

"Where’s Lui Hai?"

"He hasn’t woken up yet." You Ye mentioned, "I think he was probably injected with something like a tranquilizer."

Luo Qiu closed his eyes, standing still. The servant girl was aware of what he was doing.

After several seconds, Luo Qiu opened his eyes, saying calmly, "There are more people feeling panic... but no one feels hopeless."

"There will be one soon." You Ye said calmly, "No matter who is the one playing tricks under the table. Times have changed, it won’t take long to tackle an obstacle now. So, the person behind this..."

Luo Qiu glimpsed at You Ye, continuing her words, "Will bring the panic to the next level again."

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When the evening arrived, the number of patients rose up to 35 patients in total.

The disease had only affected the elderly during the daytime. However, even young people started showing up at noon and at night.

The village head of Lui Village was among the patients!

He was laying in the small clinic too!

The village council had a meeting secretly, holding out on Wu Qiushui. They were strong men, and some people were in their 60s. They were the people of virtue and prestige in the village.

"35 patients..." one of them touched his walking stick constantly, revealing the uneasiness in his heart, "If I didn't get it wrong, it's more than that year... there were only a dozen at that time."

"I've asked Chaosheng, he said he couldn't confirm it based on the poor facilities in the clinic. But looking at the time of the outbreak, some others will still be infected by this disease."

All the members of the village council gathered in this old house, feeling the fearful silence... No one knew if they'd become one the infected guys lying in the clinic.

"Curse! That curse!" A very old man screeched at this time.

A younger one yelled, "Bottle it! Don't blindly trust curses in this day and time! We said we'll never talk about that incident anymore!"

"But we can't leave the village! We can't escape..." The old insisted, "Hike up to the mountain? How long will it take for us to walk out? No! if the disease attacks, nobody else will know that,

and we'll still die!"

"Alas... 40 years passed, but it still comes again! Does the sea lord really exist?"

"Didn't you hear about the soldier who said that old female immortal was a liar?"

"But... even those soldiers didn't know why the villagers were infected! Chaosheng learned western medicine, yet he cannot figure out what disease is that. Besides that, everything was fine after we offered sacrifices, right?"

"Well... it might only be a coincidence."

"What if it's true?" an old man sitting at the corner swallowed his saliva, "My grandson saw a news on the internet saying that someone heard a weird song coming from the sea and recorded it. Guess what's going on?"

"What?"

"Yeah, Old Ox, what happened?"

Old Ox swallowed his saliva, "That song is odd! When I listen to it, my heart beats rapidly and I feel dizzy. I don't even know that the time has passed. When I regain my consciousness, it was half an hour later. And my grandson is the same!"

"Oh... really?"

"I won't lie to you." Old Ox soured his cheeks, "Odd! It's really odd!"

Right then, a junior came in rush, shouting alarmingly, "Oh no, everybody, more people are getting infected, many, many people!"

At the same time.

Boom---!!

A deafening sound rang. It was abnormally scary on an evening like this, so they ran out of the room, listening to the rumbling

sound!

"That comes from Hear-The-Sea Cliff!"

"Quick, go find someone to look at what is happening!"

After waiting for an hour, the person came back with a ghastly pale face, "Hear-The-Sea Cliff has collapsed! Like 45 years ago... We are doomed! The sea lord has become angry. When I was on my way back, I saw many people hurrying to Chaosheng's clinic, some even... even..."

He showed a pale face, his voice quivering, "Some... climbed over there..."

"The curse came back!! It came back!!" Old Ox screamed, "It's Female Immortal Huang! Female Immortal Huang! When she was caught, none of us helped her! I remembered that she said that she would come back to get revenge! She said that it was a blasphemy! She's daughter of the god! She has returned!! She has returned!!"

"Old Ox, don't scare us!"

"Returning! Returning!" Old Ox panted heavily, eyes opening wide. Suddenly, he fell down, staying still.

Everyone was frightened, looking at him... Old Ox let out his last breath!

"Grandpa Ah Bao... what should we do?"

He was the oldest one who held a walking stick, the one who has his teeth dropping off.

Grandpa Ah Bao said, "If there are more people falling sick tomorrow morning, let's try to handle it with the method we used last time!"

"What..."

"That... that's not good!"

"Grandpa Ah Bao, you can't say something so irresponsibly... the

society nowadays is not like before. That’s a crime!"

Grandpa Ah Bao took a deep breath, "It’s crime at any time. Do you think those soldiers of that year didn’t know what we did? Yes, they did! But they couldn’t do anything about us! How could they? Catch all of us? No, they didn’t dare to do so! It’d cause social turmoil! And now it’ll be the same! The laws do not punish numerous offenders!"

"Yes! That’s true! We have to do that! We could only save ourselves!"

"Yes! If we solve this thing, it proves that we’re right! If not... we don’t know if that is an infectious disease, so finishing them off will be good for us who are still alive!"

"Yeah, that makes sense."

"Yes..."

"Let’s wait until the sun rises! But... if we are abided by that method, where should we find people?"

Grandpa Ah Bao took a deep breath, "Lui Hai’s wife is also an outsider eh..."

Chapter 227: Smile

Momo vomited a mouthful of blood and thought of the words his master had said to him.

"However strong you are, there is always someone stronger. Be careful in everything."

He respected his master very well and treated him as his only relative since he was an orphan.

He was young, free and easy, but sometimes forgetful.

And impetuous.

Momo took a deep breath, trying to calm the chaos in his body---Peeping at that door left him being possessed by the devil, which was frightening to the young Taoism master.

What he didn't know was that another 500-year-old Taoist had almost got used to 'vomiting blood' every time he saw that door.

Momo spent the whole night calming himself down. The rising sun at sea level was more accurate than any electronic clock.

However, it was still dawn.

...

On the other side, some were busy organizing a 'road-repair team' formed by young and strong men since last night.

Even though the county government and the rescue team that Wu Qiushui had already contacted were on the way---but villagers couldn't wait any longer because the constant rising amount of infected people made the whole Lui Village rattled.

"No, we're unable to move the falling rock without a hoist!"

Little Du looked at Wu Qiushui with his tired eyes. He hadn't slept and felt exhausted.

Wu Qiushui knew it was hard to get rid of the large-scale

landslide purely by using the manpower of these villagers.

"Don’t know how long those patients could last..." Wu Qiushui loured, he had no idea if they would die before the roads got cleared.

"What about the boats?" Wu Qiushui asked.

Little Du said, "The county arranged a fishing boat... but it’ll take time."

"We cannot delay a single second." Wu Qiushui sighed, "We should try to carry the patients there one by one."

Wu Qiushui pinched his forehead, being extremely worried.

Little Du said, "Secretary, take a rest, I can take care of it."

At this moment, a young villager rushed there, "On no! Secretary!"

"What happened?" Wu Qiushui heart beat quickly, "Did the patients..."

Till then, there were hundreds of people being infected with the disease in a short night, which could shock anyone.

"No, no!" the young villager said, "It’s Grandpa A Bao! The villager group is leading a large amount of people to Lui Hai’s holiday hotel!"

Little Du gaped, "What are they going there for?"

"They said... to catch a person to sacrifice to the sea lord..." The young villager face looked bad, "They said it’s not disease, but a curse and punishment of the sea lord to Lui Village. Only if a person is sacrificed could the village be kept, like... like..."

"Like what? Tell me!" Wu QIushui yelled with a stern look.

"Like 45 years ago!"

"Ridiculous!" Wu Qiushui eyes opened wide, voice changed as well because of the anger, "Those unruly people!! Take me there!! I

can’t see such tragedy happen in this village!"

They hurried to the holiday hotel through another way.

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Before dawn, the girl went into the kitchen.

To her surprise, she met a customer in the kitchen at such early time.

The only male guest.

"Mr. Luo." She looked at Luo Qiu nervously.

She felt it hard to get along with him, compared with Sister Ren because he didn’t seem to smile... Lui Yiyun asked with curiosity, "Why did you come here? Hungry?"

Yesterday, none of them had a good meal because they kept seeking for her father. It was too late to continue their actions. So they came back, and went to bed quickly.

They didn’t come to the hall to eat.

Luo Qiu walked in, saying, "I’m going to cook some congee... is there some ginger?"

"Oh... oh, yes, there is." The girl nodded, "I’ve cooked some congee, actually."

Luo Qiu threw his glance at the pot, asking, "Is it for your grandpa?"

Lui Yiyun nodded, "Yeah, my grandpa is in bad health with no appetite, he can’t eat oily food in the morning..."

She shook her head, sighing, while telling, "I’ll make congee for him if I’m available."

Luo Qiu said, "You seem to lack sleep."

Lui Yiyun said, "I’m OK, not too tired... I want to go out to look

for him later."

Luo Qiu started to wash rice. The girl looked at her congee, and then Luo Qiu's rice. Her lips moved, but didn't say anything.

"I don't mean that you didn't cook them well." Luo Qiu shook his head, "But somebody has an unhealthy stomach, so I'm clear what she can eat."

She learned their relationship from their conversation yesterday; now she recalled that Luo Qiu mentioned Sister Ren had a weak stomach. "Mr. Luo, you treat your family well!"

Luo Qiu said calmly, "And you too."

Luo Yiyun lowered her head shyly.

The kitchen fell silent. The girl stirred the congee, and Luo Qiu did his.

"Well... Mr. Luo, do you think there will be more patients appearing today?" Lui Yiyun asked suddenly.

"I'm not sure."

Lui Yiyun continued, "What do you think of this disease?"

Luo Qiu stopped his work, looking at Lui Yiyun and asked, "You know what happened that year since yesterday... so what's your opinion?"

Lui Yiyun gritted her teeth, her look seemed to be broken. She answered confusedly, "I, I don't know..."

Luo Qiu nodded.

Just then, the outside of the holiday hotel turned noisy, as if someone was knocking on the door rapidly, and different voices were heard.

Luo Qiu looked towards that way, wiping his hands, saying without glancing at her, "Let's go see."

"Oh, OK." Lui Yiyun answered without thinking.

Luo Qiu walked out of the kitchen, but still in her sight.

But he stopped, looking like he thought of something. He tilted his head, but didn’t turn to her.

He asked, "By the way, why are you laughing."

At that moment, her smile turned stiff.

Chapter 228: Capture

Lui Yiyun touched her face, giving a puzzled look, "I wasn't."

"Oh, didn't you?" Luo Qiu nodded, "Maybe I saw wrongly. Let's go."

Lui Yiyun followed him... then they went out.

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The loud slamming sound woke up the landlady Luo Aiyu.

She wore the coat, feeling annoyed. Walking out of the room, she encountered Lui Yiyun and Luo Qiu.

She didn't have time to consider why they came from the kitchen, Luo Aiyu took off the door bolt, replying impolitely, "I'm coming! Who's that so early! Are you hurrying to hell!"

When she opened the door, she was astounded.

Some old guys stood out of the gate, followed by two dozen of people who held flashlights and some tools---farm tools.

Hoes, sickles, carrying poles, and so forth.

Luo Aiyu's face was eclipsed by the panic. She swallowed her saliva, "Grandpa A Bao, what are you going to do?"

Seeing it was Luo Aiyu who opened the gate, A Bao stepped back, waving his hand and ordered, "It's her! Catch her!"

Then several villagers over 50 hesitated, coming out and grabbing both hands of Luo Aiyu, pulling her out of the door, which was very rude.

Luo Aiyu fell down due to unsteadiness. Soon she was bound by ropes!

Luo Aiyu struggled, screaming, "Let me go! What are you doing! Let me go!"

"Gag her mouth!" A Bao ordered.

Then someone stopped Luo Aiyu’s mouth with a cloth.

Lui Yiyun rushed out with fright, being angry, "What will you do to my mum! Release her! Release her!"

But she was stopped by some villagers and could not get close.

The quarrel woke up everyone who lived in the resort.

Ren Ziling and Lizi came out first, and You Ye followed them. Ren Ziling witnessed the situation from the door, frowning, and walking out without consideration. But she was stopped by Luo Qiu.

Luo Qiu grasped her arm, pulling her back.

"Luo Qiu... what are you doing, release me." Ren Ziling lowered her voice, saying seriously.

She didn’t believe Luo Qiu would stop her for no reason.

Luo Qiu shook his head, "This is not your place."

Ren Ziling loured, sensing the seriousness of this issue. But she couldn’t stop showing her inborn sense of justice.

At the time Luo Aiyu was to be taken away, Ren Ziling couldn’t help asking, "Where will you take her to?!"

A Bao glanced at Luo Qiu group, asking back, "Who are you? I have never seen you in Lui Village."

"We’re tourists!"

A Bao said, "It’s none of your business. Don’t lend a hand for an inside affair of Lui Village. Stay here, and enjoy your holiday!"

"What the... How can you say that?!"

A Bao ignored her words, waving his hand, "Let’s go!"

"Wait, did you consider this kid’s feelings?" Ren Ziling got raged, "We’re outsiders, is she the same? That’s her mother!"

A Bao looked at the falling Lui Yiyun indifferently, "Anyway, she’s not her biological mother! Her real mother has died of dystocia! This is the second wife of Lui Hai!"

"Excuse me?!"

Lui Yiyun raised her head inconceivably.

Ren Ziling and Lizi had the same expression.

...

"Ah---!!! Damn it!!!"

Abruptly, an indignant voice came from the room. That was Lui Yiyun’s grandpa---Lui Buhai who got Alzheimer’s disease!

Lui Buhai face was ferocious, rushing out with a carrying pole, waving it aimlessly, shouting with agitation, "Let her go!! Let go of my wife!! Let Shui Er go! Release her!!"

"Grandpa!!"

But the old Lui Buhai was pressed down easily by some villagers.

Lui Buhai kicked his legs, "Release me! Release me!! Bastard, you’re all bastards!! Release my wife! Let her go!!"

"Lui Buhai!! You idiot! Your wife is dead! She’s not your wife!" A Bao snorted, waving his hand, "Let’s go to Hear-The-Sea Cliff!"

Lui Buhai couldn’t stand up. Seeing the villagers leave, he cried sadly like a child, "Don’t go! Don’t go!! Give back my wife! Give back..."

The girl ran to Lui Buhai, hugging her grandpa with a face full of tears, showing a blank face and didn’t know what to do.

"What happened here?"

A voice came.

It was from Wu Qiushui and Little Du, along with another two young villagers. He glanced at the crying Lui Yiyun and Lui Buhai, knitting his brows.

"A group of people came to take away Yiyun’s mother just now, and said they’re going to Hear-The-Sea Cliff," Ren Ziling said as seeing Wu Qiushui’s coming.

Wu Qiushui stamped his feet, talking with regret, "I’m late! I’m late! How dare those guys!! Let’s go to Hear-The-Sea Cliff!"

"Wait, Secretary Wu, do you know what they will do?" Ren Ziling frowned.

Wu QIushui lips moved, saying, "You’re tourists. Don’t step in the affairs of Lui Village! It’s my responsibility!"

He ordered Little Du hurriedly, "Go find more young men! Go to Hear-The-Sea Cliff as soon as possible!"

Viewing Wu Qiushui left in a hurry with an angry face, Ren Ziling talked to herself, "Those old farts, do they want to sacrifice an alive person to worship the f*ckin sea lord?"

She quivered, thinking it too scared if that was true.

She was wordless when turned to see the demented-and-flustered pair that hugged each other.

She walked to Lui Yiyun, squatting and comforting her, "This Secretary Wu looks powerful, so your mum will be safe."

The girl nodded in confusion.

Ren ZIling asked, "By the way, why did that old guy say the landlady is not your biological mother. Did you know that?"

Lui Yiyun headed up. She saw Luo Qiu’s eyes, at the back of Ren Ziling, who seemed to see through her totally, lowering her head, "I, I didn’t know..."

Chapter 229: Senior’s Wish

The more they walked, the dirtier Luo Aiyu looked. She fell down on the ground many times but someone always pulled her up rudely at once.

The fright on the way made the landlady, who still had her charm, cry.

Their destination was Hear-The-Sea Cliff.

Luo Aiyu didn’t know why they took her there---the cloth stuffed in her mouth was taken away after she arrived.

"You bastard! Let me go! What are you going to do!" Luo Aiyu screamed.

A Bao watched her, saying coolly, "You’ll know that soon."

At that time, another group of people came after them. Each person pushed a cart with 1 or 2 persons on it.

Dozens of carts were full of people--- the sun had already risen long ago.

Luo Aiyu was frightened after seeing those people. She almost slumped down.

A middle-aged guy walked to A Bao, "Grandpa A Bao, the patients are all here!"

A Bao nodded, "Where are their relatives?"

The guy said, "They didn’t agree in the clinic. But in front of them, another person got stricken down by the illness... so they had to agree in order to stop more people from being infected by the disease. Some who still were still resisting were pressed down, so they dared not talk and didn’t come with us, saying that they don’t want to watch this scene. But I asked some people to surround the clinic just in case someone will come to make trouble."

A Bao nodded, "I checked the time, the next hour will be a lucky hour. Let’s worship the sea lord then."

"Worship? What worship? Tell me what that is!" Luo Aiyu feared that something was wrong. She didn’t know about anything but her instinct told her that she would be the most dangerous one.

That middle-aged man came to Luo Aiyu, sneering, "Of course, sacrifice you to worship the sea lord! Do you see those patients? Only by sacrificing you to the sea lord, the whole Lui Village can be kept!"

"What the f*ck!"

Luo Aiyu struggled in fright. But how could she regain freedom in front of two strong men? Luo Aiyu couldn’t help swearing, "You bastard! Sons of a b*tch! Let me go! Let me go! I wanna see the village head! And tell him you guys want to kill me!"

"Bottle it!" the middle-aged man humphed, pointing one of the carts, "The village head is right over here! He got the disease too!"

Luo Aiyu was astounded and collapsed. Then she struggled more seriously but her mouth was sealed by the cloth again.

She was pressed down on the ground and could only make a crying voice using her throat. Quivering at this moment, she became perplexed because of the fright.

Right then, another group of people walked on the cliff.

From a further place, Luo Aiyu seemed to hear Wu Qiushui’s voice, which raised her hope to live again.

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Ren Ziling walked up and down in the reception room of the resort It made Lizi feel dizzy. She said, "Sister Ren, being worried here is useless... it’s not our area."

"That’s the most provoking point!" Ren Ziling gnashed, "I can’t

believe there are such group of people who trust superstition in the modern society!"

"Hush... be quiet." Lizi talked carefully, "Yiyun took her grandpa to take a rest. Her father disappeared, her mother is caught, and her grandpa is like that..."

Ren Ziling sighed. This was the most helpless thing in her opinion.

"Let's have some food."

Luo Qiu walked out of the kitchen with a tray and two casseroles.

"I have no appetite!" Ren Ziling sat down, she was very angry.

Luo Qiu put down one casserole and the spoon, "Ginger and minced pork congee, with some shrimp and Katsuobushi flakes."

Ren Ziling swallowed her saliva. As for Lizi, her eyes gazed at the pot, kindling with desire.

"Eat it when it gets cooler." Luo Qiu didn't talk more, just opening the lid slightly, then held another pot, walking on the stair.

"Hey, brat, where you go?"

"I'll send the food to the old man."

Watching him go upstairs, Ren Ziling gaped. She wanted to say something but closed her mouth eventually... 'This guy is quite thoughtful.'

'So, does You Ye love him for this reason?'

In Mama Ziling's view, Luo Qiu was flawless, his dullness could be considered as innocent... Subeditor Ren who was thinking glared at Lizi, "Lizi, fill a bowl of congee!"

"Ah? Sister Ren, you said you didn't have any appetite?"

"None of your business... Oh right, where is You Ye? I didn't see her just now!"

"I saw her coming back to the room," Lizi said while biting the spoon.

"Alas..." Ren Ziling sighed.

She originally thought that she would see Luo Qiu's girlfriend this time and try to get along with her by taking this opportunity, but unexpectedly they met this unfortunate incident.

'Who knows if You Ye is scared by this... Ren Ziling thought about it, a spoon of hot congee was sent into her mouth.

"Oh f*ck! It's too hot!" Ren Ziling tongue stretched out, her hands hurried to fan to lower the temperature.

Lizi couldn't help laughing.

"Don't laugh! Have you never seen someone getting scalded before?" Ren Ziling rolled her eyes.

Lizi shook her head, "No, but I found out that your 'big son' knows you better than yourself. Sister Ren. He told you to eat it after it gets cooler. But you still ate it now."

Ren Ziling felt very embarrassed.

...

Crack.

When the door was opened, Lui Yiyun gaped, looking at Luo Qiu with a weird expression... seeing him hold the tray.

"May I come in?"

"Oh... sure." Lui Yiyun nodded.

Her face looked terrible. She watched Luo Qiu come in--- this was Lui Buhai's room, quite a simple room.

Then, Lui Buhai was sitting at the tailstock quietly, looking at the sea outside.

This senior was here, but the important thing of his was not with him.

Luo Qiu walked to Lui Buhai, glancing at him, then turned to Lui Yiyun. The girl stepped up to him quickly, receiving the tray from Luo Qiu, faking a smile, "Thank you, you should be a guest originally."

"I‘m used to taking care of people." Luo Qiu said gently.

Lui Yiyun didn’t know how to answer him, so she just stirred the congee in the pot.

She took a little in the bowl, to have a taste of the flavor and the heat. The girl was suddenly stunned.

"Don’t you like it?"

Lui Yiyun said, "Well, it’s much better than what I cook... but, my grandpa won’t eat it without sauerkraut."

"Well, let me get some for you." Luo Qiu nodded.

Lui Yiyun hurried to stop him, "No, thanks, you don’t know where it is... I’ll come back soon."

Lui Yiyun stepped rapidly to leave the room.

Boss Luo had seen a little plate of cut sauerkraut near the pot, but he didn’t take it together. Now, he was looking around Lui Buhai’s room.

Pictures that only had single outlines and hanged on the walls all around.

They had yellowed already.

Lui Buhai was still watching the sea dully. It seemed that the agitation just now was a momentary consciousness but he was still a common senior with Senile Dementia.

Luo Qiu walked to a wall, putting fingers out to touch the different, but same, drawing paper, feeling one after another.

"Why don’t you finish drawing them?"

If the senior could still remember, he would recall that he had

asked this question during the first time when they met.

Lui Buhai who stood still was seen reacting to this question. He turned his head slowly. When the cloudy eyes met Luo Qiu's eyes, Lui Buhai's look seemed to turn a little clearer.

"Save her, save her..."

He repeated, again and again, as if he didn't know what he was talking about, and everyone else knew it more clearly than himself.

Lui Buhai eyes became cloudy again, viewing the boundless sea.

But an old goatskin roll had been unfolded in front of him.

When his palm pressed on the roll, the last slight hint of clarity was lost from Lui Buhai's eyes. He turned back into the appearance where he was sitting on the lawn and drawing pictures while facing the sea.

However, his eyes turned cloudy.

Chapter 230: I Plan to Help You

When Lui Yiyun came back to Lui Buhai's room, she didn't see Luo Qiu.

The girl frowned with suspicion. She walked towards Lui Buhai and found out that her grandpa was still the same.

'No! He wasn't the same!' Lui Yiyun felt the tiny difference Lui Buhai showed compared to before. He was quieter than ever.

The girl couldn't find the slight intelligence remained in her grandpa's eyes. It was like the person sitting there was just a human body.

She became a little terrified.

Watching this pair of cloudy eyes, the girl stepped back little by little. She covered her mouth until she touched the windowsill.

Lui Yiyun opened the window by instinct, she didn't want to face Lui Buhai with this appearance. So she stuck her head out of the window, breathing in deeply.

Someday, he would forget about everything: his relatives, his home, his everything even himself. This was a symptom of Alzheimer, which couldn't be changed at all.

The girl knew about it at a very early time--- in the society nowadays that was so informative, young guys would always manage to master what they want to know in a variety of ways.

She knew it before.

However, she only hoped that it came later. One year, one month, one day, even one hour later.

The girl still didn't feel better after breathing mouthful of fresh air one by one added with salty flavor near the sea.

Lui Yiyun was not as strong as she imagined.

Her tears couldn’t mix with the sea but dropped in her palm, then flew down on the window frame without sound. However, she saw a young man overlooking something on the side lawn.

Lui Yiyun opened the door of the balcony, stepping down through the side stairs and arriving at the lawn.

She went to the young man subconsciously.

She didn’t act that on purpose... even she felt a little regretful in her heart. Because he was looking towards the direction of Hear-The-Sea Cliff.

"It should be noisy there."

Luo Qiu turned around to look at Lui Yiyun, saying softly.

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"Did you do or say something to my grandpa?"

The girl guessed that something had happened just now.

Luo Qiu showed a slight hint of a smile. He tried to give the girl some quiet time, saying, "What’s your opinion?"

Ren Ziling was an easy-going person. Lizi was simple and easy to be seen through. As to You Ye, she was very mysterious. These were what the girl thought of them--- and the one in front of her was both mysterious and hard to get along with.

"I!" Lui Yiyun moved her gaze away to the sea, "I don’t know."

Luo Qiu nodded, throwing his attention in the direction of Hear-The-Sea Cliff. "Wu Qiushui didn’t come back, which means your mother might be thrown down from the top at any time but it seems you aren’t worried about her."

"How could that be!" Lui Yiyun gritted her teeth, "I want to go there... but, but only leaving my grandpa here... I..."

"You don’t want her to be thrown down right?" Luo Qiu asked her more directly.

"No, I don’t." Lui Yiyun raised her head.

"She’s not your biological mother."

"I, I just knew that."

"Have you eaten something?"

"What? I ate something..."

"What did you eat? Who cooked him? What much time did you take it? How much? Noodle or rice? How much do you usually eat? Which university did you apply for before taking the university entrance exam? Did anyone apply for the same university? You knew she’s not your real mother before? Do you have a partner? When? When did you know it? Who is your boyfriend? How tall is he? What’s his name? Does he like you?"

"Congee", "I made it", "5 in the morning", "One bowl", "Congee", "One bowl", "Tsi Guang University", "I knew that", "No", "No", "No partner", "Before the exam", "I said I didn’t have boyfriend", "I don’t know", "I don’t know, "I told you I had no boyfriend, how did I know... that."

He asked a series of questions, and the girl answered them at his pace. She didn’t know why she answered his questions so quickly.

It was like her instinct, these continuous questions made her... cover her mouth in amazement.

She knew that.

Before the university entrance exam.

"You... you set a trap!" the girl glared at him with rage.

Luo Qiu shook his head, "I didn’t force you or ask you to answer me immediately. Why did you answer following my speed?"

Lui Yiyun gaped.

Luo Qiu continued, "Your dad is not in the clinic."

Lui Yiyun said unconsciously, "How is that possible!"

"Your father went missing at the clinic? Why not?"

"Because!"

Lui Yiyun moved her lips, but couldn’t talk.

"Why did Lui Chaosheng help you... or, why did you help him?" Luo Qiu asked after a sigh of relief.

Lui Yiyun lowered her head. She knew that she couldn’t hide everything thing but she was still very puzzled, "When... did you discover that? Is it because you saw my smile in the kitchen?"

"That time, I was sure you were suspicious." Luo Qiu talked calmly, "I suspected you since yesterday."

Lui Yiyun was surprised, "Yesterday?"

Luo Qiu nodded, "You acted a little bit weird in that noodle restaurant."

Lui Yiyun didn’t still understand, "What was my reaction?"

Luo Qiu said, "That should be the second patient we saw. By right, you should not show that kind of overtly frightened expression before turning about, because you’ve seen that before. But the fact is... you turned about, and then someone came in."

Luo Qiu explained it carefully, "That kid is at your age. He is the son of the noodle restaurant landlady and that senior’s grandson. Since he is the same age as you, then you should know each other because there’s only one village elementary school, and every student has to go to the town to continue their studies in middle school and high school. You should be a classmate of him but you didn’t want that boy to see you."

Lui Yiyun said unfathomably, "Just because of this detail?"

Luo Qiu shook his head, "No, I just felt weird at the beginning that why you didn’t want to greet him. Then I knew that probably because your family is not welcome in this village and you may also have a hard time at school. I didn’t think deeply about it but that

drew my attention. That was until this morning in the kitchen and you heard the sound coming from outside."

He faced Lui Yiyun, looking at her eyes, "Don’t you know? That besides the smile, your look was calm, which gave me the feeling that you knew everything before that happened."

"Then... why did you ask the thing about my father..."

"I just asked like a policeman." Luo Qiu shook his head, "No. A policeman will be more professional."

How was it like at home when someone’s dad was a policeman?

He could easily get access to the books about tracking and techniques of interrogation.

The current club boss used to have a dream. He temporarily worked hard to read those books that were hard to be understood just to become a policeman like his father.

Lui Yiyun’s gaze changed.

She took a deep breath. Without her former spirit, she was completely like another person.

In several seconds, she appeared to finish the transformation from a girl to an adult... her look turned piercing, "I thought Ren Ziling is the first one I should watch out. I didn’t expect you to be the one."

Luo Qiu said softly, "No, I’m different from her. It’s right to beware of her because she’ll know the truth sooner or later. She acts like a rat who always get what it wants."

Lui Yiyun put her hands back secretly, looking at Luo Qiu leisurely, "No matter who knows it. Right, it’s me who put Lui Chaosheng up to hide my father and spread the virus. Before dying, I can tell you that even Grandpa A Bao is under my control..."

"But I want to help you."

"Excuse me?"

The girl’s palm that was hidden behind. She initially wanted to use it to take action but it became stiff all of a sudden.

Because... she could not guess at all what this guy was intending to do!

Chapter 231: Insidious Yiyun

Sea wind blew, the girl’s eyes looked like the great waves on the sea surface.

Lui Yiyun walked near to Luo Qiu suddenly, raising her head and querying, "Why will you help me? You know what I plan to do?"

Luo Qiu said, "Whatever you want."

Lui Yiyun lowered her head, saying thank you.

But the girl took action at last. Her right hand grasped this man whom she knew no more than 3 days.

The slender arm contained unimaginable strength. She lifted up the whole grown up and threw him down without hesitation.

Luo Qiu seemed to be knocked down by the tumble all of a sudden. The girl looked at Luo Qiu whose eyes were closed, breathing in a mouthful of the salty sea wind by the seaside.

It never lacked sea wind here.

Lui Yiyun tidied her hair, whispering, "But I... don’t need help."

She glanced at the resort, carrying the fainted Luo Qiu, bypassing the lawn secretly and sneaking out of the back of the resort.

Here was the hillside with a mountain road at back. After walking for a while, a wooden room was seen.

Lui Yiyun carried Luo Qiu into the wooden room, binding him with an extremely thick hemp rope and fastening him at a rectangle wooden pillar.

She was thoughtful. She fished out his cellphone and placed it at where he could not get access to before turning it off.

She checked three times to make sure there was nothing near to Luo Qiu that could help him to flee. Then she stepped back slowly, talking, "Brother, stay here for a few days... just a few days."

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"Oh... I’m too full."

Lizi touched her belly and leaned against the chair, licking her lips with a hiccup, "Sister Ren, I admire you!"

Ren Ziling put down her bowl, looking puzzled, "What do you admire?"

"You never get fat!" Lizi blinked her eyes, "Look, your Luo Qiu cooks such delicious food, but you never become fatter these years. That’s so admirable!"

"Go away." Ren Ziling waved her hand.

Then, they saw Lui Yiyun walking in. Ren ZIling asked, "Gee? Why did you come from outside? I saw you going upstairs just now."

Lui Yiyun said, "Yeah, I stepped down from the stairs to the balcony... I saw a figure like my father but I was mistaken."

Ren ZIling comforted her, "Never mind. Your dad will come back."

In order to avoid rubbing salt on the wound, Ren Ziling changed the topic, "Oh, Luo Qiu just went up. Didn’t you see him? Where is he?"

Lui Yiyun said, "Mr. Luo said he’s busy. So he went out."

Ren Ziling gaped, frowning. She fished out her cell phone... In a moment, Ren ZIling turned puzzled, "Cell phone is shut off. What’s wrong with him?"

"Sister Ren, he’s a grown up. Don’t worry about him." Lizi said.

Ren Ziling replied, "Because this village is so weird... Besides, he left his girlfriend and walked out himself. That makes no sense... Well, I think I have to see You Ye, to check if she’s over

frightened."

She gathered herself together.

Watching Ren Ziling running away at a full jump, Lizi shook her head, sighing, "She is too concerned. The relationship between mother-in-law and daughter-in-law must be very good then!"

"Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law?" Lui Yiyun opened her mouth... Didn't she mishear it?

Lizi smiled, looking at the girl and explaining the relationship.

Lui Yiyun turned her gaze to the way Ren Ziling left, murmuring, "I thought they are cousins, but..."

...

Many other people didn't expect that either.

Lizi laughed deep in her heart. It was totally an illogical issue that Ren Ziling looked after the son of her dead husband.

Under many contemptuous looks and vicious speculation, Ren Ziling still insisted that after these years.

It was unusual from a human's view and so was it to a monster.

But as a big fan of food and working at the periodical office, every time when Lizi saw Ren Ziling laughing at those contemptuous looks, she always felt an amazing charm.

The assistant of the periodical office who liked food thought her work was good.

Of course, there was one more reason for her to stay with Sister Ren.

The assistant who never exposed her true nature licked her lips, gazing at the clean earthen pot.

"If everything is OK, I'll go to my grandpa," Lui Yiyun said.

"Oh, I'm OK." Lizi answered.

Bang, bang, bang!

Someone was knocking at the door. The two were confused. Opening it, it turned out to be Wu Qiushui!

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This village secretary looked very anxious. At the moment when the door was opened, he looked at Lui Yiyun, asking immediately, "Did your mom come back?"

Lui Yiyun was astonished, "Secretary Wu, you just... what happened to my mum?"

"Not back?" Wu Qiushui frowned, showing a worried look, "We went on Hear-The-Sea Cliff just now, and saw them. I intended to negotiate with them..."

Wu Qiushui sighed, "I'm so sorry that I failed to talk with them. Alas, sorry for my incapability."

Lui Yiyun grabbed Wu Qiushui's sleeve nervously, "Then, my mom..."

"She's OK." Wu Qiushui said, "She was saved by a young man."

Lizi was surprised, "A young man?"

Wu Qiushui nodded, "Yeah, a young man with golden hair and tattoos on his arms. But I didn't see it clearly because it was too disordered."

"Secretary Wu, can you tell me the detail?"

Ren Ziling appeared from the back, asking him.

"Sister Ren!" Lizi called.

Ren Ziling said, "You Ye is in bed, she seems to be sleeping. So I didn't wake her up... Let's get to the point. Who saved the landlady?"

Wu Qiushui continued, "I don't know him, never saw him before. He should not be a villager of Lui Village. That young man is

powerful, punching them down with a few simple strategies. But he seemed to be worried about something, so he didn't take heavy blows. Until all members of A Bao group came up, he swore and had to take your mum to rush out of the crowd, fleeing down the mountain. I thought he'll come here with your mom. So I rushed here to check it out."

"What did he swear?" Ren Ziling frowned.

Wu Qiushui glanced at Ren Ziling, answering her in a few words, "Nothing, just some common words."

Ren Ziling knew that she couldn't continue asking because the secretary was worrying about losing his reputation of the village. But in her view, it was totally deceiving himself.

However, a young man with golden hair and tattoos... The weird guy they met at the resort?

Ren Ziling and Lizi look at each other.

Right then, Little Du hurried to rush in, yelling, "Secretary! A Bao is walking towards here with his group! I saw they hold hoes and sickles... My God, they're too fierce!"

"What?!" Wu QIushui shouted with great alarm!

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The rope was like a snake following the flute sound, loosening up naturally.

Luo Qiu stood up, looking around the wooden room.

At that time, the door of the room had been push opened.

It was the club servant girl... You Ye's hands were holding an old box.

Luo Qiu walked to You Ye, opening the box and getting rid of the national flag, looking at the test tubes in the grid.

Boss Luo picked up one, shaking it with a soft voice, "Use them all."

Chapter 232: Rescue

Momo’s face didn’t look good.

The first reason was that he got hurt seriously. On the other hand--- he was pissed.

He was not a mundane person. When he heard about the thing happened 45 years ago, he still felt that it was unimaginable. But today when he witnessed the atrocity of the villagers of Lui Village, he felt it was ridiculous and was enraged.

"They won’t come here."

Momo looked at this panic-stricken woman, asking indifferently, "Are you OK?"

She was not OK at all.

Luo Aiyu was totally frightened!

She was still nervous and fearful. Even though she was saved, she didn’t believe anybody. The overly-scared landlady stepped back, her face was filled with vigilance, "Who...who are you?"

"I’m Momo." Momo answered calmly, "I’m a tourist. Why did they treat you like that?"

Luo Aiyu collected herself, shaking her head. When she thought of those patients who were pushed down from Hear-The-Sea Cliff, she understood something vaguely. So she answered, "Maybe... maybe because I got married here and came from another place. This village doesn’t treat outsiders well."

"Outsiders are OK, but they are not that polite to those who got married here from other places," Momo shook his head.

Luo Aiyu sighed, "I heard that this poor village doesn’t allow the villagers to marry outsiders, neither male or female."

Momo didn’t plan to judge the custom--- because he knew something more ridiculous. He shook his head, "Where do you

live? Let me send you back and think about a way to solve it."

Luo Aiyu feared, "No, I won't go back! They'll catch me again then... No, I must leave this f*ckin place!"

Momo looked at Luo Aiyu's poor appearance, saying calmly, "But you should go back to pack your baggage or you won't go far only by yourself."

Luo Aiyu gaped, feeling this unknown guy was right.

But after this thing, she wouldn't believe in anyone else, including this skillful and powerful guy!

Like those martial arts movie stars, if she didn't see it herself, she wouldn't believe those could be true in real life.

However... he didn't look like a good guy with the blonde hair!

"Then, fine." Luo Aiyu gritted her teeth, considering the next situation would be no more serious than before. This guy could save her, so he wouldn't be a totally bad one.

"I'm living in the resort on the hillside."

Momo was stunned, frowning.

The resort on the hillside? That was where that senior lived.

'Go there, or not?'

...

...

Both sides, Grandpa A Bao's group, and the younger group that was controlled by Wu QIushui.

They lived in the same village, but they were in a stalemate.

"Are you choosing to not obey the law? Get back! We can send the patients to a hospital with better medical equipment after the roads have been unblocked! This is not a curse! Do believe in science!" Wu Qiushui shouted, "Do you want the tragedy of that year to happen again?"

"Bullshit! Science? Not a curse?!" A Bao was very old, but still full of energy like Wu Qiushui, "Then tell me what it is? Is it a cold? Fever? Variola? What disease could turn people's appearance into this!"

Wu Qiushui said with anger, "It's very common that you didn't see all of the diseases in this big world. The point is to make the reason of the infection clear and then cure it! Not believing in the illusory sea lord!"

A Bao snorted, "Then tell me why the roads were all blocked? Why were the boats broken? And why did the landslide happen on the same day! Don't tell me they were merely a coincidence!"

"I'll make clear all of them but I need time!" Wu Qiushui held a strong attitude, "But I won't allow you to act recklessly! Go back now!"

A Bao knocked the ground with his walking stick, "We have to sacrifice that woman to the sea lord today so that our village will be protected! Secretary Wu! Wu Qiushui! Get away! We'll respect you in peacetime because of your identity. But this issue is the key whether Lui Village will exist in the future, it's our own business, I won't allow you as an outsider to interpose in this matter!"

"You!"

Wu Qiushui even had an impulse to slap this impenetrable old guy.

"She's not here." Wu Qiushui took a deep breath, "All of you go back home! There is only a kid and some tourists! It's a private place, you can't do whatever you want."

A Bao snorted, "Can I trust you? You try to keep that woman, so you say no! Even the guy who hurt so many people might be following your words!"

"I don't know that person either. Don't slander me!" Wu Qiushui glared.

His glare shocked A Bao’s heart but he still ordered, "Go search her! Go in to take her out!"

Watching this old man incited other seniors by his reputation, Wu Qiushui felt helpless, "Keep them off! Don’t let them enter! Everyone should have a baseline! Grandpa A Bao, are you happy to see youngers fight with their seniors?"

A Bao snorted, "Do you still know that we are their seniors? Then why you ask them to go against us? Are you gonna take actions on us? Kids, who watched you guys grow up? Go away!"

Those young villagers hesitated behind Wu Qiushui... many of them were really their seniors.

Taking advantage these young ones hesitated, A Bao waved his walking stick, "Go in the room and search for her!"

"F*ck!! I have tolerated you old bastard for a very long time!"

At this time, Ren Ziling chased you with a hoe, striking it to the ground, "Don’t confuse the truth and the lie. Stop talking bullshit. Old fart! Come on! Bully the girl and the old here! Are you men? Come here! Let me punch you one by one!"

"Leave that woman alone! Rush in there!" A Bao shouted!

No one would be afraid of a woman. Those seniors at the back rushed out. But the lady was quite doughty, brandishing the hoe at a venture. Nobody dared to get close.

"Let’s go! If we can’t find the person, we’ll all be sworn to death!" A Bao yelled again.

More people’s temerarious advance constrained Ren Ziling to retreat.

"Don’t screw around!" Wu Qiushui couldn’t help coming out boldly to a villager but had been pushed down.

"Secretary!"

Little Du got surprised, rushing to help but he was caught by

those crazy people--- As to those young villagers, some came to stop them; some hesitated, and others were hiding at the side.

But the people who were rushing messed up the scene.

When Ren Ziling was unable to defend, a blast was suddenly heard from the entrance of the resort.

Along with a low yell, "Stop! Or I'll shoot you guys!!"

Two continuous gunshots came after it.

Those villagers were scared, seeing a slightly fat middle-aged person with mustache port arms and fire a shot.

Next, 3 young men appeared at the back of him... They wore policeman uniforms. They were pointing their pistols at those villagers.

"Put your tools down! Step aside!"

The middle-aged man said fiercely, "Or I'll let you know the consequence of assaulting police!"

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"Thank you! Officer! How did you know and come here?"

Wu Qiushui regained calmness, walking up to the policeman, asking. But he didn't reply; instead, he went to Ren Ziling.

Subeditor Ren supported her body with one of her hands holding the hoe. The other hand on her hips, panting and glaring at him.

The policeman talked tolerantly, "Well... Sister, can you be a little bit placid next time?"

"Can you come earlier next time?" Ren Ziling replied sourly, "If you came late, I'll die from having my head smashed in!"

The middle-aged policeman gave a miserable look, "My god, I started off as soon as I received your call last night! But transferring the police is much harder than farting! I borrowed the helicopter without permission and will be seriously scolded then.

And it’s lucky to find and touch down in this poor place! Cool down!"

Ren Ziling threw down the hoe, gasping for air, "Give me some water..."

...

"Sister Ren, water!"

Lizi ran to get a bottle of water asking in a low voice, "Sister Ren, is he Officer Ma? Why did he come?"

Gulping some water, Ren Ziling said, "I felt that this village was weird last night, disease attacked while the roads are blocked. So I thought I should ask for rescue! My son said don’t act recklessly in others’ places but we can make it into our place for now!"

"No wonder you’re so unperturbed, turns out you have got supporters." Lizi expressed her surprise.

Ren Ziling felt indifferent to the compliment, wiping the water stains on her face and walking to Ma Houde.

Then, those villagers had to obey the policeman with guns. Hands on their head, squatted on the road---What a splendid spectacle.

"Old Ma, I told you about the situation. What will you do next?" Ren Ziling asked.

Ma Houde frowned, shaking his head, "I’m not sure... it’s quite a complicated issue made by a group. By the way, where’s Luo Qiu? Is he safe? Why isn’t he here?"

Ren Ziling shook her head, "He went out in the morning, I don’t know where he is now and worrying about... my god, he came back!"

Luo Qiu held two bags, walking down the mountain road slowly.

He slightly gaped while witnessing those squatting villagers, all his friends, and the girl Lui Yiyun.

The girl was shocked, gazing at him... He should be tied in the wooden room!

Luo Qiu walked to the two.

"Officer Ma? What happened?"

"Oh, it’s..." Officer Ma was about to tell.

While Ren Ziling walked to Luo Qiu, hugging him and changing the topic, "Where did you go? You know it scared me!"

She acted as a female general when she brandished the hoe but became a weak woman when she embraced Luo Qiu.

"I went out for some veggies because there’s nothing left in the kitchen." He glanced at Lui Yiyun, who suddenly moved her gaze away. Luo Qiu said softly, "I don’t want the girl to look after us since some accidents happened."

"Do you have to turn off the cell phone?" Ren Ziling let go of Luo Qiu, glaring at him with no anger.

"...No signal."

Ren Ziling fell into silence, rolling up her eyes with a smile, "Well, I forgive you!"

Ma Houde, "???"

He got into a muddle.

...

Suddenly a phone rang among those villagers... one villager answered it under a huge pressure from the policemen.

"Gosh! Grandpa A Bao... all other villagers were infected with the disease, all of them!!"

Chapter 233: Mutual Trust

The sudden news made the villagers fall into disorder.

No matter what they did and how villainous they were, their original intention was to protect themselves and their relatives from the curse.

But all the patients got infected with the disease?

"The sea lord is angry!!" A Bao screamed, "The sea lord is angry!!" You stopped us from worshiping the sea lord! It got angry! All the villagers will die! You made us die!"

Along with A Bao's screech, those squatting the villagers' looks changed.

Some brave ones even stood up slowly.

Officer Ma glared, yelling, "What are you doing? Squat down!"

"My wife and son got infected! But you ask me to squat... You killed my family! I'm gonna kill you, son of a b*tch!"

A villager rushed out.

Ma Houde took a gunshot at the road, which resounded around the mountain. That villager stopped suddenly, his face turned pale and his lips trembled.

Two policemen came to catch him at the same time.

Officer Ma said in a low voice, "I know you're nervous and I understand you! But I won't let you go back! None of you are allowed to leave this place! I don't believe in curses! Since all of them got infected, then that disease is probably contagious! Anyone that has contact with them might be infected! Then no one can save your families!"

Those villagers' agitation calmed down. Ma Houde then heaved a sigh of relief, his voice turned mild, "Trust me! We came here to solve problems rather than fight with you! But if you are still

making trouble out of nothing, especially if someone instigates something on purpose, then we'll regard them as assaulting the police!"

While talking, Ma Houde stared at A Bao. The most respectful senior quivered, lowering his head.

...

"A little bit later, you guys go to the seaside where my helicopter is landed. Then someone will take you away."

After calming down the villagers' emotion, Ma Houde pulled Ren Ziling and Luo Qiu to one side, telling them, "Then someone will send you to the hospital for a checkup."

"You want me to leave?" Ren Ziling asked with discontent.

Ma Houde urged, "I'm afraid you'll get infected. It's a pretty weird disease! Don't be willful, sister!"

Luo Qiu asked suddenly, "Officer Ma, how about you?"

Ma Houde looked at Luo Qiu with pleasure, feeling his concern for himself, not like some sister... He smiled, "I'm OK. I talked to Secretary Wu. He ordered a boat from the county. Besides that, I'm a public servant. So I can't leave the public alone in danger. But you're different, you should leave for your safety. If not, you'll distract me."

While Luo Qiu shook his head, "Uncle Ma, maybe we cannot leave right now."

Ma Houde gaped, asking, "Brat, when did you become so unreasonable like your mother?"

"Ma Houde! What did you say? Are you courting death?"

Luo Qiu glanced at Ren Ziling with the gaze that Ren Ziling was most afraid of, so she quieted down quickly.

Luo Qiu heaved a sigh, "Uncle Ma, if we got infected, we should not leave. Think about it. We don't know the nosogenesis or if it is

an infectious disease. If we leave at will, we might bring this virus out, right? If it is spread within the city, you can imagine the repercussion."

Ma Houde was stunned, patting his forehead, "That's right! Alas, I made a mistake in this..."

Ma Houde understood the serious repercussion, which made him break out in a sweat, "Thank you for reminding me or I'll be a sinner committing a big mistake!"

"Ma Houde! I said I can't leave, you understand what I mean?" Ren Ziling snorted.

'This woman would definitely not thinking about that, at most, she was just unwilling to leave the crime scene.'

"...Well, get back into the house. Find and take something like alcohol and Radix Isatidis to clean and protect your health. Drink mineral water instead of tap water!" Ma Houde urged, "I'll go ask Wu Qiushui and see when the boat will come... This might be the cause of the outbreak of a virus. I have to call back to make a report."

"Do your job." Luo Qiu nodded.

Ma Houde patted Luo Qiu's shoulder and didn't say anything... He was happy that Luo Qiu became independent.

At last, Ma Houde glimpsed at Ren Ziling, "Are you happy? You caught big news this time!"

Subeditor Ren replied with dignity, "Thank you."

Ma Houde shook his head, leaving with anxiety.

...

A group of villagers were controlled in the resort. Several policemen with guns guarded several of its entrances.

Time passed slowly.

Some villagers contacted with their families by phone, squatting and sobbing in the corner.

Luo Qiu looked at the blue-star flower and the girl in the yard.

Lui Yiyun noticed Luo Qiu getting close to her; but she didn't stand up or turnabout, just gazing at this blue-star flower blankly.

The girl suddenly asked, "Do you know this flower, in the language of flowers, means 'Mutual Trust'. It won't cover up other flowers or be ignored by them."

She stood up, picking up one in her hand.

The blue one stayed in her soft hand, Lui Yiyun said softly, "It's like the relationship among people. Everyone is unique. So it'll ignite different sparks when people meet and bring different stories."

The girl showed a pathetic smile on her face, "However, if they want to get along and ignite the sparks, mutual trust is a must. If they can't... they won't trust each other and will be envious and jealous, even... just for themselves."

"Is this what you planted?" Luo Qiu asked.

The girl said coolly, "It's from my grandpa. He said that this is what my granny loved best. So he planted it all over the yard."

Luo Qiu nodded. He squatted down, picking one and putting it in his hand, then stretching out to the girl.

But the girl shook her head, taking one step back.

A distrusting step.

...

...

Lui Chaosheng's look contained extreme panic.

From the relatives of those patients to the keepers outside the clinic, all of them collapsed one after another. That horrific disease

attacked at a fast pace.

It spread quickly from street to street.

He didn’t know how many people had been infected and panicked--Even he himself showed the symptoms of this disease.

Lui Chaosheng felt that he became gradually in a confused state of mind. He breathed with difficulty, following a strong sense of nausea. His face turned pale, sometimes feeling cold and sometimes feeling hot.

He gritted his teeth, watching his stiff fingers. He walked to his office with difficulty, then locked the door.

"Doctor, save me, please... save me..."

Lui Chaosheng could hear the cry for help but he had no time to look after them--- he ransacked boxes and chests in the office, overturning a cabinet with different files and getting an iron box from it.

His arms and legs became extraordinarily stiff. Luo Chaosheng opened the box that contained a syringe and some small bottles with difficulty.

Both of Lui Chaosheng’s hands quivered, extracting the liquid from the small bottle by using the syringe. His mouth bit the yellow rubber band, ignoring whether the blood vessel could be seen clearly and sterilized with iodine. Then, he inserted the needle into his arm directly.

He panted for breath but looked much better. The protrusions grew much slower from his fingers.

But panic didn’t disappear from his eyes because he knew that the medicine he injected for himself was short-lived.

Lui Chaosheng fished out a cell phone from his doctor’s coat. Soon, he queried with rage, "You said only kill Luo Aiyu and those participants of that incident, why has it spreads to the whole

village?!"

Several seconds later, Lui Chaosheng did not seem to get a satisfying answer, so he turned even more angry, "Give me the antidote!! Or let's perish together!! Don't forget, your father is hiding here... Haha, I dare not? I've already gotten infected, there's nothing I dare not do...Anyway, if you don't come, then let me go find you!!"

Lui Chaosheng yelled to the cellphone; but just then, he heard some sound---coming from a steel cabinet in the office.

It shook with a smashing sound from inside. The very next second, the door was forced open!

And the person from inside rolled out.

"You...Why did you wake up quickly? I gave you a lot of tranquilizers..."

Watching Lui Hai who stood up from the ground, Lui Chaosheng's face turned more scared.

Lui Hai patted his head, it seemed like he was still dizzy. But he sized up Lui Chaosheng... Watching his appearance changed because of the disease, he frowned.

"Who did you talk to?" Lui Hai walked to Lui Chaosheng, saying coldly.

Lui Chaosheng moved his lips, sensing the current Lui Hai turning extraordinarily ferocious, an extreme horror was imposed on him.

Unexpectedly, Lui Hai let out a deep sigh, saying, "This is retribution!"

Chapter 234: Culprit

"What happened here?"

Momo frowned while looking around the resort. He saw that this hotel was guarded by some people.

They were policemen, not common people.

Momo couldn’t help hesitating.

Policemen were the ones they least like to deal with--- Because no matter what happened, fighting with them would always mean going against the will of this country.

It’d be hard to cast off the ‘karma of Taoism’ if Taoists got into trouble with the will of the country.

So the unspoken rules in Taoists’ circle were to avoid affairs that government staff took over.

The young Taoism master thought this way but Luo Aiyu considered it to be totally different. Although he saved her just now, she preferred to believe in the police compared to this unknown person.

She trusted the police would keep her safe no matter where they came from.

Luo Aiyu ran out from her hidden place towards a policeman at her house, shouting, "Help! Help!"

Momo hated how the villagers in Lui Village disregarded human life. But this time, this young master was started to become fed up with that woman.

Watching Luo Aiyu saying something to that policeman, Momo passed by the two secretly. He climbed over the wall, sneaking in the resort.

He didn’t act rudely but was just trying to figure out if the issue of Lui Village was related to that mysterious senior.

‘I’ll be safe if I avoid a head-on confrontation with him.’

…

…

The girl breathed in deeply, getting to the point rather than telling the story about the blue-star flowers, "I don’t know how you left… but I don’t want anyone to meddle in my affairs. What’s your plan?"

Luo Qiu drew back his palm, along with that blue-star together, "I just want to help finish someone’s wish."

Lui Yiyun gave a start, her puzzled expressions became more and more serious.

The girl sized him up carefully-- She didn’t know why the mastermind behind these evil acts didn’t tell the truth to those policemen.

From the conversation between Luo Qiu and the policeman, they should be very familiar and had a good relationship. But apparently, he deliberately hid it.

"Who? Who asked you to help me?"

"You only need to know and trust that I came to help you." Luo Qiu shook his head, "Tell me, what are you going to do besides getting all the members infected?"

Lui Yiyun’s look changed, crying out involuntarily, "It’s you… You got them infected? Why did you do so?"

While Luo Qiu asked back with curiosity, "Then why did you do so? Or is there anything different between getting dozens of people infected and all of them? Killing one or ten, taking revenge on one or ten, hurting one or ten, is there any difference? Or you schemed so much just for fun?"

Lui Yiyun lowered her head, her body quivered faintly.

She thought that these questions had already generated long ago

before she made the decision to commit crimes.

The girl took a deep breath. Those questions that she had never purposely avoided nor considered deliberately forced her to make a choice.

"Nothing different."

She repeated while looking at Luo Qiu, "There’s no difference, but..."

She tried to say something.

But someone interrupted.

"Ah! You’re all here!"

It was Lizi running out in a hurry, "Yiyun, your mother came back!"

...

"Officer, those are the exact b*stards! Catch them and put them in prison for a dozen years... No, let them die there! These bastards caught me and tried to throw me down from the cliff this morning..."

Luo Aiyu’s shriek and yell were heard after they came in--- Because of Ma Houde who held his black pistol, all the villagers lowered heads without saying.

Luo Qiu found Ma Houde looking badly--- might be due to her uproar.

"Madam, be calm. We’ll act by the laws, don’t worry." Ma Houde muddled through his work.

If he could convict somebody, he’d catch them without hesitation. However, it was quite complicated to deal with collective behaviors.

Getting all of them sentenced?

That’d be impossible. At most, catch some leaders and release

others... There were too many people!

"How can I calm down? I almost died!"

Luo Aiyu still screamed. Ma Houde rolled up his eyes, then turned to Ren Ziling for help.

Ren Ziling pretended not to see him... she tried to avoid from dealing with her but couldn't resist when Ma Houde implored, "Yiyun, come here! Your mother is safe."

All sights had been concentrated on that girl. So Lui Yiyun had to glance at Luo Aiyu, walking to her.

Luo Aiyu pulled Lui Yiyun, looking at Ma Houde, "Officer! She's a witness! My daughter, she witnessed the course of the incident with Ms. Ren! She can prove what I told you!"

"Mom... calm down, the officers know what they should do," Lui Yiyun said in a low voice.

Luo Aiyu was furious by her words, pushing her down the ground, yelling, "Calm? How can I be calm? Are you not going to help me? Then step aside! Don't disturb me!"

The girl lay on the ground, lowering her head without words.

You Ye came to Luo Qiu stealthily, telling him something. Luo Qiu nodded but didn't act.

Except saying slightly, "It's time to end it."

...

"She's your daughter, you should not treat her like this!" Ren Ziling helped Lui Yiyun to stand up, glaring at Luo Aiyu.

While Luo Aiyu snorted, "You should know there's no blood ties between us! Do you think she treats me like her mom? She didn't even smile at me since her childhood!"

"Then what?"

A hoarse voice followed Luo Aiyu's scream--- a middle-aged man

appeared at the entrance of the room, both eyes glaring at her.

"Officer Ma... this man said he’s the boss, we can’t stop him." a young cop said to him, "He even brought a patient here!"

"What?" Ma Houde gaped, "Control him, quickly!"

But Lui Hai walked straight to Luo Aiyu as if he didn’t see others. He stared at her ruthlessly, saying in a low voice, "Didn’t smile, so what?"

Luo Aiyu always swore at this guy since she was married here. She never received such a bad attitude from him. She gnashed, "Lui Hai! Dare you say that again? You useless man, where were you when I was caught this morning? You said nothing when your wife was taken away, but you roar at me? OK, are you a man?"

Slap---!

The boss slapped his wife on the cheek.

The sound was so loud and brutal, which made all who heard it felt painful, let alone Luo Aiyu who flew into a rage by the slap.

"You, you dare to hit me?!" Luo Aiyu covered her cheek with her hands, and was hard to speak out due to the anger or fright.

Slap---!

Lui Hai slapped her on the other cheek, the same as the first one relentlessly, "If you act wildly here, I’ll seal your mouth, watch me!"

Seeing Lui Hai raising his hand, Luo Aiyu's face turned pale due to fright--- she never saw such atrocious Lui Hai before.

Unwittingly, Luo Aiyu stepped behind Officer Ma, grabbing his arm, "Officer, did you hear it! You see it right? He’s going to hit me and kill me!"

"...Madam, we cannot lend a hand in your family affairs." Ma Houde said officially, "Can you try to communicate with each other? Harmony brings wealth, couples should..."

"You!!!"

Ma Houde... Officer Ma whistled, putting his hands back and taking two steps away.

Now, Lui Hai put down his hand, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. He walked to Lui Yiyun

He looked at his daughter but said nothing.

Under Lui Hai’s sight, Lui Yiyun lowered her head as if she was scared or frightened.

While Lui Hai sighed, he touched Lui Yiyun’s face with his hands. The girl raised her head suddenly, a slight hint of fright was hidden in her look.

Lui Hai turned to Ma Houde, "Officer, detain me. I’m the one who spread the virus in the village."

Chapter 235: The Truth Hidden in the Past

"Everything is my fault."

Lui Hai didn’t seem like the boss of the resort at that moment. He admitted his guilt, looking at everyone. As if worrying about those who didn’t hear clearly, and impressing those who understood.

Luo Qiu didn’t think he’d forget the current face of Lui Hai.

He was degage, calm and firm.

A slight hint of surprise flashed across Secretary Wu Qiushui’s face, but he suddenly thought of the village legend. Vaguely, he combined two things together.

He realized the cause and effect quickly, "Why did you do this, Lui Hai?"

Officer Ma frowned, he wouldn’t believe anything easily unless there were enough pieces of evidence to prove it.

Since the beginning when Lui Hai came in, the villagers’ look turned slightly different. They knew someone called Lui Hai but no one knew him well.

He settled in his old house at the hillside and seldom walked down to the village. He went to the sea to fish alone using a boat and planted in the cropland at the back of the resort to support his family. He only entered the village when he lacked necessities for daily life.

Since Luo Aiyu came here, these works had been shifted to her.

The ones who seldom met Lui Hai had an impression that this man always had a mussy mustache, along with a stronger smell of alcohol compared to the sea smell.

He was a drunkard.

Now, he became a criminal with a fierce look, looking like another person.

He opened his mouth.

He sneered, his look contained a slight hint of contempt. He looked around. Those who were seen felt frightened, lowering their heads.

"Why? No reason." Lui Hai showed an indifferent face, "Just because the villagers almost forgot the evil they did and the conscientiousness they lost. I just mentioned it."

"I... We did something wrong in that year but we were instigated by others. But you... but you..." a senior turned agitated, "If you want to get revenge, come to us old guys! Fight or kill us! But you even let all the members get infected with this disease!! It doesn't have nothing to do with the children!"

Lui Hai sneered once more, "Then what did I do wrong 45 years ago? I had a good family, then what? You were instigated? So you think you're innocent and continue to live here with your next generations, getting along with them, is that correct?"

"I... through these years, we, we never felt tranquil. Did you think that?"

"Then why did you sacrifice a living person to worship again?" Lui Hai disdained, "Listen, it's 'AGAIN'. You feel bad but committed that action again. Today, this morning, right here."

"I... I will kill you!" That senior rushed out.

While Lui Hai yelled, "Get lost!"

That old man face turned pale out of fright, taking steps back continuously and collapsing finally.

Lui Hai swore loud, "Look! Look! This is the so-called uneasiness and not living peacefully! If you guys can't win the argument, what will you do next? Violence! Yourself!"

A group of villagers couldn't talk even half a word, lowering their heads. They really didn't feel good now and couldn't make a

sound.

"Wait... Lui Hai, you said you spread the virus?" Wu Qiushui knew the history of this village, he found it weird and illogical, "How old were you 45 years ago? Then you mean you spread the virus that year too?"

Lui Hai said coolly, "Ask Lui Chaosheng, I took him here."

Ma Houde frowned, tipping the young policeman gaze. Soon, Lui Chaosheng was taken in.

Both of his hands turned black. It appeared that he was pulled in instead of walking in himself.

Lui Chaosheng's hair was almost wet with sweat. His eyelid drooped, looking very weak.

"Doctor Lui, do you get infected too?" Wu Qiushui talked with shock. He intends to get close but stopped after two steps due to fright. He asked, "Lui Hai said you know everything... what do you know?"

Lui Chaosheng lips moved, hesitating to speak.

While Lui Hai sneered, "Tell them what you did and tried to hide, Doctor Lui! Or you want me to say it?"

Lui Chaosheng glanced at Lui Hai in alarm, lowering his head, saying with a tremble, "That virus... I found it first..."

"What?"

"That's impossible!"

All villagers had been startled by his words, throwing their gaze towards Lui Chaosheng. Everyone knew this doctor.

He studied medical science at a young age, then came back to the village. The small clinic saved countless people. Nobody believed that such a kind person was related to the virus... Did he discover it?

"You discovered it?" Ma Houde was stunned, asking curiously, "How old are you? And how old were you 45 years ago?"

"It’s... what I found after I finished my studies and came back." Lui Chaosheng dared not look at the righteous Officer Ma.

"How did you discover it? Why?"

Ma Houde focused on another point--- If it was a kind of virus that had existed since dozens of years ago in this remote place--- it would be connected with many other issues and could cause big trouble.

"I, I... I’m... I..." Lui Chaosheng looked at Lui Hai, speaking with hesitation.

Lui Hai snorted, "You dare not say? Then let me tell him! That’s because you’re the love child of that old female immortal!"

Lui Chaosheng was the son of the Old Female Immortal Huang?

This bombshell shocked each villager, unbelievable! "Impossible! Chaosheng is my uncle’s son! I went to his one-month birth-banquet then! Lui Hai, don’t talk nonsense!"

Lui Hai snorted, "Let him tell you guys! Lui Chaosheng, if you don’t want to die, then stop stalling for time!"

Lui Chaosheng trembled, heading down, "I... I’m that woman’s son. That year, she gave birth to me in the room on the mountain. The grandson of the Seventh Grandpa didn’t cry, so he took him to my mother to conduct a religious rite to cure him. Then she interchanged us because she knew with her identity, and that she wasn’t married, and committed adultery with another man, she would lose everything. So..."

Lui Chaosheng looked at those seniors who helped him, suffering, "I can’t choose my life... I knew about this issue later."

That senior was enraged, quivering, but still didn’t want to believe it, "Tell me! Who is that man, your biological father?!"

Lui Chaosheng lowered his head without talking.

When everybody focused on Lui Chaosheng, someone howled, "Grandpa A Bao, where are you going?"

One of Liu Hai’s hand grabbed A Bao’s collar, pulling him out and pushing down, with a snort, "Don’t you want to see your son get cured?"

The falling A Bao stood up with panic, sensing attacks from all sides.

He screamed, "Lui Hai!! Haven’t you have enough? You hurt the village and want to slander me now?!!"

"Are you going to deny it?" Lui Hai sneered, walking up and pressing him down, before tearing his clothes.

"You shameless brute!"

Grandpa A Bao’s clothes were torn. At the back, a green-and-black tattoo appeared! But it was wrinkled due to age. However, the outline was still clear--- a ferocious ghost.

...

As the tattoo was seen, Lizi got a big surprise, "It’s... the ghost of jealousy!"

"You know it?" Ren Ziling gaped, asking Lizi.

Lizi nodded, saying restlessly, "Yeah... it’s a famous tattoo of the Japanese Imperial Army, especially those soldiers."

"Ah..."

All at once, everyone gazed at Grandpa A Bao. Lui Hai sneered, "A Bao... Oh no! Takeru Sakai, what do you want to say?!"

Takeru Sakai face looked off-color, his eyes closed and he gave up struggling, lying on the ground but didn’t move.

"Japanese?!"

"Japanese?"

Everyone felt it incredible, "How could Grandpa A Bao be a Japanese?"

Lui Hai explained, "Japan sent some troops secretly to this area to conduct experiments before the World War II. And the disease is what the Japanese made in the labs, instead of a curse! I think many seniors know that. That time, some villagers disappeared at intervals. Later, others realized they were caught by the Japanese. The real Grandpa A Bao was taken away and died from torture. However, several years after, the secret base couldn’t be kept, so this guy brought the virus and escaped. He had a serious illness at that time, fled here and was found by that female immortal. She was not a good person, plus this guy promised to give her pieces of jewelry, so she hid him somewhere, and help him rest and recover for a long time. After the war, they discussed and decided that Takeru Sakai would live here using the identity of Grandpa A Bao... until now!"

Chapter 236: The Gap between Now and the Past

45 years ago, Takeru Sakai came to hide in Lui Village. He vainly hoped that the Japanese Imperial Army would make a comeback, so he kept the virus made from the lab, and waited for the counterattack of their army.

But time passed day by day, Takeru Sakai realized that day wouldn't come--- He thought about suicide but he was not so courageous to cut his belly. Therefore, he persuaded himself that it would definitely come true someday.

He seized the weakness that Immortal Huang was greedy. So he applied the knowledge he learned in the military school to help that woman purposely make a mystery of simple things in Lui Village. Their purpose was to fool the villagers then brainwashed them gradually.

"Humph! You schemed to spread the virus you took out and made a nonexistent legend of sea lord---Sacrificing living persons just for deifying the old female immortal! Then you passed the antidote, so nobody else got infected after that!"

Grandpa A Bao...Takeru Sakai kept silent with words of blame. Everyone else tried not to receive the truth... but they had to believe it.

"It turns out that this is the truth...We, what did we do that year! What a sin we committed!"

Several seniors covered their faces, crying in a sad voice.

They dared not see Lui Hai or Lui Yiyun, dared not face the persons here--- they could only kneel down to Lui Hai, kowtowing with tears.

"Lui Hai! We're so sorry! Damn us! You should kill we old guys! But don't hurt those young people, please! Forgive them! It's not

their fault! They are innocent and still young!"

"Sorry!"

"Damn us!"

"Lui Hai... Forgive them! Please!"

Lui Hai looked at these people, laughing with sorrow, "They are innocent and still young? I cried that year, I knelt down and walked on Hear-The-Sea Cliff with my knees. I cried till throat turned raw, I knelt in front of you, making kowtows to everyone, but you... did you forgive my mother?"

The seniors didn't talk but kept making kowtows. The middle-aged, strong and young men followed.

Every family here had spoken badly about Lui Hai's family privately saying he was not welcomed. Being influenced by what they heard and saw, thinking about these years... had they ever called this man 'uncle' or 'brother' even though he had the same surname as them?

No... never ever.

Lui Hai stretched out to point at Takeru Sakai, "You started the trouble and everything else! Old fart, how dare you be peaceful and happy living in this world!"

Takeru Sakai looked quiet. His appearance of that year showed up again, after taking off his clothes, "Lui Hai, yes, I fooled the village. So what? If you guys were not stupid, ignorant and self-concerned, would I do so much? If you didn't have a bad conscience, how would you be suspicious, distrusted and atrocious? Haha! But Lui Hai, you don't think..."

Furious, Lui Hai threw a heavy punch on Takeru Sakai'S face.

It hit his mouth. A heavy fist hit an old body, Takeru Sakai's teeth were almost knocked out.

But it didn't release all of Lui Hai's anger. He pressed Takeru

Sakai, a second fist had been punched into his face.

One, two, three fists... until Ma Houde had his fellows stop Lui Hai!

"Officer Ma, the old man fainted."

Ma Houde nodded, he felt uncomfortable but didn't know why... Anyway, since Lui Chaosheng and Takeru Sakai admitted that thing, then there was nothing else to tell.

Lui Hai still held a grudge against that thing and found the secret between Lui Chaosheng and Takeru Sakai, then held this to scare them and revenge all the other villagers... this reason made sense.

"Lui Hai, you goddam demon!" unexpectedly Luo Aiyu voiced with hate, "If you're gonna take revenge on them, do it! But you almost caused that I've been thrown down the cliff! One night of love is worth a hundred years of friendship. Did I do anything wrong to you?! You even treat me this way! Damn you!!"

"Yeah, damn me! But did you do a wife's duty since you married here? I have had enough of your disgusting character. You punched and swore at my family, I can't bear you any longer! Your good fortune has been spent on these people that failed to throw you down!!"

"You, you...you!!" Luo Aiyu panted for breath because of the anger, "Officer, you saw that this guy committed a murder! Catch him!! And shoot him dead!"

"I know what we should do!" Ma Houde snorted, "Are you a cop?"

At the same time, Lui Chaosheng gazed at Lui Hai, begging piteously, "Brother Lui, I promised you and told all of them the story... you should take out the antidote quickly."

'There's an antidote!'

'There's an antidote!'

Both parties shifted their attention to Lui Hai.

At this time, Lui Chaosheng made a kowtow, "Brother Lui, I know I deserve to die. I’m greedy and mean... after I came back, Takeru Sakai told me everything of that year but I didn’t reveal that; rather, I desired wealth and honor greatly and helped him with this virus...I made the antidote unintentionally but I forgot the recipe and can’t make it anymore. Can you give it back to me?"

Watching Lui Chaosheng imploring, Ma Houde voiced low, "Lui Hai, you confessed your crimes and know clearly what you are doing. So you should give him the antidote! I know you still hate them but those young men are innocent! And these seniors should be punished by law! Don’t make a mistake... besides that, think about your daughter. Do you want her to live with a bad reputation, knowing that she has a murderer for a father?"

Lui Hai moved his lips. He seemed to be struggling.

He took a deep breath, raising his head. After a long time, he turned to Lui Yiyun slowly.

The girl’s tears had dropped since some time ago.

Lui Hai smiled faintly, "Yiyun, I hid it with the wine I placed, go take it out... this policeman was right, it’s my fault, I shouldn’t let you suffer the infamy. And take care of your grandpa."

"Dad... don’t." Lui Yiyun kept shaking her hand and cried.

"Are you not going?!" Lui Hai eyes glared, "Or I’ll commit suicide here!!"

Lui Hai yelled again, "Go get it!!"

The girl lowered her head, covering her mouth and rushing out of the room.

...

When Lui Yiyun came back, she had a 15cm-long test tube with some transparent liquid in her hand.

Lui Yiyun held it by both hands, walking in step by step.

Lui Hai stretched out his hand, saying softly, "Give it to me."

Everyone looked at the object the girl held, without daring to breathe heavily as if being afraid that she'd drop it down.

Lui Yiyun lowered her head.

But she stopped, holding it tightly in front of her chest, "Sorry, dad... I won't give you that."

"Yiyun, listen to me!" Lui Hai urged her with patience, "You're just a kid, don't be willful."

"Yeah, girl, hand out the antidote." Ma Houde helped, "It's just a minor offense for your dad before anyone die. Or else, it'll be a serious problem!"

Lui Yiyun shook her head, stepping back. The tear stains turned clearer on her face. She looked at Lui Hai and kept shaking her head, "No.. no, that's not the truth!"

"Don't talk nonsense! Hand it out!"

Lui Hai shouted, rushing up and reaching for the test tube, but Lui Yiyun threatened, "Don't come over! Or I will smash it down!"

"Yiyun you..."

The girl talked sadly, "Dad... I can't forgive them! I can't! I can't!! Don't commit a crime for my sake, please!"

"Yiyun, stop speaking nonsense! Don't act without consideration!"

"It's not what he said, totally not..." Lui Yiyun shook her head. She sobbed, the white neck turned a little stiff and red due to agitation. She looked around the room with resentment.

The girl pointed at Luo Aiyu suddenly, "Firstly! This woman deserves to die!! Dad, do you know what this woman did in private?"

"You, what did you say? What did I do?!" Luo Aiyu screamed.

Lui Yiyun said angrily, "I know the flirty affairs you and the village head did! Each time you go to purchase something, you'll have sex with him secretly?!"

"That's a total bullshit!!"

"That year!" Lui Yiyun sneered, "The villagers felt sorry for our family, so they discussed and decided to distribute more land to us for compensation! You flirty woman, would you marry my dad without those lands? And the village head is not a good guy, he covets our land too! You two f*cked that day and discussed how to kill my dad and my father, then embezzled my land!"

"You, you speak nonsense! I did not!!" Luo Aiyu's face turned pale.

Lui Yiyun sneered, "My dad and you slept separately since years ago! Tell me, who is the father of the baby in your womb? If you don't have an abortion, you can't hide it two months later!"

Luo Aiyu covered her belly subconsciously.

Lui Yiyun said angrily, "You're feeding slow poison to my grandpa, I know that! If I didn't change it every day, you would have succeeded, right? Look at the medicine hiding under your bed!"

Luo Aiyu quivered, trying to rush out of the room.

But she was caught by two young policemen easily. She wanted to struggle, punching and scratching them fiercely, so the two policemen had to press her to the wall.

Lui Yiyun smiled suddenly, it was a terrible smile. She tilted head, her eyes opened wide, "You cursed my grandma secretly, then let me have you suffer the pain of my grandma that year, letting you die early!! But it failed in the end!"

Lui Yiyun gave a wry smile, "I was waiting for a chance to let all the villagers experience the pain... The scandal 45 years ago shouldn't be concealed and these people should not live peacefully.

I had a chance, I know this b*tch is trying to expand the business of the resort, so I suggested to her to find some journalist to write a report---Whoever she would get would have something to write! Not the scenery of this resort, but the crime 45 years ago! Write what you threw away, the evil of Lui Chaosheng and Takeru Sakai! I'll let the whole Lui Village be condemned by the society, and all of your descendants will be criticized for their actions for the rest of their lives!! All of you are murderers, forever!"

According to Lui Yiyun's accusation and the scandal that she said, everyone felt how terrifying this girl was.

So did Ren Ziling... she couldn't imagine that how serious the hate was to have this girl take such extreme methods. Since the time when she just arrived here, the girl had started to implement her plan of revenge.

That was too terrible.

While Lui Chaosheng screeched, foaming at the mouth, saying with pain, "Antidote... give me antidote... Lui Hai, you promised you'll give me the antidote... you promised that if I do what you asked, and pleaded guilty, you'll make her hand out the antidote... Lui Hai... Save me... I don't want to die..."

Lui Hai suddenly became disappointed. He looked at Lui Yiyun with pain, his voice turned hoarse, "Yiyun... why do you have so much more hate than me..."

Lui Yiyun's tears dropped.

She turned around slowly, taking off her clothes and revealing her back.

From the smooth and tender shoulders to many ferocious and horrible scars at back.

Shocking to the sight.

Nobody would feel happy; all of them hearts twitched.

"Why?"

Lui Yiyun cried bitterly, "Dad, do you know how the ones my age and a little older treat me outside?"

"They said that I'm a freak, they heard from their families that my granny was the wife of the sea lord, actually a sea monster... they said that I'm the kid of the monster. Do you know that they will catch me, ripping my skin and see if I'm different from them?"

Lui Yiyun's face turned quiet, saying in a cool voice, "It started with a knife, to cut open my arm, see my blood is red, then they asked to see my bones. Afterwards, they burned me by fire, and pressed my head into the water."

"It might not be exciting enough, so they did something more exciting. Two men grabbed my feet, one peeled my toenails with pliers. They were happy to hear a scream of the descendant of a monster. What's more, would you like to hear more... to hear what the so-called innocent young persons did and how they look like?"

Lui Yiyun's tears dried, putting on the clothes.

The girl look showed extremely cold, all young guys felt afflictive under her gaze.

No one knew how many tragedies she had experienced that turned such a young and passionate heart frozen and lifeless.

"I can't say it out, or I'll suffer more." Lui Yiyun laughed at herself, "I'm such a coward... but why did these people treat me so cruelly? Why did such a rumor exist--- Oh, I see, that is because the villagers distort the fact, just for relieving their emotions and living better and making sure their next generations do not realize the ugly things they did."

"You guys!" Lui Yiyun pointed at those villagers that kept quiet, "How cold your can hearts be!"

"I won't forgive you! Forever!" Lui Yiyun took a deep breath, a savage look appeared on her face.

Ma Houde made a gesture. Two young policemen nodded slightly, moving their steps. At the moment when they intended to pounce on Lui Yiyun, she opened mouth.

"Don’t come over!!"

Her mouth was opened wide. An extremely hoarse voice was heard.

Everyone covered their ears, falling down painfully.

That voice lasted several seconds, people collapsed and got fainted one by one on the ground.

After all of them fell, Lui Yiyun walked to Lui Hai slowly, heading down and holding her father’s head, tidying his messy hair.

The girl said, "Dad, take care of my grandpa."

She took a deep breath, putting it down and standing up.

Suddenly, at the moment when she turned around... she found a person still standing there, who appeared from nowhere.

That guest with blonde hair!

Momo.

...

Momo frowned, glancing at the senior who fell down... ‘This guy is feigning death. That voice is too weak to make him die.’

He didn’t know what this senior would like to do but he had his belief and rules of action---Escorting Luo Aiyu back, he hid in this resort. That was why he knew about everything happened here.

He had the impulse to take a fight after hearing her miserable experience---But she shouldn’t leave with the antidote.

"Hand out the antidote, don’t repeat your mistakes." Momo sighed, "A monster is a strange species. Hostility will give monsters a stronger power but it comes with being lost. If you don’t stop,

the nature of the monster will swallow your humanity."

"I don’t know what you’re talking about." Lui Yiyun maintained vigilance, "But it’s impossible to forgive these people!"

Golden light emitted from Momo’s eyes, he yelled in a low voice, "If you refuse to realize your errors, then I have to do something! Momo, the successor of Taoism of Dragon Tiger Mountain will kill you at this place!"

He threw up his suitcase, it was opened soon and countless pieces of yellow spell paper dropped with wind and thunder sound, turning into one and one golden-light fierce tigers.

Lui Yiyun raised her head, ears and fingernails turned sharper---and her teeth too, like a sharpening saw.

"Kill the demon!" Momo shouted, several golden tigers rushed towards Lui Yiyun.

Lui Yiyun made that extremely hoarse voice, which rushed out to stop one of those fierce tigers.

Nevertheless, it couldn’t stop the others. At this time, Momo face reddened slightly and those tigers struck Lui Yiyun.

She couldn’t defend against them, like a lost kite, her body broke through the wall, falling down on the blue-star flower sea in the yard of the resort.

When Momo planned to pursue and attack, Lui Yiyun stood up and fled outside.

"Trying to escape?!"

Momo didn’t have time to guess the intentions of the senior who was playing dead... the monster was easy to handle but the thoughts of the senior were hard to guess.

But the most important thing, for now, was to grab the antidote.

The room turned quiet all of a sudden.

The club boss and his servant girl stood up slowly now.

Luo Qiu gazed at Lizi. The servant girl then understood his thoughts, going towards Lizi quietly and pointing at her forehead.

Lizi’s eyelids moved slightly… then she fainted.

Luo Qiu carried Ren Ziling and made her lean against the wall. Then he looked out of the room, ordering softly, "Let’s go to Hear-The-Sea Cliff with Lui Hai and his father. It’s the time to finish Lui Buhai’s request."

Chapter 237: Human Heart is also the Warmest

It had been existing long before Lui Village was formed.

The old saying said that a sea lord lived in the sea. It was a kind philanthropist who looked after this village.

It made this village quiet and peaceful. It also blessed the fishermen with good harvest.

Was that true?

Lui Buhai liked to watch the sea where he went to everyday. He could see the sunrise and sunset.

He liked to sit on the beach during sunset. He didn't know many general principles or words except his own name. However, he always thought about what was in the sea.

Until one day, the waves pushed her to Lui Buhai during sunset. He stopped his thoughts.

What was in the sea? The young fisherman only knew that this woman who was sent by the waves attracted him deeply.

This woman woke up after 3 full days.

"Who are you... who am I?"

It was the moment when their gaze met each other after so many years. Lui Buhai saw the depth of the sea from her eyes.

She forgot about everything but remembered him.

And his mind told him, keeping her in mind would be enough.

"Shui Er... You came from the sea, so your name is Shui Er." He giggled.

...

He was still the villager of the small fishing village and she

became the wife of this young fisherman.

His life was still simple but changing from a person to two made him no longer feel lonely.

Shui Er gave birth to a child for him. Several years passed, he who was still uncivilized just took out his middle name and kept his family name and last name as his son’s name.

He still giggled and looked at his own wife, saying, "You’re Shui Er, and he’s Hai Er, both of your names could make a new word!"

"You mean Hai Shui? It’s very weird!"

Anyway, a new member joined their family, which made their simple life more lively.

...

But not sure since when, a slight hint of difference emerged in this woman who had lost her memory.

Her gaze was still deep but he could feel something flowing slowly under the quietness.

He knew that she liked the blue flowers. So he planted a lot.

...

There was one day when she told him that she didn’t belong to this place... she said that she recalled something. She also said that she was an unlucky lady.

Their kid was 7 years old and he had become mature. He’d like to guard this family, so he told her if she didn’t belong to this place, would he be willing to leave this place with her?

Anyway, no one in the village agreed with their marriage. So there was no difference whether they stayed there or left.

Thus, he giggled and asked her, "Where do you want to go?"

She looked at the sea in daze. In that sunset evening, she squatted at the seaside with barefoot, murmuring, "If I can, I’d like to

become a fish swimming in the sea."

Lui Buhai laughed, "Honey, how can a person be a fish? But if you wanna go to the sea, then I can build a ship big enough to accommodate all of our family members..."

He gesticulated an arc, continuing with a laugh, "A big ship!"

She snuggled up to her husband's arms, smiling while seeing the sunset disappearing from the sea horizon.

...

...

Here should be the start of everything.

The grid guard of Hear-The-Sea Cliff had been broken after the cliff collapsed.

It was merely a common escarpment.

"This is a dead end, give me the antidote."

The golden light wrapped around Momo's fingers. "If you give it, I'll let this issue pass but you have to allow me to pull out the root of the monster from your body1"

Lui Yiyun looked at the sea.

She had been watching it since she came up here.

She opened her arms, facing the sea.

As if she didn't hear the words from Momo.

But Momo dared not act rashly. He was afraid that this girl would throw the antidote down the cliff... He didn't think he could get it back from the sea and rocks.

She could break the test tube by pinching it with her fingers added with a little force.

Lui Yiyun turned around.

The girl's eyes turned little blue as the sea. She looked at Momo,

telling him, "Don’t come. I won’t give you that."

"Those guys are sinful but it’s not as serious as sentencing them to death." Momo breathed deeply.

The girl look turned painful. She covered her forehead, screaming, "Then who can help me!! Is it you? You can forgive them, but how about me? Who can forgive me?!"

"Stay calm! Your monster nature has almost swallow your sensibility!" Momo frowned, "Don’t let the monster’s nature destroy you!"

"Calm down... Can you say something different?" Lui Yiyun’s look turned fierce.

Her red lips turned dark blue.

"I’m a monster! So I’m always wrong, right? And they’re humans, so they should always be forgiven, right? I think you’re as hypocritical as them!"

A hoarse voice came up from Lui Yiyun.

Momo realized that she was being demonized at a fast speed... It was hard to stop it and she’d be controlled by her monster nature.

Momo sighed, saying, "Since you won’t listen to me, don’t blame me then!"

He drove the spell paper, several golden-light tigers rushed up towards Lui Yiyun rapidly.

Those tigers ran much faster than dozens of minutes ago, biting the girl’s legs and hands, exceeding her reaction speed.

The sharp pain bit by incisive teeth made her screamed.

"Let me ask you one more time! Give me or not?" Momo yelled.

But it incurred an even more resentful look from her.

Momo took a deep breath without hesitation. A red spell held by his fingers had been emitted.

That was a thunderbolt striking Lui Yiyun, strong enough to kill this immature monster.

At the moment when the thunder had been emitted, Momo closed his eyes, saying, "Sorry about that."

...

The sea wind was still strong. Momo opened his eyes... She might be dead... No.

She was not. The thunder didn’t hurt her at all.

Momo was stupefied. He saw that mysterious senior standing behind her and stopping the thunder.

"You..." Momo squeezed his voice from his throat.

It was not the most powerful skill and could be stopped by him easily--- He didn’t see how it was stopped but from his relaxed appearance, it should be much easier than killing a mosquito.

"Thank you for your hard work." Luo Qiu looked at Momo, nodding.

Momo frowned, looking shocked, "What happened?"

Luo Qiu shook his head. He didn’t intend to explain that everything he did to Lui Yiyun was ‘very good’.

Luo Qiu got close to those golden-light tigers.

Those tigers tightened their bodies but Luo Qiu stretched out his hand to touch one of them like touching a domestic cat.

"And thank you for your hard work. Go back."

They turned into the talismans one by one. They were folded and flew towards Momo.

This frightened Momo... The spell should only be driven by his mysterious skill.

But...

At this time, Lui Yiyun who regained freedom screeched, her fingernails became sharp claws, pouncing towards Luo Qiu.

However, before she got close, her body turned and dropped down to the ground.

Bang---!

A medium pit was formed due to the heavy impact.

When she regained herself, she saw a beautiful woman standing in front... She had smashed her down.

Straight after that, the servant girl gave a heavy blow, hitting on the girl’s belly.

As if all organs were destroyed, Lui Yiyun spat out a mouthful of dark blood.

Lui Yiyun thought she’d die after the next hit but the servant girl returned to Luo Qiu.

Lui Yiyun spat blood, both of her legs quivered. She stood up hard, gazing at this young man with fear and rage, "Why don’t you kill me?"

"I’ve said that I came to help you." Luo Qiu said, "Your monster nature has gathered too much to be stopped, it swallowed your thoughts seriously. Of course, it’s easy to kill you, but..."

Boss Luo didn’t talk more. Instead, he shook his head.

"I’m OK! I don’t need your help!" Lui Yiyun pointed at Momo with anger, and glaring at Luo Qiu at the same time, "You’re the same as this guy!"

All of a sudden.

A voice came.

That was from Lui Hai, a bitter and heavy voice, "Yiyun, let it go."

Lui Yiyun’s gaze turned to follow the voice. She saw Lui Hai

holding Lui Buhai, coming close slowly. Lui Buhai was still muddle-headed and his son held him.

"Dad... grandpa..." Lui Yiyun retreated, shaking her head with a fearful look, "Why did you come... don't come over, stop looking at me! Stop looking at me!!"

"Why can't I see you? No matter how you've changed, you're always my daughter." Lui Hai took a deep breath, "You're my daughter, so I dare to look at you... so, Yiyun, let it go, enmity doesn't belong to you."

Lui Yiyun held her head and kept stepping back. Her sight wavered. Looking at Lui Hai, her voice turned sharp, "Why! Why can you forgive them!! Why! These years! Why did you keep silent! Why... Why!!!"

Lui Hai took a deep breath with force, "That's because the person who made this kind of virus... is your biological granny!"

The girl suddenly gaped, her eyes opened wide and her lips moved. She shook her head slightly, "No... no... You are lying to me, you are lying to me ... you are lying to me!!!!!"

Lui Hai voiced bitterly, "No, I'm not... that is true, your grandpa told me that. Your grandma was one of the planners in the development group. Then the lab was attacked, your grandma escaped but dropped into the sea and lost her memory. Eventually, she was brought by the waves to our village. Your grandpa married her and gave birth to you. However..."

Lui Hai continued, "However, Takeru Sakai fled with her, he still kept the lab virus. You know the things that happened later. When someone was infected in the village, your grandma regained all her memories. She thought that the virus spreaded to here with her, then someone opened it. She became upset because of this... but she didn't know that Takeru Sakai sneakily came up to the same place as her and hid in the house of Old Female Immortal Huang."

Lui Hai shook his head, "He got injured but had never left her house. And after your grandma married your grandpa, they moved to the edge of the village. They didn't meet or know each other. Until some villagers intruded our house and arrested your grandma..."

Lui Hai gazed at Lui Yiyun, "Your grandma thought that she deserved her punishment. So she didn't hate anyone until she died. She didn't hate them... how could we hate them? But that's not our true emotion. The person with the largest hatred is your grandpa!"

"That's not true... that's not true..."

Lui Hai said in pain, "If the people killed your grandma are all killers, then we... we are also the descendants of sinners. Girl, let it go... I made mistakes. I thought it'll be good to keep you innocent from the truth but I don't know how much pain you've been suffering. When I woke up at the clinic and heard the conversation between Lui Hai and you, when I forced him to tell the truth, I realized... those were all my fault."

Lui Yiyun lowered her head, sobbing and her tears dropping from her dark-blue eyes. "What did I do these for... what did I do all these for!!!"

"Yiyun!" Lui Hai shouted.

Lui Yiyun headed up gradually, revealing a sad but beautiful smile, saying softly, "Dad... I won't blame you. But, but, but... I can go back. Sorry... Ah!!!!!"

Lui Yiyun held her head painfully, releasing the most penetrating scream.

Her eyes were full of tears that weren't human. She turned around and rushed towards the precipice... then jumped down.

Luo Qiu squinted his eyes, patting Lui Buhai's back. In that second, Lui Buhai's cloudy eyes became clear.

And his body was pushed by a tremendous force, bounding on towards her.

Lui Buhai grabbed Lui Yiyun’s arm and Lui Hai made a quick reaction, pouncing to grab Lui Buhai’s waist.

Lui Yiyun wanted to resist but halted immediately when she looked at her grandpa’s clear eyes.

"Grandpa..."

"My memory was bad."

Lui Buhai said weakly, "I saw you cried secretly but I forgot about that soon. I’ve seen you applying ethyl alcohol but I forgot about that quickly. I also saw your wounds, but I still forgot... how could I forget them?"

"You’re my granddaughter!"

"Grandpa, save me, ah..."

Lui Yiyun was leaning on the cliff, crying as the wind blew.

Her blue eyes disappeared slowly and her sharp teeth faded away. When the two seniors pulled her up, the girl’s monster character vanished from her body.

But she was still laying in Lui Buhai’s arms, crying loudly and sadly like a baby.

Momo gazed at the black air emitting from Lui Yiyun, saying incredibility, "She almost turned into a monster... but turned back?"

"She’s also a human, isn’t she? The human soul is a wonderful thing. Only with a little light can it be enough to dispel all the darkness hiding in the heart."

Luo Qiu’s voice rang in Momo’s ear. He raised his head to look at this senior, gaping but didn’t speak out a word.

This young master of Taoism had the thought of wiping her out

if the result couldn’t be reversed.

Momo headed down, heaving a sigh of relief. Then he sat down and closed his eyes. Golden light was seen flowing under his skin.

Luo Qiu was shocked by Momo’s expression, asking with curiosity, "Is it the so-called sudden enlightenment of Taoism that was hard to seek for?"

The servant girl was delighted, "I’m looking forward to Momo’s presence in the club."

"..."

The servant girl’s way of thought was different from his own but Luo Qiu didn’t dispute it.

...

...

After a long while, Lui Yiyun stopped crying.

She stood up with his father and his grandfather’s help, breathing in deeply. He finally walked towards Luo Qiu, passing the antidote to him.

Boss Luo said, "It’s easy for me to grab it from you but only if you hand it out will mean that you really want to put it down. Do you understand?"

Lui Yiyun shook her head, then nodded.

"Why did you help me?" she asked.

Luo Qiu said calmly, "I just want to help you. Perhaps I was too bored."

At the cliff, Lui Buhai threw a thankful look at him before closing his eyes slowly and falling down.

"Dad!!"

"Grandpa!!"

Lui Yiyun rushed to Lui Buhai, calling this senior with Lui Hai hurriedly.

"Grandpa!!" the girl lay on Luo Buhai.

Lui Hai took a deep breath, "He might have returned to his consciousness before death... At his age, these years... just let him sleep. It’s a liberation for him to see you getting rid of the hatred. Don’t be too grievous."

...

...

At night.

Ren Ziling turned on the desk lamp.

She looked at the sleeping Lizi, shaking her head and smiling. She held a cup of hot tea and drank it to expel the cold from her body. She put her hands on the laptop keyboard, beating it gently.

"When I woke up, I noticed that the others waking up one after another. I looked at the little girl and her father sitting quietly there, along with a tube that would save the entire village lying on the tea table but we have no way of knowing exactly what happened."

"Ma Houde really wanted to ask clearly. But I know his character, the beer-gut guy is not willing to continue to uncover the girl's scars. This guy is very angry but it does not matter because he can vent his anger on Sakai Takeru and Lui Chaosheng. I think after bringing back these two guys, Ma Houde is going to be busy for a long time. After all, this small fishing village is also considered a problem left over by history, enough for him to batter. "

"As if something was pushing us to wake up. We kept silent, staring at the test tube but did not ask why we made an appointment. Till now, I still felt that it was incredible."

"Those who were saved, they appointed that they would not

accuse Lui Hai or Lui Yiyun as if this experience cleared away all the ugliness buried in their hearts. I watched the villagers one by one outside the resort, bowing quietly, then leave without a sound."

"Lui Hai and Lui Yiyun didn’t come out. Estrangement did not disappear after this matter but since Lui Hai’s family chose to forgive them, then the estrangement should fade over time. It may need a very long time, maybe to the girl's descendants ... But one day, more guests will eventually come to this hillside resort and they will be the same generation as the descendants of the resort."

"The only regret is that the elderly man in the resort has passed away. According to the custom of the village, the remains of the elderly need to be cremated on the day he died, which is not in conformity with the present custom. However, the insightful secretary did not want to violate the customs of the village ... I don’t think he will dare to do as he thinks. "

"I don’t know if the old man remembered something before he died."

"I don’t think I will forget what happened to this little fishing village forever."

Typing the full stop, Ren Ziling heaved a sigh of relief, dragging this article into a folder called "Ren Ziling’s anecdote".

She was not going to publish this article.

"Boy, gave birth to a baby quickly!" Ren Ziling slowly closed her eyes. Before going to sleep, she smiled faintly, "I prepared a lot of interesting stories to talk to my grandkid."

...

...

The sleeping subeditor hoped that she could have a good dream. She did not know that at night, the boy she wanted to have a baby quickly, was now in the fishing village beach.

The club boss, maid maids, and the ‘dead’ Lui Buhai were there.

"Thank you." Lui Buhai looked at Luo Qiu. He seemed very quiet.

After a lifetime of trials and hardships, the illiterate fisherman’s look turned deep rather than only sitting at the seaside in a trance.

"Customer, we merely finished your request."

"No matter what," Lui Buhai shook his head, "That is enough."

He turned around and watched the night sky without brilliant starlight and the dark sea, walking step by step toward the sea.

The sea submerged his legs, his waist and his chest little by little.

When the sea was about to pass over his shoulder, the old man smiled slowly as if seeing the woman who floated from the sea many years ago.

"You said, you want to be a fish, and swim to the sea ... maybe you really swam to the sea. Now, I will come to find you, Shui Er."

When the sea submerged him at all, the old man turned into a giant bluefish, disappearing into the sea eventually.

Luo Qiu silently nodded toward the sea, whispering, "Customer, thank you for coming."

...

Boss Luo was still enjoying the sea breeze but the club maid suddenly looked behind.

When the footsteps on the beach gradually became clear, they heard the voice of the young master of Taoism. "Sure enough, you have arranged the fake death of Lui Buhai."

Luo Qiu turned around.

Momo frowned, "Why could Lui Buhai become a fish ... No, he returned to his original body after the demonization and his life should not be too long. Maybe he will not be able to swim to the other side of the sea. I thought that Lui Yiyun’s demonization was

the return of her ancestors passing from one generation to another. I thought that the woman who rushed to the beach was a monster. At least she has a monster's blood. However, Lui Buhai... Who are you, why can you turn people into monsters? "

"I didn't turn him into a monster." Luo Qiu shook his head, "As for the reason ... Customer, do you want to know it?"

Momo gave a start.

At this moment, he seemed to sense the horrifying feeling of the first encounter with this senior once again.

This made his heart beat violently. So he unconsciously took a step backward.

Momo shook his head., "My intuition tells me that it can be very annoying."

Luo Qiu smiled.

Momo took a deep breath, silently looking at the sea and suddenly saying, "You said that human souls are wonderful. Only a little light could dissipate all the darkness in human heart ... But my master also said that human heart is the coldest."

He looked at Luo Qiu. "So what is the heart?"

"I don't know either and I'm looking for it too." Luo Qiu shook his head. He looked at the sea, "But the coldest item is the heart and so is the warmest one."

The coldest is the human heart.

The warmest it is too.

Momo said to himself, closing his eyes and sitting with cross legs at the beach all of a sudden. The golden light that he released seemed to be more powerful.

Looking at the satisfying look of the servant girl, Luo Qiu softly said, "Let's go back."

...

...

A few days ago.

In the office of Lui Chaosheng's small clinic.

The servant girl found a document from the very inside of the locker.

So Miss Maid cracked a faint smile, whispering as looking at Luo Qiu: "Master, there are some interesting things."

"Interesting things?"

The club boss took the file, opening and reading it.

This was some knowledge Lui Chaosheng found since he became a doctor in this small fishing village.

He found that some villagers had six ribs less than common people but they still lived a good life and were even healthier...

Chapter 238: The Second Meaning of the Flowers

When she heard the sound of the shutter, Lizi asked with puzzlement, "Sister Ren, what are you filming?"

Lizi really didn’t know the reason.

She was photographing the villagers who were clearing the collapsed debris on the highway.

The road could probably be cleared up today.

"If you're bored, take a stroll in the village."

Lizi pouted, "There’s nothing remarkable there because no one came out from the village."

The antidote was already handed up. According to Lui Chaosheng’s guidance, the diluted liquid had been injected into those infected villagers one by one. They began to recover gradually. However, it required time. So most of them could only stay at home.

They did not leave immediately--- because according to Lui Chaosheng, this was the solution he had accidentally configured. He had been studying this formula but had never succeeded in achieving it again.

Ma Houde didn’t think that the formula was enough to cure them and feared that the virus in the village was yet to be killed. So he contacted a medical team--- the village was in the process of being quarantined at the moment. After checking and making sure it was flawless, he would consider asking Luo Qiu and his fellows to leave.

So they had to stay for few more days.

"Gee, why are they carrying the silt up to the mountain?" Lizi was puzzled and looked at the villagers who put the dirt and mud into

the cart but didn’t dump them into the sea or piled them up in the mountains, "It seems ... to be towards Hear-The-Sea Cliff?"

Ren Ziling was still pressing the shutter, catching something that she knew only.

She changed another angle, squatting and saying while adjusting wide-angle shots, "Wu Qiushui said that the villagers planned to use the soil to build a statue after discussion."

"Statue?"

"Statue of the sea lord’s wife. "Ren Ziling took it lightly, "In order to worship it. "

Lizi opened her mouth, looking up to the broken cliff. She tidied up her hair, facing against the wind.

She suddenly said,"Sister Ren, let me help you!"

"Stop saying ‘I’m hungry’, that will do me a big favour." Ren Ziling rolled her eyes up.

"Come on..." Lizi’s face showed grievance.

...

"Officer Ma, according to Lui Chaosheng's confession, we found out that all the explosives he used to blow up the cliff, there should be none missing."

Inside the small clinic, Ma Houde looked at the inside of the box they found, "They are all home-made explosives."

Ma Houde shook his head and sighed, "Lui Chaosheng can be regarded as a talented person. He could make the antidote by himself. Unfortunately, he took the wrong path."

The young police officer nodded. He suddenly asked, "But Officer Ma, is this the end?"

"Except one guy who died from being over frightened..." Ma Houde snorted, "No other infected ones died. And we won’t hold

an account on them...But if they are still held an accountable, l'll pursue what they had done decades of years ago. Even if it's over the accountability deadline, I will make the whole society condemn them!"

"Officer Ma, calm down!" The young police officer wiped off his cold sweat, "But the procedure seems a bit..."

"This is called flexibility!"

Ma Houde humphed, " You're too young! Young guys make mistakes occasionally, that's inevitable. But if they can repent, why not give them a chance? We are the ones who enforce the law for sure! If we do not give her a chance, who else can give her the opportunity to change? The law should also take human feelings into consideration. The existence of the law is for discipline, for restraint, also, it should give prisoners a chance."

"Officer Ma, I see!" The young police officer understood this truth.

While Ma Houde glared, "F*ck! Do not imitate me! Take these things away!"

"I see, I see!" The little police officer carried the box and ran out in a hurry.

Looked at the young police officer leaving hurriedly, Office Ma sighed, "But it makes sense only if the prisoners want to open it."

Ma Houde suddenly spitted, looking at this small clinic, "Pah! If they don't want to open it, they deserve to die!"

Officer Ma, who has a beer-belly and would retire few years later, still had a hot temper.

...

...

Luo Qiu was sitting on the bench of the resort. He was drawing pictures with his head down.

A teapot and a cup was beside, with the servant girl standing next to it.

This was what Lui Yiyun saw at this moment ... Although she knew that both of them came with Ren Ziling and Lizi, she realized that these two and those two came from different worlds.

After experiencing the matter happened on Hear-The-Sea Cliff, the little girl still felt more respectful than grateful when facing these two people.

The girl hesitated for a moment, finally went over there, "Mr. Luo, Miss You Ye."

"Do you want some dessert?" Luo Qiu didn't look up, "You Ye made it, very good."

"No, thanks, I am not hungry." Lui Yiyun quickly waved her hand.

She thought that it was difficult to get close to them several days ago... but now she felt a huge sense of oppression.

"I heard that the ladyboss has gone away?"

Lui Yiyun nodded, "My mum... she could not stay any longer. Because the villagers know about the scandal between she and the village head. So she quietly walked away last night without bringing anything with her. My dad said that he married her just to look after me ... Now, let her be. She is old at this age, she won't have a better life in the future. "

The problem with Luo Aiyu was Lui Hai's personal issue. Luo Qiu had no interest to explore further.

At this time, Luo Qiu stopped and looked at Lui Yiyun, "That night, You Ye's attack broke the demonic root in your body and you also got rid of the monster nature. So by right, it won't reoccur again. However, you still need to pay attention to it. Excessive pain will have a certain chance to revive your monster nature."

"I, I got it."

Luo Qiu smiled slightly, "Do you feel better?"

Lui Yiyun unconsciously touched her own belly, "It’s OK if I don’t move vigorously."

"Well..." Luo Qiu nodded, standing up and looking at the girl, walking towards the resort without uttering a word.

The girl looked at the thing on the bench and hurriedly said, "Mr. Luo, you forgot to take your items."

"Your grandfather asked me to send that to you, take it."

"Grandpa ..."

The girl gave a start, subconsciously picking it up from the bench--- It was a sketch on a white paper.

In fact, it was not a simple white paper, but a yellowed paper... This was one of many drawing papers placed in her grandfather's room.

Those paintings that had a simple outline without looks were now completed--- it was the look of the girl.

On the drawing paper, there was also a blue-star flower picked from the yard.

Lui Yiyun silently read the text next to the sketch... the text written by this mysterious man.

"Blue-Star flower only has a lifespan of one-day."

"The flowers you see each day are different from yesterday. They are all new flowers."

"But their roots are still the same ones as yesterday."

"Decayed, reborn, dead, newborn, each day."

"So there is a second meaning of the blue-star flower---embrace the present."

Looking at the sea in front of her, the girl embraced the blue-star flower in her arms. She took two steps ahead, getting nearer to the fence.

The girl closed her eyes, both of her hands closed together. She held the flowers gently in her palms as if praying.

Then she hummed softly.

That was a mysterious song that was once recorded and uploaded to the internet. But she didn’t sing it out this time, merely humming the melody of the song.

There was no magical force that will make people lose their hearts and souls. There was also no lyrics, perhaps because she couldn’t sing that kind of lyrics anymore.

However.

Time passed along with her humming.

Chapter 239: Ancient Turtle

Accompanied by music, this scene would be particularly suitable to be a MV material.

The incident that happened in the fishing village really gave people a big impact.

Even until now, that feeling was still hard to be described.

But did we forget about something?

The day before leaving, the subeditor dragged the ‘couple’ whom she had defined to the beach.

Yeah ... it was Ren Ziling's official term.

"The sea! The sun! The beach! This is right the summer! And this is our own stage!" Ren Ziling exclaimed while facing the sea.

"Of course no one else... there’re less travellers coming to the village and they are all infected. They are still receiving treatment now." Lizi laughed.

However, the feeling was quite good that there were only four people at such a huge beach!

"Stop talking!" Ren Ziling laughed, walking towards the sea on the beach while taking off her coat.

In fact, the subeditor with a superb figure of 35D has always been dominating the whole magazine office. Now she chose two-piece pink swimsuit... when she ran, the scene became too shocking. Lizi dared not look at it.

Especially when she wore the lemon yellow swimsuit, it was like a junior high school student... "Sure enough, no comparisons, no harm... Anyway, she's a monster!"

"Don’t just look, come down!" Ren Ziling was already immersed in the sea. Her face revealed a sense of pleasure.

Lizi subconsciously looked back.

Luo Qiu... Luo Qiu inserted the rented parasol and sat on the cloth. He seemed to have no intention of going into the water.

Instead, he said something to You Ye. She nodded, walking towards here with a smile.

You Ye wore a ponytail today. She took off the white thin wind coat slowly.

Inside, there was still a white swimsuit.

If Sister Ren's appearance was hurting Lizi, then this beautiful lady who was approachable and kind brought her a critical strike.

"Unexpectedly... " Lizi muttered to himself.

Such a girl full of classical beauty wore a laced bikini. Bowknots showed at both sides of her waist, followed by her almost perfect legs that walked lightly. There was only a small part of white fabric covering the most mysterious area of women.

"Miss Lizi, aren't you going into the water?"

"Just call me Lizi ..." Lizi gave an awkward laugh.

The critical strike was still there, she had to smile embarrassedly, "I may... go in."

It was not like she could say it, even women themselves will stare at her.

"Well, then let's go, Lizi." You Ye smiled and pulled Lizi's palm.

Looking at the three playing in the water, Luo Qiu laughed. He took out a soda water from a small incubator, drinking a little before covering his legs and arms with clothes and used that to hide his face. He laid down still and didn't move.

Soon, a few people came on the shore.

Ren Ziling came to Luo Qiu with dissatisfaction, "Boy !! You came to the beach anyhow, isn't it boring that you just sleep here?"

There was no response.

Ren Ziling frowned, lifting the hat directly, but she only saw ... a head made of sand.

This wasn’t Luo Qiu but a man stacked with sand.

"F*ck... When did this damn guy build a sandman... where is he?" Ren Ziling looked around, but did not see anyone.

"He likes to walk around and should have strolled somewhere else," You Ye whispered softly.

"I know that!" Ren Ziling got angry, "But you are here! As a boyfriend, he shouldn’t leave irresponsibly!"

The servant girl softly said, "It doesn’t matter, it’s good that you all can stay with me."

What a nice kid!

Can’t believe such a good girl living in this world... that damn guy had quite a good fortune!

So Subeditor Ren grabbed You Ye’s palm, saying intimately, "Come here! Let me teach you the art of reining in your husband! You’re too innocent and will be bullied! Girls should outmatch her husband when it is needed! "

Poof!

‘Sister Ren. what the hell are you teaching her? !’

Lizi opened her mouth wide... she could not continue to hear it.

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Jumping easily on the mussy rocks like martial arts experts in movies... After jumping for a few times, Luo Qiu lost his interest.

This place was just the bottom of Hear-The-Sea Cliff.

45 years ago, the cliff ever collapsed. 45 years later, Lui

Chaosheng quietly blew up the cliff under the guidance of Lui Yiyun.

Two times, when rocks rolled down from the mountain together with the original reefs here, the place turned extremely complex. When the waves beat, it became more ferocious.

Let alone a boat, even a good swimmer may not dare to break into this place.

The report of Lui Village found by Luo Qiu in the small clinic was taken as the last dessert before leaving the village.

He had walked around in the village these days, but didn’t find anything. He finally thought of this cliff that was difficult to get close to at the bottom.

Afternoon had just passed, the sea had not ebbed. Luo Qiu looked at the bare bottom of the cliff. He did not seem to discover anything.

Boss Luo was going to leave but suddenly frowned.

He found out that this part was not a natural one... There was a prominent place covered with moss already.

This should be a boulder rolled down from the hill 45 years ago.

Taking a deep breath, Luo Qiu extended his palm and made a moving gesture across the air. The rock over 20 tonnes was slowly moved to the side.

The sea water suddenly began to flow into this area and its original height was recovered.

Luo Qiu walked on the horizontal plane, dozens of square meters of sea water in front had been naturally separated--- he finally found out the reason of the sudden influx of sea water.

Below the sea level, there was an approximately ten-meter-wide hole. As if finding something interesting, Luo Qiu eyes turned bright, 'walking into' the sea cave.

It was like a passage that led to the bottom of the mountain.

After going deep about thirty meters, it came to an end. Luo Qiu looked up...it was like a ‘U-shape channel’ that formed naturally.

The bottom of the mountain was empty.

As he left the 'U-shaped channel’, the sea water poured in again and it looked dark but unexpectedly he didn’t feel the air turn turbid... There must be some passages in somewhere to keep the airflow.

By turning on the phone's lighting, part of the place was able to be seen clearly.

Luo Qiu saw that there was a... a turtle appearing in front.

An unusually large turtle!

It was a turtle, right?

Luo Qiu walked around this huge sea turtle. The passage seemed to be built entirely according to the turtle's body shape, even squeezing a little wouldn’t allow him to pass through the tunnel.

Finally, Luo Qiu came near to the head of the turtle--- this fellow had a huge head about the same size as an adult’s body.

Then, a pair of dark, huge eyeballs suddenly appeared at this moment.

At the moment when its eyes were opened, Luo Qiu had a feeling that he sunk into the sea... It was not uncomfortable. One could say it felt like a fitful of cool air which made him feel comfortable.

This huge sea turtle looked at Luo Qiu and Luo Qiu also looked to its eyes.

"Who are you?"

Luo Qiu could hear such a voice--- It was not a verbal sentence, but a mental communication.

Luo Qiu suddenly turned curious, "You know how to

communicate mentally?"

"What is mental communication? I don’t know, I'm just thinking. And you haven’t answered me, who are you and why do you bother me sleeping?"

The club boss who rarely talked to people unexpectedly turned talkative in front of creatures other than humans, "Me? I’m just curious and walked around. Unintentionally I found this place. To be honest, this is the first time for me to see a huge turtle like you ... are you a monster? "

This huge turtle asked, "What is a monster?"

"It’s probably the second morphological change that occurs when a variety of animals gain their wisdom... for example, a creature like my appearance."

"No, I can’t."

Luo Qiu was stupefied but encountering a turtle that can communicate mentally attracted his interest. Therefore, he asked, "Where do you come from? And how long have you been in this place... Oh, how old are you?"

"I don’t know how old I am." The huge sea turtle said slowly... "At the earliest time, I remember that there should be a lot of huge and strong guys on the ground."

"Huge and strong guys? How did they look like?" Luo Qiu loured.

"Some of them had big heads and strong hind legs but the forelimbs were small. Oh, their teeth were particularly sharp, and they like being alone, except during mating periods. The rest was about the same except different sized. Some were with long necks and some could even fly in the sky... oh yeah, they all had strong tails."

Boss Luo listened and were stunned, quickly opening his cellphone... there was still a slight signal. Soon, he found a picture from the Internet and put it in front of the turtle, "Take a look,

were they similar to these?"

"What is this? Well, I may have seen this guy."

Luo Qiu was really surprised when he got the affirmation from this huge sea turtle--- the reason behind the surprise was the picture he showed to the sea turtle--- It was a dinosaur.

Specifically, a species in the Cretaceous Age named 'Cerasinops'.

In other words, this huge sea turtle was a creature of the Cretaceous Age?

The Cretaceous Age was a very long span of time. But there was a difference of nearly 70 million years even if one counted from the final stage of it.

What an old turtle it was!

Chapter 240: Ancient Civilization

Creatures suspected of existing in the Cretaceous age should belong to the turtles species of that era ---ancient turtles, no matter from what kind of perspective.

Before becoming the new club boss, Boss Luo was also a genuine paleontology student who definitely knew the biological significance of finding such an old turtle.

This unimaginable vitality perhaps helped humans to know the limitations of life, which may even be greatly improved. What remained was the study of the genetic map, the biological evolution of the third planetary planet in the solar system. Moreover, it understood spiritual communication and therefore was fully capable of helping humans to simulate the true situation of the Cretaceous Age.

It was not a monster but probably lived longer than any of the existence of monsters. This ancient sea turtle clearly witnessed the great miracle of life.

Luo Qiu's interest was getting stronger.

"Do you have a name... Is there any others of your species?"

"I don’t have a name." The ancient turtle slowly answered, "The same species...there used to be some a long long time ago, but they passed away. I have seen a lot of guys like me but they were not of the same kind like me. They were just similar to me in terms of appearance."

Luo Qiu nodded... If there were still a lot of the similar kind of creatures existing, some news about them surviving out there should already be spreaded throughout these years. In other words, this was probably the last guy who survived since the Cretaceous era.

"By the way, why are you in this place... uh, sleeping?"

"Is it weird? I've been sleeping in this place all the time." The ancient sea turtle said, "I changed my place of slumber many times. There was once when a lot of huge stones with fire suddenly fell from the sky and the ground has been smashed, even the sea turned topsy-turvy. So I had to move to another place. The second time, the volcanoes in the sea began to erupt and I had to leave. After that, the whole world became extremely cold, more than my limit of endurance, thus I also had to find a warmer place..."

The ancient turtle kept talking about his history of moving from one place to another for a long time. However, it also said that it forgot about the reason for moving for so many times. It could be due to the overtly long years. It seemed because of the long years, its memory had become blurred, or even forgotten them.

"Oh, I didn't move here a long time ago. And I remember a sudden terrifying shake coming from the ground. Two huge things dropped from the sky... those things were horrible, razing the place at a lightning speed. Then, thick smoke like those coming from volcano eruption directly rushed into the sky. After that, an object that made me feel uncomfortable emerged in both the air and the sea, so I had to leave the place where I like to sleep."

Luo Qiu opened his mouth... According to the ancient turtle's description, it might have met the atomic bomb the United States launched in Japan the last time it moved.

Luo Qiu pondered for a moment, but suddenly felt a very familiar thing--- it was very weak, he might have fully sensed it if he had not got close to the ancient turtle for some time.

He suddenly said, "Can you move your body away for now? Let me see the thing under your body."

"Ok."

The ancient sea turtle was very gentle. But it needed time to move. It was a very difficult and was progressing slowly. However, Luo Qiu was very patient. Waiting until this ancient turtle

completely moved away, he came to the place the ancient turtle originally was.

There was already a huge imprint pressed by the turtle. Walking to the center of this indentation, Luo Qiu squatted and stretched out his palm, pressing it on the diamond-like hard soil.

The hard soil was broken opened little by little and then a 40cm-length box slowly showed up.

"There's even such a thing in the place I sleep!" The ancient turtle was surprised.

Luo Qiu ignored the turtle's surprise for now. He opened the box... Here was a huge, white round sphere in it.

A football-sized... pearl!

This was a treasure rarely seen in the world ... or should be regarded as a priceless treasure. Such a huge and round pearl was bigger than the pearl of the Lao Zi, which was discovered decades ago and the biggest pearl known in the world.

'Pearl of Lao Zi' was of an irregular shape but this one was almost of a perfect sphere. The difference between the two was obvious.

But such a world treasure had not been able to be held in Luo Qiu's hand for more than a minute.

Luo Qiu's finger crossed over this huge pearl. Then, it was instantly smashed into countless white powders.

Among these powders, Boss Luo picked up a card that was familiar to him---the club's black card.

There was also a wooden shelf that held the pearl at the bottom of the box. Opening the bottom of the shelf, some words engraved by someone could be seen.

After spending some of his lifespan as the cost, Luo Qiu translated the text.

About seven hundred years ago, a man who lived in the deep sea,

spent a great price to bring his tribe to come to the land.

Its name was Dongyang, and later, he added a human surname---Lui.

Lui Dongyang lived the same life with humans, feeling the warmth of the sun, giving birth to his kids, and its tribe multiplied. They had lived a peaceful life without competition.

"If my descendants cannot afford to pull through hardships, they can open the pearl and take out the things inside. So long as they pray sincerely, they will surely be answered. But before praying, they must think carefully. The more expensive the objects they want to own, the more expensive the objects they will lose. Remember not to use them indiscriminately unless they encountered a grave crisis in their lives."

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Seeing Lui Dongyang's last words carved on the wooden board, it would be a must to return to the club to check the books if Luo Qiu wanted to know more about what transaction it did that year.

"There should have a hint about this place in Lui Village, but..." "Luo Qiu played around with this black card in his hand and shook his head, "It is probably already forgotten by future generation after so many years."

So the box that was buried here had never been found.

In addition, this huge pearl should have some kind of ability of separation. As the club boss, he could only sense it in this very close distance, let alone ordinary people.

At this point, the secret of Lui Village didn't exist any longer.

Luo Qiu gave a satisfied smile.

But at this time, that ancient sea turtle spoke suddenly, "This thing, I might have seen it before."

Luo Qiu gave a start, "Have you seen it?"

"Let me think about it ..." The ancient sea turtle closed its eyes.

Luo Qiu waited with patience once again---until nearly thirty minutes passed, Luo Qiu felt something wrong.

This old turtle ... seemed to fell asleep once again!!

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"Oh, I'm asleep again... Oh, I thought of it, I've seen this thing before." The ancient turtle did not feel sorry at all, still talking in a slow tone, "Well, I sensed that you and that guy were the same, no wonder I woke up from my slumber."

"The same aura?" Luo Qiu frowned, "Did that person tell you your name?"

"I've forgotten about it." Ancient Sea Turtle said, "That guy seemed to have given me this kind of thing and said I can find that guy through it."

"And then what?"

"I threw this thing away," The ancient turtle slowly said.

Luo Qiu opened his mouth... Well, within two to three months he took over the club, he had also met the situation that the black card had been thrown away. For example, Tu Jiaqing, who had thrown away from the beginning.

However, as a voucher, once a black card was given to customers, no matter where it was, it would eventually return to those who needed it ---of course, black cards could also be lent to others.

However, Luo Qiu did not feel the existence of the second black card here. He looked at the ancient sea turtle in surprise, "Didn't you want anything for such a long time?"

Old turtle answered, "That guy said he can help me to achieve the wish but I did not need it. I just want to sleep, which can be achieved by my own, why do I need anyone to help me?"

Luo Qiu, "..."

Such a guy really existed... as long as he slept well, it would be fine.

It was infinitely close to the level of desiring for nothing, no wonder the thrown-away black card had not returned to the ancient turtle.

"If you have no questions, I'm ...going ...to sleep..."

"Wait, where did you meet the guy that gave you the black card?"

"Sea ... bottom ... Lemu...ri ...a ..."

"Is Lemuria the ancient civilization as Atlantis? Does it really exist?"

"Zzzzz~~~~"

Luo Qiu's lips moved, still, he did not disturb the sleep of the ancient sea turtle at last. He softly said, " I will come back and talk about more things with you if I'm free."

He buried the box and the black card back into the soil, restoring everything here, and walking along the road. Finally, he moved the rock back to its original position to block the entrance.

The next time he came back, it wouldn't be so troublesome anymore because he had this position in his mind.

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Before Luo Qiu came back, Ren Ziling kept a long face. It seemed that she finally remembered her identity---Luo Qiu's parent.

But the rigor couldn't defeat Boss Luo's seafood porridge and some small gifts.

"What's this?" Ren Ziling looked at the large box put out by Luo Qiu, humming, "Don't think I will forgive you for fleeing away sneakily by some petty favors ...Gosh, what's this?"

After opening the box, she saw a lot of white powder.

Luo Qiu replied, "This is pearl powder."

"So much? Is it free of charge? If I use it everyday, it could be enough for me to use more than 10 years!"

"It’s cheap."

"Yes... it looks like a cheapie." Ren Ziling nodded, but still received the cheapie.

Luo Qiu suddenly said, "Oh, after going back, I will leave for some period of time."

"Where will you go?"

"Russia, for traveling."

Chapter 241: Protection Fee

"Yeah, get closer... well, good, cheese!"

After the uncle finished taking pictures, he came to Luo Qiu with a cellphone, praising, "Your girlfriend is very beautiful!"

"Thank you."

Luo Qiu accepted the compliment.

He was not sure about what exactly the reference standard was for Ekaterina II in creating You Ye's body but it was hard to find a place that could be called a flaw on the combination of both eastern and western advantages.

The uncle smiled and said, "Are you guys new students? Or tourists?"

Luo Qiu felt curious, "Is there any difference between them?"

The uncle who was caught in front of the Petrov Theater and from the same country as Luo Qiu laughed, "Because if you've been here for a long time, you'll probably not come back unless to watch the show. From your age, you must be tourists if not students."

"We could be called tourists." Luo Qiu replied.

Uncle was very enthusiastic about introducing the surrounding places, telling some of the things they should pay attention to with nearly a decade of his living experience at this place.

"... You must bring some proof of your identity and visas with you. Here, the police will check our documents at times. If you forget to take them, then just say you don't know! They will do nothing to you. In addition, if you have some troubles, go find a local lawyer. They will always be more effective than find the embassy. "

"Lawyer?"

The uncle smiled, passing him a business card.

The front was a description in Russian, while the back was written in Chinese, which was very familiar to Luo Qiu.

Da Lie Law Firm.

Shen Mingjun.

Looking at Luo Qiu who was holding a business card with a weird look, the uncle... Shen Mingjun smiled and said, "I didn't say that the embassy is not good on purpose out of the the desire of looking for businesses... well, if you guys live here for a long time, you'll understand what I said little by little."

"That's all right." Luo Qiu received the business card.

Shen Mingjun smiled, "Well, I have something else to do, have a good time here."

Watching Shen Mingjun leave, Luo Qiu passed the card to You Ye. Then the servant girl put it in her handbag.

As the club boss, there should not be anything that needed help from a lawyer...Moreover, he was absolutely new to this unknown place.

But the servant girl was by his side... She used to stay in this place for a very long period before the club moved to the city where he lived.

With his head down, Luo Qiu delivered the picture. It might temporarily bottle Ren Ziling's mouth.

"Do you want take a walk somewhere?" Luo Qiu looked at You Ye.

This time they came to Moscow because Luo Qiu once promised You Ye to visit this place. Hence, Luo Qiu allowed You Ye to make the decision by herself.

"There's nothing special for me to visit." You Ye shook her head and whispered, "If Master wants to go to somewhere, You Ye can be a qualified tour guide."

Luo Qiu smiled, "If we keep passing the buck, we may only stay

here forever."

You Ye think for a while, "Then, let’s go to Turville Boulevard. There is a good supermarket."

"Supermarket?"

"Because it's time to prepare the dinner for master." You Ye smiled slightly.

Since Luo Qiu became the owner of the club, he seldom had outside food--- however, You Ye seemed not to change the pace of life in this respect.

"Then let’s go to the supermarket." Luo Qiu smiled.

On the first day they came to Moscow, the club boss and the servant girl went to the supermarket.

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The famous Turville Boulevard was right outside the resplendent and classical huge palace. An endless stream of vehicles were bumper to bumper on the ten-lane street... it was a very lively place but its prosperity was completely had nothing to do with Nikita.

What he cared for now was how to escape from the two strong men.

The two stopped him at the alley wall like two huge mountains. No matter how slim Nikita was, it was impossible for him to flee.

"I have no money," said Nikita with a voice as if begging for forgiveness.

One of the two suddenly sneered with silence, just punching in the stomach of Nikita directly.

The fist made Nikita squat down and clutch his stomach in pain while pouring out his grievances, "I don’t even have any single

coin left and I still owe the landlord two months of rental fee... I may have to sleep in the street."

The other one who didn’t hit him sneered, "This is Boss Iger’s territory. Furthermore, it is not the first time you are here to earn a living. If you are not paying the protection fee, just get out of here!"

"But I really don’t have any money left," Nikita said while coughing.

"You will have it."

The guy who was punching him grinned hideously. The muscle of his arm bulged high, pulling up Nikita easily. He threw uppercuts one by one again at Nikita's stomach.

"Stop, stop!"

Just then, a thirty-year-old man with stubble ran into the alley. The man’s body was not weaker than those two and was even slightly higher.

He rushed to Nikita and the man stopped hitting him. Nikita slid down along the wall and sat on the ground with some blood dripping from his mouth.

The man crouched down, glancing at a Nikita with a slight hint of anger flashing through his eyes. He clenched his fists but loosened them in an instant.

"Stop hitting him. I'll pay the protection fee for him." The man took a deep breath and then stood up.

When they got close, it was obvious that this man was actually one head higher than the two strong men--- the two strong men looked up to the tower-like man now... but apparently the two didn’t show the face of fear .

The man quickly fished out the wallet. As he planned to count the banknotes, one of the two suddenly grabbed all the banknotes

in his wallet and then said indifferently, "Just these."

"This is three times the number!" the man frowned.

The man who grabbed the money smiled, fanning the banknotes gently at his face, "This is the number for the person who helps to pay others', especially you, haha! What? Do you want to fight? Come on."

"Go away! You've received the money!" The man took a deep breath, his voice turned deeper.

The other man blew a whistle, smiling with disdain. He patted his partner's shoulder, "Next time, don't forget to remind this guy to bring enough money!"

While saying this, the two left the alley together

The man heaved a sigh of relief and turned around to squat down, looking at Nikita, "Nikita, how are you?"

"Oleg ... I'm sorry to trouble you again this time..."

"Don't worry." The man... Oleg shook his head and said, "Can you stand up?"

Nikita nodded. His face was painful but still stood up after having a hard time. Nikita's face was still full of anger, "Oleg, you should hit them! I know you can easily strike down these two guys!"

While Oleg took it lightly, "I have finished delivering the goods. If you are fine, I will go to pick up my son after school."

Nikita still wanted to say something but Oleg was already walking towards the alley. Nikita moved his lips, finally leaning against the wall.

After a while, Nikita kicked the dustbin next to him to vent his resentment and then sat down holding his head. Soon after, he got up and left the alley with disappointment.

Nikita looked blankly at the bustling boulevard as he left the alley... those luxurious sports cars ran by him from time to time,

he could not help throwing an admiring look.

He also saw an exceptionally beautiful woman by an eastern man’s side. They seemed to have quite an intimate relationship.

"Even for a rich eastern guy like this fellow, he can only enjoy this kind of super beautiful lady when he is rich... money, money, money!"

Nikita vomited his saliva severely, moving away reluctantly with his focus still on the beautiful woman hobbling off to leave.

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Before entering the Yeliseyevsky supermarket, Luo Qiu asked suddenly, "I heard that the mafia in Russia is very active. Are the two who asked for protection fee just now with them, eh?"

Based on her experience living here for many years, the servant girl answered, "They’re only ruffians, probably the errand boys belong to some underworld gang who can only collect some protection fees."

Luo Qiu nodded, then they entered the supermarket.

It was called a supermarket... but from the place that was as great and magnificent as a huge palace, it was more like a tourist attraction, wasn’t it?

Chapter 242: Antonio didn’t Want to Talk to Boss Luo, and Threw a Piece of Mud toward Him

When Oleg came to school, he was told that his son was found playing truant during the last lesson, which was only found out when the class was over.

The teacher was going to make a phone call to Oleg but it was already the pick-up time after school.

"Playing truant? Why did he want to do so?" Oleg asked with puzzlement.

The teacher had to look up to see this strong Siberian man clearly. He frowned, "Mr. Oleg, this should be the question for you. I remember that I’ve informed you twice this week and asked you to come to school to talk about the problem regarding your son but you seem not to give me a formal reply."

Oleg apologized, "I'm sorry, I am a truck driver and I’m always busy with work. So I don’t have any spare time. Sending and picking him up everyday on time is the most I can do."

The teacher shook his head, "Sir, is there anything more important than your family? Sorry, I'm not criticizing your way of living but Antonio is just a kid, please pay more attention to his emotions. I'm going to call the police because Antonio is too young, he may be in danger after leaving the school."

"No," Oleg shook his head, "I think I know where he is... well, goodbye."

"Mr. Oleg, Mr. Oleg! O..." The teacher sighed and shook his head while seeing the strong man go far.

Eventually, the teacher watched Oleg driving a dark yellow truck onto the road.

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The servant girl bought plenty of things in this time’s shopping.

Two people carried two big bags of things separately, walking along the street in Moscow.

It was the time for the sun to set.

Luo Qiu had gotten used to the lifestyle of carrying something back home after going shopping in the supermarket once or twice a week. However, the servant girl didn’t think that her master should do such labourious work.

Of course, they had no dispute.

"Actually it’s good to walk back, we can also view the scenery on the street in the meantime."

Boss Luo's mood was good since he had come to Moscow. And the servant girl who didn’t insist her thoughts after realizing the new boss didn’t tend to enjoy that kind of life.

In this place of Latitude 15 degrees N, the temperature in the evening was only about 20 degrees even in summer.

The temperature was cool but people on the street were heated.

Luo Qiu casually sized up the streets and pedestrians under the setting sun. Suddenly, he stopped and focused on the other side of the street thoughtfully.

This time You Ye arranged everything concerning his travel to Moscow--- including the temporary place to live.

It was a temporary but very exquisite apartment... As for the rent, Luo Qiu didn’t think he needed to care about that.

But this way was not the direction to the apartment.

Hence, Boss Luo decided to change the direction directly. They walked towards... the park.

Some women were playing with their children in the park. Also, some seniors sat on the bench and looked at the sky with tobacco pipes in their mouths.

Meanwhile, a boy was sitting on the swing set, carrying a bag. The swing was unmoved.

He had a maroon curly hair with a touch of freckles on his face and a short figure.

He was probably about 10 years old

"Would you like to have some?"

Suddenly, the little boy heard the voice. He looked up and saw a dark-haired guy passing him a piece of chocolate.

The boy was stunned but lowered his head quickly. His feet thrust against the sand forcibly, the swing started to move.

Luo Qiu didn’t mind. Sitting on the next swing seat, he tore the chocolate wrapping paper, breaking off a small piece and put it into his mouth.

At the moment when he broke the chocolate, a crisp sound was heard and attracted the boy's attention but it was turned to the other side soon.

"Well, I'm feeling better. Someone said that eating something sweet will help brighten up your mood."

Click---!

The kid’s feet suddenly took an emergency brake on the sand and the swing stopped.

He suddenly glared at Luo Qiu fiercely, running over immediately without saying anything--- but he did not run far before squatting down.

Soon, the boy stood up with a ball of mud he made--- he threw it forcefully at Luo Qiu.

The clay ball almost hit Boss Luo’s face.

At the same time as he marveled these people from the so-called fighting nation in his mind, Luo Qiu’s head dodged slightly and the clay ball flew by his ear--- it didn’t hit him.

The boy showed a look of pity but he made a face immediately, running toward the exit of the park.

But he didn’t think that he immediately hit something huge when he turned around and fell to the ground--- he knocked into a very strong guy.

"Antonio, stand up."

That strong man suddenly ordered.

The boy... Antonio looked up, seeing this guy but suddenly lowering his head and whispered, "Dad."

...

"I'm sorry, my son is too mischievous."

The strong man named Oleg now apologized to Luo Qiu in a very polite manner.

Even if the young person whom he faced was an easterner and more than half shorter in stature.

"It's all right. I was the one who talked to him first." Luo Qiu stood up, "I thought he looked unhappy, so I intend to give him a bar of chocolate. But apparently he treats me as a bad guy... Well, he has a good awareness."

After all, they were known as the fighting nation...

(Laughter).

At this time, Oleg was surprised, "Are you a Russian Chinese?"

"I'm just a tourist." Luo Qiu shook his head, "Well... solo traveller."

Oleg felt it to be unbelievabe, "Oh my God, you speak very fluent

Russian! If I closed my eyes, I'll think you're my compatriot!"

Luo Qiu smiled, "Well, I paid a lot to learn it anyway."

"It must take you a lot of hard work." Oleg nodded and approved.

It took him five days of lifespan...

Oleg continued at this time, "Where do you live? As an apology, I can send you back. State-operated Taxis in Moscow are very expensive and tourists like you will be rip off at any time. And I don't think other cars on the road will stop for you, even if you can pay for it. Oh, I think I should treat you a meal, then it will be perfect."

But Luo Qiu didn't agree with his suggestion immediately, which made Oleg feel slightly awkward, "Don't worry, I'm not a bad guy."

"That's OK, but..." Luo Qiu smiled, "Can I take another person with me?"

Luo Qiu pointed at the servant girl who was sitting in the park pavilion to wait for him.

Oleg looked at her. She was a charming girl, then he smiled, "No problem. But I may have to go buy some ingredients first."

"We just bought some. If you're ok with them, we can eat them this evening." Luo Qiu said.

It seemed to be an interesting matter having a look at the kitchens of ordinary foreign families--- Luo Qiu suddenly change his mind, throwing his glance at the little boy standing behind Oleg.

He heard the excitement of a soul.

Chapter 243: Leaving Home from Young

"This lady... isn’t she going to eat?"

At the dining table, Oleg curiously looked at the girl who was sitting quietly but didn’t take any food---By the way, the fancy dinner was all prepared by this girl.

Honestly, this table of food let Oleg feel like he was staying in the Turandot restaurant---a place where the rich gather in Moscow...but actually, the house he lived was way too messy.

A bachelor was looking after a boy, busy earning a living everyday. Therefore, he didn’t have any spare time at all to clean the house. Oleg thought that besides the frequently used beds in the bedrooms and the bathroom, the cleanest space in the house was probably the dining table.

"It's all right, she's doing exercises now," said Luo Qiu who placed a pickled cucumber in his mouth.

Oleg was stunned, "But she still needs food."

"She doesn’t eat after lunch time passes." Boss Luo gently added.

Nobody knew why this slim girl with a perfect figure still insisted on keeping on diet. Oleg didn’t continue asking. Instead, he said, "Antonio, eat slower, you look horrible when you’re eating."

Chowing down the food was a compliment to the person who cooked it. But after all, it seemed impolite to the guests here.

"Dad, if you could cook half...Oh no, a quarter flavor of it, then it must mean the God hasn’t given up on me."

Antonio spoke out such a sentence abruptly to laugh at his father, which let Oleg feel awkward then.

However, Luo Qiu didn’t really see serious anger from Oleg. What he felt was just the apology and sadness hidden deeply in Oleg's emotion.

Oleg let out a sigh of relief, "If you remember to pray before you eat, I think the God won’t give you up."

Antonio was stupefied, patting his forehead and quickly dropping the fork and knife from his hands before clasping his hands together and closing his eyes, "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth..."

Luo Qiu didn’t know whether praying at dinner was effective but he was still asking with curiosity, "Is Mr. Oleg also a Christian?"

Oleg shook his head, "No, I’m not, but this kid was baptized during his birth and his mother is a Christian."

Luo Qiu nodded and didn’t ask any further questions.

There were nothing more than two reasons that a family could be so dirty and messy without a hostess--- neither of the reasons were suitable to be mentioned on such occasions.

But perhaps it was the worst one.

Luo Qiu’s eyes fell on the small picture frame on one side of the TV cabinet in the living room which contained Oleg, the baby, and a beautiful woman with chestnut red hair in the photo.

Oleg felt that this foreign young guy great, very calm. Antonio finished praying soon and began to stuff himself with delicacies again.

Time flew as the conversation turned to local custom and cultures.

After dinner, Oleg forbid the servant girl from washing dishes. He took up the tablecloth with all the utensils, throwing them into the basin and rolling up his sleeves.

Luo Qiu began to look at the decoration of this family carefully. Antonio kept staring at Luo Qiu during this time...The naughty child seemed to relax a lot of his vigilance to this stranger after

experiencing this delicious dinner..

"What do you do?" Antonio raised his head and looked at the big brother, who was much taller than him.

Boss Luo, who was looking at an animal horn product, put it down gently, smiling, "I am a businessman."

"Businessman? You sell something?"

From a kid's perspective, a businessman was probably the person who sold things in the store.

"Well, I really sell things."

"What do you sell?" Antonio curiously asked.

Luo Qiu suddenly squat down so that Antonio didn't have to look up at him. He laughed, "Basically, I sell everything, as long as the customers can think of it and afford it."

Antonio tilted his head, "Do you sell an aeroplane?"

"Yes, I do."

"What about a train?"

"Yes, I sell it too."

The naughty child finger acted as a gun, made an aiming action, with excitement full of his face, "what about tanks? Rockets? Cannons? And Drakhnoff SVD?"

"Yes, I do." Luo Qiu nodded.

However.

'Boy, you are just ten years old. Why do you want aeroplane, tanks, rockets and cannons at this age? And Drakhnoff SVD is a sniper rifle, oh my god...'

So the child was very excited, "Can you sell them to me? I have 8300 Rubles! Is that enough?"

Luo Qiu shook his head.

Antonio lowered his head with disappointment.

Luo Qiu stood up and reached out to pat Antonio's head, saying softly, "Remember, when you need something, you'll find me... then, you can tell me what you really want to buy and..."

Boss Luo lowered his head and whispered something at Antonio's ear.

Antonio opened his eyes wide, suddenly stepping back with a hint of panic. Luo Qiu finally told him, "These can be paid as the transaction fee for what you want to purchase. Are you clear about that?"

With the words, Luo Qiu stepped back little by little in front of Antonio and You Ye also came to Luo Qiu at this time. After a few steps, they disappeared from Antonio’s sight, all of a sudden.

Antonio opened his mouth wide, rubbing his eyes hard. After a few times, he was still unable to calm himself down. He only stared at the empty carpet blankly.

...

"Antonio, where are the two guests?"

Oleg looked at his son and asked as soon as he finished washing dishes and walking out of the kitchen.

"They disappeared, disappeared!" Antonio pointed to the place they disappeared, turning around and said, "I saw them disappearing from here!"

Oleg gave a start, walking up to Antonio, squatting down and touching his head, "The Lord said, don’t lie. You forgot the prayer before dinner and now you’re lying to me. Tell me, what I should do to you?"

"I'm serious!" said Antonio loudly.

"Antonio!" Oleg took a deep breath, turning down his voice slightly, "You skipped the class today eh? I didn’t ask you about

this thing yet. Why do you want to play truant?"

Antonio clenched his small fists, keeping silent.

Oleg said, "Do you know that only bad kids play truant? Would you like to be a bad kid?"

Antonio then answered, "I've grown up! I don't need to go to school, I want to do things that I like to do!"

"You've grown up?" Oleg shook his head, grabbing Antonio's arm and lifting him up easily with indifferent words, "Boy, do you know? This is called 'grow up'."

That moment, Antonio's feet kicked Oleg, "Let me go! Let me go! Let me go! Let me go! Coward!"

"What did you say?" Oleg yelled at him in a low voice.

"Coward! You are a coward! Oleg is a coward !!"

Bang---!

Oleg couldn't help holding back his temper. He slapped Antonio's face directly. But he gaped immediately and felt regret after that.

Antonio had been put down. He covered his cheek, glaring at his father with hatred, "Oleg, is a coward !!"

The child roared in a sobbing tone, turning and running back to his own room, and slamming the door.

Oleg stood there in daze. His lips moved, eventually made a sigh. He took a long, long breath of relief, taking up the photo frame from the TV cabinet and gently rubbing the glass of it.

A trace of coolness infiltrated Oleg's fingers from the glass.

The giant man sat on the couch and closed his eyes--- the house regained loneliness from the past after a big dinner.

...

...

The next day, Oleg opened his eyes with headache--- he had guzzled a lot of beer here after midnight.

Oleg, accompanied with the smell of alcohol, pinched his forehead again and looked at the time.

"Oh my god, it’s late!"

Oleg patted his forehead with regret. There was no time left to wash himself, he quickly got up and shouted, "Antonio, Antonio! Get up, let’s go to school, Antonio!"

Oleg walked toward Antonio’s room while calling him but he didn’t hear any response.

He frowned and twisted the room lock--- but turned out that it was not locked and the door was easily opened.

Nevertheless, Antonio was not in the room.

Oleg just found a note on the bedside table, "I’ll run away from home!"

Chapter 244: Bigger, Taller and Stronger

"Marina, pack your things quickly, we are about to leave!"

"Ok!"

On the other side of the door, the little girl was busy packing her school bag because her mother was about to send her back to school immediately. But at this moment, the little girl stopped.

Because someone was tapping the window of her house at this time. The girl tilted her head, opened the window and saw a familiar face.

"Antonio, how are you here?" Marina asked curiously.

"Marina, I've ran away from home!" Antonio said with a trace of pride, looking at Marina, "Will you come with me?"

Marina was puzzled, "Why should I run away from home with you? Antonio, running away from home is wrong. You will make Mr. Oleg sad. You should go back and apologize to him."

Antonio said, "Marina, I like you, that's why I came to find you."

Marina shook her head, "But I don't like you, Antonio! I like older guys who are more mature... my mother is calling me. Bye, Antonio, hopefully I can see you at school."

"Marina! Marina!"

Ignoring Antonio's calling, the little girl Marina closed the window quickly and pulled the curtain.

Antonio lowered his head in disappointment while Marina left the house from the front door and explained something to her mother.

"What? Ran away from home?"

Marina's mother gave a start and quickly bypassed to the back of the house but she could only see the Antonio's back climbing over

the fence.

The lady called him, but it was too late. She frowned, "Marina, go get the mailing list. I think I need to contact Mr. Oleg now."

"OK~"

...

Although Antonio failed in his courting but he didn’t seem to be as sad as he had imagined--- his mood recovered very quickly.

Because he was walking in the lively street at this time.

Usually at this time, he probably had to sit well at school and wait for the teacher.

So everything Antonio met at this time seemed fancy to him. Antonio made a pleasant laughter. Both of his hands opened and he hopped along the street imagining he was flying.

He had brought all his possessions out of the house---more than 8,000 rubles---his schoolmates always talked about their own 'property’ but they mostly used the ‘property’ to buy useless toys or snacks.

‘Those students are too naïve! They don’t even know how to make good use of their own 'wealth'!’

"A cup of coffee and a sandwich, please."

Sitting on the chair of the café--- this was where Antonio had successfully climbed up with effort---because the chairs were of the size for adults.

Antonio felt that he was equal to the adults around him, so he also ordered some food.

"Boy, is this what your parents asked you to buy?"

"No, it’s for myself." Antonio said in an old voice.

Who knew ‘the old voice’ in his mind gave a totally adverse feeling to the shop assistant---The shop assistant frowned, "Boy,

trust me, coffee is not suitable for you. A glass of milk is much more than a cup of coffee. Moreover, are you coming alone? Where are your parents?"

He watched the kid walking in and climbing onto the bar stool, so he had to keep an eye and pay more attention to him.

"Just give me a cup of coffee and a sandwich!" Antonio grabbed some coins and placed them on the bar counter.

The clerk thought for a while, then nodded. But he made a phone call quietly, "Hello, police officer, here is No.12 of XX Street. A child just came to my shop, no parents seem to have accompany him... OK, OK, I will keep an eye on him, please come quickly."

...

Antonio's action of running away from home had failed completely after just three hours.

A sheriff was on the phone, another sheriff was looking at Antonio at this moment and saying, "We are informing your father, and he will pick you up right away."

Antonio lean against the door of the police car alone, clamming up.

The sheriff squatted patiently and asked, "Why did you want to run away from home? Did your father hit you?"

While Antonio suddenly said, "Officer, I want to go to the washroom, I have a stomachache."

The sheriff grabbed Antonio's palm after a while of consideration, returning to the cafe and taking him to the washroom while urging him, "Remember to wash your hands."

Antonio nodded, showing a well-behaved look.

Soon after, Oleg hurriedly came in with a bad-looking face and quickly asked, "Sheriff, where’s my son?"

"He's inside." The sheriff tapped the toilet door, "Boy, come out,

your father has arrived."

However, there was no response came from the inside after several tappings. Oleg narrowed his eyebrows, twisting the door lock--- it was easily opened by this strong man.

That police officer had no time to be impressed by the force of his wrist, he just looked at the...empty toilet room.

"Where is he..." the police officer was surprised.

Oleg sighed and pointed at the small window, "He climbed out."

...

"Boy, you can’t enter this place. Here is the place for the adults. You can’t go in even if you have money. And, what’s the phone number of your parents? Boy, hey, boy..."

...

"Boy, don’t your parents tell you that juveniles are not allowed to buy cigarettes? Boy, boy, boy..."

...

"Boy, why are you wandering around alone in the street? Where are our parents? Are you lost? Boy, boy..."

...

...

Antonio suddenly felt that there was almost no place for him to go--- why, why did people in every place always ask about his parents?

He could obviously protect himself.

Antonio didn’t know where he had arrived at. He just knew that he didn’t have to run away quickly when someone came to him curiously.

Otherwise, the scene in the café this morning would probably happen again. And Antonio felt that he wouldn’t be as lucky as last

time to be able to climb out from the washroom.

But whenever he thought of the thing happened in the morning, Antonio regretted that he should take away what he had bought in the cafe.

"What place is this?"

Antonio couldn’t only see the restaurant or any convenience store--- he was starving and it was so hard to endure.

‘Must I go back like this?’

‘I’ve grown up!’

'Remember, when you have a need, you'll find me...'

Suddenly, this sentence rang in Antonio’s mind. He recalled of those two who came to his house last night--- the two who disappeared magically.

Antonio looked around, he kept turning his sight--- This place seemed to be a factory area.

Nobody knew how he came to this place.

But it didn’t matter, Antonio was only concerned about whether the words that big brother had said last night was true.

"Where are you?"

"Where are you?"

Antonio put both of his hands at his mouth like a trumpet, crying loudly, "Come out! Where are you! Come out!"

"Would you like to have some chocolate?"

Just at the moment when Antonio wanted to give up, yesterday’s voice was heard from behind. Of course, they were the same words!

Antonio turned back furiously. Exactly the same as yesterday, the mysterious guy passed a piece of chocolate towards him--- Perhaps because he was too hungry, Antonio grabbed the chocolate and

tore the wrapping paper without hesitation, putting it into his mouth.

"What can I do for you?"

Antonio looked up at this time with melted chocolate all over his mouth, "Big brother, can you really sell anything?"

"Yes."

"Well...well..." Antonio hesitated for a long while, counting something by moving his fingers, "I want to use my lifespan... No, I use, I use, well..."

Suddenly, Andrea said, "Marina doesn't like me! Then I'll exchange that using my love! Can you turn me into an adult?"

"An adult?"

Antonio nodded, "Yes, an adult, I want to grow up, as tall as my father! No, I want to be bigger, taller and stronger than him."

It seemed that this big brother didn't have any reaction, Antonio said with uneasiness, "Is that enough? If not, what do I have to pay?"

"No ... that's enough."

...

It was like a gust of wind blew over.

Everything in his sight had changed.

When the weird goat-skin scroll unfolded in front of him, Antonio felt as if his whole body was cold like being buried in winter snow, which made him can't help shuddering.

The man said that the contract had been signed---Then, he disappeared again from his sight.

However, Antonio already felt the difference in him!

He stretched his palms out and looked at them. They had grown much bigger--- his arms had become thicker than his thighs from

the past and the strong muscles were bulging without clenching his fists!

His legs turned even longer than his height from the past!

Antonio touched his cheek subconsciously, there were a hint of a moustache! And, his sight had changed too! Now his sight was like what he saw after standing on a stool!

Besides that, the clothes were torn by the bulging body, which could only be hung on his body slice by slice. His backpack straps were broken!

Antonio felt it incredible. He pinched his face hard and felt the pain, a burning pain.

But he laughed.

"I’ve grown up! I’ve really grown up! I'm an adult now!"

Chapter 245: When Antonio met Nikita

In the afternoon.

Oleg drove his yellow pickup truck to almost everywhere in the city for more than 8 hours, but he still couldn’t find Antonio.

"I should not have hit him."

Oleg couldn’t help blaming himself deeply.

Since seven years ago, when only Antonio himself entered his life, this little kid was the sole power that supported him to survive.

"Antonio, you better be safe."

Oleg was not a Christian, but he was more devout than those ordinary believers and himself of the past.

However, he felt that such piety was more or less hypocritical. When some trouble came, he only remembered going to pray, which was sort of utilitarian.

Finally, the sky turned the same color as the yellow pick-up truck, which was still running in this bustling city.

Oleg's sight was merely focused on the boys who were a little bit taller than the hydrant, so he didn’t notice that a pair of eyes was looking at him at the moment the pickup truck turned.

The source of it came from--- a very strong body.

How strong was it?

From the passerby's perspective, the feeling was probably like that this guy was as strong as a brown bear!

...

Antonio looked at this familiar pickup truck slowly passing by him. He clearly saw Oleg sitting on the driver's seat.

Perhaps because he grew up, Antonio felt his vision became very good--- so he could clearly see the hint of anxiety cracked on Oleg's face.

"Dad..."

Antonio unconsciously moved his lips as the moment the pickup truck passed by. He even intended to wave his hand, but Oleg didn’t notice him at all.

Looking at the pickup truck entered another street, Antonio talked to himself, "Dad can’t recognize me... I really got bigger!"

Antonio looked at his shadow showing on the glass window of the street store, and felt more and more satisfied to himself after growing up--- Well, when he left the factory, he quietly stole a suit of clothes from the neighbor’s yard, or he’d be naked at this time.

"Sir, what can I do for you?" The store clerk came out--- this was a bakery.

Antonio thought for a while, "Can I have this chocolate cake?"

The feeling of being an adult was really good---He could buy whatever he liked, no one was nagging around and saying ‘don’t do this and don’t do that’.

Antonio enjoyed the cake as wandering on the streets--- he found that many people will look toward him, especially those big sisters, who seem to enjoy watching him.

But he didn’t understand why these big sisters smiled at him, even occasionally blinking their eyes ---And, a big sister knocked into him and pinched his chest.

He felt itchy.

"Hey! Baby, do you want to go have a drink together?"

"Ah, sorry, I'm going to find my friends. We have an appointment to play video games this day of every week!"

"Oh really... Well, bye."

Then the big sister's smile suddenly disappeared, leaving without hesitation--- Antonio was puzzled, scratching his hair, and wondering if he should agree to her request.

"I’m now an adult, should I agree to her request next time? This is what an adult is..."

As thinking about it secretly, someone rushed to him from the front.

This man even shouted, "Step aside! Step aside! Step aside!"

And two strong men followed him--- the person shouting was being chased by the two.

He... and two strong men were running by Antonio at this time. Antonio opened his mouth, apparently he recognized the person chased by the two men, "Uncle Nikita?"

...

"You cannot escape."

Nikita, who was finally stopped in a poor alley, looked worriedly at the wall in front of him--- why there was a wall here? Which bastard and what time did he build it?

No matter how he swore the wall builder, he had to face the fact that there was no way for him to escape.

Nikita had to turn around and press his hands on face, trying to negotiate with them, "Hey, dude, if you kill me here, you won’t get the money. Why don’t you give me a little time to let me think about the solution?"

"Well, dear Nikita, do you know how many guys ask for some time to think of the solutions, but sneaking away quietly? The rule of the casino is that, anyone has to pay back the money they borrowed within twelve hours. Well, Nikita, didn’t you hear clearly the rules we said before borrowing money?"

"But your interest is too high!" Nikita looked at the two with cold

sweat.

He really regretted drinking alone last night! If he didn’t drink too much alcohol which stopped his brain from working, he would definitely not go into the basement casino to take his chance.

The result was predictable--- the experience now was the result.

"You’ve agreed the interest rate from the very beginning, haven’t you?" The man snorted, "Mr. Nikita, go back with us and find a solution at our place."

"If you intend to resist to the end, then you have to suffer the consequences yourself."

The two men clenched their fists and stepped close, which made Nikita's heart thumped--- but at this moment, Nikita could not believe his eyes!

One of them flew up... No no no, he had been lifted up!

An extremely tall guy one hand grabbed the man’s belt and his other one grasped an arm, lifting up the man!

Oh my god! Nikita had never seen such a strong guy!

This strong guy suddenly shouted, throwing out the strong man severely, who dropped in the trash. His head hit the garbage lid and a piteous cry came from him, but he couldn’t climb out.

Witnessing his partner being punched, the other man rushed to this strong guy, both hands holding his waist, and pushed him to the wall.

But this strong guy landed his fist severely on the back of this guy!

The strong man loosened his hands after receiving two to three punches... He felt as if his spine was almost broken, like it was being struck down by a hammer, instead of being beaten by fists!

As soon as he loosened hands, he was suddenly raised up, and thrown into the garbage--- bursts of terrible smells almost stunned

him; however, the huge guy knocked down the dustbin lid directly, and struck it hard on the outside.

Loud noises passed on to the inside and made the strong man dizzy. He tried to push open the lid, but found he could not achieve it.

He even started vomiting in this fetid atmosphere.

Nikita swallowed saliva while witnessing the scene happened just now. At this time, he viewed the man that helped him was standing at the dustbin, walking on air.

"Oleg... oh, sorry, I was wrong." Nikita hesitated, but eventually coming to the strong man, "My God, you look like one of my friend, but much younger than him!"

"Ni ..." Antonio wanted to call him Uncle Nikita as usual, but thought that even his own father couldn't recognize him, so... maybe Uncle Nikita either.

This kid with an adult figure suddenly thought of a prank, "Is your friend as strong as me?

"Oh, my God, you are stronger than Oleg!" Nikita exclaimed, "You're like a Siberian bear! Oh, well, thanks for saving me."

Antonio sitting in the bin kicked his legs, "I saw you being bullied by bad guys, so I decided to save you. Are you OK?"

Nikita gave a start, felt this guy a little weird. But he didn't think too much, saying, "Yeah, I'm good. Can't be better than this. By the way, what's your name? Are you living in this area? Why didn't I ever see you before?"

Honestly speaking, a man with such a strong body was attractive and should be known, or at least should be heard.

"I am An..." Antonio blinked his eyes and said, "Anton. I just arrived at Moscow, so it's normal that you have never seen me."

"You just came here?" Nikita was stunned, nodded as if thinking

about something, "Oh, how about going to some restaurant and having a talk?"

Antonio felt that it was a very rare but exciting to chat with Uncle Nikita, so he nodded.

Nikita suddenly said, "Wait, can you come down first?"

Antonio unbent both of his hands and jumped down. Then Nikita opened the trash lid, "Let me see how the two guys are."

Along with his words, his palm was reaching for the two men--- These two guys had completely fainted due to the terrible smell.

Nikita fished out two wallets from their pockets, getting all the banknotes directly, and threw the wallet back into the dustbin.

"What happened to them?" Antonio asked curiously.

Nikita quickly turned and walked to Antonio. He wanted to put hand on his shoulder, but the extreme height difference simply changed his thought. So he patted his back, smiling, "Nothing, they just fainted and will wake up later...by the way, I know a very good restaurant, the food there is very tasty! Let me take you there to show my appreciation! If you don’t mind, let me treat you today! Anton! "

...

...

"Is this your laboratory?"

A long time ago, the servant girl said she had a laboratory out of the need to achieve some customers requests, because the former boss seldom came out.

it was just below the very gorgeous metro station in Moscow--- to be specific, it should be under the place of the Red Square area, somewhere deeper than the subway tracks.

You Ye ever said, ‘It's quite a hassle to move away the items from here.’

Looking at the layout of this huge basement, Luo Qiu finally realized the seriousness of such troubles at last.

Boss Luo opened his mouth, but didn't say anything in the end.

He just thought quietly, 'Had You Ye ever robbed some place like a NASA research room before?'

Chapter 246: Being Together For A Long Time

You Ye was not only an expert in life but also an inventor.

She had too much spare time to fully explore various scientific fields nowadays--- of course, it would need sufficient wisdom from the soul in this alchemy-created body.

However, Boss Luo who ever queried the law of ten thousand hours felt that even a common person could create something in 300 years' time.

As long as they had enough spare time.

"Master."

Just when he was feeling curious and touching the items displaying in this huge laboratory, You Ye suddenly walked in.

And put on the white coat again.

Receiving the folder from the servant girl, Luo Qiu read the content and listened to You Ye, "Master, look at this. The first was the medicine obtained from Lin Geng and the second one was the analysis report of medication you didn't use up, which you got from Ms. Jessica."

Hearing this, Luo Qiu subconsciously looked at the figure leaning against the wall at the corner--- There was a very loyal manager who wouldn't feel tired.

An AI robot.

It was said that its basic algorithm had been improved based on the research core of GOXGLE but it was also far more below the level of artificial intelligence of the independent evolution.

There was also an apartment near to the lab with an identical AI who never went out--- if the servant girl encountered anything

interesting somewhere, she would always send it to the apartment by mail first.

Then the drones, using the automated-operation in the apartment, would successfully complete the delivery from the apartment to this place--- a remote control had been realized completely.

Of course ... this was because the club was not here now.

Looking at this apartment that was named Adam ... Oh by the way, the apartment was called Eve.

Anyway, watching Adam, Boss Luo sighed again, ‘she really must have robbed NASA.’

He even found a data report suspected of being a civil aviation satellite in the corner...

‘Well, just read the report.’

Luo Qiu knew that the medicine that Ling Geng used was a substance that could promote the activity of the brain's cells. It could make people smarter and more clever as long as the dosage was within control but if used excessively, they may destroy the users. And the second drug that he hid came from Michael Club due to money. It was actually the type of investigation that Jessica kept tracking of.

What he knew so far was that there were two different drugs manufactured by Michael Club.

From the ingredients to the prescription... Anyway, Luo Qiu didn’t understand what these ingredients were. So he just turned directly to the conclusion of the report.

The second drug was synthesized from materials that were already known in the world, as to the first drug, it cannot be decomposed into what was already known.

Because the first 'smart medicine' had two bizarre substances,

which were not any materials known in the world that could be used to make drugs. After comparing by the databases, the source of both substances was discovered.

"Vampire blood and werewolf brain?"

"Yes."

You Ye adjusted her black-frame glasses, introducing patiently, "It also has some vampire’s blood and werewolf’s brain inside. Before going to Moscow, I let Adam try copying the first medicine by the work-out prescription... Well, the end product should be available soon and then if we do some clinical trials... "

Suddenly, the servant girl was interrupted.

The reason was that at this moment, the club boss suddenly put down the files and took off her black-rimmed glasses.

Luo Qiu whispered, "I said that this time I came to visit the old places with you. If you do so, what is the difference between now and ordinary times?"

You Ye shook her head, "I’ve lived here for a long time, so this is not an old place."

While Luo Qiu said, "However, we’ve known each other for even less than three months but this place contains your past, doesn’t it?"

Folding the black-rimmed glasses and placing it gently on the table and adjusting its position. Then Luo Qiu said, "We will be together for a long time."

You Ye looked straight into Luo Qiu's eyes. Her blue eyes always looked very cool--- because this pair of blue eyes were made of a polished sapphire.

But now they seemed to show soft light mixed in the brilliance of gemstones ... the soft light slowly dispersed and You Ye said softly, "Adam, stop experimenting."

...

...

Nikita felt that he was lucky!

Within thirty-one years of life, he never had imagined he would be such a lucky guy like today. Why... it was because Anton who was in front of him.

He was really strong, not even like human! Nikita felt that perhaps only those boxers who had been trained in the Siberian plateau would be able to match with this big strong guy.

More importantly, he completely realized that Anton was totally naive like a child--- Anyone had seen a guy who didn't care about other's sight, kid's meal with a flag and some sauce rubbed all over his face?

Here this guy was!

How naive and inexperienced this guy was!

"Anton, you said you don't have a place to live now, and you lost your ID card, right?" Nikita smiled as squinting his eyes.

"That's right." Antonio... Anton said it exactly like his own thoughts, "However, I intend to make a treehouse on the tree in the park! Uncle Nikita, I want to make my own base!"

"Brother Nikita!" Nikita corrected, "No, just call me Nikita!"

"Oh!" Antonio answered, "Nikita, if I finish building the base, I will invite you to be my first guest!"

'What? ... have this guy lost his mind?' Nikita sized up Anton again--- At first, he thought that the guy might be playing tricks on him but after a short meal and a couple of questions, Nikita felt that the guy might really be a retarded guy.

"But Anton, building a base requires a lot of money, do you have it?"

"Yes!" Antonio nodded, "I have 8,300 rubles... Oh! I forgot that I bought a piece of chocolate cake in the afternoon. Now I only have 8,180 rubles."

Nikita told him seriously, "Anton, I have to tell you that your property is not enough for you to build a base."

"Ah? What should I do?" Antonio looked blankly.

"But we can earn money, can't we?" Nikita now talked mysteriously, "I know a place where we can make a lot of money there. Would you like to go with me?"

"Really?" Antonio's eyes kindled with desire but he hesitated, "But what is it? I don't do evil things!"

"It's not a bad thing." Nikita smiled, "It's all about stepping on a stage and fight with others! Anton, you're the strongest person I've ever seen. So you can easily strike them down! "

"Fight?" Unexpectedly, Anton shook his head, "No, my dad said that only bad boys will fight. I won't go."

Nikita gave a start, replying after a long while, "Are you still a child? You are a grown-up, don't listen to your father! Only a fool or a bookworm will listen to their father!"

"I'm not a kid anymore!!" Antonio took a deep breath, "I'm not afraid of anyone! I'm now even stronger than my father!"

...

Ring---!

Listening to the rattles sound and the wild cheers while watching the guy who was once a boxer falling to the ground but couldn't climb up or even watched the referee raising Anton's arm and declared a victory, Nikita felt happy as if he was now in the paradise!

"This guy is too strong! He's too strong!"

Nikita followed the spectators... The bettors cheered together,

"I’ll become rich! I'll become rich! I will become rich!! Anton, you are my God! Oh, my God, my God! I'm really rich!! WOW!! WOW!!! "

...

At night, Oleg was at home alone, watching the frame on his hand silently. He got drunk, murmuring, "Antonio, where are you..."

Chapter 247: A Man's Promise

With a black leather jacket and spiffy blond pixie cut, Jessica sat on a motorcycle and stopped at a highway of the desert.

Right in the middle of the chaotic area of the Middle East.

When a truck approached and got closer, even the horn rang relentlessly but she didn’t seem to have the intention to leave.

Eventually, the truck had to make a sudden stop and two men who wrapped their cheeks with scarfs came out of the truck.

By the way, they still held the nozzles of the guns --- AK47, which was very popular in Middle East.

"Who are you!"

"Go away!"

Both men pointed their guns at Jessica and spoke fiercely in the Middle East dialect.

But suddenly Jessica's face cracked a charming smile --- but in the view of the two men, it was a sneer.

They felt uncomfortable, glancing at each other

and making a quick decision--- they decided to strafe the woman who was in the way.

However, as they were about to pull the trigger, the woman in black leather jacket pulled out a silver handgun from the motorcycle at a lightning speed.

Aiming, shooting followed by two fast and precise shots hit the two’s eyebrows.

Bang, bang---!

The loud gunshot resounded through this broad highway.

"Damn it!"

At the same time, four men with the same equipment jumped out from the back of the truck--- one of them wore cartridge belts on his body. They did not have any hesitation in strafing at this woman!

The locomotive engines rang like beasts, Jessica grabbed the handlebars with both of her hands and heavily pressed the front shock absorbers, pulling up the front part of the motorcycle forcibly--- The huge rear wheel drive almost made the motorcycle erect upright.

The motorcycle headed to the men directly like a beast--- Jessica now pulled a black handgun out of her left leg after extracting the silver pistol drawn from the front of the motorcycle.

Double guns were still being shot accurately from both sides of the motorcycle!

When several men fell down, the motorbike was stopped before rushing to the headlights of the truck.

Jessica rolled her long legs over and got off from the motorbike. She climbed up to the top of the truck easily.

Here, Jessica saw a dozen of children ageing from seven or eight to twelve years old. They hugged each other tightly in pairs, looking at the woman standing on the truck in horror.

"It's all right, I'll send you home." Jessica looked at the orphans as if seeing herself in the past. She voiced softly, putting away her black and silver shots.

Just then.

"Allah - Hu Akbar!"

A man suddenly appeared at the back of the truck--- he probably hid there since the beginning. At this moment, he held a grenade in his hand!

He was going to unplug the safety of the grenade!

In this critical moment, a lightning bolt flashed across Jessica’s eyes, she waved her arm suddenly! A blue-purple arc ejected from her arm and hit the man's body directly.

Like a conductor, the man was tortured by a strong electric current--- his entire body became numb and he fell unconscious.

He would no longer be aware of anything ever again for he was already dead.

"Sister ... are you an angel?" A young girl looked at it in surprise and asked subconsciously.

"Angel?" Jessica shook her head, "I'm just an avenger. Tell me where your home is."

She needed to send these children back as soon as possible---then get in touch with a stronghold through the communication device on this truck.

Next, she would eradicated this stronghold--- one of the strongholds of the Michael Club was situated in the Middle East.

After leaving that eastern country, she had rooted out two similar strongholds during this period of time.

But the number could only become more!

Jessica looked at the billowing yellow sand, meditating silently, "I'm ... Coming!"

Jessica drove the truck, twisting the steering wheel hard to turn the truck around swiftly. The tire rubbed the ground, sweeping over the bodies with great force.

The bodies were suddenly swept away from the highway.

...

...

A huge body, now flew over the boxing ring rope, falling to the outside floor fiercely--- he didn’t hurt the audience because they

got away in time.

‘This guy cannot stand up anymore!’

The audience who were holding the ticket with this boxer could only think that in despair.

"Anton! Anton! Our Anton! He beat the mighty opponent one more time! Since he joined the game two days ago, this is the seventh victory for Anton! Is it a legend? Oh my God, Anton, you are the strongest warrior I've ever seen! Scream with me!! "

That referee lifted Anton's arm, shouting madly!

"Anton!", "Anton!", "Anton!"

The slogan continued. However, he didn’t know why, Anton... Antonio hated these people’s crazy shout now.

He walked off the stage without a word, ignoring the greetings from Nikita. Instead, he headed for the lounge.

Nicky caught up with him to the lounge, closing the door and coming to Anton after a while, smiling, "What happened? Aren’t you happy defeating that guy?

Anton shook his head; he looked at Nikita, suddenly asking, "Nikita, how much money we earn today?"

"We have a good harvest!" Nikita couldn’t help hiding his delight talking about this.

"Nikita, now, is my money enough to build a treehouse base?"

Nikita was stupefied--- he totally forgot about this thing that Anton ever talked!

In fact within these three days, he didn’t only reap rich bonuses by Anton’s victory on the stage, but also made a bet secretly, which made a fortune for him--- this was the most he earned in his life!

"Oh dear Anton, you should know that it is not an easy task to build a tree base!" Nikita pretended to be serious, "You know, a big

tree is not just a tree! It's still on the land! Do you know land is not private, it belongs to the country! So, you have to buy the land under the tree together with the land, so that you can possess the tree legally! But you need a lot of money to purchase the tree!"

Anton shook his head, "But I don’t want to continue to box."

Nikita quickly said, "How can you not box? You are invincible! You are the most powerful here! As long as you stand in the ring, the banknotes will continue to fly toward your pocket. And you just need to throw away your opponent! What an easy matter it is!"

However, Anton stood up.

His body was too tall, so that Nikita had to look up. A strange pressure suddenly emerged from Nikita's heart, "Anton, what are you going to do..."

Anton shook his head, "Nikita, it’s my last fight today, and I won’t fight anymore, I'm leaving! Give me the money I earned!"

"What? You don’t fight? NO!" Nikita shouted unconsciously.

Perhaps this face was sort of frightened to Anton, so he revealed a scared expression subconsciously.

What the hell!

This Siberian-bear-like guy was actually afraid of his shout! Nikita looked at the scene incredibly. He frowned but didn’t want to push Anton too far--- who knew what would happen if the guy was discomfited utterly? This guy had very little common sense!

"Well, Anton! Just have another three games! Only three games! Then you can stop fighting, OK?" Nikita asked patiently.

Anton thought for a moment, suddenly he extended his hand, stretching out his little finger.

"... What are you doing?"

"Pinkie promise! Three games, don’t pull back!" Anton said.

Who knew what Nikita was thinking about this... anyway, he felt incredible, dumbfounding, and swore ‘#$&*$^%(^%*&’ to this strong man in mind...

Pinkie promise!

"Nikita! This is a man's promise!"

"Well... OK..."

Chapter 248: Madman

Tretyakov Museum of Fine Arts.

It was not a Monday, so it was now the opening time. Due to his interest in the architecture at every corner of this city, Boss Luo would definitely not miss out this famous art museum.

After taking a full portrait photo here and sending it to Subeditor Ren’s cell phone, his task today was considered complete--- He had to report his whereabouts to prove that he was safe, which was the condition for Boss Luo to exchange for the opportunity to travel spontaneously.

"If you come to Tretyakov, you shouldn’t lose a chance to take a look at the "Unknown Girl." You Ye said to Luo Qiu.

Luo Qiu nodded, who was reading the museum booklet, "One of the world's top ten paintings, I’m curious."

Apart from days it was closed, a lot of tourists flocked to the Tretyakov Museum every day. In the crowds, the club boss and the servant girl passed the security check, entering the old museum of this Tretyakov art museum.

Boss Luo liked to get to the point, so he didn’t stop in front of any of the famous paintings.

In the key area of the exhibition hall, Luo Qiu looked directly at the woman in the "Unknown Woman", and had a different way of appreciation from ordinary people--- he could feel the painter's mood very well.

"Many people think that the woman painted on the picture is the protagonist of Anna• Karenina" worked by Tolstoy; but after all, it was impossible for them to find out. Therefore, some people consider her as an unknown actress--- it seems that only the author himself knows who she really is."

Luo Qiu listened to You Ye’s explanation--- it was much better

than the narrator’s of this exhibition area... Luo Qiu referred to the voice.

Of course, these can actually be heard from the narrator's mouth--- but the next words one might not have chances to listen to from the narrator.

"But in fact, the woman in the portrait..."

"He loved this woman."

Suddenly, You Ye’s words were interrupted--- That was from a tourist with the same batch, who was standing behind them.

With gentle and wavy hair, narrow but high nose, thin lips, and thick beard--- He was like a middle-aged man at the first glance.

However, in the views of Luo Qiu and You Ye that were more sensitive to vitality, this person was quite young, probably no more than 30 years old.

Luo Qiu didn’t feel displeasure at the sudden interruption. He just looked at this typical Russian youth curiously, asking with interest, "How do you know that the painter loves his model? There is even another point of view that the girl is a role the painter dreamed off."

The youthful eyes remained at the picture--- his sight and even his thoughts didn’t seem to be here. Even if he could respond to the problems around him and knew who were around, but it felt like--- that only himself stood in front of the picture.

This was a very rare concentration.

He said, "I can feel it."

Suddenly the young man closed his eyes. He spread out his left hand in front of him, thumb slightly clasped, and his right hand was raised at the same time, as if fingers was grasping something--- this was the gesture of painting.

He seemed to talk to himself, rather than answer anyone’s

question, "I can feel every stroke. When I drew picture... when I hesitated ... it was so strong, so touching."

It didn’t seem to be more persuasive, so that he did so--- his right hand was moving slowly in the air.

It was not like a painting gesture ... he was just painting, painting in his heart.

But he was too focused to feel anything out of his body--- his body was being lifted up by two gallery guards at both sides and dragged out.

He had no resistance, still closed his eyes, and drew something by the inexistent palettes and brushes in his hands.

"Sorry, gentleman and young lady, did this guy bother you just now?"

A man like a gallery worker came politely to Luo Qiu and You Ye.

Luo Qiu whispered, "Should he disturb anyone else?"

The staff was stunned... he seldom heard such a reply.

"No, this guy generally doesn’t disturb anyone except us." The staff shook his head, showing quite helpless look.

Looking at the wondering look from this Eastern guy, the staff simply said, "He used to be a museum staff, but was fired due to some mistake. However, this guy is still able to sneak in each time... Oh, sir, you know, we welcome everyone as long as they come in by tickets, but he comes secretly every time, so... you should understand. It's like a madman’s behavior."

"Oh, I see." Luo Qiu nodded, didn’t ask any more.

The staff smiled, "Sir, your Russian is very good..."

He would like to compliment him, but this guest with eastern face now seemed not to have listened to him at all; instead, he directly turned about to looked at the famous paintings displayed here.

He had the same concentration like the guy who was just dragged out. The staff felt that nothing could attract the guest's attention at this time.

What the hell.

He suddenly felt an inexplicable coolness, the whole body quivered and he headed down in a hurry to leave.

...

...

The third day.

There was a very strong alcoholic smell in Oleg’s home, which mixed with the rancid smell of his soul.

Because he looked really like a rancid person.

It was the most intuitive feeling of Nikita.

Today Nikita, who was wearing brand new clothes, suddenly thought of his brother Oleg, who took care of him. He originally intended to treat the big brother a big meal today, but...

"Oleg! What happened to you?" Nikita stepped in front of Oleg, frowning at the drunkard. "I went to the company, and the boss said you haven’t been to work for three days. Are you drunk here?"

The sleepy Oleg eyes opened faintly, took a wine hiccup, seemed to recognize Nikita.

He tried to hold up his body from the sofa with both hands--- but he didn’t, and fell down again.

Nikita quickly bent down to support Oleg, but Oleg's hands were groping at the table, all the beer bottles were swept away, "Give me some vodka."

"What the hell!" Nikita scolded, "You're not the Oleg I know! You should not be like this! What happened to you?"

Oleg suddenly stopped.

He patted his forehead hard, as if it was the only way he could wake himself up. Oleg's eyes opened wide, but they were bloodshot.

"You're right, I should not be like this... I should go to find Antonio." Oleg took Nikita's arm to stand up and muttered to himself, "I’m going to look for him, look for him, look for him... where’s my key? Where’s my car key? Where’s my key? !!!"

The voice turned louder, more violent, and angrier. He was like a lion, "Where’s my key!!"

Nikita swore that if Anton, who brought him wealth was the strongest guy, then the current Oleg was the most horrifying guy he has ever seen.

"Dude, tell me what happened to Antonio please."

"He... he's gone, missing." Oleg beat his forehead at full tilt. The alcohol brought him headache so badly, but it couldn’t match the pain in his heart, "Three days, three days... What am I doing? I promised Kamala to take good care of our kid... What am I doing? "

Nikita looked at the appearance of Oleg at this time, the originally happy mood become sort of depressed.

All of a sudden, someone broke in.

It turned to be five sturdy men.

Chapter 249: The Best Player

"Who are you guys?"

Oleg frowned while gazing at these strong men that broke in abruptly. But Nikita’s expression looked terrible.

Some of them had bandages on their arms along with obvious bruises on their faces.

"Oh, Nikita, I hope you still remember us." One of the wounded men sneered, "Thank you for your attention a few days ago. We went to your house, but found you didn’t go back. So we have to wait for you here. See, you came!"

"Nikita, who are these people?" Oleg frowned and took a glance at Nikita.

Nikita faltered, "They, they are casino thugs."

"Did you borrow money from them?" That moment, Oleg had already guessed Nikita's condition. He could not help saying furiously, "I told you so many times not..."

Oleg took a deep breath, shaking his head. Now, any lectures were useless. He looked at these few guys, voicing softly, "How much did he owe you?"

The man sneered, "Oh, sir, now I'm afraid it’s not only about money, there's a bigger problem, our boss ordered us to take Mr. Nikita back."

As Nikita felt it troublesome, he took two steps back--- but the strong men seemed to have expected it, they rushed up, two of them arrested Nikita easily.

"Stop." Oleg frowned, shouting suddenly.

"Are you going to help this bastard?"

"Please let him go. This is a private house, IF you don’t stop, I will call the police." Oleg still said quietly.

These guys suddenly laughed, like hearing the funniest joke. One of them came to Oleg, looking at Oleg's body, who was taller and stronger than him, grinning, "I thought you would make us, but you say calling the police. Tut, I think I met an old woman! Haha!"

As saying, he stretched out his hand and slapped it lightly at Oleg's cheek.

Oleg unconsciously grabbed this strong man's wrist, taking a sudden twist--- then, a screech like a butchered pig came out from the man!

But Oleg didn't stop his action; rather, he lifted the knee, and hit his stomach severely. Another screamed was heard, and the strong man fell to the ground.

Oleg gaze suddenly became sharp. At the moment the man fell down, he clenched his fists, hitting the man's chest once again.

But the fist stopped abruptly at the moment it was about to hit his chest--- no one stopped him; rather, it was this robust man's own decision to stop.

His face showed a slight hint of struggle.

"Bastard!"

Another man picked up a hockey stick at the door position, severely hitting Oleg's back. But the stick was abruptly broken under the violent impact. Oleg looked back, his eyes were as fierce as a lion, which made the guy taking sneak attack suddenly feel flustered.

Crack---!

But at this moment, Oleg's head was severely smashed by a large vase. The vase had been crushed, and blood shed from Oleg's forehead.

He fell down and fainted.

"Oleg! Oleg!" Nikita exclaimed in alarm.

The man being knocked down at the beginning climbed up. He spat blood, pressing his belly while looking bad, "Let’s go! Take away both of them!"

...

When Anton returned to the apartment--- this was a new apartment Nikita rent, where Uncle Nikita and he lived these days.

It was a very good place to live!

Nikita also bought a PSP. Anton never tried such life without homework in the evening, while playing with PSP until he felt sleepy.

But when he opened the door with a large bag of food, Anton revealed a strange look--- because the whole apartment was messy, like it was looted by beasts.

Anton contacted Nikita quickly, but his phone could not get through... He suddenly did not know how to deal with the problem here.

But he found a note with an address had been stuck at the back of the door.

And there was a message attached.

‘If you want to save your agent, come to this address alone. Furthermore, you'd better not consider calling the police, or you will receive the dead body of your agent in advance as a Christmas gift this year.’

"Uncle Nikita..."

Anton suddenly put down the things, tearing down the paper attached on the door, and rushing down the stairs to the street. It was an unfamiliar address, but he thought he could also go there by taxi.

...

...

The sweat of the dealer dripped from his face, but he had to continue to deal the cards. In contrast, a man and a woman were sitting opposite him quietly.

One must believe that attractiveness from a girl will always be stronger than good-looking men, especially in this place full of masculine hormones--- but even so, many people gathered here paid more of their attention on the young man.

Precisely, he was a man with an eastern face--- because of his native Russian accent, the dealer had no idea about his nationality.

"Twen, twenty one, player wins..."

When the poker card was turned over, the dealer became even feebler. He could only declare it in a reluctantly loud voice and swallowed saliva along with pushing to the gambler.

This was already the 23rd win for the player--- of course, it was not weird, as long as there was enough times to lay down the bets.

But what about getting twenty-three continuous wins?

This definitely could not be calculated by probability... This was abnormal! Extremely abnormal!

The dealer even gambled in mind, ‘If this guy didn’t cheat, I’ll chop off my fingers! Unless he is God! God is sitting in front of me!’

‘Oh! God? What a ridiculous thought it is... hence, he must be cheating! But why does the manager not have any instructions?’

The dealer was waiting anxiously while starting shuffling for a new round, and began to consider the reason that guy came here--- in fact, he didn’t win much money during the 23 times, the amount of money could even be described as ‘pitiful’!

Because, this guy made the lowest bet--- and would never raise.

‘Is he playing? Or laughing at my strength? Or deliberately provoke this casino?’

Thinking about it, when he dealt the fifth card, he encountered

the same situation again, "Twen, twenty one, player wins..."

Oh my God!

This was the twenty-fourth... the dealer could not help whining in heart--- the twenty-fourth time this consecutive player won, and all 21 points. The dealer thought he was eligible to apply for the world record of the most unlucky dealer.

He didn’t know if there was such a world record...

...

"Slow down, slower!"

"No manager, it's the slowest, nothing can be found!"

"What about the boss?"

"The boss is in the basement, interrogating Nikita personally. He doesn’t want anyone to disturb him when he’s having fun!"

"Then tell him a guy won twenty-four continuous times... no, my God, is that guy a magician? twenty-five times! Go! Don’t stand about!"

"Ok, OK..."

...

...

Maybe his luck had ran out?

Nikita could not help thinking so when he spit bitter water. His viscera seemed to be mixed together, feeling like he almost died.

Suddenly, his hair was caught--- by the boss of this place, Andrew.

"Mr. Nikita, you're bearing longer than I thought."

Nikita coughed painfully, "Mr. Andrew, I said I can pay back the money I owed you soon... Why, do you still torture me?"

What was Andrew like?

He was almost as strong as Oleg, and different from those boss with better lives in Nikita's mind; rather, he was unusually robust.

"Mr. Nikita, maybe you don't know..." Andrew smiled, "Few people know that I'm the owner of both this casino and the underground ring at 78 Nevsky Prospect."

"What, what!" Nikita eyes opened wide.

Oh! My god! Nikita felt he understood the reason Andrew caught himself this time!

That ring was not a legal one--- such arenas basically were in control by makers. Although the slogan showed that anyone who were capable could play the game on the ring; however, it was obviously a means of attracting more gamblers.

Nikita never thought it a permanent solution for Anton to stay on this ring. He just intended to get enough benefit from this ring in the shortest period of time--- and stopped before completely infuriating the maker.

But he never thought it would have irritated the maker so quickly.

"Mr. Andrew, I, I can give you back the money I won these days..." Nikita implored.

Andrew just sneered.

Nikita said hurriedly, "I can also promise that Anton will not appear in your ring! Don't worry, he will never appear again!"

Andrew said indifferently, "Mr. Nikita, don't you think it is too late for the guy to leave the ring right now? Anton is a hot guy now. If he suddenly disappears from the ring, I think I'll experience a great loss in reputation. And the loss will be countless times higher than the money you won."

"You ... what do you want..."

Andrew raised his eyebrows, smiling, "You know, I used to be a

boxer too, but I've never seen such a powerful guy... he should always stay in my ring and become an overlord!"

"You want Anton to serve you?" Nikita could not help exclaiming.

Andrew took it lightly, "He'll be coming soon."

At this time, the sound of knocking at the basement door came. Andrew laughed, "See, he came!"

Ignoring Nikita's ugly look, Andrew opened the door and looked at his henchman, opening mouth first, "Has our guest come?"

"Boss... a customer above has got a 25 times winning streak!"

Andrew's face suddenly changed.

Chapter 250: The Lying Mr. K

Rushing to the monitor room quickly, Andrew emitted the same aura as a beast.

Andrew had his strong points and extraordinary means, so that he could get to his present status by working hard in this big city.

Money is a good thing because it can buy over a lot of services from politicians. Because of this... Andrew could do many things beyond the limits.

His body perhaps exuded a bloody smell, which even the cologne could not hide it.

"Is he the guy?" Andrew gaze turned sharp like a falcon.

"Yes, boss, and now he has won his thirty-first. It’s weird that he spends the least amount of money each time, and never raise." The manager's face looked awkward, "But fortunately he’s not playing baccarat... Otherwise, we will probably lose to other gamblers and go broke, even if he makes the minimum bets every time."

"Invite this gentleman to the VIP room," Andrew calmly said.

...

It was always mentioned in movies, and it seems that this plot was more likely to be shown in novels--- but it appears that there really was such a situation which could happen in daily life.

The VIP room was actually an area quieter than outside--- there was only the casino owner and one of his followers sitting beside him.

On the opposite side, Luo Qiu and You Ye were sitting there.

"Sir, what’s your name, please?" Andrew asked quite politely.

He didn’t believe in luck, but hard work. So he didn’t believe that someone could get a winning streak because of luck.

For this, Andrew heaved a deep sigh. One needed extraordinary skills to reach this level; and also, to dare to make these acts in a casino, extraordinary courage was a must.

So, suddenly Andrew became very interested in this young Eastern man--- no matter what his purpose was.

"Call me... K."

Boss Luo said softly, feeling he should be more casual in this place that was far away from his hometown.

In fact, their conversation was very harmonious.

It might be a bit old-fashioned. However, if it was for their personal interest, it would not matter, right?

"Mr. K?" Andrew nodded.

Obviously, this guy didn’t intend to show his true identity.

His suspicion increased; at the same time, Andrew's fake smile became more sincere, "Oh, Mr. K, your card skills really surprised for me! I think it is difficult to find someone like you... What can I do for you, Mr. K?"

"Why does Mr. Andrew think I want your help?"

Andrew laughed, "Mr. K must be kidding. Each time you make a lowest bet, you won a number of times, but actually you earn very little. Isn’t that a hint for me??"

Luo Qiu played with a chip taken from the gambling table, suddenly knocked twice on the table, "Has Andrew ever heard of the ‘Golder Game’?"

Andrew was stunned.

After that moment, his expression became unusually stiffened. But his look soon turned relaxed, smiling, "The biggest and safest game secretly in the world, I think many people would know it, wouldn't they?"

Luo Qiu said, "It’s good that Mr. Andrew knows it."

Saying that, Luo Qiu glanced at the man in suit behind Andrew.

Andrew said indifferently, "This is my assistant."

Luo Qiu also took it lightly, "At present, I have a ticket to ‘Golder’, is Mr. Andrew interested in it?"

Even though Andrew was unusually calm now, his quivering look betrayed his heart--- indeed, for him who knew what ‘Golder Game’ was, it was hard to maintain inner peace at the moment.

Golder ticket? That could not be acquired only by paying a small number of money!

Wealth, reputation, status ... even power, any of these was indispensable.

But Andrew was a suspicious person. His assistant lit a cigar for him. After smoking a little slowly, he suddenly laughed, "Is Mr. K's ticket fake?

"I was really unhappy about the last game." Luo Qiu pretended not to hear anything and continued lying to him. "So I had to get rid of all the waste under my name and will be going to purchase some new ones. There are a lot of rings in Moscow, but I heard Mr. Andrew's ring is good. After consideration, I came to you first."

"You want to buy a boxer from me and then attend ‘Golder’?" Andrew frowned.

It was not rare to buy and sell black market boxers in the underground world. It's almost the same as trading football and basketball players among those licensed clubs.

However, since it was about trading boxers--- then why he intentionally mentioned ‘Golder’?

Luo Qiu coolly said, "Why did I deliberately disclose to Mr. Andrew about the ‘Golder Game’, hum?"

Andrew was shocked at this moment... This young guy could see

through his thoughts. But he smiled calmly, "Is that weird? Why did Mr. K mention that game when talking about a simple boxer trade?"

"If it's a mere boxing barter..." Luo Qiu blinked his eyes, "I'm afraid I cannot get the most powerful boxer from Mr. Andrew. Andrew is a professional, and should know the difference between first-rate boxers and second-rate ones. Simply speaking, I don't want to get only second-rate or even third-rate boxer though I am paying the price for the first-rate boxer... I don't care about boxer's value, but I just want a clean boxer. "

Andrew said indifferently, "Don't worry, Mr. K, the boxers here are definitely 'clean', none of them ever used any drugs and hormones, not like paper tiger that could only have a strong figure as a template."

When it came to this, they should continue to talk.

However, under the surprised look of Andrew, the guy called Mr. K suddenly stood up... Well, the beautiful woman he brought was tidying his clothes carefully.

Although there were only two people, but their aura had also been revealed.

"Mr. Andrew can think about it." Luo Qiu said lightly, "I will come back in two days and I hope to see the best boxer then... Of course, there are also several rings besides Mr. Andrew, right? By the way, take this one back, I had a good time today."

Boss Luo suddenly thumb flipped, the chip he played with were thrown up to mid-air, and then fell on the table of the VIP room.

At the moment it fell, Luo Qiu also pushed open the door and left.

Andrew watched the two left until the door was closed. He held still, eyes slightly squinted, gazing at the smoke the cigar released.

"Boss, this guy was of dubious background, do we call a few brothers..."

Andrew suddenly waved his hand, heaving a sigh of relief and pointing at the chip on the table--- the assistant frowned, he only focused on the cool behavior of Mr. K, instead of paying attention to the falling chip.

He suddenly felt something weird. Walking to the table, he looked carefully, feeling extremely surprised while opening his mouth.

"Chip..."

This chip with a minimum denomination in the casino was now really lying on the table. But it was sinking!

Like a rock fell down into the muddy soil, the chip sank into the table!

The assistant dug the chip out of the table hard, weighing it in hand, saying inconceivably, "Boss, how can he achieve this?"

While Andrew took a deep breath, "I don't care how that guy did it... I just want to know if he really has the ticket to the 'Golder Game'!"

"Boss, what is the 'Golder' exactly?"

"It is ..." When Andrew was trying to explain it, the VIP room door was opened again.

The man coming into view said directly, "Boss, Anton is coming alone."

Andrew muttered, "If it is true... it seems it is necessary to ask Anton to be my boxer."

Chapter 251: I Want To Beat You!

"Boss, what is the‘Golder Game’..."

Andrew looked at his henchman, saying lightly, "It’s an event in the underground boxing arena, we call the participants ‘Boxing Masters’, and each ‘Boxing Master’ can dispatch three boxers to join in the matches. The mortality rate is infinitely close to 100%."

"Close to 100%?"

Andrew nodded, "Because only by killing an opponent is it treated as a triumph. Hence, the boxers have to go up to the special arena to fight without weapons. There is no limit or rules, they keep fighting until the declaration of either boxer’s death."

Aides frowned, subconsciously saying, "What if the two boxers are from the same ‘Boxing Master’?"

"Then fight one another." Andrew heaved a sigh, "No matter how many people join, there is only one winner at a time, and there is only one survivor."

"There is unexpectedly such a brutal boxing match!"

Cold sweat unconsciously emerged out of his hands--- Andrew was also a ring master, who always saw boxers being seriously beaten into disability, or unable to stand... However if only killing the opponent would it be regarded as a victory, there would be not many boxers willing to come up to the stage.

This was really a ring of death.

"The rules of the game were so cruel, but the champion would get the abundant rewards that deserve their effort." Andrew frowned, "But only the ‘Boxing Masters’ with admissibility know the rewards for their matches of that day. And all the ‘Boxing Masters’ will obey the secrecy rules, they won’t reveal the rewards."

He looked at his assistant, "But there are still countless rich

people trying every means to get entrance tickets of ‘Golder Game’ every year."

"Boss, do you want..."

Andrew did not respond to him--- he wouldn’t tell his assistant that he missed ‘Golder Game’ once.

"Greet our guests first," he said indifferently.

...

"Andrew should be interested in ‘Golder Game’."

Leaving the casino... he was now standing on the roof next to the casino building.

Did the club boss have the entrance tickets of the so-called ‘Golder Game’?

The answer was ‘yes’--- there were many weird items with different usages in the club, included the entrance ticket of ‘Golder Game’, which seemed to be valid all along.

As to that if the club owner wanted to participate in such a match?

The answer was... Mr. K had just told a lie.

Luo Qiu looked at the grown-up Antonio, who was in the alley beside the apartment. And checked the time, whispering softly to You Ye, "It’s the dusk, would you like to go somewhere to see the sunset? "

"The view of the Kremlin is good, especially looking out from the president's office."

Luo Qiu watched You Ye funnily.

He suddenly liked this feeling.

In the future journey of life, he would excavated You Ye’s past little by little, and bring surprises for himself bit by bit.

And make his heart, that was hard to produce waves, ripple

occasionally, little by little.

...

...

When Andrew saw Anton, he became absent-minded at that moment.

He had to look at this man taller than him.

Once upon a time, he also gained fame and fortune from the underground boxing ring. So he knew more than anyone else about the power containing in this body--- his level could not be achieved through acquired training!

‘He’s born to be a boxer! The perfect warrior created by God!’

"Where is Nikita?" Anton looked at Andrew, humming to ask.

Perhaps because fighting with other boxers on the stage, or because he had grown up, Anton... Antonio felt surprised because he didn’t feel fear this time--- If it during his childhood, he would feel his heart beat faster and become fearful when watching these tall and strong guys inside.

"No matter what benefits Nikita gave you," Andrew got to the point, "I’ll give you ten times, as long as you’re willing to be a boxer in my group! Fortune, villa, luxury car and beautiful women! I can give you whatever you want! "

"Ten times?" Antonio gave a start, shaking his head, "Nikita didn’t give me anything. We just make money together, I want to make enough money to build my own base."

Looking at the gigantic man in front talking about the base, Andrew and his assistant were stupefied, "Base?"

Antonio nodded, "I want to buy a piece of land with a large tree, and then build one of the largest tree house on it as my base!"

Who knows what did Andrew and his assistant think at this time?

Anyway, Andrew had forgot to drop cigar ash since he met that mysterious eastern customer just now--- and the cigar that was almost burning out suddenly burned his finger.

The burning pain let Andrew suddenly throw away the thing in his hand, followed by slight cough... Did Anton deliberately say that? A normal person won't say such naive words.

However, he was still acting under the principle of being able to recruit this guy, saying decisively, "I have a plot of land with dozens of trees inside. If you like it, I can send it to you directly. And if you want a tree house, I can also ask people to build tree houses in those trees before you receive it!"

"Really?" Antonio showed surprised look suddenly.

Andrew opened his mouth by surprise--- This was actually his real intention!

He met too many people, so he could distinguish the real faces of many people--- He could not see through the mysterious Mr. K, but he could at least gaze through the hearts of ordinary people!

Anton's look was so pure, no impurity could be seen from his eyes.

"Oh my God, sure! I never lied to my staff." Andrew nodded, "As long as you can work for me, everything will not be a problem."

However at this time, Antonio hesitated, "But I want to see Uncle Nikita first."

Uncle Nikita?

Andrew gave a start, but did not think too much. Perhaps this was the reason Nikita could become the agent of this guy. Andrew nodded to give a sign to his assistant.

The assistant went out as soon as he understood it. After a while, he and other staff towed Nikita back into the room, who lost his energy after being beaten up.

"Uncle Nikita!" Andrea felt worried as meeting him, and running to Nikita's, holding his body, and turned back to glare at Andrew, yelling angrily, "Why did you hit him?"

"Well, it’s just misunderstanding." Andrew laughed, "Mr. Nikita borrowed some money from us, but didn’t pay back and ran away... Of course, it has ad been solved now. Oh, dear Anton, we will be responsible for all the expenses in letting Mr. Nikita recover, and I promise that we’ll treat him well and have him live a better life. That’s all because now you have become my worker, right?"

Nikita now held Antonio's arm, whispering at his ear, "Agree him first, and then leave... Don’t have head-on fight with them. Listen to me... Eh-hem... "

Antonio nodded, looking at Andrew, "I’ll take Nikita back!"

"Of course!" Andrew smiled, "I will ask people to send you back to have a rest. I have a very nice villa in the suburbs. Anton, you can live there after! Don’t worry, I have prepared some small gifts for you there. I believe you will like them."

Unexpectedly Nikita said answered, "Wait, Mr. Andrew, my brother has also been taken away by your henchmen, where is he?"

Andrew was stunned, glancing at the assistant. And the assistant said, "Well, we met some trouble when we ‘invited’ Mr. Nikita to come with us, so we took one more person back."

"Take him away, too." Andrew didn’t mind when he replied.

After a while, three strong men dragged a robust man to the front of everyone--- it was Oleg!

His hands and feet were shackled. The wound on his forehead that was smashed by a vase hadn’t been dressed. Blood stained red his face with dirt, and sweat wet Oleg’s body--- Even so, Oleg was still very tenacious, only three strong men joined forces could barely bring him under control.

When Andrew saw Oleg, his gaze was delighted, feeling that there must be a fierce beast hiding in this guy's body.

He believed that if there was no better choice---Anton... no, no, no, a ‘Boxer Master’ would never feel there were enough good warriors!

But the pity was that this guy might be past his golden age. Even if he was still strong in physique, but the physical reaction would be far more less than before... that was very unfortunate.

"Send away this gentleman too with a little medical expanse." Andrew said indifferently, "We are civilized people."

Ah---!!!

But unexpectedly, a roar suddenly rang!

Anton's eyes opened wide, walking toward Oleg step by step--- he was so strong that he could look down anyone here!

Anton shouted again, one hand held up the strong man who pressed Oleg, throwing his out severely!

He kicked out the other man meanwhile, the terrible power had him fly away!

"How dare you do so to him!!! Aha!!!"

Along with Anton’s roar containing serious anger, the horrible scene happened--- Anton grasped the thick chain between both handcuffs restrained Oleg’s hands, pulling apart forcibly!

He directly broke the chains, and he he did the same to the anklets at Oleg’s feet, which were easy to be broken!

"You are..."

Oleg frowned as looking at this guy in front, an unusual familiarity left him be absent-minded.

But at that time, Anton had taken care of the third strong man with a punch and walked towards Andrew step by step, "I don’t

want to work for you! Because I want to beat you! Severely beat you up!!"

Andrew was also a heartless and cruel man. He suddenly snorted, taking two steps back calmly with a cold voice, "It looks you still need some discipline! Catch them, no one can leave here today!

The assistant hurried to press a button under the desk, and the office door opened in a second. Several men rushed into the room--- and other people were rushing over to this place!

These strong men pounced on Anton without hesitation, grabbing his hands and his waist!

But Anton had very vigorous force. Even if he was controlled by four men, they could still not stop him!

He fiercely shouted, twisting his body. Those who grabbing him were directly thrown out--- more strong men got up soon after falling down, swooping toward Anton!

But Anton showed his terrifying strength to everybody!

His muscles were as hard as steel! Any fist couldn’t shake the giant man that was like a Siberian bear! However, his punch was like a hammer, which could knock down a 200-pound person easily!

"I want to beat you!"

Here, Anton was invincible!

Chapter 252: Unawareness of the Opposite Guy

Anton's threw his punch towards Andrews heavily, but Andrew, with his rich experience of fighting in rings, escaped Anton’s fist tactfully.

The fist hit the bookshelf behind Andrew and the thick wood couldn’t resist it! Anton swept his arm suddenly as it pierced through the bookshelf!

His strong arm was like a bulldozer, breaking the shelves, and then sweeping toward Andrew.

Andrew raised his both arms to protect his face, but they could not resist the powerful attack. After resisting the first attack, his body could not help but continue to retreat back. He couldn’t almost feel his arms.

Andrew even felt that his arm bones were about to be broken---he realized how terrible this guy's strength was after experiencing it himself.

But there were some others in this deluxe and spacious study besides Andrew.

"Stop! Or you’ll probably not see this guy again!"

Andrew’s assistant yelled in a low voice!

Anton had to stop his attack--- At least he knew what this guy was holding in hand and what situation Nikita was in.

His assistant held the pistol, aiming at the back of Nikita’s head, which had Nikita have to raise his both hands tremblingly and faked an ugly smile, "Hey, dude, I may get you into trouble, right? But if you tell me that it’s a massage stick behind me, I’ll probably praise you..."

"I also wish it just a stick," Oleg said cautiously, while checking

everything around quickly.

Andrew's henchmen had already got up--- though they revealed bad looks after being attacked by Anton, now the situation was obviously reversed.

Even Anton had to stop...how should he deal with it under such situation?

All of a sudden.

Oleg shouted.

Vanishing, Oleg suddenly jumped up! He was very tall, and jumped extremely high!

Oleg's both hands grasped the luxury crystal ceiling lamp in the study! He abruptly pulled it down along with his roar!

With sparks flying everywhere, the decorative lighting crashed down the ground.

Out of instinct, the assistant subconsciously retreated two steps, while Oleg’s hand muscles swelled, grabbing the crystal lamp shelf, and swinging it about crazily. The assistant was hit and swept down to the ground.

"Go! Go!! Let’s go!" Oleg shouted like mad.

Witnessing this, Nikita pulled Anton's arm, quickly escaping out of the door. And Oleg pulled the crystal lamp shelf, and had stuck at the doorframe to block the door temporarily, before following them to leave.

"Boss, are you okay?"

The assistant climb up, walking quickly to Andrew, and asking with panic.

Andrew suddenly took several times of deep breath, quickly walked back and forth with arms on his waist, turning around suddenly and saying, "Don’t stand about idly! Go chase them!!!"

"Yes..."

...

...

"We should be safe for now."

Oleg spread open the blind window and looked outside. As for Nikita, he brought a bottle of wine from the tea room expertly, walking out while drinking, with a few cups in his hand.

Oleg frowned, "Nikita, behave, don't touch the company's stuff without permission."

"Boss, I'm hurting so bad, do you want me to die?" Nikita bared his fangs and sat down, putting down the cup. He poured wine while looking at Anton, "Here is the logistics company Oleg and I are working for. Andrew may go to Oleg's home to look for us, but he won't expect that we came to this place."

Anton face showed a little excitement. He was still enjoying the memory what happened in the casino just now and couldn't help looking at Oleg, "Dad ... Mr. Oleg, you were just too cool just now!"

"Haha!" Nikita smiled with proud, "it's just a small case! You know, Oleg even overturned an underworld gang that year! You may not imagine that the situation of that year was more thrilling than this time... "

"Nikita, you talk too much!" Oleg suddenly alerted him.

Nikita closed his mouth immediately, "OK, I won't talk, I'll just drink."

Oleg suddenly said, "Andrew is not a nice person . You offended him, so you can't stay here for now... leave this place, go as far as you can. When it comes to the evening, I'll send you to the station. "

"Brother, what about you?"

Oleg said indifferently, "I won't leave this place until I find

Antonio. Don’t worry, if I want to hide, they’ll not find me easily."

Nikita didn’t say anything, but nodded. Anton lips moved, wanted to say something, but he didn’t. He looked at Nikita filling a glass of liquor and suddenly picked it up and drinking it, but choked and coughed instead.

"You should drink Maggs! Vodka is for adults, little brother." Nikita couldn’t help laughing.

Anton choked, "I can drink it, I just didn’t get used to it."

Nikita shrugged and staggered, "I’ll go to the washroom, call me if something happens."

After Nikita left, Oleg gazed at Anton. He frowned, "Have we met each other somewhere?"

He sat in front of Anton, looking straight to this young man that stronger than him... especially his eyes, which gave him a familiar feel that he couldn’t forget.

"No," Anton shook and lowered his head, playing with the glass. He suddenly asked, "Mr. Oleg, if we continued fighting them, we could probably beat them up severely, why should we go?

Oleg said indifferently, "Then what about after beating them up?"

"Just tell him, don’t come to look for trouble again!"

Oleg smiled and shook his head, picking up a glass of wine and shaking, "That’ll only have them angrier. Boy, listen, unless we kill him, he won’t stop looking for trouble. Then, do you want to kill Andrew?"

"Kill him..." Anton shook his head hurriedly, "No."

Oleg closed his eyes and leaned against his chair, speaking slowly, "Then let's go, as far as you can, for avoiding troubles."

"Escape, is it a coward's behavior?" Anton suddenly said.

Oleg suddenly opened his eyes, sitting here with a gentle face, "Young man, nothing is more important than life. Escape is not necessarily a coward’s behavior, but..."

"But what?"

Oleg shook his head, saying coolly, "You'll know it later. Besides, I have no obligation to teach you anything--- rather, it should be your father's responsibility."

Anton suddenly lowered his head, "He... never told me these."

"Then he must be a terrible father," Oleg swilled a full glass of vodka at a stroke, smiling, and looking out the window. After a long while, he whispered in a positive tone, "And me too."

Somehow, Antonio now had an impulse to escape from Oleg--- it was not the first time for him.

...

"Not yet, a second... immediately!"

The afflictive voice followed by a relaxing voice came from Nikita in the toilet, and then he asked, "Who is it?"

"Nikita, it's me."

"Anton, wait a minute, I'll get out right now." Nikita touched the sweat at his forehead.

While Anton said, "Nikita, what is Mr. Oleg like... he’s obviously strong, but he looks very scared."

Nikita gave a start, inquiring after a while of silence, "What did he say to you?"

"Nothing."

"Oh is that right..." Nikita sighed, "He was not afraid, he just fell asleep. You know? The person who can wake him up has already left this world."

"Left this world?"

"That’s his wife, Kamala."

Mum...

Nikita, who was still squatting at the toilet, looked up to the ceiling at this time, lighting up a cigarette, saying slowly after taking a drag on, "It was twelve years ago, Oleg, Kamala and I, are children grew up in the same village. We all had dreams at that time..."

Chapter 253: We are All Weak

Nikita knew Anton for only a few days, but perhaps because they encountered danger together, and were now in the same boat--- or because Anton gave him a feeling that he could pour out all his thoughts.

Who knows?

Perhaps he just wanted to speak out something hiding in his heart--- Like such a time that happened 12 years ago.

"Oleg Is a very strong man and God's favorite. He was clever, powerful, and he received love of the most beautiful Kamala... hey hey. "Nikita said with a smile, "Actually, like many people, I'm jealous of the most beautiful Kamala and Oleg secretly, but I'm different from other people, because I also wish happiness to both of them sincerely at the same time."

Outside the door, Anton... Antonio seldom heard anything about her mother Kamala from Oleg. He was unusually quiet at this time.

As quiet as falling asleep while listening to the story told by their relatives in bed.

"Mum... why did Miss Kamala go for Mr. Oleg?" Anton asked softly.

Nikita thought for a while, "Probably because of his innate sense of justice. Trust me, the Oleg of that time was really a guy who made everyone feel ashamed. Once, our neighbors were harassed by some villains. When we were discussing how to avoid such calamity happened again, Oleg had beaten them up severely... The amount of the villagers that received Oleg's help was really a big number when I think of it... However, the big number is also a joke."

"Why?"

"When everyone you ever helped turns to go against you, will you

be still proud of your assistance to them?" Nikita said in a cool and unkind voice, "When those who said thank you with smile turns to say sorry to you and then hurt you without hesitation... Oh, dear Anton, trust me, that must be the most disgusting and saddest situation in your imagination, and also the most helpless situation."

Antonio frowned, he couldn’t really understand Nikita's words. He asked, "What happened?"

Nikita heaved a sigh, "Our village was thriving on coal mine business...you know that there is a higher rate of unfair and terrible matters that happen in the mine. Lots which will be far more out of your imagination. All those are because of the oppression of the senior staffs and the dispute among workers. After so many years, a stable and balanced situation was formed--- to people growing up there, they aren’t completely aware of what the outside world is like. The only thing we know is that, the most powerful one in the mine, will be the truth and dominator."

Nikita shook his head, sighing, "Oleg may be a man born with a strong sense of justice. He resisted that kind of decadent lifestyle and hated the oppression from the upper level officers in the mine lot. An idea of protecting the public occurred in his mind. He even thought that as long as everyone joined hands, no one could bully us--- so, he took actions."

"From the very beginning, because of Oleg’s help and his reputation in people’s hearts, he gathered a lot of people who were willing to resist. We resisted unreasonable overtime, we asked for more days of vacations as well as improvement of food; we even started to go on strike. At last, Oleg even beat those taskmasters into serious injury."

Nikita showed a slight hint of reminisce, "That time might be the brightest time for the village during these decades, and Oleg was also considered a hero to us--- but he wasn't satisfied; rather, he kept this hard-won hope more carefully... but... "

Nikita's voice turned sad suddenly, "Oleg forgot one thing, that not everyone was like him, who has a strong body, courage and the most important thing---sense of justice. You know, the darkness of the mine has never been dispelled, it just hid somewhere. Yeah, like a viper, hibernating cautiously in the darkness, and waiting for the opportunity to act."

"I forgot who was the guy first. I just remember that day as we were preparing before going to work as usual, a miner was found collapsing in his home, and his left hand has been cut off. When we found him, his left hand had already stopped bleeding... Because the blood has been sealed, and the cut-off hand was thrown to the edge of the wall. And bloody words were found on the wall, ‘DON'T RESIST’."

Nikita took a bitter smile, "Those people took revenge too fast, there was even no time left for us to react. You know? We are different from them--- they are hooligans. Devils that could do any evil thing. There were always rumors that some family was harassed at night, and some house had been set on fire secretly, or perhaps somebody was beaten black and blue on the road."

Nikita sighed, "No, we couldn’t continue. No matter how Oleg urged everyone, such fear was not able to be stopped. Even if some people were still insisting, but until that day..."

"Those people said only by handing over Oleg, and returning back to the previous life, would they stop the damage. They even promised to improve our work conditions as long as the leader, Oleg, was turned in--- otherwise, troubles will be further intensified."

"Ah!" Anton shouted. He felt hands and feet cold suddenly, "Then, what happened then..."

"Sorry, that was not our original thoughts, but I need to take care of the seniors and kids in my family."

"I'm sorry... they said as long as, as long as I give in, they’d let us

go."

"I'm sorry... Oleg, I beg you please. You're helping us all along. And this time, could you help us again? They said they can exempt my gambling debts, otherwise ... Death will be the only way for me."

"I'm sorry, Oleg, I'm really sorry... but we have no other ways."

"We ... We never asked you to do so much... This is just your own self-gratification!"

Nikita sneered, "That day was filled with the most apologies I've heard in my life--- I even knew they understood what they were doing! If Oleg was a banner of hope, then they were cutting it down! When they did it, it meant they would like to continue being bullied, but they had to do it. Who's not selfish? And who doesn't want to protect their families? Those guys knew clearly about our weaknesses!"

"They...went too far!" Anton gnashed his teeth.

Nikita didn't go right ahead the question, but said quickly, "Oleg was thoroughly enraged, he rushed out of the village from the besieging of the villagers, making a dive for that place. When he walked out, we only saw his bloody body... When he witnessed that the fully-equipped villagers were still blocking his way with different tools in hands, his heart might have probably died after the anger."

Nikita opened the door, rolling up his pants, "Oleg took Kamala and left after that day. I felt it boring and meaningless as well, so I went out with Oleg to somewhere else to live, then I had several years of quiet life. And Oleg and Kamala also had a kid."

"But Kamala died ." Nikita took a deep breath, "It seemed like she died of a car accident, but in fact she died in the path of vengence. Although we left the village, but those evil people of that year didn't intend to let us go."

Shaking his head, Nikita washed his face and sighed, "Since Kamala died, Oleg turned more decadent---He had to do so because he was afraid that if he started resisting some day, it would implicate the only child of him and Kamala. Just like those villagers who said sorry to him but went against him."

Nikita said with a hint of hate, "After those people killed Kamala, they didn't attack Oleg--- I understand their thoughts! They want Oleg to live in pain in his life and avoid him from generating any thoughts of getting revenge. It's very easy to kill a person, and the best way to get revenge is to kill one's heart. "

Looking back to Anton, who was sitting on the ground. He was curious but didn't ask; instead, he heaved a sigh, "Anton, remember, no matter how powerful you are, but one person's justice and power is still too weak and helpless. The helplessness and weakness can make a man as brave as a lion choose to grin and bear the repression for their children, like an ill cat. "

"This is what I know about Oleg." Nikita suddenly smiled, like self-mockery, "Probably, it's also the story of many other people, isn't it? We are all weak, so we could only choose to turn a blind eye to it. we hope the appearance of a hero, but we'll destroy the hero by ourselves. We imagine to be a hero, fighting for justice, killing the evil and doing what common people cannot do... but we never thought to bear a hero's woes. "

Chapter 254: Too Young, At That Time

"Are you ready? If you are ready, let me send you to the station first."

Watching Nikita and Anton walk out of the washroom, Oleg went towards them and gave Nikita some money, "Tell me when you settled down and I'll go to visit you during my leisure time."

"Got it! And take care man." Nikita was very direct. He knew he was a burden staying with Oleg, so he'd better leave to make Oleg free from worry.

"Then go quickly, don't waste time." Oleg nodded, throwing a glance at Anton with apology, "Sorry, Nikita got you into trouble this time, but his nature is not bad, just a little greedy."

"Hey! Dude! Are you praising me?"

Oleg smiled, but he didn't talk more; instead, he gave Nikita a hug.

At this time, Anton said, "I won't go."

The two frowned in the meantime, looking at this 20-year-old boy. Oleg looked into his eyes, which was clear enough to be seen through and read his thoughts.

He was puzzled again, "Won't you go? You mean you want to go back to fight with Andrew?"

Anton inhaled deeply, whispering, "I won't be a coward! I don't want to be bullied! They are bad guys, why are we afraid of them! We should resist! So they dare not bully us!"

Oleg lips moved slightly, but didn't avoid this pair of clear and very familiar eyes. He said indifferently, "You can think of these things when you become a grown-up."

"I've been an adult already!"

Oleg shook his head., "No, you're still a kid."

At the moment Anton was about to dispute, the logistics company's door was abruptly burst opened--- when the door hit the wall fiercely, a guy was seen standing at the door frame.

It was Andrew's assistant, whom they had seen in Andrew’s study.

"Oh! Everybody, unexpectedly we meet each other again, time goes fast!"

...

"Boss! We've caught back Nikita already."

Andrew could not help giving a start, as being silent in his office with a fierce look--- it was the room next to his original study.

"Oh? So fast?"

"Yes, boss." The assistant said with smile, "It might be because our henchmen spread the information to seek for clues. We never thought it’d be useful, but unexpectedly, someone delivered a message very soon. Then we took many brothers there, a lot of them got injured in the fight, but eventually we caught him."

There was still a bruise could be seen on his assistant's face and his lips were a little bit pale. "Fortunately, Nikita is really just a burden to them. Because of him, Oleg and Anton have to give up resisting."

The assistant then walked to Andrew and whispered, "We fired a few shots... that’s all because those two guys are so strong."

Andrew nodded, "That’s just a small case, you can get it through paying for those heelers. Catching these two guys are the most important thing... Keep a close eye on Oleg and Anton, especially Anton, this guy was born with superhuman strength!"

"I gave them anesthesia, even an elephant would lose its ability to stand up!"

"Good job," Andrew smiled with satisfaction.

It was really a matter worth being happy--- After the fight in the study, he was shocked by Anton’s power!

The next matter was to consider how to guide Anton in an appropriate way--- of course, Oleg, who was a little older, was also a good choice. If he could control his physical power, he could manage to be a super-premium boxer.

A huge rock dropped from Andrew’s heart, so he felt relieved, and lighted a cigar comfortably as squinting his eyes, "By the way, is there any news about the Mr. K, who I asked you to investigate?"

The assistant face turned a little ugly, "Sorry, boss, we couldn’t get Mr. K's information at all... In addition, his appearance didn’t show up on the video during the time he was playing blackjack in the gambling hall, all the cameras couldn’t show Mr. K’s appearance."

"What?" Andrew was stupefied, "What does ‘couldn’t show his appearance’ mean?"

The assistant answered quickly, "When he was in the gambling hall, we saw clearly the appearance of this Mr. K through the surveillance video, and I can promise that no one else ever touched and tampered these videos. But what’s weird, when we turned it on again, All the frames about this Mr. K become blur..."

"Excuse me?" Andrew frowned seriously.

He suddenly thought of that chip... After being silence for a moment, Andrew said slowly, "Stop investigating this guy. If he really wants to purchase boxers from me, he'll show up again."

...

...

After replacing the messy sofa again, Luo Qiu sat down.

Here was the apartment Nikita rented by using the money Anton won at the boxing match--- these were everything in the apartment

originally.

Now, the servant girl looked out of the window, before walking back to Luo Qiu, whispering, "Master, the chess piece that delivered the message came back. He looks very happy. It must have received some reward."

"That is to say, Oleg and others have been caught." Luo Qiu opened a soft book, talking as looking at it, "The father and son should have been caught in the gambling hall... But since they escaped, there's no difference between the two results."

"Let me go arrange the meeting tomorrow, and inform him get ready for it seriously."

Luo Qiu shook his head, "No, let's wait for one more day... I, too, hope that my father to be a great hero."

You Ye tilted her head, long hair hung down next to Luo Qiu's left face.

"Antonio took his diary just in his backpack when he ran away from home." Luo Qiu turned to a page, continuing to read it softly.

Suddenly, he read a sentence loud.

"But my dad is a meanie! He even forgot today is my birthday!"

"Today I fought with Cass. Cass was no match for me, but he called his dad, and I called mine later. My father didn't ask me the reason I fought with him; he just apologized to Cass and his father! But it's because Cass played tricks on me. My father is obviously taller than Cass's, why did he apologize? I don't understand. Are my classmates right, saying that my dad is a coward?"

"Today, Uncle Nikita told me that my dad is a great man. I asked him why he said that, and he looked at me with smile, My dad spoiled me, so that I dare even skip class now, isn't it considered to be great?"

"I saw! Today I saw! I think I'll never forget in my life! I saw my

father kneel down to other person! I saw that person pour beer on my dad's head! I know that guy is a hooligan because I heard Aunt Catherine talked about him! Oh my God, my dad is kneeling down to a hooligan! Did I see it wrong? I don’t believe it! That’s not true! Is my dad really a coward?"

"I don’t want to be bullied! I wanna grow up! And I will beat all of those who used to bully me!"

"New Year, my father is still working overtime, and I eat alone at home. It’s disgusting."

"I miss my mum, but I forgot her appearance. I can only look at the picture of her."

"I saw the hooligan again that bullied my dad! This time, he was bullying Calcache's grandpa! He’s so hateful, so I pinched a piece of mud, and threw it toward him! But I ran slower than him, I was caught and punched. My dad called me to have dinner, I can only say that I’m not hungry, so painful! I want to grow up quickly!"

...

I want to grow up! I want to grow up! I want to protect my dad, I want to protect Uncle Nikita! I want to grow up! I want to leave this home to prove that I’ve already been an adult! Goodbye, dad! I’ll make a huge base, and do a lot of exercises in it, and then come back!

...

The diary was flipped until the end.

He’d been reading until the end, and the servant girl poured a glass of water and sent it to Luo Qiu.

Luo Qiu suddenly said gently, "Probably seven or eight years old, I also wanted to be an adult quickly; but later when I really grew up, at sixteen or seventeen, I felt the idea was quite childish. For a period, I hated children very much."

Luo Qiu blinked his eyes as saying, "Especially those naughty children... but actually I was in their age that time, 16 or 17 years old. There was no obvious maturity comparing with myself of the past."

Luo Qiu shook his head, laughing at himself, "I thought I've grown up after reading more books, listening to some specious principles, or perhaps experiencing something I shouldn't have at that age. However, when facing a problem, I'll become nonplus like a child, thinking that the way I dealt with problems was very good but actually, it's full of loopholes. Some time after, I realized that's not growing up, but just becoming sensible... The period of growing up might be a mirror, I can see clearly my childish self at the young age. I hated it."

Luo Qiu looked at the peaceful water in the cup, which was not be stirred, saying softly, "However, I've grown up now---My hope has been achieved, but I still cannot get rid of the naiveness after so many years."

The servant girl was a good listener to Boss Luo.

She wouldn't voice her opinions, nor say something to enlighten him... He would feel comfortable, perhaps because of her accompaniment.

One could even say, he liked her?.

Luo Qiu smiled, "I want to eat braised meat balls in brown sauce, is that alright?"

"OK, I'll go prepare the ingredients right now."

...

...

"Boss! Mr. K is coming! He's still at the blackjack table!" The assistant hurriedly ran into the room, saying loudly, "But this time, Mr. K bet 20 million Rubles on the first bet... "

Andrew suddenly jumped up due to astonishment.

It made him recall the horror and humiliation from the dozens of losing streaks that day!

He had to console himself; however, fortunately the game that day was just for fun.

But today he bet 20 million Rubles from the beginning... it probably showed his purpose of making the boss go bankrupt!

"Hurry up! Invite him to the VIP room! BE QUICK!"

Chapter 255: Duel between the Father and the Son

Of course, Andrew wasn’t afraid of some conflict happened in his casino--- there were only two people on the opposite side!

If Mr. K dared to do so, Andrew didn’t intend to let him go out of the casino door so easily, even if he was a god.

But he was still very scared.

He feared both this mysterious Mr. K and the fact that he had ‘Golder Game’ tickets---Obviously, no one would believe that the two showed up in his casino conspicuously were common people without special skills.

"Mr. Andrew, is this the best boxer in your group?"

Luo Qiu shook his head when looking at a boxer with strong muscles across a large glass--- no matter how hard the boxer tried to show his strength.

"Why, isn’t Mr. K satisfied with him?" Andrew smiled, "He used to serve in the army, so he has better combat consciousness comparing with other boxers trained in the same conditions."

Luo Qiu took it indifferently, "If this is the best boxer Andrew could provide me with, I think there is no need to continue the conversation."

Turning around, the club boss nodded politely to Andrew, "Be it so, I’m leaving."

"Hold on please." Andrew suddenly persuaded him to stay, while asking his assistants to step backward.

Only he and Luo Qiu remained in this selecting room. He probably tried to show his sincerity, but also wanted to learn more from him.

"I don’t know how Mr. K can prove that you have ‘Golder Game’ tickets?"

"I don’t have to prove it," Luo Qiu said coolly, "Now, the situation is that there’s no entitled boxer in Mr. Andrew’s group, is there?"

Andrew remained a little time of silence--- in fact, he didn’t like having dealings with unknown people, nor believing a stranger so easily.

But he thought it might be a hard-won opportunity--- His heart beat more quickly when getting closer to Mr. K. Andrew couldn’t distinguish if it was excitement or worry, but from his intuition, it was clear that getting in touch with Mr. K would be an extremely dangerous thing.

The higher risk, the more rewards one will get--- No matter if he had the tickets or not, it’d be impossible to take away the boxer free of charge.

After thinking about it carefully, Andrew said slowly, "Mr. K, I really have a top-level boxer, and a guy with excellent combat conscious but a little older. Neither of them has been tamed yet. Is Mr. K interested in them?"

"Of course," Mr. K---Boss Luo chuckled, "A beast that is harder to be tamed means it’s more powerful, and I’m really happy to wait and see them."

"Bring the two guys here." Andrew opened the door and gave the order.

Not long after, Anton and Oleg had been taken to the glass room. Both of them looked dispirited. But Oleg's look was still fierce, compared to Anton who was more uncomfortable.

Watching Mr. K look at the two, Andrew smiled, "Mr. K, a good boxing master can evaluate the price of a boxer. I think Mr. K can capture the see the outstanding advantages of the two guys."

However, Luo Qiu talked leisurely, "A terrible beast without feet

will be just fiercer than an antelope, but cannot be considered as a powerful one."

Andrew said indifferently, "I just anesthetized them. I've said that I didn't completely tame them yet. I'm not willing to make them law-abiding through beating them. An excellent boxer should not get any hurt at anywhere outside the ring."

Luo Qiu suddenly questioned, "Which one is more powerful?"

Andrew was stunned--- he ever thought of this question.

From the perspective of the most intuitive aspect--- the power, Anton could be undoubtedly called a genius, who was young enough and more powerful than Oleg, who was over 30 and getting weaker in physical power.

However, after viewing the scene happened in the study, he considered that Anton was nothing more than a guy with brute force, but Oleg was good at observation and calm enough.

"The two guys ..." Andrew thought for a while, "I think both of them have their own advantages, so I cannot give you the right answer."

"That's quite a pity, they are really good." Luo Qiu said indifferently, "But I only need one boxer. If Mr. Andrew couldn't even recommend one for me, that would be really a headache... Oh, right..."

Luo Qiu suddenly raised his eyebrows, suggesting with a teasing smile like an evildoer, "How about holding a duel for the two? And I'll pick up the winner... of course, I'll compensate Mr. Andrew for the lost one, I won't let you suffer a lost."

"Do you want them to have a life-and-death duel?" Andrew frowned.

"Of course!" Luo Qiu chuckled, "Mr. Andrew, I want to join 'Golder Game'." You should know what it is. If they can't adapt to life-and-death fight and have no courage to face death, they are

useless to me!"

That was true, but Andrew didn’t respond him right now; instead, he squinted his eyes.

Luo Qiu sat down, and You Ye walked to Andrew emotionlessly with a paycheck between her fingers, "This is the deposit. If my boss feels satisfied, money will not be a problem."

If the check was true, then Andrew had to admit that the amount really shocked his heart.

And... it was just the deposit!

To be honest, Anton and Oleg were of good quality--- however, neither of them was cultivated by Andrew!

Frankly, these two were taken back without paying anything. Thus, only the deposit could make him a bundle.

"Mr. K is really a straightforward person."

But Andrew pushed back the check and said seriously, "The deposit isn’t necessary; even I can give up the expense of purchasing the boxer. What I need... is that Mr. K can recommend me and help get the qualification of entering the ‘Golder Game’ before the date of the next match."

Luo Qiu said emotionlessly, "Is Mr. Andrew worrying about one more competitor in the future, right?"

Andrew replied calmly as expecting it earlier, "Doesn’t Mr. K want one more ally in ‘Golder Game’ later? Even though there’s only one winner, many obstacles are getting in the way."

Luo Qiu simply stood up, glancing at Anton and Oleg behind the glass, "How soon would they recover? I want to watch the life-and-death duel myself."

"Just as soon as I stop the anaesthetic." Andrew said coolly, "From their physique, I think Mr. K would see a wonderful fight tonight only if provide them with some nutrients. And I’ll prepare

a VIP seats for Mr. K."

"Then thank you, Mr. Andrew." Luo Qiu nodded. "I hope we would have a pleasant cooperation."

Andrew also smiled, "Me too."

...

...

Andrew preferred to imprison intractable guys into a special-made iron cage, which made him feel like capturing wild beasts.

Such as now, he was enjoying watching Anton and Oleg trapped in the iron cage.

He'd been sitting here for more than half an hour and kept watching the expression on both faces--- and even their looks were memorable main dishes for Andrew.

"I need you two fight each other after the anesthetic effect tonight. Andrew's teeth tore his cigar, lighting it up, smoking and letting the smoke out, with cool look, like controlling their fate. "Only one of you can survive."

Anton and Oleg looked up to Andrew at the same time.

Oleg couldn't help sneering, "Sir, have you lost your mind due to over inhalation of tobacco tar?"

Andrew answered lightly, "You can choose not to fight, but don't forget, that Nikita is still in my hands, you know? Now several high-blooded Siberian bears are being fostered in my suburban villa. I think they'll be happy to have extra meal."

"You!"

Looking at Oleg's wide-opened eyes, Andrew chuckled, "Oleg, it's very easy for me to check one's background in Moscow... you are called Oleg and have a ten-year-old kid. He seemed to have run away from home these days? I don't know if you can leave this place. Because if you choose not to fight, I'll have to do away with

you."

Oleg held the column of this huge iron cage, but under the anesthetic effect, he couldn’t shake these thick iron bars at all.

He had to sit down on the ground, looking towards Anton next to him subconsciously.

He clearly saw a hint of fear from the young man's eyes--- he seemed to beg him that not agreed to Andrew's demand.

Who knows when, Andrew already left this place.

There were many iron cages here, but only Anton and Oleg were imprisoned.

After a long time of silence, Oleg closed his eyes gradually and turned about, whispering, "Sorry, I can’t have Nikita die, and I need to leave this place to seek for my child... So, I'm sorry."

Unexpectedly, I, too, would say this kind of words some day.

‘Dad... I'm right here.’

Chapter 256: Sleepy

"Have some food, or else you wouldn’t have any strength to fight, and our boss wouldn’t be happy."

The assistant ordered the mouth-watering food to be placed right outside the iron cage. He laughed and taunted them by saying, "Go ahead, ignore the food, it’s just that this will be the last meal for either one of you."

After seeing Anton’s angered expression and Oleg’s indifference, the assistant checked the time.

"There are four hours left. Enjoy your last period of tranquility."

The assistant then left with the others.

Oleg stretched his hand out of the cage and quietly stuffed himself with the food.

"... Mr. Oleg, are you gonna fight me?" Anton lowered his head and asked softly.

Nevertheless, Oleg did not answer. He only tore the meat into small pieces, before chewing them slowly.

"We can break free as soon they open the cage!" Anton lifted his head. "As long as we can rescue Nikita, we won’t be threatened by them any longer!"

"And then?" Oleg looked at Anton indifferently, "Can you kill Andrew? Can you escape from this place? What can you do with your fists when they attack us with their guns?"

"Even if we can do nothing, will you allow them to harass us?!" Anton retorted loudly, "Don’t you feel angry? Don’t you think this is unfair?"

Oleg suddenly said, "You might have a good family, so you may think a revolution can work and solve the problems. However, you may not know that in some cases resisting will probably cause you

a deeper pain, and at the end, you may laugh at your naivety. People like me are selfish. I'll kill you. If you don't want that, eat more and gather your strength."

"So you choose to be bullied, never to resist, and to be a coward who grins and bears everything huh? / "If not, it'll result in more damage. So you feel it doesn't matter if you hurt yourself and cause the people you love get into trouble, right?!!"

"Even if you kill me and leave the ring successfully, do you think Andrew will let you go?! This time he can threaten you, it means there'll be a second time! If you think about it, you'll see that Andrew will threaten you all your life." / "Everything I do is just for my loved ones! Don't be such an idealist! Face the reality! And the reality is that we're screwed! Like stray curs!"

"If you don't want to be threatened, you must resist! No one can save you except yourself! Nikita said the Oleg of that year was worthy of his respect!" / "So, I have to leave this place! No matter what! I need to survive!"

"Look at your appearance! Have you ever thought what if your kid sees you as a cowardly father and how he will judge you!! What will your kid think when he sees you kneeling down to the villain?!" / "I have nothing at all, I cannot lose my son! You're not a father, so you know nothing about it! What do you know in your reckless and hot-blooded head? You even don't know what the society is like!! You think that if you're taller and stronger than the others, it means that you're a grown-up? Bullshit! F*ck! What did you say?! "

The roar turned louder and louder, but it stopped suddenly. In this continual denouncement across the cages, the two never moved their gaze from each other's face,.

It seems as though it'll never end, not until they felt exhausted---but because of Anton's accusations, they suddenly fell into silence.

"I said, Antonio, doesn't want to see your current appearance."

Anton looked at Oleg--- he could never imagine seeing him as an equal, while sharing his honest thoughts.

Oleg took a deep breath, "You're not him, so you won't know his thoughts."

He sat down with his back facing Anton, saying nonchalantly, "Take your last meal."

"I'll never give in!"

Anton also sat down with his back facing Oleg. He then stretched out to grab the food and ate it hungrily.

The two sat down, with their backs across the cage. They couldn't see or touch each other; it was as though they were in two different worlds.

...

"Time is up."

When the door opened, the cage opened right after. At this moment, Anton immediately took action. With the anesthetic wearing off, he rushed out of the cage like a fierce tiger and easily knocked down one of the strong men.

When he was about to continue the fight, the assistant's applause was heard, "Mr. Anton, I feel relieved seeing that you have so much strength stored up, but... if you continue with what you're doing, I don't know what will happen next."

He moved one step away.

Behind him, Nikita walked out in a bundle--- his face was pale with sweat, and both of his legs kept trembling.

He couldn't help doing this.

He was restrained by an extremely thick belt which intertwined his body. The assistant sneered, "Do you know what this is? In only one second, that belt can shoot highly toxic needles in no more than 15 seconds. It'll stop the heartbeat of Mr. Nikita. Perhaps he'll

go to heaven or hell, who knows? The controller is in my boss's hand. When Mr. Anton leaves here, it'll be the time to attach this gadget on Mr. Nikita."

"You are ... despicable!"

"Are you gonna resist?"

...

...

"Mr. K, what do you think of this arena?"

It was not a weekly hosting match for betting, so it looked very spacious around the enormous ring. Andrew was now displaying his work complacently.

"This is a special ring, I originally intent to push it out next year. But I'm pleased that Mr. K is here to see it now!" Andrew pointed at the huge ring with a square bottom.

All 4 sides had been welded and sealed.

"When the match starts, there will be a strong electrical current going through the iron bars." Andrew squinted his eyes, "The ring will open only if one wins the match by following the rules. Otherwise, nobody can leave."

...

"Mr. Andrew, you've worked hard." Luo Qiu smiled... he suddenly shifted his attention from the VIP room to the side door below, "It seems that tonight's protagonists have arrived."

The moment the iron gate of the arena closed, a loud collision of metals clashing was heard. A strong man under the ring threw an iron bar towards the cage.

Crazy!

At that moment, sparks flew, and the two men on the ring looked at each other without saying a word.

Oleg suddenly started punching Anton’s chest severely. Despite Anton’s towering figure, the strong attacks caused him to retreat.

The attacks caused Anton’s lips to bleed. Anton raised his head gradually. Looking at Oleg, he said, "I’ll never hit back."

"But I won’t stop!"

Oleg roared ferociously and grabbed Anton's body. He threw him towards the electrical nets at the edge of the ring...

Chapter 257: Coming Out of the Cage

When Anton was about to be pushed towards the iron net, Oleg suddenly gnashed his teeth. He roared and abruptly lifted Anton’s body before throwing it down towards the center of the arena.

As Anton's body bounced several times on the stretchy ring, only then did he climbed up.

Oleg walked towards Anton, pulling his collar and said with a soft growl, "Are you courting death?"

Anton lowered his head, "Aren’t you gonna kill me and become the winner? You could have achieved it a second ago."

"Do you really intend not to strike back?" Oleg questioned intensely.

"Mr. Oleg, I’ve already said that I’ll never strike back."

"Mr. Oleg, I’ve already told you I’ll never strike back."

"Do you think you're so great being like this?" Oleg pulled a long face, "You know, I may not thank you or feel guilty! Heck, I’ll probably forget everything! Your death here will only be in vain, no one will remember you! Is that what you want?"

Anton remained silent.

Suddenly, Oleg pulled Anton's arm abruptly and subsequently hit Anton’s belly with his lifted knee. That forceful strike caused Anton to spit spittle with blood!

Even if Anton had a stronger body than Oleg, receiving such a hammer-strike attack without defense would still give him an asphyxia-like experience.

"Strike back!"

"Strike back!"

"Strike back!"

One fist after another. Without holding back, Oleg directed a continuous string of punches towards Anton.

Straight punch, uppercut. As sweat broke out from Anton’s body, his inflamed eyelids blurred his vision.

The unilateral attack lasted approximately one minute--- Anton could no longer support himself. Eventually, he collapsed while panting. The spotlights above the ring were now focused on him.

He looked at the dazzling spotlights and found that he couldn’t sense his vision under the white light---until Oleg's face showed up near him.

"Will you really give up fighting back?! You think you are a hero huh? Bullsh*t! Idiot!!"

"I... I don’t know..." Anton squeezed out a smile, "I thought I’ve grown up these days, but... but I found that the adults’ world is very complicated... I don’t know...actually I don’t want to know, I wish I’ve not grown up...Must the adults’ world be so complicated? If... I had the opportunity, I’d resist to the end... But if I have to walk out here by killing you, I’ll feel very sad... I’d rather die."

"Don’t take your life lightly!!" Oleg pulled Anton's collar, lifted up his neck, and said each word clearly, "Adults’ life is complicated! There’s no right or wrong, everything else isn’t important except for the reason that you decide you’ll live for! You just need to remember this!!"

"I don’t understand, cough, cough" Anton pushed away Oleg's hands and stood up, "I don’t want to understand either. All I know is I won’t fight back or kill you..."

After taking a deep breath, Anton opened his eyes again. Oleg could see something from the young man's eyes.

Anton nonchalantly walked towards the iron net.

"You..." Oleg felt inconceivable, and even a sense of panic; he was alarmed, "What do you want to do?!"

"If you don’t kill me, then let me do it myself..."

"We aren’t relatives. Why would you want to do that?"

Oleg’s heart felt like it was being pricked instantly by a needle... this tall guy, this giant ... was walking to death.

"Because I’m..." Anton took a deep breath, and said softly, "Because I think Mr. Oleg’s kid doesn’t want to see his father become a murderer in order to rescue him."

Suddenly, Anton kicked and pounced on the iron net, like a huge moth putting out the fire--- the iron net was full of high-tension current, which would completely destroy his body at the very next second.

"Anton !!!!!!"

"Anton !!!!!!"

Oleg was on a the verge of breaking down in tears, perhaps it was because of the indignation or the sadness--- although he wasn’t hurt in this ring, he felt even more uncomfortable than a person who has sustained a number of strikes for several hours.

Anton had attached himself on the iron net. With his closed eyes, he waited for the pain from the strong current to flow through.

"Ah---!!!"

...

...

The burning pain went deeply into his bones., Anton immediately felt an extreme pain. It was as though he was being pierced by thousands of sharp needles.

He screamed sadly involuntarily--- however, the extreme pain came as quickly as it left.

Anton immediately lost consciousness. His body was still leaning against the iron net, but the current seemed to have disappeared.

A sudden round of applause filled the arena---it came from the megaphone.

Andrew!

After that round of applause, Andrew faced the microphone. "It’s a really touching performance, but unfortunately it’s not what I need..."

Andrew suddenly spoke harshly in a beastlike voice, "I don’t care which one of you dies, but I need you to use up all your strength to fight with your opponents! Don’t try to infuriate me this way! You’re not eligible to do so! If you don’t fight hard, I’ll press the button to send Nikita to death! It’ll only take 10 seconds and his screech will be the last thing you hear!"

Andrew observed Mr. K’s expression intensely.

There weren’t any noticeable expression he could find from this Mr. K... Since Anton gave up the fight, it seems that he has lost interest in this arena.

Not only Mr. K, even Andrew himself hated such a match--- in fact, no one would like to be called the top boxer through such a match!

As Andrew spoke, the side door was opened again. Two strong men escorted Nikita out to the ring.

Andrew snorted, "You can either choose to fight hard until you kill your opponent, or else... I’ll turn the three of you into roasted pigs! There’s only one minute for you to consider! Resume the power!"

Oleg quickly pulled Andrew back from the iron net.

As soon as Andrew finished talking, he turned off the microphone and said to Mr. K who was next to him, "I think Mr. K will get to see what you wanted after 1 minute."

"No ... Mr. Andrew," Luo Qiu answered as he turned his head. He

looked at Andrew and smiled, "I think I've seen it."

"What did you see?" Andrew asked unknowingly.

Right at that moment, a roar shot out below the ring--- Nikita unexpectedly got rid of the two guards, and was heading towards the iron net.

"Hey, man, when you introduce me to someone next time, remember to say that I'm a guy who is keen on gaining petty benefits!"

Exposing his belly, he hit the iron net with all his might!

BOOM!

A clash of fire and explosion was heard; along with Nikita's sad cry... his figure could be seen falling down onto the ground.

"Nikita!!"

...

...

The entire place, be it in or out the ring, has turned dead quiet since Oleg's infuriated roar. In the VIP room, Andrew clapped the table and stood up. Meanwhile, all the guards outside the ring were stunned with their mouths opened wide.

Oleg was exhausted and knelt down in the ring. He said in a hoarse voice, "Nikita ... you idiot!!"

"Cough..."

"Don't... don't say... I'm an idiot ...! Cough!"

Just then, Nikita turned around suddenly. His face looked painful and his mouth seemed to be cramping up. However, he didn't die!

"Nikita!" Oleg shouted excitedly.

Nikita laughed with a cough, "Looks like my beer belly is a little... cough, a little useful!"

That custom made waist belt which intertwined his body has cracked!

It turned out he didn’t intend to commit suicide. Instead, he was trying to get the current to destroy the circuit which was placed in his waist belt!

"You are such a crazy man!!" Oleg was astonished but relieved.

Nikita couldn’t stand up, but he was still very optimistic, "Seems like working as an electrician several years ago isn’t a waste of time... Oleg, come out! Don’t stay in the cage! You’re the most powerful guy I’ve ever seen. Nobody could imprison you. I followed you and escaped out of the village, not because I hope to see a weak Oleg without claws, but I’m expecting to see a strong Oleg who is like a lion to emerge one more time!"

Oleg.

Clenching his fist.

Andrew was infuriated and roared, "Don’t be in a daze! Catch this crazy man! I'll have you die again!"

Seeing that Nikita might be getting into danger again, Oleg tore off his clothing to wrap both of his hands. Then, he grasped the iron column tightly.

His hand muscles swelled horribly, blood vessels around his neck turned clear, and his face turned red.

He was shouting and crying, "Arghhhh!!!!!!!"

Andrew couldn’t help sneering--- he decided to cancel the deal with Mr. K temporarily!

These guys haven’t been trained well! His preparation was somewhat hasty. As Andrew waited for the moment Oleg to become exhausted, he took the time to consider on how to deal with Mr. K.

"Idiot! How can human beings bend an iron bar of such

thickness?!"

"One person may not, but two will be different." Luo Qiu stood up. His eyes were filled with a peculiar color. He stood close to the window edge of the VIP room with both his hands pressed onto the window frame, as if he was expecting to see everything on the other side.

In the ring, Anton stood up ferociously. Like Oleg, he tore his clothing and wrapped them around his palms. He shouted, "I'm coming!!"

Oleg did not say anything but nodded to the young man.

With two pairs of arms and four palms, the moment they roared, these two persons were like the kings of all beasts.

They were about to come out of the cage.

"Ah!!!!!!!!!!"

Sparks flew all around. Then, two lions... came out of the cage!!

...

"Andrew!!"

The moment he jumped out of the ring, Oleg's sharp eyes scanned through the VIP room! However, he could only see two figures vaguely under the dazzling lights.

He was sure that one of them was Andrew; as to the other one, he didn't care.

"No matter what kind of method you use, catch these two guys! I want them alive!" Andrew ordered--- even now, he wasn't willing to kill Anton and Oleg.

These two guys were excellent! They were the best warriors!

"Mr. K, I'm sorry to have your spirits dampened." Andrew said calmly, "But don't worry, I will handle these problems soon, please wait here for a second!"

Before a response was heard, Andrew rushed out of the VIP room.

...

"Anton! You're powerful, but you don't know the strategy to utilize your force! Look at me, this is how you strike!"

Oleg's shout went off at Anton's ear.

That kid who still didn't understand what being grown-up was currently, revealed a happy smile.

He had no time to think of where he was right now; he just felt inexplicably relief to launch his strong fists towards their enemy under Oleg's lead!

...

Before long, sounds of yelling and smashing were heard clearly coming from downstairs the VIP room... it was a fight between lions and beasts.

Nevertheless, the club owner who has stopped watching the fight, sat down once again.

Luo Qiu spread out his hand and a silver necklace dangled down from his palm.

There was a cross pendant hanged at the bottom of the silver necklace.

A pendant shaped like a cross hung down at the bottom of the silver necklace.

It twinkled, giving out slightly pure, pink light, as if being to pour out its heart.

It twinkled, giving out slightly pure, pink light, as if it was pouring out its heart content.

Luo Qiu asked gently, "Ms. Kamala, is Mr. Oleg the person you know?"

The twinkling cross pendant stopped flickering at that instant and a lump of faint light separated itself from it. It was slowly turning into a figure in front of Luo Qiu.

Chapter 258: The First Day---Moscow

At the Sheremetyevo International Airport, the deafening roar of the planes could still be heard despite one leaving the place already.

"Well, I've got off the plane and I'm picking up my baggage," Luo Qiu said nonchalantly on the phone.

But endless questions followed from the other side, "Wait, how is the weather there? Did you take enough clothes? Do you need me to send you more? What about underpants? Are they enough ... Hey! Don’t hang up on me!!"

Beep---!!

Standing beside Boss Luo was a young servant girl who was held a simple handbag. At that moment she smiled and said, "Miss Ren really cares about the master."

Luo Qiu gazed at You Ye and said thoughtfully, "I sense something between the two of you. Did anything happen when you were in Lui Village?"

The loyal maid smiled faintly to this his question, "There’s nothing special, but Miss Ren taught me privately about something interesting."

Luo Qiu asked curiously, "Oh? What can you expect her to teach you?"

You Ye took a glance at Luo Qiu and said smilingly, "Amazon, Cowgirl, well ... let me think ..."

Boss Luo sensed some degree of awkwardness--- and yes, he was right.

He gently gave himself a face palm, as if nothing has happened, "Where’s the taxi you booked?"

"It’s right in front."

As he observed You Ye leading the way, he suddenly chuckled... whatever it was seemed like a joke now.

And it seemed like this is the first joke from You Ye since he became the club's boss.

Luo Qiu looked at the sky above Moscow and thought... perhaps it was because she has returned to this familiar place.

Wait, why did You Ye describe those nasty matters as...

Interesting things???

At Sheremetyevo International Airport outside Moscow, Boss Luo's mind turned muddled.

...

...

"Is this your first trip here?"

The taxi driver was a talkative person...Luo Qiu nodded a number of times to keep the conversation going--- he knew that the experienced driver could see him through the rear-view mirror.

"For work or travel?" The old driver continued to ask.

You Ye answered politely, "We're tourists... by the way, will it be alright if you take another route? I think it would be faster if we go by the road near Petrov Theatre."

The driver was surprised, but he didn't look embarrassed. Instead, he laughed and turned the steering wheel and headed for the other direction. He made hay while the sun shined, "When talking about Petrov Theatre, you two shouldn't miss the chance to see the ballet! My calling cards are in the bag. If you want the theatre tickets, I can get you good seats."

"No thanks, but could you please stop at the theatre?" Luo Qiu said unexpectedly, "I want to take a walk there."

"No problem!"

Soon after, the driver said goodbye and drove back to the airport in high spirits. He did not show any displeasure due to the small earning.

"Master, do you want to have a look inside?" You Ye asked gently.

Luo Qiu took a look at the surrounding landscape. He shook his head, "Well, all I wanted was to find a landmark or a building then take a picture of it, and while I'm at it, stop someone from talking excessively. Anyhow, I felt like this is the right stop for me."

The servant girl looked puzzled... But she quickly understood.

Luo Qiu's gaze fell upon the small square in front of Petrov Theater. Soon, he walked directly towards a bench near the square.

The benches were part of the public recreational facilities which can be found all around the place. There was also a small spray fountain at the centre of the square. With the surrounding tree shade, this was a good place for relaxation.

Luo Qiu suddenly stopped in front of a bench.

There was a woman with long chestnut hair. She was dressed in a white skirt. Sitting on the bench quietly, she didn't notice him approaching.

"Excuse me, may I sit here?"

The woman was caught off guard. She looked up unconsciously to find a young man with an oriental face standing in front of her with a girl next to him.

"You guys..."

"We are just travellers," Luo Qiu sat down and whispered, "We're attracted by people who are in need."

The woman fell silent for a moment before she shook her head and said, "But I'm not human, I shouldn't exist in this world,

but..."

She looked ahead in a daze. An extremely tall man was gazing at the spray fountain silently... he had probably been standing there for a very long time.

"Are you unable to let him go?"

The woman nodded but later shook her head. She was rather aloof. She turned to Luo Qiu and asked softly, "Can you really help me?"

Luo Qiu stretched out his palm, and the woman gave a start. After much hesitation, she extended her hand and her fingertips gently touched Luo Qiu's palm.

It was as though she got an electric shock, the woman withdrew her hand at once with a slight hint of astonishment. "So... such a business still exists in the world?"

Unsure, she shook her head once again, "Still, if someone like me can actually exist..."

In an instant, it was as if the tall man has thrown something towards the fountain--- it looked like a band of silver under the sunshine.

At that moment, an agitated look appeared on the woman's face.

She even stood up.

However, after taking a deep breath, that tall man left. The woman lowered her head, and her hands were held at her chest. She sat down with a sad expression.

"That was your spiritual sustenance right?" Luo Qiu asked.

The woman nodded, "That's the gift he gave me when we got married. I have been a Christian since I was a child, so he bought that necklace for me."

She recalled yearningly, "Long, long ago, he told me that he was going to take me to this opera house. Actually we passed by here a

number of times, but we couldn’t keep the promise for one reason or another. Eventually, I became unwilling to come here."

Her voice became unusually tender and her eyebrows drooped, "But that fool comes here once every year."

"However, he may not come back again next year, right?" Luo Qiu nodded.

The woman shook her head, "I don’t blame him, because I know, he does this for me, but..."

Suddenly, she became resolute. She looked up at the ‘traveller’ and said, "Please help him, he’s carrying too many things and he feels too burdened. He lives in his own cage, and he hasn’t been able to come out. And, he doesn’t get along well with our kid."

After a moment of silence, Luo Qiu said, "You should think about it thoroughly. Because in terms of payment, you don’t seem to have anything else except yourself... perhaps you may choose to continue to exist in this way."

The woman stood up and stretched out her hands. She smiled and asked, "Will it make them happy?

...

...

Rolling up his sleeves, Luo Qiu personally fished out the necklace from the fountain. He lifted it towards the sunlight. The water droplets on the necklace made it look brilliant. It was somewhat dazzling.

"A cross?"

Little by little, Luo Qiu cleaned up the necklace with a square handkerchief. He turned to look at You Ye, "I didn’t expect us to stumble so quickly into a business opportunity right after our flight"

Miss Maid was unruffled, but remarked happily, "Master is very

lucky, this soul has a very high quality far more than those that you've gotten before."

"Is this because of her belief?" Luo Qiu questioned thoughtfully.

You Ye took the necklace from Luo Qiu, checked it carefully, and said "Maybe we'll get the answer until the deal has been done."

Just then, a middle-aged man walked over with a briefcase in his arm.

He had an oriental face.

On such a scorching hot day, sweat droplets were dripping down the man's hair. He asked, "Could you tell me where the two of you came from?"

He spoke with a Mandarin accent.

No matter what the man thought, Boss Luo had already gotten his own plan.

Luo Qiu smiled, "Well, gentleman, we want to take a photo together, can you please help us?"

"Of course! It's a small matter!"

The man smiled enthusiastically. Taking out his cell phone, he took a few steps, made a few gestures and called out "Well, get closer... Oh, good, now say 'cheese'!"

Chapter 259: The Second Day in Russia, Priest

The grass on the lawn seemed to have come to life not long after the sunshine of the early morning was shed onto the ground. There, upon the grassy lawn, a tiny figure was seen to be climbing a fence clumsily.

A lady, who seems to be preparing to send her daughter to school, was still calling out to the name of the tiny figure.

Watching this scene with interest, the club boss smiled with amusement. He was amazed by such an evident display of love.

Though, isn't this a pretty common domestic scenario?

Luo Qiu shook away his thoughts. With his hands clasped behind his back, he walked with the maid towards the tiny figure while he took some time to appreciate the scenic view along the roadside.

Shortly after, Boss Luo had to stop in his tracks.

Along the sidewalk, where Antonio had just passed by, there was a man in a black robe that was leaning against a tree trunk.

The man was holding a thick book which had a black cover. He looked as if he was intensely focused on his reading.

He was probably at around the same age as Luo Qiu. Judging from his pretty face, people would have thought that he was a girl if they did not notice his masculine figure.

As his moved forward, Boss Luo shifted a few glances to examine the man thoroughly... It wasn't until he passed by the man, did the man put down the book in his hand. He murmured, "Heaven is a paradise, the redeemed soul which believes in God can rise to heaven. Not believing in God, sinners who do not repent, will be punished as their souls go to hell."

Luo Qiu stopped walking and threw an amused glimpse at You

Ye. He then reevaluated the man. This time, he noticed that at the sleeves of this man's robe, there was a silver necklace that was coiled around his wrist. The pendant that was hanging down turned out to be a cross.

The attire had revealed the identity of the man. Considering it was Moscow, Luo Qiu asked, "The Eastern Orthodox?"

No longer leaning on the tree, the man has straightened up and placed his hands in front of him. He walked in a stroll and said, "Heaven is the place of God, there are angels standing before the throne, and Christ is sitting on the right-hand side of God. There, pavements are laid with gold and mansions are adorned with precious gems. If our eyes can witness such beauty and our ears can listen to such music, our senses would experience euphoria..."

He finally came to face to face with Luo Qiu and You Ye. Then, he paused and said, "There is an eternal fire burning in hell, with fierce vipers biting away. Those who can neither rise to heaven, nor go to hell will first go to Purgatory. They will experience a temporary suffering to refine their soul. Only then can they rise to heaven after the redemption of their sin."

When the man has finished, he stood in silence.

Luo Qiu shook his head and said, "Can each of our senses experience euphoria? Well ... Heaven is indeed a very good place. Unfortunately, I cannot go anywhere."

"The Lord is willing to forgive every sinner." The man smiled, "We never refuse those who sincerely want their atonement."

"Oh? What should I do first?" Luo Qiu asked curiously.

The man demanded coolly, "Please return the soul of Kamala. She is a pure believer of my Lord and she can rise to paradise as long as she gives up her mortal thoughts. You should not stand in her way."

"I am not in her way." Luo Qiu was still shaking his head, "We are

only fulfilling her wishes."

‘Though, I still haven’t thought of what to do… Boss Luo did not share his inner thoughts.

The man said, "Kamala's soul has been hovering, refusing to leave. We, the Lord's followers, did not force her, instead we let her stay. The point of it is to wait for the day when she comes to a realization. It will be a day when she can rise to heaven."

Luo Qiu replied, "In other words, you have been secretly observing her ever since became a soul?"

"As long as the believer is calling my Lord in his heart, we will appear before him." Again, the man replied calmly.

"We are about the same."

Luo Qiu smiled.

Suddenly he recalled some information that he had read randomly from the old books at the basement of the club.

---After Exodus … Moses pays for 20,000 souls, it made the water of the sea recede overnight, turning it into dryland.

…

"Are there many pure souls existing in the heaven?" Luo Qiu asked suddenly.

He looked at the man who was wearing a black robe. This was the third time he reevaluated the man. This is because he and You Ye were walking in such a way where their presence was hidden. Besides beings with desperate needs, they are largely undetected. However, people with the ability to see them seem to be much more complex than ordinary folks.

"For God loves people, he will open the gates of heaven to all those who sincerely become a convert. Naturally, there are many souls attaining eternal bliss." The priest in black said it lightly. Although he did not understand the question before, the answer

was evident.

Luo Qiu suddenly asked, "Do you think you will rise to heaven as well?"

The young priest answered plainly, "That is the only ultimate destination for us."

Luo Qiu nodded, "Oh ... well, I will try to pray to your Lord and I hope he has a way to open this door for me. As for Ms. Kamala, I am afraid I cannot give her to you. First of all, she does not belong to me; secondly, there is still an unfinished business between us. "

"Sinners, who don't repent for their sins, can only be excused under the holy light to cleanse the evil in their hearts." The man sighed, "I will not preach the use of force."

Suddenly the man waved, the cross on his wrist suddenly dropped into the palm of his hand. It turned into a golden light which transformed into a golden cross in the shape of a sword.

Luo Qiu agreed, "I am not an advocate of violence either."

With a smile on his face, Boss Luo appeared in the front of the man instantly --- as if he teleported.

Unexpectedly, a figure appeared extremely close to the man's own eyes. It made his pupil shrink slightly.

Despite this, the golden sword which had been in his had only received a gentle tap by his opponent's finger.

"So, don't use violence unnecessarily."

The golden cross sword shattered in an instant, like a glass broken into pieces, and the gold shards disappeared before they even landed.

The priest in black, took a number of steps back, he unclasped his hand which held the cross--- the cross pendant in his palm was now broken.

"If you can recall what happened today at some point in the

future, please say to your Lord at the time of your prayers—in a few years we will pay a visit to heaven, because heaven is about to pay rent ..."

"What ..."

The young man from East appeared in front of him again momentarily. However, he only felt that his forehead was being gently tapped.

All he could hear before he lost consciousness was such a statement to the Lord ... How profane it was!

...

Soon after that, he placed the young priest next to the tree that he was just leaning on earlier. Then, he made him sit up as if he was just taking a nap.

Luo Qiu looked at the maid curiously and said, "By the way, did those people interfere when the club started its business here?"

You Ye answered, "Unlike you, the previous boss did not go outside. Transactions were completed in an instant ... Ah, of course, the previous boss deliberately hid them but he intended to set them free..."

Looking at the young priest who had fallen asleep, You Ye said softly, "Since the priest is still too young, he may not be able to gain access to some things."

"People like me, always wandering around outside. I am modest enough to hear that."

Luo Qiu nodded and smiled, "You can just say it that it is easy to get attacked when it comes to people like me. I'm always wandering around outside. Well, I cannot deny that."

The maid replied with a smile.

They looked like they were taking a stroll, as they walked out of the tree-lined lane while they talked. When he passed by a

convenience store on the street, Boss Luo promptly bought a piece of chocolate.

...

When Anatoly woke up, it was already near dusk. He looked blankly at where he was, and he unconsciously rubbed his forehead.

There was a strange sensation in palm of his hand. Anatoly was surprised.

As he spread out his palm, he saw that the cross pendant he had carried was now... a broken piece of accessory.

The young priest went pale, and broke out in a cold sweat. He no longer cared when or why he fell asleep; instead, he immediately knelt down on the ground to pray.

It was all because his faith was unexpectedly broken!

In a daze, Anatoly vaguely felt that he has forgotten something.

...

...

"Where are you?"

"Where are you?"

"Would you like some chocolate?"

Chapter 260: Take This As A Pleasure

Among Andrew's VIP guests, Kamala was the only one who was aware. She looked questioningly at the young man who called himself a businessman.

Maybe he's not really young... Who knows? Kamala couldn't investigate such matters.

He raised Antonio to become an adult, but at the same time, he took Antonio's love away. When she first asked him, he told her that it was the rule he had to follow.

Once the transaction was agreed upon, it will certainly be implemented---Since what Kamala hoped for was the happiness of both the father and the son, it did not conflict with what Antonio desired.

Intuitively, Kamala began to feel that this transaction may not be as good as she thought.

That's right... after raising Antonio, this man wandered around, with a seemingly unconcerned demeanour---until that day, when he came in person to Andrew's casino. It was then that Kamala began to notice that the club owner had already started to plan something.

Getting her thoughts together, Kamala turned to look at the lower section of the VIP room, and remarked, "Since you are capable of doing anything, why did you push him into such a situation instead of directly drawing your intended conclusion?"

This may be the style of the former boss --- Sometimes Luo Qiu himself would compare whether it is better to be more straightforward or to put in a little more effort.

"Maybe it's just my personal interest." Luo Qiu apologized, while looking at the bottom arena, "It is not difficult for us to change a person's thoughts and to plant a firm belief in him about

something...That day when we met in the theatre, Oleg could actually be presented in his current form. But..."

Luo Qiu said softly, "I may not be able see Mr. Oleg in his magnificence."

"You... you're taking pleasure in such a sight." Kamala suddenly stared at Luo Qiu.

She didn't know whether this oriental man is aware but she could clearly see an amused expression on this his face.

He was smiling!

...

Luo Qiu became silent.

He felt that Kamala's words were not wrong. It's just that he grappled with his quickly weakened emotions. In fact, it has reached an unthinkable point of no return.

Ever since he became the club boss, as long as he used his ability properly, he could do almost anything he wanted---there was nothing that posed as a question.

In his line of thoughts, it is as if the whole world had become either grey or white in colour---no matter how beautiful a person was, he couldn't sense any colour in them.

The only thing he could see were the soul lights that represented different people... Grey-white, ash-black, brown, and cold off-white were the main colours inhabiting his world.

He didn't feel afraid or hurt by this.

However, he felt that he should have feelings of fear and hurt if such events were to happen to him. Luo Qiu started to reconsider what he really wanted for himself.

The colour.

The moment a slight hint of colour appeared in his cold world,

Luo Qiu felt his heartbeat.

When a soul changes from a lacklustre hue to a fiery blaze, the surroundings looked as though it had been coloured once again---it only lasted a second, like a match that had just been lighted... When the match had burnt out, everything would return to darkness once again.

Although it only lasted a mere second, Luo Qiu felt that the sensation was as sweet as malt sugar.

There was no need to explain anything or care about other people's views. As such, when his actions were considered as "take this as a pleasure" by outsiders, he felt that it was fine being defined in this way.

If his tiny interest were to be deprived, Luo Qiu thought he will need to find the next successor just like what the former boss did.

"Yes, I take this as a pleasure."

...

Oleg didn't know that he was emitting a glow that delighted the boss. Though, he couldn't see it himself.

At this moment, all he knew was that like a stored up flood water, it was finally pouring out.

Are there resistance?

Not at all.

Just like what Nikita said, after leaving that village, he built up a high wall and a cage in his heart, which completely closed himself.

He was afraid...that one day, when he insisted on his own ways, his lover and his friends would eventually leave him, just like those villagers who had left him.

Perhaps they didn't have a choice, or they only did it for their family...or maybe themselves!

Even though he used all kinds of reasons to refute the villagers' behaviour, when he saw Anton pouncing on the iron net, a crack seemed to appear on the high wall in Oleg's heart.

He was just afraid.

He was afraid that he'd be the next person who would be hurt and nobody else was going to continue the fight. He was afraid that even his best friends or his lover would eventually betray him.

If a young man could do this --- even though he was young and looked childish... still, a sense of shame fully permeated into Oleg's being.

"I'm sorry, Nikita for disappointing you for such a long time. I think I should break the cage." Oleg apologized after he killed one of Andrew's men and backed up Nikita.

"Can you solve this problem first, and talk about this after sending me to the hospital...I feel like I'm dying." Nikita said weakly.

Just now he acted so bravely! It could be described as the MVP... Nikita thought.

However, blood had started to gush out of his belly. He had already sustained serious injuries when the electric current flowed through his belly and the explosive belt exploded.

"I'm about to die! Don't talk nonsense! Cough..."

"Hold on! Uncle Nikita, we will take you out right away!" Anton looked back and said quickly.

"Bad Ass! I've said many times, call me brother... Cough... it's painful... "

"Of course, just hold on for another minute." Oleg took a deep breath, "I'll surely take you out!"

Oleg and Andy's sight converged at the open door at the same time.

The moment the door was opened, Andrew's figure appeared in the middle of the door with a cigar in his mouth--- but there were many people who were constantly moving in.

Those men wore protective gears and held weapons in their hands.

Some of these weapons were filled with narcotics.

"You can hit them or hurt them... But I need them alive." Andrew suddenly waved his hand, "Go ahead!"

Chapter 261: If Nobody Knows, It'll be Good for Everyone, Is That Right?

The bullet in the tranquilizer gun looked like a dart. Such a weapon would produce quick shots. Oleg felt that he was not like Oriental martial artists in movies; hence, it was impossible for him to escape from it.

But he showed quick reflexes.

After breaking the wall of his heart, it was like the old days--- he felt that his body was exhausted, but a conviction of never giving up was gradually growing in his heart.

He and Anton dragged Nikita to the back of the martial ring as soon as possible, to keep away from the sight of Andrew's troops!

These two guys were so gruesome that they could get out of such a huge iron cage! Andrew's henchmen, although armed with tranquilizer guns and stun guns, had to approach them cautiously.

No one wanted to receive the heavy blows of these two brown bear-like guys.

"How are you feeling?"

Leaning against the ring, Oleg took a deep breath to recover his physical strength, all the while he was looking at Anton.

This sudden question surprised Anton a little, but he quickly smiled and said, "It's wonderful! It would be even better if you could give them a heavy punch!"

Oleg smiled and suddenly patted Anton on the shoulder. "Have you seen the cable that links to the iron net?"

Anton nodded.

Oleg whispered a few words to Anton. It made Anton nervous and excited but he also gave a firm nod.

"Go! Brave young man! I will be proud of you in your father's place!" Oleg said.

"Thank you!" Anton showed a slight smile. When he rushed out from the back of the ring, he had engraved a deep impression of Oleg's eyes.

He even gave out a roar!

"Over there!"

A few strong men were holding their tranquilizer guns, aiming at him at the same time--- but Anton had a monstrous explosive force. He sprinted so fast that all of them couldn't even capture his shadow!

The tranquilizer bullet missed the target. Just then, Anton grabbed a guy whom he had punched down. He thought having this guy in front of him acted as a good human shield!

"Don't only target this guy! There's one more over there!" Andrew snorted.

He responded quickly and ordered his henchman to pay attention to the other side, but it was too late!

'Anton, close your eyes!"

With his huge muscles, Oleg pulled down the cable of the iron net. Looking at the exposed wires of the cable, Oleg exhaled a long breath to reassure himself, and closed his eyes. Then, he quickly linked the positive and negative anode of the wires together...

Boom...Boom!!

In an instant, all the lights of the ring had been extinguished! So the death match that was scheduled at midnight became a blackout!

Still, the streetlights from a few vents managed to provide a dim source of light!

"Ah---!"

When the lights went out, a terrible cry was heard, followed by loud sounds of a few heavy items which fell to the ground! Andrew's henchmen were keeping a sharp lookout at their surroundings.

"Light a fire! Idiot! Where is your lighter?" Someone shouted. Simultaneously, a lighted lighter was seen in the darkness.

In an instant, a screech came out from the guy who lit the fire. Then, the screech stopped.

Ah---!

Ah---!

Listening to the incessant screams and adjusting to the darken environment, Andrew witnessed two black shadows rushing past the ring.

Andrew could not help narrowing his eyes--- he didn't understand how these two guys could manage to make so much trouble when he had such an obvious advantage.

The two men were far more powerful than a first-rate boxer!

"Andrew!"

With a sudden roar, Andrew turned to the direction of the sound unconsciously, but at that moment!

"Andrew!"

There was another shout... from the other side!

As a fierce man--- Andrew gnashed his teeth, taking two steps backwards. After retreating out of the door, he slammed it shut!

He cherished talents and wanted to make the best use of these two guys to make a bigger profit for himself. However, if the two guys were a threat to him, then their talents were no longer useful.

"Hello, it's me! Order them to bring the weapons here!"

Andrew snorted; but at this instant, the iron door was badly

damaged--- after the loud bang!

Using the dim lights of the cellphone, Andrew saw both Oleg and Anton rolling out of the iron gate!

Andrew was startled! 'These two guys broke down in the iron gate on their own! These two guys... are they human?'

Andrew took one step back... and then, he turned and ran towards the end of the corridor!

"Don't run!"

Not knowing whether it was the voice of Anton or of Oleg, Andrew's body was suddenly hit, and it was hurled down to the ground.

But he still retained the sensitivity of touch as a professional boxer in danger. In panic, his stimulated nerves made him gave a kick as a reflex!

But at this moment, his legs were grasped by somebody. Then a terrible pain came. It caused Andrew to choke!

His leg... had been broken! His knee suffered a terrible blow. His whole leg had twisted off at 90 degrees!

Then, his private parts were hit by an elbow. It caused Andrew to faint.

Sensing that Andrew didn't move, Oleg and Anton both slumped down to the ground and panted.

Oleg breathed deeply with hearty laughter, "How do you feel now?"

"Well... That's great! Fantastic!" Anton gasped.

Oleg got up and said calmly, "But things aren't finished yet... We'll be still in trouble if we don't eliminate Andrew and his henchmen completely."

"Then what should we do?"

Oleg suddenly looked towards the end of the corridor. He heard footsteps approaching accompanied with lights... The source of light seems to come from a torch. He suddenly said, "Bring Andrew, I think we need to negotiate with these people..."

With these words, Oleg faced the end of the corridor and yelled, "Listen! Your boss is in my hands! Now! Get me a car quickly! Unless you want your boss to die like this, so you'll get to divide his stuff!!"

...

"Uncle Nikita... Brother, let me hold you, we're going to leave here!" Anton held Nikita's arm.

"Oh...are we... Good... Nikita lowered his head and smiled, "I hope the hospital... nurses in the hospital... can let me... take a sip of vodka... "

"Let's go, Nikita." Oleg patted Nikita's shoulder.

Nikita raised his head with much difficulty, his face and lips were pale. "Hey... man, let's go back... Go back to the village... fuck those bastards... "

"Good!"

"Hey... Man... Are you going to sleep?"

"I'm not sleepy!"

"Then..... Sorry... "

"What did you say?"

"No... Nothing, I, I want to have a nap... wake me up when we arrived... "

...

It was Anton's first experience of using this stuff, but he wasn't afraid at all--- and he wasn't recognized. Therefore, he just shot the tranquilizer into Andrew's neck... just as he had seen it in movies

before.

"Mr. Oleg, will he wake up?" Anton asked.

Oleg was driving a car that he stole from the casino. He looked at Andrew in the passenger seat and nodded.

He frequently looked back at the back seat, "How are you, Nikita? Can you hold on? Nikita? Niki... ta... "

"Nikita... Uncle Nikita... He... "

Anton's cry came from the car.

He didn't laugh at Anton, who was crying like a child. He only turned back indifferently and stared ahead at the windshield.

There was always an area that could be seen under the street lamp.

Oleg drove this car in such a manner... One kilometer? Or two kilometers?

He didn't look at the dashboard; instead, he just stepped on the gas and kept the car moving.

Suddenly, Oleg braked to stop the car... Since it was late at night, there were very little vehicles on the road. Then, Oleg opened the car door.

He got off the car. He licked and later bit his lips. He looked ahead, then to his left and his right. He looked up with arms on his waist. Unknowingly, he shook his head meaninglessly. Then, he patted his own forehead.

Once, twice, it turned faster and faster, and increasingly with force.

Suddenly! He stopped.

Oleg pulled open the back door and dragged out Nikita. He knelt down on the ground. Holding Nikita's motionless body, he raised his head, and his lips twitched.

He held Nikita's head in his arms. He tightened his facial muscles and closed his eyes.

Although his tears fall, Oleg didn't cry out loud.

He could only give out a roar.

"Ah--- Ah!!!! Ah!!!!!!"

Anton stared blankly at Oleg and Nikita. Why did it happen? He didn't understand.

He knelt down. His knees hit hard on the asphalt road, with his head lowered, he choked uncontrollably.

...

...

" Why...why didn't you save him?"

On a long street, Kamala, who was in the state of a soul, looked at a businessman with tears falling from her eyes.

Luo Qiu said, "People die every day, who can I save? My dear guest, I feel your desire to have him rescued, but... you don't have enough to pay."

"Besides... " Luo Qiu shook his head, "He has very little desire to be saved, instead, he feels perfectly satisfied."

"Satisfied? Kamala looked at him in astonishment.

Luo Qiu said softly, "Don't you find it odd? You guys came out of the village and changed your names. Yet, you were easily discovered and later you got involved in a car accident."

"Nikita... "

Kamala lips moved, but finally she turned around. She couldn't bear to see the scene on the street ahead.

This night seemed to have stretched longer.

Chapter 262: Would You Like to Eat A Chocolate Bar?

When Andrew woke up, he found himself in a waste factory or some kind of place like that.

He was awakened by cold water, but he couldn't feel his body... He thought he should be lucky, that the numbness covered up the pain of his broken leg.

But he didn't know how long the anesthesia could last.

"You didn't kill me, that is to say there's room for negotiation." Andrew took a deep breath and calmly judged his situation.

Oleg and Anton were both standing in front of him. They looked at him coldly.

"No matter what the condition is, I will fulfil them within my means." Andrew made himself look calm.

Oleg sneered with disdain. He suddenly moved his body to avoid obstructing an erected camera behind him.

At this moment, Anton grabbed Andrew's hair and moved his head toward the camera's lens, saying with a low voice, "Do you see it? What you need to do now is to confess all the crimes you have committed, and the illegal dealings you have done."

"You... What are you trying to do?" Andrew was still trying to keep himself together.

But Oleg suddenly came to his side and switch on--- a cutting machine.

"Do you see the belt, and the rotating cut blade at the end of the belt? Andrew, would you like to have a try?"

"Do you have the guts to kill a person?" Andrew asked ruthlessly.

"If we don't kill you, we'll have more trouble." Oleg grunted with

the sound of the spinning blade, "Are you gonna say it or not! You'd better not tell lies, because we can verify the facts. As long as you do that, your fate..."

Anton picked up a piece of wood from the ground, and threw it to the rotating blades. It was instantly sliced into two halves.

Andrew opened his eyes wide, and panted heavily... his head was now drenched in cold sweat!

...

"Sir! Sir! Are you available? There's something important! "

"What's the matter? I have to meet the leaders in a meeting!"

"Mr. Andrew is in trouble."

"Andrew? That bastard got me in trouble again! Humph, tell him that I cannot solve all his problems!"

"But Sir, this time... You should turn on the VK first, someone uploaded a video... Sir, I think you'd better consider what to do with it."

"What!"

VK... One of the largest social networking sites in Russia.

...

...

"It's so fast..." Anton looked at Andrew's apartment in astonishment... The inner area was Andrew's casino.

At this time, lots of police vehicles were gathered there. Some of the casino staffs were being handcuffed and taken out by the policemen.

"Andrew's video involved too many people...Those people would definitely act soon." Oleg shook his head, "Removing a tumor like Andrew is the main reason for uploading this video. Silencing some people for a period of time is better than killing Andrew in

order to vent out their resentment."

Using this video to pull down the upper figures? Does it also include the upper oligopolies who are monopolizing the economy? Perhaps that was just an unrealistic expectation.

"Mr. Oleg, what should we do next?" Anton whispered.

Oleg said, "Listen, we're involved in this issue after all, even if Andrew was finally convicted because of these sins, there's no guarantee that our own doings will not be exposed. So you must leave."

Anton was stunned, "But if I go... What will you do?"

Oleg laughed and patted Anton's shoulder, "I'll still stay here, and won't leave until find my child. However, you don't need to escape hurriedly. Maybe we'll only be noticed a few days later. If you've come here to accomplish something, do it within a few days. This is my phone number, call me if necessary."

"Mr. Oleg..."

Seizing the note, Anton watched Oleg's figure running quickly along the road, muttering in disappointment, "Dad..."

Anton lowered his head. As he was looking at everything all around him, he suddenly felt lost. There seemed to be no place for him.

He really wanted to tell Oleg, Anton was Antonio.

But he didn't know how to say it... If he hadn't made a promise to that big brother to become an adult, he would not meet Uncle Nikita. Moreover, he also would not be pulled into the arena.

Uncle Nikita wasn't dead, was he?

"Did I do something wrong?"

Blankness flooded Anton's thoughts. He walked aimlessly on the street--- Anton was unsure how much time had passed before he stopped in his tracks.

He came to a familiar park, and saw Oleg again.

Oleg was sitting on the swing stool and was staring straight ahead, maybe he was waiting for Antonio---anyway, there were many shared memories between them.

Anton took a deep breath, and walked to Oleg one a step at a time.

"Anton?" Oleg felt someone's presence, so he looked up and asked, "Why did you come here?"

Anton took a deep breath again, "Mr. Oleg...There's something I wanted to tell you."

Oleg was stunned and nodded, "Say it, anyhow I'm free now."

"I..." Antonio suddenly gritted his teeth and closed eyes, "The truth is I am Antonio! I met a miraculous big brother who turned me into an adult! If I didn't grow up, I wouldn't have met Uncle Nikita on the street or be involved in these matters! So dad, don't be sad! And Uncle Nikita won't die either, so... so..."

Anton knelt down on the ground and bowed his head, "That's all my fault!"

...

"Why are you telling me this?"

Anton, who had lowered his head, heard the question, and he responded unassumingly, "That's my responsibility. If I don't tell the truth, I..."

He looked up abruptly, but he only saw Oleg sleeping. He suddenly noticed that there was another person sitting on another swing nearby.

That... was the big brother who made him turned into an adult!

"It's... It's you!" Anton was surprised, delighted and fearful. He didn't know what to say now.

"Have some chocolate... Well, today I can only buy you chocolate bars. Would you like to have some chocolate bars?"

Chapter 263: Blissful Glazed Color

"Oleg, Oleg, Oleg."

Who... Who's calling me?

Is this dusk or dawn in midwinter?

Oleg looked at the flickering shadows of the trees that were reflected on the lake water. It was a familiar yet unfamiliar sight. The heavy snow that covered the branches and leaves weighed everything down. However, there were clear distinctions between layers.

When he heard the call, he walked involuntarily toward the direction of the sound.

He remembered. It was Kamala's voice.

"Kamala." Oleg's footsteps became unwittingly fast... He started to run at full speed--- until he pushed aside a branch that was weighed down by the thick snow.

He saw the place that he was born, and the small lake in front of the village. He could vaguely see his past, the places where he played... No, he saw a familiar figure; whose long red chestnut coloured hair was hanging at the back of a thin white dress.

She was like a fairy in the lake.

In this daze, Oleg suddenly felt some sort of palpitation. He stepped into the thick snow, which his feet quickly sank in. Although he was strong, he seemed so clumsy here.

"Kamala!"

At last, he reached out to the back of the figure. He took her into his arms and embraced her tightly.

Oleg lowered his head and completely buried his nose into her long hair. He took deep breaths. Each breath showed his increased voracity.

"Kamala!"

Each of his call also seemed so gentle and reluctance.

The woman lowered her head and placed her face on the back of the man's big hand. She felt the cold. But soon, it was warmed up.

"Oleg, right now, I feel really happy."

"Me too."

...

...

"Kama..."

The earth's gravity made Oleg's head droop. When he opened his eyes, he found himself in the park. He was still sitting on the swing.

It turned out it was a dream.

But that long-lost, fuzzy dream cleared the bitterness in his heart.

Oleg looked at his palm unconsciously, and the touch seemed to linger around there. He lowered his head to kiss his the back of his hand. He said with a smile, "Good-bye, Kamala."

As he took a deep breath, he felt reenergized. It was as though a surge of energy has been injected into his body.

Despite going through two days and one night's worth of exhaustion, he felt a sudden renewal of new strength. He stood up from the swing and he felt as tall as a tower.

He was tall enough to obstruct the Antonio's figure. Perhaps he could even lift the sky of Moscow.

When Oleg walked to Antonio, he raised his hand, and gave a hard slap on Antonio's face.

Antonio's small body couldn't bear the loud slap. He was stunned and fell down to the ground.

"Stand up." Oleg said with his stony face.

Antonio clutched his face and got up quickly without a word.

"Beat me." Oleg suddenly said.

Antonio was shocked and he hesitated for a moment. Finally, with his fist clenched, he used all of his strength to punch Oleg in the stomach.

"Punch harder with as much strength as you can muster! Didn't you have your daily meals?" Oleg snorted coldly.

Antonio stepped back a dozen paces. He shouted and then tackled forward ruthlessly... This caused Oleg to step back slightly.

But Antonio also rebounded and fell onto the ground.

As he looked up at Oleg---his towering father figure, Oleg said slowly, "As a man, you can voice out your dissatisfaction or even choose to fight. But leaving home is not a man's behaviour! Understand?"

Antonio nodded.

Oleg said, "I gave you a slap and you gave me a punch, so we're even."

"It's not fair! I can't hurt you at all!" Antonio muttered angrily.

Oleg broke into a slight smile, "Then, grow up, wait for the day till you can hurt me."

Antonio pulled a face.

As Oleg touched Antonio's head, he shook his head, "How does it feel to leave home?"

"It's great!"

Antonio wiped his nose, and ran excitedly to the front, "Dad! Let's have a race! The last one to reach home will do today's housework!"

As he ran out of the park--- on the park's sidewalk, Antonio saw a

figure leaving. Unconsciously, he stopped in his tracks.

"I've surpassed you, Antonio!"

It was Oleg's voice. Oleg was now in front of him... Antonio ran back for a second, then quickly turned around and tried to catch up with Oleg.

...

"Why this time..."

"Well, take this as the reward for your honesty... But your love was sold to me. You can't get it back... However, you will be granted a chance encounter. In the future, you will meet a girl whom you really love, but whether or not she becomes your wife depends on you. You may succeed or fail. But remember, you only have one chance."

"Who sent me that? Big brother, big brother, big... "

...

...

At the fountain in front of the Petrov Theater,

A woman lowered her head as she was praying devoutly near the fountain. She had long red chestnut coloured hair and she wore a white dress.

"I'm sorry for the long wait." The woman looked apologetically at Luo Qiu who sat at the edge of the fountain.

Luo Qiu looked at the colourful world. He shook his head and said, "It doesn't matter, thank you for letting me see so many colours."

"Colours?" Kamala showed a puzzled look.

After Luo Qiu thought for a moment, and he shook his head, "Nothing, they're just my interests."

Kamala was stunned. She suddenly felt a light and feathery

sensation ---although she did not have a body, yet the sensation felt real.

Her spirit began to rise up slowly.

All of a sudden.

A man dragged a child's hand and came to the other side of the fountain.

"Aren't you going to run home? Why did you take me here?"

"Antonio, if you meet someone you love in the future, you must bring her to this place. No matter what happens, do not lose her. Do you understand?"

"All right... Though, I don't like to watch ballet."

"Pray, your mother may hear you."

"OK." Antonio closed his eyes, and put his hands together... Suddenly, Antonio opened his eyes and looked at Oleg, "Dad, I think I can hear mother speaking!"

Oleg laughed, and thought to himself that if it works, he'd pray every time he comes here.

Though he wasn't convinced, Oleg still squatted down and asked, "What did you hear?"

Antonio said, "Thank you."

Oleg was surprised, and looked blankly around, "Thank you?..."

...

"Thank you, thank you for letting me see the end..."

Kamala's figure slowly rose up to the air. As her voice echoed in an immortal realm, her tears were falling down.

At her back, a pair of white wings suddenly burst open with dazzling lights---It made the darkness fade away, and returned everything into its original colour.

The whole theatre and the streets nearby were filled with various colours. It was as though Luo Qiu was in the midst of a colourful banquet.

Suddenly, Luo Qiu stood up and looked frantically at the colourful world that was brought by that dazzling light. He raised his hands as if he was embracing the world.

"It's so beautiful... It's really, really beautiful."

Kamala's figure gradually turned into a ball of light before it fell slowly onto Luo Qiu's hands.

"I didn't expect that the original soul of Miss. Kamala to be an angel. No wonder it was so valuable..." The servant girl who stood behind the boss was captivated by the beauty and showed a little surprise on her face.

"Angel?"

Luo Qiu shook his head gently and turned around. It was as if he was reluctant to hold on to the ball of light in his hands, "Whatever it is, it was enough for me to see this colour."

...

It was a blissfully glazed colour.

Chapter 264: Black Swan

Balalaika.

The servant girl was preparing a cocktail with 1oz vodka, 0.5oz white Caruso and an equivalent amount of lemon juice.

In the top suite of the serviced apartments, from which the night view of Moscow can be seen, You Ye mentioned that they have made a great deal this time and it was worth a celebration.

Above Luo Qiu's hand, the soul-light ball they have just traded for was floating.

Outside the floor-to-ceiling windows, the night view of Moscow was filled with coloured lights, just like this soul-light ball.

But it was no longer Kamala.

It was now in its original appearance. Kamala has disappeared the moment the deal was made.

"Just like an orange, after peeling off its skin, you'll get its sweet juicy flesh ... Kamala was the skin."

Boss Luo recalled the maid's explanation of the situation, which was said to have occurred twice before he was the boss of the club.

But in the first two times, the ultimate quality of the Angel's soul was not as high as the one hidden in Kamala.

The maid placed the Balalaika on the small round table which Luo Qiu sat next to, "It might be due to the fact that Kamala was well separated from the Master's soul."

You Ye gaze was spellbound by the soul-light ball in the boss' hands, "This time, it has clearly verified Master's previous thoughts..."

"Thought?" It eluded Luo Qiu's mind for a moment.

You Ye murmured as though she was recalling a memory, "If it

takes time to breed fragrance, are you willing to wait?"

Luo Qiu held up the antique glass. Although he was not used to drinking vodka, he found that the mixed drink was unexpectedly good.

However, it may be because alcohol could no longer affect his body.

There were also small slices of lemon next to him. Luo Qiu then picked up a piece and put it in his mouth. The sour flavour made him frown, "Well, why was the Angel's soul in the body of an ordinary person?"

"I heard something from the former boss, but I don't know much." You Ye continued, "It seems that angels that commit crimes will be punished. They are then reborn in the human world. When they've completed their suffering here, they will be cleansed of their sins and they will be able returned to heaven."

"Suffering in the human world..." Luo Qiu remarked unconsciously.

The maid tilted her head slightly.

Luo Qiu smiled, "There is a similar ancient folktale in our country. If immortals offended the rules in their realm, they would be banished into the human world, and after much torture, they will return to their own realm. Well, that's what says in the storybook."

The servant girl nodded, "Indeed, there are lots of fairy tales that were passed down in Master's kingdom."

Luo Qiu glanced at You Ye.

Although she did not have direct access to the ledgers in the basement, it was You Ye who took the ledgers out in the past.

This was back in a time when the former boss was still in charge– he was an old qualified otaku who seldom left his room ... Well, an

old qualified and handsome otaku.

Besides having to entertain guests who visited spontaneously and attending functions that he had to appear in, he had begun to stay in the club for long periods. Hence, all the debt was collected by You Ye.

The accounts recorded would naturally reminded the servant girl to collect the debt when it was about time—though, all that she could see was the content of the transaction.

So she probably didn't know much about heaven ... perhaps nothing at all.

As for the myths of the east, they were about the same.

Heaven ... World of Eastern Gods ...

...

"Master, is there anything on my face?"

Blinking, You Ye asked Luo Qiu while looking into his eyes.

Luo Qiu shook his head, and said softly, "I know you are conscious of your appearance, but don't worry. I may stare at you, but it may not necessarily be because there is something on your face, it may be because I merely like to do so."

You Ye's eyes lit for a moment. She suddenly stood up, and said softly, "Wait a moment, my master."

Curious about what You Ye was going to do, Luo Qiu changed his sitting posture. However, all he saw was You Ye walking into the room of his suite.

Soon after, the lights in the room darkened. Only a lamp lighted with warm colours was left at the edge.

The sound system next to the TV screen was also automatically turned on at this time. The sound of the music suddenly attracted Luo Qiu's attention. He unconsciously grabbed the CD box that was placed on the stereo system.

He glanced at the cover.

"The Pavilion of Armide".

This was the background music of the ballet "The Pavilion of Armide".

Luo Qiu knew what might be the next, and, with expectations, looked towards the direction of the corridor. When the music suddenly reached the climax, the maid appeared in the hall of his suite.

In such a short time, there weren't any available ballet costume or even pointe shoes---but it didn't seem to be a problem for Miss Maid.

Black, silky, dressed on her body, the pajama that became thin enough to vaguely show its owner's white skin was her dance outfit.

The black and silky dress on her body contrasted with her white skin. Her dance outfit was thin enough to become the pyjama that vaguely showed her silhouette.

On the soft white carpet, there seemed to be no need for dancing shoes.

You Ye lifted her left leg and supported her whole body with tiptoes. Her right leg was stretched behind her in a horizontal manner. Her arms were spread wide.

They were like wings, waving slowly.

Her body leaned slightly forward. Was it because of the pyjama?

A few beautiful scenes were naturally revealed before Luo Qiu.

She was spinning, leaping slightly. Her steps followed a beat, like a black swan sweeping over the sky-coloured lake.

She danced in front of her master, a dance never seen by others before.

...

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Sssss.

It was the sound of frying eggs... Because of his physical form, the boss did not need to care about his fat intake. As such, the maid would use butter to fry eggs since it tasted better.

Luo Qiu was able to smell the aroma of breakfast. He drew open the curtains of the living room and looked at the city's morning view. He was in a good mood.

"Master, breakfast is almost ready and so is everything for the shower." From the kitchen came the maid's voice.

Luo Qiu stretched his body, and turned on the television. He saw a report:

"... About midnight yesterday, the famous painting "The Nameless Maiden" at the Tretyakov Gallery was stolen..."

Chapter 265: Freedom and Clown

It was about the sunrise. Victor was hugging his wife, enjoying his sweet dream in a holiday hotel in the suburbs. It was then when he was awoken by a call.

A call from the police station.

He was on vacation when he received the call, so he had to end his vacation early. Now, he was rushing to the Tretyakov Gallery at the center of the city.

"Coffee or milk?"

When Victor's assistant got off the car, he trotted over with two cups of drink. However, Victor signalled to decline his offer and went straight across the crowd to the cordon.

The young sheriff, Yelgo, shrugged as usual and casually opened a bottle of milk and drank it up. After a quick burp, he took another sip of coffee and followed him.

'It isn't wise to waste food, so I'd better drink it myself.'

Victor, who was busy working ahead, shouted loudly as he clapped his hands, "I want to see the head of the gallery and the security guards within half an hour. Meanwhile, get the police to investigate the alibi of people who were bailed out last night and whoever who has just served their jail term. And don't let any journalists sneak in! Hurry up!"

After that, Victor snapped his finger several times towards Yelgo who was behind.

Yelgo hasten his steps, and came to Victor. When he was about to say something, Victor had already taken hold of his cup of coffee. As he took a sip, he headed towards the gallery---the crime spot.

Yelgo wanted to say something, but he has now changed his mind...

Quickly following the steps of Victor, Yelgo said in a hurry, "The theft was discovered at five o'clock in the morning during the security patrol. The overtime shift was at three o'clock in the morning. I have done the initial investigation. No suspicious sounds or traces were found. Nothing was out of the ordinary."

"Between three and five o'clock?" Victor nodded, "Nothing special...It's impossible to avoid the gallery's surveillance camera. Did you find any leads on the scene?"

"No, not even a shoe print." Yelgo frowned, "I've examined the place thoroughly. The windows were locked from the inside and there were no evident traces of people walking around. It's almost as if the painting had vanished into thin air. "

"Vanished into thin air?" Victor stopped and snorted, "Do you think this is a magician's performance?"

"I didn't mean that. It is just very confusing."

The two soon arrived at the place where the stolen "The Nameless Maiden" was placed. Victor, after putting on gloves and shoe covers, came close to the wall and examined it with his eyes narrowed.

Yelgo had examined this criminal spot for more than half an hour and still had no clues. He was only trying to find out exactly how the painting was stolen.

What's more, it was only the painting inside the frame that was stolen...This frame, was still there untouched!

"Mr. Victor, do you think it is also F&C this time?" Yelgo commented lightly out of blue.

Victor was slightly shocked but he frowned with a nasty face.

...

"Freedom&Clown?"

Boss Luo was in a good mood after he woke up in the morning.

In order to carry out the tour of his visit to Moscow, Luo Qiu had visited a number of tourist spots in the morning. He was now sitting down in an open-air café recommended by You Ye. He was told that the dessert in this café was pretty good.

Boss Luo already knew that the servant girl did not need to eat, then the question was---how exactly did she know whether the dessert was tasty or not?

The answer was probably, based on the appearance ...

To ease consumption, You Ye was cutting the cake carefully into smaller pieces with a small fork. As for Luo Qiu ... Well, as the club's boss, he was reading newspaper idly.

The maid, who was supposed to be very familiar with Moscow, did not give an immediate answer. She took the newspaper from Luo Qiu, and then whispered after a glance, "It seems to be the thief who became famous recently."

If the thief had appeared only after they left the club, it was not surprising that she hadn't heard about the incident.

Luo Qiu was rather interested, "Well, it is interesting for someone to use 'Freedom and Clown' as a nickname."

Boss Luo thought further with interest, "Do you think the thief would wear a clown mask when it commits crimes?"

You Ye read the newspaper once more, thinking, "According to the report, F&C has successfully committed more than 10 crimes, and each time F&C has escaped successfully... Well, there were a few times where F&C left clues before the actual theft. In other times, the public was only informed after the crime. Therefore, it is hardly possible to find out F&C's pattern of crime. No one knows F&C's gender for certain. This time, 'The Nameless Maiden' may be also be stolen by F&C. Perhaps people will soon see the report."

Under the guidance of You Ye, Boss Luo had applied for a VK account and was now logged in. He found that people on this social

website were all discussing about the stolen painting.

" 'Freedom and Clown' seems to have many fans." Luo Qiu began to scan through the stories about the thief, "... Well, after each crime, F&C will donate the money to charity under its own name? In this society, there are people who would steal the money of the rich and give it to the poor. Oh... A statement has been made."

This was a video uploaded to VK.

Before a white background, one could only see a figure with a clown mask and a black hat. The audio of the video clip was distorted. Indeed, it was really impossible to distinguish whether the figure was a male or female.

"I am F&C, 'The Nameless Maiden' that disappeared last night at the gallery, is now in my hands."

Only one sentence was uttered. In a few seconds, the video had ended within a blink. Nevertheless, it aroused a heated discussion.

Some doubted that this was not the real F&C, because the statement came out too soon.

Yet, there were those who argued that it might be F&C, because F&C has always been unpredictable.

But most of the discussion centred on the charity organisation that F&C would donate the money to--- even bids on the amount of this donation were discussed with consideration of the high value "The Nameless Maiden".

"To this beautiful lady, may I have the honour to perform a magic trick for you?"

A voice was heard in the seat located in front of them, Luo Qiu and You Ye raised their heads at the same time. A pair of neat, white palms with slender fingers first came into their sight.

Chapter 266: The Magic of You Ye

A dark blue suit with a round-collar shirt. Tall with a calm face along with short hair... Luo Qiu's view stayed on this person's face for a while.

Beyond all questions, it was a very delicate face, and also... This was a neutrally-dressed lady around 28 years old.

She was very dashing.

"Are you a street magician?" Looking at this dashing woman suddenly appeared, Luo Qiu asked curiously, and subconsciously looked around.

He didn't want to be the passer-by in other's street video which would then be posted and teased by the audiences on VK or Youtube.

"Don't worry, no one's filming secretly." The dashing woman smiled.

'She's really cool'... Luo Qiu nodded. However, this woman's gaze had never left You Ye that was sitting near him.

Her graceful view contained the yearning for beauty... maybe being with 10% of friendliness.

"Are you two lovers?" She asked suddenly.

Luo Qiu said indifferently, "We are partners that have always accompanied each other."

"WOW..."

She suddenly gave out a surprised look, as if praising them.

Next, she opened her hands in front of Luo Qiu and You Ye---empty hands. She even opened her shirt cuffs to show that there was no props hidden there.

As a magician, the gaze should be attractive to the audience. Luo

Qiu now admired her eyes, which were green, like jadeite.

At this time, the dashing woman picked up the napkin from the table. She clenched her left hand, and then slowly tucked the napkin into her left hand.

She started blinking her charming jade eyes, then showed her left fist to You Ye, chuckling, "Can you grant me a breath?"

With Luo Qiu's permission, You Ye blew out a breath gently.

The dashing magician took back her fist, kissing it before reaching it out again, and slowly opening her fingers in front of Luo Qiu and You Ye.

A flower as blue as the sea bloomed from her palm.

It was a bright-colored flower with round edges, just like feathers being spread out.

"Centaury?" Ms. Maid smiled, revealing the name of the flower directly.

The beautiful female magician smiled very gently at this moment, "Only the blue can bring out your dark blue, sea-like eyes. I gift it to you, my lady."

You Ye picked up the cornflower from her palm. When she just grabbed the petals, she suddenly turned to Luo Qiu and said, "Let me perform a magic trick."

"Oh, can you?" Luo Qiu asked with surprise.

You Ye directly grabbed this cornflower in her palm, imitating the magician, clenching her both hands into fist, with the right hand stretch out and intersect on the left hand.

Then the hands had been stopped in mid-air.

The servant girl now looked at the dashing magician, questioning, "Guess which hand it is in?"

The female magician gaped. Although she behaved casually, but

as a magician, her eyes would never be relaxed. Meticulous observation was embodied in every single sight in her daily life, instinctively.

But at this moment, she had no way to figure out where the cornflower was.

She didn't see any actions which this beautiful girl did---by rights, all swapping actions couldn't be hidden from her. But if it was still in the original fist, this wasn't exactly magic.

Maybe this was just a simple psychological game.

"Not going to guess it?" You Ye whispered.

The lovely female magician mouth moved a bit, revealing a ray of self-confidence smile; her fingers extended, pointing at the original fist where the flower was.

"Are you sure?"

"If I make a bad guess, I'll pay for both of you," she said calmly.

When the servant girl opened the hand being selected, the magician couldn't help opening her mouth and showing a surprised look... until You Ye totally revealed all her fingers.

She immediately whistled with no frustration at her failure; rather, she looked at the other hand of You Ye, which was opened then.

Nothing was in it either..

"Well, I think I met a master." The handsome woman admitted her failure generously, "As the promise, I will pay the bill... Then, have a good day."

Seeing the handsome woman walking to the counter to pay the bill, Boss Luo laughed, "Isn't it a pity to destroy the cornflower using the black flame?"

The servant girl gave her boss a satisfying answer like before, which verified the judgement from Boss Luo to her once more.

"Is there any other thing needed to be cherished except master's present?" She turned her head, which slightly shook the diamond earings hanging at her ears.

It seemed that it hadn't been taken down since she wore it.

Luo Qiu fingers gently tapped the table, clenching his fists as the magician, opening it, then another cornflower appeared on his palm.

"Where are we going next?"

...

...

Vera couldn't see the pair after checking out. She walked to the table, suddenly squatting and checking under the table, but didn't find anything.

She couldn't help laughing at herself, and then sat down and thought carefully of the scene just now...how could she fool her eyes?

"Hum, dear Vera, what are you laughing at?"

At this moment, a man around 33 held a big bag of food and other supplies, showing up near Vera.

"If I tell you that I came across a person who had fooled my eyes, will you believe it?" Vera hanged her head and leaned back with the chair.

The man opened his mouth in astonishment, and then shook his head woodenly, "No, I wouldn't."

"Haha!" Vera shook her head, "Me either."

"Well, stop joking." The man sat down suddenly, asking seriously, "Have you checked VK?"

"What's wrong?" Vera asked freely.

"Well, F & C just uploaded a video on VK and admitted that it

stole 'The Nameless Maiden' from the gallery!"

Vera fished out a pack of Kiss from her clothes and lighted it up. "Vicar, did I go to the art gallery last night?"

Vicar asked back, "Do you walk in your sleep?"

Vera smiled, "Things seem to be getting interesting..."

Chapter 267: Disappearing Painting

In a street alley, a filthy man fled in a hurry because two men in business suits were tailing after him.

He had a look of urgency, but his fleeing speed was slow because he had to hold his bleeding right leg, which had been wrapped in a piece of white cloth. At this moment, a distinctive pattern could be seen on this cloth, just as if it was red ink being diluted.

Since he couldn't walk quickly, he got rid of the tail with the aid of the complex city streets until he lost his own way.

"I am sorry," he said.

He seemed to have ran into someone, hastily glancing at the man before rushing into another alley immediately. But he wasn't aware that something fell out of his coat—It turned out it was a tube of paint.

...

When Luo Qiu's eyes curiously fell on this tube of paint, the servant girl had picked it up and sent it to him.

Luo Qiu didn't have time to scrutinize it. Two men in business suits had just walked out from that alley. They looked like elites in the decent business suits.

Seeing there were only two people here, one of the suit men noticed the tube of paint in Boss Luo's hand, so he directly asked, "Excuse me, did you see a man passed by? His leg was hurt, it should be very to be recognized."

An oriental face... so the man in the suit changed into the easiest language to communicate with him immediately.

Boss Luo, who did not seem to have any pressure, and pointed to a way---the opposite direction which the man had left.

The suit man looked at the way, nodding, and running into the

alley.

While the other suit man took out of a wallet from his suit pocket, giving some money to Boss Luo, and quickly saying 'thanks', before hurriedly following his partner.

"...Did I earn money?" Luo Qiu looked at Ms. Maid incrediously.

You Ye nodded with smile, "Yes, master. You did."

Luo Qiu shook his head, starting to observe this tube of paint in his hand with more interest---one half had been used, and the tail had been rolled to the middle.

The color was lemon yellow.

...

...

Vera was chewing gum. The art gallery, which Vera had walked around, was closed today and cordoned because of the theft.

"Security guards are guarding the entrances... Vicar, what's going on inside?" Vera pressed her earphone and connected to Vicar, who was working in a car.

In a motor home opposite the art gallery, Vicar was watching two screens with a piece of toast in his mouth while his hands were typing speedily. He answered despite being busy working, "Dear Queen Vera, do you think I am just hacking into the senior high school students' computers, which are full of porn pages?"

"I should go in and have a look first." Vera whistled.

Vicar's toast dropped down due to the shock and disagreed instantly, "We don't know the situation inside now. The police might still be staying there, if you go in... oh well, you're the most willful queen I've ever seen!"

Communication had been turned off, Vicar sighed and had to continue his hard work .

It was very easy for Vera to insert herself into the art gallery; but apparently she chose the most accessible way---As a magician, it was not hard to get the ID card from a staff that sneaked out for a smoke.

Of course before that, the cool magician lady had dressed herself in a set of clothes, wearing clumsy black-rimmed glasses and changing a different hairstyle.

Vera swiped the ID card and went into the art gallery under the surveillance of the policemen.

In the crime scene of the theft, Vera also saw a policeman standing guard, but the person in charge was not there. Perhaps he was interrogating for a testimony somewhere.

Vera walked by calmly with her hawk eyes. At that moment, she recorded all the scenes and the layout there in her clever mind.

When she was depicting the structure of this art gallery, a young man came toward her and shouted, "Please wait."

The outline of a gun was revealed from the young man's trenchcoat while he was walking. Vera gaped, and couldn't help taking a step back. They looked at each other. "What's the matter?"

While the man asked, "Where's the bathroom...Oh, my stomach is uncomfortable."

"It's right over there," Vera pointed the way.

"Thank you!" The young man nodded and said, "I'm Yelgo... and by the way, you'll look better without wearing glasses."

Vera squinted her eyes, looking at the direction Yelgo rushed to, but she didn't know whether there was a washroom. As she was going to leave, she heard footsteps.

She quickly hid behind a pillar. A middle-aged man with a big belly hastily and cautiously walked by... It looked he was afraid of being found.

Vera looked around, quietly following the man.

"... Yes, I've just finished the police inquiry... Well, everything is OK ... I'll do it as soon as possible," the man said.

Vera could only hear the response from one side. But she was so attentive that she quietly photographed the man with her cellphone.

Slipping out this art gallery, Vera took off the jacket and glasses and threw them in a trash, then she went to Vicar's motor home.

Vicar was relieved, but with a blaming tone, he said, "I didn't hope to see you come back easily; I would prefer you to suffer more."

Vera took out a bottle of beer from the fridge, opening it, and walking to Vicar. Propping herself on the table with her hand, she said quickly, "The painting disappeared itself."

"You mean some magician had it disappear?" Vicar rolled his eyes.

Vera turned on her phone, "Help me check who this guy is...Besides, next time can you buy me some nicer glasses?"

Vicar ... Vicar blinked his eyes, astounded.

...

...

He popped his head out nervously to check around the way he walked through---there were only a few pedestrians.

The two men in business suits did not seemed to catch up.

He heaved a sigh of relief. Then, his body slid down the wall and he sat down. His lip turned pale and dry because of the violent escape and his facial muscles twisted together because of the wound on his leg.

"Do you want some water?"

A bottle of mineral water appeared in his sight.

The man in terrible condition looked up unconsciously and saw a man and a woman... This man seemed to be the young guy he had just run into.

"Who are you?" the man said with a slight hint of terror and hesitation. Meanwhile his hands held the wall, trying his best to hold up himself.

"This is what you left behind." Luo Qiu spread out his hand and the lemon yellow pigment appeared in his hand.

The man was surprised. He quickly grabbed back the pigment from Luo Qiu's hand and stuffed it into his pocket. Looking relieved, he gazed at the mineral water, swallowing subconsciously.

After hurriedly twisting off the water and gulping it down, he wiped his mouth at random and said with a puzzle look, "The pursuers ... Didn't they ask you the way?"

Because the man clearly remembered the distance between pursuers and himself. After he ran into the man, the pursuers would have surely meet with the pair.

"Well, I might have played a prank."

The man was astonished, asking curiously, "Why did you help me?"

Boss Luo said quietly, "Have you forgotten, sir? We've met before."

"Really?" The man showed a stunned expression.

Boss Luo indicatively said, "A few days ago, didn't you tell me something about the painting "The Nameless Maiden' in the art gallery?"

This was the crazy guy they met at the art gallery.

Chapter 268: Lots of Money

"You're not going to eat?"

Looking at the guy just having a cup of water, Urey put down his knife and fork and asked.

Urey's bushy beard and the way he wolfed down the food deepened Luo Qiu's disinterest to the food, which had a bad appearance.

Luo Qiu shook his head and pointed to his chin. Urey was stunned, reaching up and grabbed a noddle from his curly hair beard.

Urey ate that noddle directly---After that, he continued to binge on the food.

After Urey finished all of it, he gave a belch and felt satisfied. "Why did you help me? And even treated me a meal? Only because we met before? But I don't have any impression of you at all." Urey said.

Luo Qiu sipped water before saying, "That day, you said the artist loved the woman. Well... There isn't any conclusion in the world about the woman in that picture, and I wonder why Mr. Urey judged it in an such an assertive tone?"

Urey was stupefied.

He had thought of many possibilities--- It wasn't just his mouth that was moving while binge eating. However, he had never thought it was because of such a requirement.

Urey wiped his mouth carelessly with one napkin and drank a little vodka. Then he leaned forwards on the table to reduce the distance between himself and Luo Qiu.

Urey stretched out two fingers to point his eyes, saying seriously, "If I say, that my eyes can see that, will you believe that?"

His wide brown eyes were seriously bloodshot.

"Why not?" Luo Qiu said carelessly, "If I believe, it means Mr. Urey is a painting connoisseur. And it's happy to know a painting connoisseur. As for... "

Luo Qiu shook his head, "... even if I'm cheated, there's no loss to me."

Urey opened his mouth slightly, and suddenly laughed---it was a funny and incredible laugh.

"Connoisseur, Connoisseur." Urey repeated as if mocking it, "Yes, you're right, I'm a connoisseur--- but I'm an artist, rather than a connoisseur, haha!"

Luo Qiu drank another sip of water, "Does Mr. Urey have some works?"

Urey poured and drank the vodka lonely; one cup after another, until he was a little tipsy, while his eyes lowered slightly, "Works? Of course, lots of works... they're inundate with the street... even the toilet paper..." He answered.

"Mr. Urey, do you know the phrase 'put away the cup after taking a tiny sip'?" After saying that, Luo Qiu asked the waiter to give a cup of warm water to Urey.

But apparently, Urey was obviously more interested in the vodka, "Why won't I drink if I can? After walking out of this restaurant, we won't be friends any longer. You are just curious about what I'm like, so you treat me a meal here...You expect to know my story, don't you?"

Luo Qiu replied, "To some extent I am...Well, I'm interested in this part recently."

Urey sneered with disdain, looking Luo Qiu up and down, then glanced at the beautiful woman nearby, muttering, "Anyway, you rich guys prefer to sit at a warm place to listen to cold story, to feel the coldness near the fireplace, then you'll have the chance to sigh

with emotion and satisfy your occasional sympathy..."

"Mr. Urey, You need a rest. There should be some room upstairs." Luo Qiu said without intention to explain.

Urey was totally drunk now. He held his head with his hand, looking at the waiter not far away, waving to him.

The waiter was puzzled, coming with a smile and asking politely, "Sir, what can I do for you?"

Urey suddenly said, "Can you dance? Get naked and dance here."

It was embarrassing, but the waiter also politely said, "Maybe you are drunk, Sir. Anything I can do for you?"

Urey head wagged with smile, moving his eyes on Luo Qiu and snapped his fingers, asking, "How much money do you have now?"

Luo Qiu was really curious about the intention of the wanderer, so he gave a hinting look to the servant girl.

Ms. Maid took a stack of brand-new high denomination Ruble from her handbag and put it to the front of Urey.

Urey whistled, taking up the brick-thick money, and swept his fingers over it. After that, he held the table to stand up and stared at the waiter, "Take off you clothes and dance here, you can get all the money."

Watching the stack of money he put in his hands, the waiter's face suddenly tightened.

...

"Hahahahaha!!! Hahahahaha!! Haha... (Cough)...Haha...well, get out here!"

Urey laughed, one hand held the bottle, and the other screwed the cap, while looking at the waiter who picked up his clothes on the ground quickly.

He really got naked in the restaurant, only kept his socks,

underpants and the bow tie. Afterwards, he hurried to grab his clothes, running away immediately.

Urey sat down again, "See? Being rich is so good. When you told me to stay in this hotel, the waiter looked down on me... But you see what he did? If you have money, whether it is mine or yours, it can make him get naked and dance."

After a belch, he continued, "A common person won't earn that stack of banknotes in a year. But you took them out without hesitation. You even had no reaction when I passed the money to the waiter. You may just be curious about what funny things would happen next. An item that could have people put down their dignity, is just a prop for watching a play."

Boss Luo drank the third sip of water, "What does Mr. Urey want to say?"

"Since you are so fond of interesting things, why don't you give me lots of money?"

"As you said, money doesn't really mean anything to me." Luo Qiu nodded and said, "So it's appropriate to treat money as a tool... But I gave you the money because of my curiosity, and you showed me something interesting. But this was just a small case..."

Looking at Urey, Luo Qiu said coolly, "But what will you show me if I give you a huge amount of money?"

Urey laughed and said, "Yeah, What can I show you?"

Urey started to think in his head, and his head wagged again, "Well... Well! Huh? Oh... Let me think... Alright, you will see I enjoy my comfortable life without hardship, come in and go out deluxe places, beautiful girls around me, having the extravagant life that could only appear in everyman's dreams."

Belched again, Urey seemed to drift off, "Are those enough..."

"But I'm not interested in these." Luo Qiu shook his head.

"Oh... Are you?" Urey said. He sat very indecently with his head backward and legs opened naturally.

"But you can buy lots of wealth from me."

"Buy?" Urey was confused.

"Yes. For money, some people can take risks, engage in dangerous works and, unfortunately, be infected with diseases, even lose health or life...and some people can give up their dignity; others fall out of their relatives. Don't you think they are making a killing while selling out some important things, even overdrawing their lives."

Urey pointed at Luo Qiu, giggling, "You mean, I can sell these to you? That's good... OK..."

Bang!

Before Urey finished his speaking, he fell to the dining table and snored loudly.

Maybe for Mr. Urey, all the words were silly words after being drunk, which would be forgotten when he got sober.

"Zzzz!"

Chapter 269: Beauty is a Catastrophe

Headache is often accompanied after one drinks vodka. And Urey was not an exception.

Urey waked up and found himself lying on a very comfortable bed. He quietly looked at the delicate decoration on the ceiling.

He met a weird guy.

Urey murmured to himself; meanwhile, he thought he should take shower to keep a clear head.

But when he sat up, he saw a black card lying quietly on the cabinet of the windowsill. His subconscious guided him to walk toward this card and pick it up.

Only when he touched this card, some obscure scenes flashed through his brain... He remembered some things that happened before.

He suddenly stood up and walked quickly to the window. Then he pushed the window open, throwing out the black card.

He didn't know why he did that, but there was an instinctive impulsion that made him feel that it was reasonable.

After taking a shower and having a brunch in the dining hall, Urey looked around but he didn't know where to go. This bewildered feeling had occurred when he came to the city for the first time.

There was excitement at that time, but now what only left for him was suffering.

"Should I leave here..." Urey murmured to himself again.

But he immediately got the answer, No!

With a deep breath, Urey walked into the hotel. He sat in the hall and stared at the clock on the wall, falling into contemplation.

When the minute hand moved half a circle, Urey made up his mind. He asked for using the hotel telephone, dialing.

Urey tried to calm and encourage himself. The front desk staffs were bending over for their work and didn't notice him. Urey turned around and looked at the entrance of the hotel at random---the phone call went through.

"It's me...You didn't except me to get out eh... Not very well, Mr. Efim. I'm in a terrible situation now... ho ho, just because of this, I need my reward from you... Why? Yes, just like you said, a guy like me would probably not make waves... But do you really think I dare to call you without any evidence?"

There was a silence at the other side of the phone. Urey had a slight hint of cold smile on face, "Not too much, I just want a considerable reward. At eight this evening, Luca Bian Metro Station... Ask Anna to come to talk with me."

Then, Urey decisively ended the call.

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This was the 27th playing card. All of those cards were from Vera's fingers, which flew about 3 meters away and stuck in a wooden beam orderly.

(Don't misunderstand. Those were actually metal pokers, instead of paper cards.)

"This is the information of that guy." Vicar came out of the room with the printed documents on his hand.

While shooting the 28th cards, Vera lightly said, "Tell me the situation."

"The guy's name is Yakov, the owner of the art gallery. He has been working there for thirteen years and came from Belarus twenty years ago. Well... married, has a son and a daughter." Vicar

said simply, "In addition, he has registered online casino accounts at three different websites...And, this guy's bets are very huge, but mostly loses. Seems the art gallery owner has a very good income."

Vera kicked to turn the swivel chair to Vicar, meanwhile the 29th metal playing card flew over Vicar's head, which made this thin man started sweating cold sweat. "Something is wrong with this guy."

"You mean this guy stole the painting?" Vicar walked to Vera carefully with the folder protecting his head, sitting down with relief when he knew Vera wouldn't play cards.

Vera kept the chair turning and said, "Mostly loses? Then his financial condition must be very terrible, but since he's still betting, the guy probably has a good family background---Obviously, his salary as an art gallery owner cannot afford that."

"He has extra income..." Vicar quickly said, "Using his authority to steal these famous paintings from the art gallery to get money!"

Vicar patted his head suddenly, and pointed at Vera, "To not be exposed, he shifted the misfortune onto you!"

Vera rolled her eyes, patting Vicar's arm and correcting, "Onto F&C! Not me!"

"OK ..." Vicar said, "So what are you going to do?"

Vera hesitated for a while, "I'm just curious, how does he have the painting disappear?"

Vicar was wordless...

Wasn't it the most serious issue to clarify this thing?

Vera suddenly stood up and put on a coat.

Vicar quickly said with frowning, "Recently the boss organizing illegal boxing matches was caught, lots of inside stories were disclosed, and many people were involved. Now, that world famous painting is stolen, I think the police must be very vigilant.

So don't be reckless."

"Since the painting is stolen by F&C, it must be in F&C's hands, right?" Vera gave an evil smile and said, "Let me go to his home to check. Help me at any time."

Vera seemed to turn a deaf ear to the warning of Vicar.

"What about the holiday in Moscow?" Vicar grumbled.

"Bang!" the door was closed.

...

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Rumbling!!

On the platform, a strong wind followed by the coming Metro---when the Metro stopped, the crowds overflowed this platform.

Anna was an attractive and traditional Russian woman. She only carried a long-belt mini bag. Until almost all the passengers got off, she stood up and walked toward the door.

She walked with a charming smile of a model. With traditional and modern beauty, she attracted lots of men's eyes.

She seemed to look for someone in the crowd.

"Stop! And don't turn around!" A voice appeared behind her suddenly.

Then the voice went on, "Now, move to the track side slowly. But remember, do not turn around!"

She could even feel something was poking her back gently.

Thought Anna couldn't see the person, she still showed a smile, turning slightly and said softly, "Urey, calm down... I'm happy you told Mr. Efim to let me talk to you. And I'm so glad to see you again."

Urey sneered, "Are you? More glad than screwing with Yefim---the son of a bitch?"

Anna sighed, "Urey, you should know my difficulties...I didn't intend to lie to you."

"Shut up, Ms. Anna, I'm not a kid, and won't be depressed over this. My anger was gone." Urey said lightly, "I don't care whether you were fond of me, it doesn't matter---I only want money, understand?"

Anna suddenly said, "I heard something is in your hand. What's that?"

"Do you think I'll tell you that?" Urey sneered.

Anna nodded and said, "Well, since you are so straight, then I'll also get to the point... How much do you want? What's more, don't you think it would be more convincing for us and more favorable for you to show me something, even a little bit? Without proof, we will give you nothing."

When Anna was saying that, she secretly put down one of her arms. And in her palm, a small cosmetic mirror case was opened, swaying toward the back.

"Ten million, Euro."

"No problem, but you must show me something of the evidence." Anna said with no concession.

Urey snorted, "Do you think I'll show you that? There is no leeway in the negotiation. Your only choice---give it or not?"

"Urey." Anna suddenly called, as turning her body to Urey.

"I warned you don't turn around! Do you want to die?" Urey's eyes opened wide, but it couldn't hide his panic.

Anna smiled and looked at the clothes covering Urey's arm. She stretched out her hand, lifting the clothes.

A series of continuous fast actions.

"Since when can a finger shoot bullets?"

"Hum!" Urey snored again, "So what even if you saw through me? Do you think I'm carrying it on myself? Let me tell you, if I can't go back safely today, the whole Moscow will know your scandal tomorrow!"

"Don't be nervous." Anna smiled and approached to Urey.

"Stay back!" Urey said as taking a step back subconsciously.

Anna was still walking close, which made Urey had to take back again and again until touching the wall. Now he must try to escape from this place.

But his arm was quickly caught by Anna--- the woman kissed him with a fast speed.

He had enjoyed such passionate kisses for many nights before, when he lost himself in the gorgeous relationship.

But soon he sobered up!

The continuous pain lingered in his mind, and made his pupil open widely.

It turned out there was a small, silvery and very delicate pistol in Anna's hand. Under the rumble of the metro arriving at the station, it had been shot several times.

Across the clothes Urey grabbed.

Two times, or three?

When Anna stopped the kiss, she used her palm to cover his wounds. Then Anna stood on tiptoe and whispered to Urey, "Dear Urey, maybe you don't know, I know you better than you do. I deeply remember your looks and tricks...So, talking is not what a good man should do."

"Anna..."

Urey felt that his strength was leaving away from his body.

"I'll miss the time with you." Anna said like his wife, untying his

clothes and snuggling up to him, "Farewell."

She took a step back and hurriedly got on the metro, which was about to leave.

...

'I shouldn't be here... It's right to leave this place.' Urey regretted.

Urey's body crept down through the walls slowly. He even lost the ability to speak--- When he sat down on the floor, the wall was reddened by the blood.

People finally noticed this injured man, and got into chaos--- Some people looked him over, and some helped to call an ambulance.

Now Urey couldn't feel his voice, and his sight turned dim and blurry.

When his body completely collapsed on the ground, he found a black card was in his hand...Was it the one he threw away?

Urey didn't know.

But he heard a voice.

"Dear customer, what do you want?"

Chapter 270: Failed Witchcraft

At night.

St. Basil's Cathedral.

The colorful castle-like church with several onion-like tops did not allow visitors to walk in.

Anatoly had finished the lesson of today's prayers. He turned round and then saw the Bishop Peter in a white robe.

Anatoly hastened to Bishop Peter, and said respectfully, "Bishop, did you find me for something?"

"Anatoly, come with me," said Bishop Peter softly.

Anatoly, immediately nodded and followed the Bishop without hesitation. He found he was going somewhere forbidden to enter in ordinary.

Moreover, he could feel the divine power becoming more and more intense. Only a clergyman with an incomparably devout faith could feel this power after a special penance.

As for using it, that was more difficult. Anatoly belonged to the most excellent Eastern Orthodoxy members of this generation. After graduating from the monastery, he was assigned to practice in the church.

Although he had owned the qualifications of a priest, which meant a formal priesthood in the Eastern Orthodoxy view; in the true church, he was just a fledgling.

"Bishop Peter, where is this...." Anatoly asked with doubt.

But the bishop in front didn't say anything, but opened a door at the end of the corridor---here was actually a chapel.

The statue of the Father was in front. Anatoly found that a man had been there. He was also wearing a priest's garb.

Bishop Peter looked at Anatoly and whispered, "Go ahead! Relax, but be in awe."

Anatoly viewed a rare solemn look on the Bishop's face, which puzzled him, but he could only follow the Bishop's words.

Upon entering the chapel inside the church, Anatoly found that the Bishop had closed the door--- he didn't follow.

After a deep breath, Anatoly came behind the priest.

All of a sudden, he felt an unprecedented strong divine power from the priest which was as deep as the sea.

The God's holiness was like the sea.

This sentence, somehow, suddenly came to Anatoly's mind so that he instinctively bowed his head and forgot what he had intended to say.

"Raise your head."

At last the strange priest seemed to turn around. Anatoly raised his head with an air of surprise.

He had seen the priest who was the most common clergyman opened to the public by church to receive tourists.

How can he...?

"Are you Anatoly? Peter said that you are the youngest priest graduated from monastery in recent years."

"Yes," Anatoly nodded, not daring to make a mistake. But he seemed extremely calm, and didn't seem to panic because of the vastly divine power.

"My name is Sullivan."

"Hello, Mr. Sullivan."

Sullivan smiled. In his eyes there was some admiration, looked like he was satisfied with Anatoly. But he suddenly said, "Did you feel it two days ago?"

Anatoly nodded. "There was a stream of pure faith fluctuating, but it soon disappeared. I have never felt such a pure soul."

"Do you know what that means?" Sullivan asked suddenly.

Anatoly shook his head

Sullivan solemnly said, "The soul that suddenly emerged represents the one who will become Heaven's saint in the future."

Anatoly gave out an astonished look, his face turned a little serious... Because he knew what Heaven's saint mean.

Sullivan went on saying, "Did you know you are originally in charge of monitoring this soul?"

Anatoly opened his mouth, subconsciously frowning, "Sir, I don't know what's the meaning of monitoring."

"Close your eyes," Sullivan said quietly, "I'll remind you of what you've forgotten."

Anatoly didn't obey at once. He looked at this common priest, who was only responsible for entertaining the tourists....instantly, he closed his eyes slowly.

'Something I forgot?' He was still wondering.

But anyway, he was curious indeed.

Sullivan stretched out hands and fingered on Anatoly's forehead-- meanwhile, he closed eyes, and some hazy splendor began to release from his body.

White and serene.

"God is above..."

He began to speak some old language. Anatoly found that even though he had studied this ancient language when he was free in the monastery, but he still couldn't translate it completely. Furthermore, he couldn't understand what Sullivan said next.

He just felt a more majestic divine power flowing slowly into his

body like water. This power seemed to be mingling with his.

Little by little, Anatoly's mind was filled with a hazy scene.

He couldn't see the scene clearly... Someone seemed to speak at his ear, but he could see half a hazy face and a mouth that seemed to be saying something without sound.

All of a sudden, Anatoly opened his eyes, feeling stabbing pain in his head.

His body stepped back subconsciously, looking at Mr. Sullivan who was just looking at him curiously.

Anatoly didn't feel like he had remembered anything. Even though the picture emerging in his mind was gradually disappearing.

"Sir, I still can't remember anything." Anatoly said slowly with a doubtful sight

The guy had shown a sea-like holiness... Was just a delusion?

It was awkward.

"I got it"

Sullivan nodded and turned around slowly, looking up at the statue of the Father without speaking. He was still showing the sea-like holiness appearance.

But he was....He was really embarrassed.

At the same time, he also feared .

...

...

"Get out of the way! Move! Move! "

The paramedics dressing in hospital uniforms carried stretchers and rushed across the crowd, shouting, "Where's the injured person?"

But when they got there, they just saw a pool of blood still attach to the wall but nobody was there, "Where is the injured? Didn't someone said that a person was injured by a gunshot?"

"The man was here just now, but...he disappeared in a twinkling."

The supervisor that came out from the ambulance frowned, saying angrily, "Are you telling me a man who has been shot down and bled massively can disappear in a twinkling? Is he actually a magician?"

"But..."

"Shut up! This is a prank! Who called the ambulance just now!!"

Anyway, it seemed to be more disordered now in front of the platform.

Chapter 271: A Lost Aristocrat

Vera went out in the afternoon, but she returned at dinner time without any expression on her face.

Vicar, who knew her well, understood that it was because Vera did not get any results.

"There's nothing in Yakov's family. His wife is a typical housewife and his son's room has some hidden marijuana; his daughter is a party-goer but has a figure that is way out of shape." Vera sighed, "It's just a normal typical middle-class family."

"Oh, is it? But I have got some information." Vicar shrugged.

Vera sat down casually, legs crossed, both her hands held the back of the sofa, with a face waiting for good news.

Vicar, who was familiar with it, sighed, "To be exact, there's a clue from you."

"Can you say it more clearly?" said Vera with some impatience.

Vicar had to say, "An invitation was sent to your personal E-mail box, indicating the time and place... Three days later, there will be an auction of 'The Nameless Maiden'."

"Do you mean my private E-mail box?" Vera frowned.

Vicar shrugged, "Of course it's you, 'Vera Toktahonov'."

Vera was silent for a while; then she suddenly said, "Who is the inviter?"

"F & C." Vicar said solemnly.

Vera suddenly said indifferently, "I don't remember giving my private E-mail address away?"

Vika laughed, "My dear Princess, have you forgotten why you ran away from home? Although you have not revealed the E-mail address, there are many bosses which are very concerned about

your future life! Don't you know how many love letters your personal mailbox receives every day from all over the world? I'm the person...."

Vicar pointed to himself and said, "I'm the person taking time every day to help reply them for you."

Vera squinted eyes and showed a smile, "Are those admirers handsome?"

Vicar answered while nodded repeatedly, "Well, several guys are almost perfect."

Vera walked toward Vicar with a delicate smile which makes her looked like a female leopard. He could only swallow and say, "I really didn't do anything except asked for some photos at most."

Vera swirled her fingers quickly.

Vicar froze with intuition that nothing good would happen. But his experience also indicated that if he didn't follow, it would be worse. So he could only turn around.

With a sneer, Vera picked up the TV remote-control and plunged it into Vicar's body.

"Oh!! Easy does it... Oh!"

"Enjoy it?" Vera whispered next to Vicar's ears.

Vicar clamped up his legs with a trying face, painfully saying, "I haven't used it for a long time. Oh, be gentle..."

"Get me an evening dress ready tomorrow. I'll go to the auction." Vera let go his hand and turned him over; suddenly she violently pressed Vicar's body against the stool.

When Vicar cried, she said, "Did you hear it clearly?"

"I...got it."

Vera clapped hands, returning to the room smartly. Vicar stood up by holding the chair, and pulled the remote control out in a

strange expression which was finally converted into pleasure.

He heaved a sigh of relief, it didn't seem too bad.

So he stared at the remote control falling on the ground, as if thinking about something...

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Around the age of 60, every action of the well-dressed man was so appropriate that it seem to come from a textbook.

Wearing a pair of white gloves, a pocket watch chain was revealed in his pocket.

When Urey woke up again, he saw such an old man standing beside him. The old man's hair was gray, but still looked very energetic.

It was a room ten times more luxurious than the hotel where he woke up last time.

"I... should be in the subway station." Urey hesitated. He sat up and tried to figure out what was going on.

He touched his belly subconsciously, but found that there were no wounds on his body--- Even the legs injured earlier had healed up well.

"Mr. Urey, the hot water is ready for your bath now," the old man said with smile.

"Am...I dreaming?" Urey opened his mouth. He didn't remember when he had obtained the respect from such an imposing old gentleman. He asked," Where... is this place? And who are you?"

"Please call me Edgar." the old man said with a calm smile on his face, "You are in your private Cachia Manor, sir. Please bathe soon. As an aristocrat, it's extremely impolite to make the guests wait for

you."

"My... private manor?... Aristocrat?"

...

...

The spacious bathroom, equivalent to a living room of 80 square meters, connected to the changing room, where there were more than 20 sets of luxury clothes.

Countless ties, watches, belts, hats... and shoes.

Even after Urey had bathed blankly, he was shaved by a beautiful maid.

Urey felt as if he was drunk on his dream. Looking out of the bathroom's window, he only saw a small corner of the manor, which was a very flat and large lawn!

He couldn't even see the fence.

He couldn't believe that the man in the mirror was himself either.

After shaving the untidy beard and trimming hair, making it shine, he had become another man when he was dressed in fancy clothes.

At the end of the corridor, Edgar had already been standing and waiting for Urey in front of a room's door. As the confusing Urey came, Edgar opened the door for him.

The moment the door was opened, Urey couldn't help shouting, "It's you guys!"

...

"Take a seat."

Luo Qiu was drinking black tea, glancing at Urey as he coming up and smiled; then he put down the cup. The servant girl refilled the cup immediately.

Even though there were plenty of servants in the manor, the servant girl still insisted on serving her boss herself.

"What happened?"

Urey sat down with frown. He found that Edgar didn't come in, but closed the door after he stepped into.

"Did Mr. Urey forget what you asked from us?" Luo Qiu questioned suddenly.

Urey gave a start, a prickling of his head forced him to grab his hair subconsciously--- His face seemed to turn a little pale in an instant.

As his eyes returned from confusion to reality, Urey was astonished to look at the young man with an oriental face.

To be exact, it was a mysterious young man!

"I...even said something like that...."

He remembered what he had said--- but he didn't say it again; however, it seemed that such inconceivable words had come true.

Urey had to believe what was happening right now.

The most direct and powerful evidence was not what he had seen in the manor, but that he was still alive instead of meeting his original fate---death.

Luo Qiu suddenly said, "We believe the words saying by a dying person are mostly true. Mr. Urey, the contract has been made. Within the next month, you are not only the owner of the manor, but also the heir of the Typica Family. Your identity is..."

Boss Luo smiled, "You are Urey Tipica, an exiled czarist member of nobility during the October Revolution, who's settled in Morocco now."

Looking at Urey's uncanny expression, Luo Qiu snapped his finger.

The servant girl took a seal from a box, pushing it to Urey, saying, "Mr. Urey, This is the Tipica Family's seal and badge, which can prove your identity."

"I'm a... descendant of a noble..."

Urey felt as if he lost the ability to think.

Chapter 272: Disguise The Authentic with The Fake

Afterwards, Urey summoned Edgar to his side and asked him if he recognized the two guests he had just met.

However, Edgar showed a sense of confusion and answered, "Sir, were there any guests just now? Why didn't I have an impression?"

He forgot it.

He completely forgot it... Not only Edgar, but even the beautiful servant girl who had just shaved him, even the strong bodyguard who served as a part-time driver in this manor. They all said they didn't notice anyone come.

Urey sat in his own study room, absent-minded. Even if it was just a study room, it was decorated as if it were a palace.

Besides him there was the seal which was said to have the power to employ all the asset of the inheritors of the Typica's Family, and 15% of all the family's properties.

"Edgar.. what's the amount of my personal properties?" Urey asked subconsciously.

"Sir, your estate is approximately 4.1 billion Euro."

"Family... What about my family?"

"It might take certain amount of time to calculate in order to get an accurate number." Edgar replied with revere, "Sir, the international market is constantly changing, and the accurate amount will be ready during the family banquet at the end of the year. But last year, the number calculated was 75.4 billion Euro."

15 per cent... 75.4 billion... Euro...

Urey had to wipe his face with his hands in order to calm himself

down. Edgar, however, was able to perform his duty well, "Sir, are you uncomfortable? Do you need me to call the doctor?"

Right... There was also a private doctor in this manor.

"No, it's fine. I want to stay alone for a moment. Leave me alone." Urey calmed himself down.

Edgar nodded, with his hands on his thigh and bowed a little bit, then straightly left this room.

Urey subconsciously pinched his eyebrow and leaned on the chair. He looked up at the hanging ornament on the ceiling... Ornaments of this kind might take him eight years, even ten years or more to afford, considering his salary when he worked in the gallery.

But.

"There's only a month's time..."

Urey slowly closed his eyes---because he knew, the month's extremely luxurious life was exchanged by everything of his.

...

...

Inside the building, Anna was waiting for the screen of the elevator to show the number of the floor she would arrive.

Ding—

She walked out of the elevator, but outside the door were two men standing guard. They scanned her body from front to behind skillfully with a scanner.

But she seemed sort of discontent, "Do I have to go through the same thing every time?"

"Miss Anna, you should know except for Mr. Efim's family members, whoever else will have to go through this process," one of them answered indifferently.

The other answered calmly, "It's all done. Miss Anna, Mr. Efim is already inside waiting for you."

Anna laughed slightly and mocked, "I am glad that you were not there watching when I had sex with your boss. Or even if your boss was as strong as a bear, I wouldn't be able to reach orgasm."

They pretended not to hear that.

Like statues, the two returned back to the elevator.

Anna retracted her gaze and walked into the room filled that gave of a seemingly sci-fi vibe---Inside, there was a glass wall of almost 180 angle and the height of this building also made it possible to have a wide view from here.

"You are back."

At this moment, on the winding stair, a strong... actually, fat, middle-aged man slowly walked down.

"Have you handled the matter already?" he continued.

Anna flicked her hair with a seductive smile, suddenly spread her fingers and pressed them on her chests... Slowly moved down, "Here, here...and here, three bullets."

Efim just glimpsed indifferently, then nodded and walked towards the bar nearby, suddenly saying, "What's the original price the guy stated?"

"Ten million Euro."

Efim listened, but showed no special facial expressions.

He took out two cups and opened the bottle of the wine. After pouring two cups of alcohol, he walked to Anna and gave her one, "Ms. Anna, You should mourned for him."

Anna lightly smiled, lightly touching Efim's cup with hers, "Isn't it 'we'?"

"It's a pity that Urey just died in this way." Efim shrugged, "But I

don't like guys who don't obey me. Come here, let me show you something."

As he spoke, Efim walked towards the corner of the room---the corner that was closed to the glass wall.

There was a shelf there covered by white cloth. Anna's eyes was lightened up as if she knew what this thing was.

"Open it up."

However, Efim walked toward the sofa nearby.

Anna walked one step forward and turned over the white sheet on the shelf---"The Nameless Maiden".

In Anna's eyes, there was a glimpse of obsession. She reached her fingers to the painting and slowly slid it down, "So beautiful... This is the one in the gallery... The Nameless Maiden."

"No."

Out of expectations, Efim said indifferently, "This is painted by Urey."

Anna was shocked for a moment, couldn't help frowning, turning around and looking at this tycoon, "Urey?"

This time Efim laughed lightly, "That is why I said it was a pity that Urey died."

Anna still frowned, as realizing something and said subconsciously, "Are you intending to sell the fake one on the auction the day after tomorrow?"

"Who said it was a fake one?" Efim said slowly, "Since the paint was stolen by F&C from the gallery, it will be authentic if F&C sells it."

"I know why you feel it was a pity now."

Anna walked in front of Efim with a charming smile. She even took off her high heels, and eventually sat down on Yefim's body,

"You chould have owned many paintings of "The Nameless Maiden". I shouldn't have sent Urey to see God... Because he really achieved it."

She originally thought, that Efim would sell the true painting that was stole, and then use the fake one made by Urey to cheat a bunch of rich outsiders for making a huge amount of money.

But she didn't expect--- that Urey was able to disguise the authentic with the fake one, and make a nearly perfect duplication.

Even just now, if it wasn't said by Efim himself, she... she was actually cheated.

Since it could fool her, it naturally could fool most of the collectors... No, it was all of them.

Not most of them.

"I'm so sorry about this." Anna shifted her eye sight, lowering her head and giving an enchanting smile, "I think I should provide you with a good compensation."

While Efim answered, "No need. Just call the auction the day after tomorrow. I have invited someone to eat together and I am about to leave soon."

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"Let me go! Let me go!! Let me go! Do you know who I am? How dare you lock me here? I want to see your president! Let me out!"

Inside the police station, someone was shouting loudly.

Therefore, Yelgo, the young policeman who just went back and had spent a lot of effort on the robbery in the gallery, couldn't help frowning and asked his colleague, "What's wrong with this guy?"

"Who knows. This guy was just caught for stealing in the convenience store... He said he was the descendant of some royalty and the inheritor of a big family. He even demanded to see our

president... then I'm the descendant of Tsar! Haha!"

Yelgo shrugged, he didn't pay much attention and walked directly to the office of Sheriff Victor.

Chapter 273: Masquerade Ball

However, the young policeman who just walked into Sheriff Victor's office, encountered the Sheriff packing his items on the desk, as if about to leave.

"Yelgo? You came at the right time. Go out with me." Victor directly said, "To meet someone."

"Now?" Yelgo was stunned for a second and asked directly, "Who are we going to meet?"

"You will know when you are there... Remember don't be surprised later."

...

He wouldn't be like that... Yelgo couldn't help thinking secretly---after he guessed the identity of the guy in front of him.

There was no eternal dark or white. The violent ones were the ones standing on the grey area---this was the last thing his teacher taught him when he graduated from school.

Sheriff Victor himself now was testing the accurateness of this saying for him.

Brobov... The person who stayed away from politics but had certain influence within the field, initially became rich by dealing with business under darkness---This was someone that had great possibility to become an oligarch in ten years but was extremely low-key.

Judging from the conversation between him and Sheriff Victor, they seemed to have known each other for a long time, and they were pretty close to each other. Thinking secretly whether Sheriff Victor had been in touch with this Brubov in these years, Yelgo listened to their conversation now.

"Auction?"

"Yeah." Brobov who was almost 50 but kept a very good body shape, nodded, "As far as I'm concerned, many collectors have received this invitation... well, you know what I specifically mean by referring to collectors."

Victor directly frowned, fixed his sight on the guy before him, and lowered his voice, "Are you also going to participate?"

Brubov shook his head, "Although I am into collection but as for this painting... I think that no one can resist its temptation as long as he is a collector of famous paintings. What a pity. If only this is an official auction, I will be there no matter what. But I can't make it now."

Victor nodded. He clearly knew the guy had a plan and ambition for the future---under that ambitious goal, it was quite easy for this guy who had such self-discipline as self-criticism to give up his personal interest.

"The invitation is the recognition of identity." Brubov said apathetically, "Therefore, I could only tell you about this instead of sending you an invitation... As for whether you can get in or not, that depends on your ability."

"I understand." Victor nodded.

Though this guy had the thought of hanging up his axe, yet apparently, he didn't want to offend others who had also received invitations.

"You guys leave from the back door, be careful." Brubov laughed slightly and said, "I have invited several government officials together for dinner and they are about to come."

After Victor had taken Yelgo left without hesitation, the secretary of Brubov walked in and said, "Sir... Will there be any problems if you tell Sheriff Victor all these things?"

"Is there any problem?" Brubov said slightly, "Isn't punishing the guilty what good citizens supposed to do? Will the whole Moscow

know Victor came to my house... Under the presence of only four people?"

"No... they wouldn't."

He understood what the boss meant beyond the words.

"Even if F&C is the most qualified thief in the world..." Brubov now squinted and said, "What special ability does this guy have from him to be able to send invitations to so many people?"

He laughed, walking to the doorway, ready to greet the coming official and said to himself, "I hope Victor can give me a surprise."

...

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A life like an emperor... Urey, who had never enjoyed this kind of life before, discovered that even if he racked his brain, this was the only description he could come up with.

Maybe because he had no knowledge about this luxurious life, all he could do was only to realize everything in the ridiculous but luxurious life he had imagined.

"Is there anything different about Mr. Urey today?"

Many laborers had been working for this manor, and most of them were young and pretty maids under the management of Butler Edgar---young and pretty as they were, they certainly had the same dream as Cinderella, which was to be admired by the inheritor of Typica's Family.

Even if it was just romance for one single day.

The other servant girl, who was being asked while wiping the window of the living room, now watched around and lowered her voice, "When I just passed by Mr. Urey's house, I heard him having sex. Then I had a glimpse, Nina and Vivian were all naked."

"Has Mr. Urey even laid his eyes on us before?"

"Who knows..." The maid wiping the window thought for a moment, "I have never seen Mr. Urey acted do that before... well, indulging. Or he might be suffering from something. Do you know? He just let someone fill wine into his bath tub and took a wine shower."

Suddenly, there was a sound of a slight cough.

The two servant girls saw that it was Mr. Edgar, so they stopped their conversation and went back for their duties separately.

Edgar had a glimpse, and left without facial expression---Before long, he came to the room of the mansion's owner and knocked on the door.

When the door opened, Edgar saw Urey with only a pair of shorts.

He was holding the cup and his face turned red because of the alcohol. Edgar turned his body on the side and found two familiar maids were covered by the quilt and headed out.

Urey was like a drunkard at this point, saying as leaning on the doorway, "Edgar, is there anything for you to visit me? Do you want to drink a cup or two with me?"

"Sir, could you please come to the study room? There are things that needed to be taken care of."

Urey said without caring about it, "Oh... Edgar, life is tiring enough. Why not just enjoy it? If there is anything, let's talk about it in the evening... Oh, leave it to tomorrow then."

"Sir, there is an invitation for you." Edgar came close a little, and whispered on Urey's side, "It is the auction for "The Nameless Maiden."

There was a slight change on Urey's face. As if he was absent-minded for a moment, he put the cup subconsciously to his mouth. After a sip, he looked at the cup... putting it in Edgar's hand.

"You all wait for me here." Urey turned around to see the two beautiful girls.

As he said, Urey went directly outside the room.

Edgar shook his head, walking fast into the room and picking up some clothes on the floor and looked at the two maids in bed, "Go back to your work, and leave this room as soon as possible."

Now he followed up fast with his clothes and left the room.

...

...

The evening of the auction.

But for outsiders, this was only a ball...a dancing ball---It didn't matter to the hotel staff what the true subject of this ball was; they just need to do their work.

Because there were too many luxury cars coming to the hotel park---this metropolitan hid many unknown rich people.

Only the sports cars in the park alone could constitute a sports car fan club?

Not count in those rare touring cars---Logically speaking, this was an unbelievable occurrence for the staff in the hotel, considering it was only a barely four-star hotel.

"That should be... Mufus. Not many lame men would come to such occasions. From the figure, it should be him."

Vicar, who just simply wore a black eye cover with an unfitting suit, kept analyzing besides Vera noisly.

Vera, who wore a long black dress, with small spiral back rose decorations and a mask of black swan feathers today, lifted her dress impatiently and quickened her steps.

Just now, a fancy golden car drove in slowly.

When the car stopped, a man with a white suit came out without

a female partner, but only an old man accompanying him--- who wore a simple mask, of course.

The man looked up and glimpsed at the hotel. He then tugged his collar, passing directly by Vera and Vicar.

"This guy even wore his family emblem... I might have seen that emblem before in some place." Vicar said as if remembering something.

"It is Typica's Family." Vera slowly said, "An old royalty banished outside."

"They rose again by dealing with firearms."

"Let's go in." Vera interrupted Vicar and said. "I want to see the environment of this place."

....

On the stair of the hotel, Anna looked at the location of the park and slightly smiled---this was not the estate of Efim, but simply the hotel of a boss that was happy about making a big deal only.

Before the dresser, Anna put on the deep red lipstick, slightly moving her lips, and then wearing the golden Colombina mask on her side.

Then she went out of the room.

...

"Sir and Miss, we arrived."

The driver said while looking at rear-view mirror---as a driver, he had no interest in the personal business of his guests.

However, after driving through this park and seeing so many fancy cars, the driver couldn't help having certain thoughts... These two people, must be those who endeavored to pretend to be rich?

The rent of this car was calculated by hour.

"Thank you."

The man who wore a clown mask said politely from the seat behind---he first opened the door of the car, then turned around and lent his female companion a hand.

He supported her to get out of the backseat.

The woman in a blue dress slip her hand through the man's arms after she got off the car. It seemed that no one paid attention, so they just walked in the hotel in this manner.

...

Inside the banquet hall, Sheriff Victor and Detective Yelgo were holding trays and watching guests passing by one after another... In fact, the young detective had been standing there for a long time.

He felt his legs to be rather sore.

Chapter 274: The Second Black Swan Seducing Boss Luo

This should be the second time Luo Qiu attended an auction.

The difference was that the first time it was for a white jade token with a much smaller size---it wasn't about the size, but the people gathered there.

By the way, this time he could show up in his identity of the club boss, without hiding his face.

After all, it was a masquerade ball... Boss Luo who was used to wear the clown mask had no interest in choosing other masks.

Though it was a ball, in fact, under the gaze of the workers of the ball, this banquet hall was unexpectedly desolate.

It wasn't because of the lack of people. On the contrary, there were many people here, but few talked.

As if adhering to the customs, most of the guests here were silent.

Urey, whose first time here to this kind of banquet, also remained silent. He sat at the corner, asked for the bottle opener and drank without restraint by himself.

This behavior seemed unusual for this occasion, but for a few people recognizing the emblem of Typica's Family were wondering which member this guy was in the family.

After Boss Luo had a glimpse, he moved his sight away from Urey and then shifted to the two waiters who were far apart but constantly looked at each other.

Luo Qiu felt, the connection between he and the police in this life would still last for a long time.

"Are you F&C?"

Suddenly, Luo Qiu heard someone say with a low voice.

A female voice.

This was enough to arouse the curiosity of Luo Qiu. He and You Ye shifted their sight back from the night view outside and found that it was a woman with a black dress. There was only her---apparently, she just said to Luo Qiu.

"Are you asking me?" Luo Qiu asked randomly.

Not only the black dress and the mask---even the lips were the color of the night. This woman seemed to emit a strong seductiveness.

From very early on, Luo Qiu, whose view was gradually sharpened beyond control, could easily notice that in the banquet hall, much of the guests' sight fell on this woman secretly---or possibly on himself.

"Freedom and Clown, it always wears a clown mask when it appears every time." There was a sense of mockery in her saying, "Since this auction was held by F&C, wasn't it the most reasonable thing that it would be here?"

"That makes sense." Luo Qiu nodded, and said curiously, "If I were, what would you do, Miss?"

The woman suddenly walked one step forward.

In a slow and tender manner.

Luo Qiu felt he had seen the second black swan in his life.

The woman finally almost leaned on his body. She held his neck in her arms. The distance between their lips was just the distance between two masks.

"If you were, I would like to know how you stole the painting, I heard..."

She knew how to control the speed of her speech, the pause was like seducing him---as if the attractiveness was within careful control on the romantic dancing floor, "It disappeared like a magic

trick."

"Is there a way like this?" Luo Qiu said with surprise, "If so, I would like to see it."

"Really... If there is a chance." The blackness on her lips trembled but she let go of her hands and moved slowly down from Luo Qiu's collar. She laughed lightly and said, "I think I shouldn't interrupt you any more, or else..."

The woman leaned her head, looking at You Ye besides Luo Qiu and smiled, "It would be disrespectful to your partner."

But she didn't know who the servant girl was.

The words didn't irritate the servant girl; instead, she said teasingly, "Don't worry. If this lady can please him, I will be happy as well."

This... This didn't seem to be flattery or attack.

Under the black swan mask, Vera unexpectedly heard a sense of consent hidden in what she said.

Vera smiled, "You have pretty eyes, have I ever met you before?"

The light of the hall suddenly darkened and left only the spot in the most front---that was a stage.

The light was shining on a gorgeous lady---with a golden mask and red lips. She was hot enough to induce the bestial side of man hidden in the process of evolution.

Seemingly after long silence, the theme of the banquet finally started... But Vera now lost track of this couple.

She thought for a moment and laughed lightly.

Now Vicar came with two cups of champagne and gave her one, "Let's return back to our seats and see what will happen."

Vera nodded, and randomly took a sip---but she suddenly felt uncomfortable and even frowned under the mask.

Seeing Vera suddenly stopped, Vicar asked curiously, "What happened?"

Vera shook her head, putting her palm besides her lips and spit out a thing at the size of a button.

Vicar was shocked, "Why did you swallow the tracer?"

Vera said indifferently, "This thing is what I just put on a person, and it then appeared in your champagne. Did you just encounter anyone?"

"Me?" Vicar was stunned, "I didn't meet anyone on my way."

"Let's go back to our seats." Vila didn't say anything more, directly putting the button-sized thing under the collar of her dress.

Recalling the beautiful blue eyes, and also a man with a woman that gave people special feelings, Vera thought subconsciously, 'Could it be a coincidence?'

...

"I believe that everyone does not have the patience to wait any longer."

Anna said on the stage with smile---as she spoke, she clapped her hands several times.

At this moment, there were a bunch of people walking outside the banquet and requested the staff of the hotel to leave this room. They finally shut the door and guarded the doorway.

"Then, let's see the only collection sold in this auction."

At the same time, two men were holding a box and walking to Anna.

Opening it.

And presenting it.

Soon, there was a continuous murmur from the hall.

Anna sensed it was about the time, so she continued saying, "We can promise the authenticity of this painting... If anyone doesn't believe it, they can come and see but just keep some distance."

Unexpectedly, before she finished her sentence, there was a sound from the corner. Someone said with ease, "This painting is a fake!"

Chapter 275: Urey's Revenge

For the hotel staff, it was a good thing to be asked to leave---even though they were curious.

Why?

That was because there wouldn't need to work!

But some people wasn't willing... such as the young detective, Mr. Yelgo. Because of the information from a behind-the-scenes 'businessman', they were able to get into the hotel.

"Sheriff... Mr. Victor, if so, we can't see what's happening inside," Yelgo said slightly anxious.

"Please be quiet." Victor frowned. He covered his ears with palms, seeming to listen carefully... But what he could hear was almost some noise.

And even it was suddenly becoming piercing!

Victor put off the earplugs instinctively, his look became stormy---like a defeated hound, "There are jammers inside, damn it!"

"Then we can only just wait here?" Yelgo frowned, "How about bursting in to catch everyone together with the loot?"

"That's a good idea!" Victor nodded, "Go carry out the task! Don't worry, I'll try to get your corpse."

"Well..."

"Don't you know who those people are inside?" Victor sneered, "Even if you die here, there will be no words about you in tomorrow's Moscow newspapers or even web-pages."

Yelgo walked around restlessly, looking at the window of the corridor, and saying with a sudden inspiration, "Victor, look at this!"

That was a lifting crane hanging outside the hotel exterior wall

for cleaning the windows.

...

...

"What does Urey want to do?"

The servant girl lightly said to her boss with a funny face... Yes, it was 'said', not 'asked'. Luo Qiu knew she was just curious and did not to want to know the answer immediately--- or asked while knowing the answer.

"Let's see how it goes." Luo Qiu whispered, "In his current status, unless he directly kills someone, he will be safe."

A respected person, especially those who survived under the darkness of the state's will, was generous and also mean.

For example--- the painting was fake.

This didn't make the scene chaotic, and no one retorted at once, people just waited and observed--- but as the auctioneer of this auction, Anna's eyes wavered in that instant.

But she kept calm, looking at the man who was staggering up from the seat--- wearing a white tuxedo and a simple eye-patch.

Seemed to have seen him before--- the familiar feeling made Anna fall into doubt.

And at this moment, Anna heard a voice ---Efim's voice, "Let this guy come closer, I'll see who he is."

Of course, he didn't attend this banquet. He was comfortably sitting in the well-defend room, just watching the auction through her.

"Yes."

Anna replied lightly, and showed a smile with her red lips. She adjusted the brooch, gracefully walking to the table, and saying, "Sir, you can verify if you think it's a fake one. Actually, all of you

here could also verify it."

Anna stroked her hair and looked around the hall, "I believe that fake things may cheat one or two people... But it cannot deceive everyone, right?"

These two people were so close --- it was probably just less than a meter. Anna could see the whole body of the man in white clothes very well.

"He is the representative of Typica Family... Be careful, and try to avoid confrontations."

Anna didn't know about the so-called Typica Family, but according to Efim, it was clear that he was very influential.

"Let me verify it for you."

Listening to this guy's confident words or nonsense after getting drunk, Anna smiled, "Of course, I also want to see what unique points this gentleman has."

...

He was not recognized.

Urey thought silently---although he wore a simple eye-patch, it couldn't completely cover up his face outline.

Once he thought he and this woman were soul mates, blissfully happy. He was familiar with her whole body and smell, her motions and voice --- he thought she was the same.

But Anna didn't recognize his voice --- maybe because he changed everything of him in return for his everything, so the former Urey disappeared?

Or maybe Urey was gone from her heart, disappearing forever in the station's platform.

"But I'm back."

"I saw death, and I came back from that cold hell..." Urey took a

deep breath and walked through Anna.

Suddenly he said, "However, this kind of rose red really suits you."

The voice was so small that only Anna could hear. When she heard it, she remembered that someone once said the same words. Anna suddenly turned around and looked at the figure walking on the stage.

She felt it a little familiar... and a little bit of indescribable panic.

But the two men protecting the painting on the stage apparently refused to allow Urey to get too close, "Sir, please go back to the one-meter line. It's enough for you to watch it carefully. "

Urey shrugged his shoulders.

He turned around and looked at everyone in the hall, suddenly said, "Before verification, I want to ask, how many people of you think this painting is true? ...Oh, I hope I didn't affect your judgment because of my interruption. Aren't you confident with your identification ability? Or, are you all trash, who lost the confidence of right judgment due to my words?"

His aggressive statements instantly aroused the displeasure of almost everyone here.

"You are too arrogant." An emaciated old man indifferently said among the crowd, "Saying nothing doesn't mean we can't recognize it, but you're too hurried."

Everyone who sat here had experienced violent storms and waves and were very patient---They wouldn't make trouble on this occasion; even if the auction was just a farce, they would look it as an ordinary masquerade.

Urey got the meaning of the old man's words. But he was different by nature from all the people here---Even now he had everything which was like a dream, he didn't regard himself as a person living in the same world as them.

"Is that so?" Urey suddenly gave a frivolous whistle, "Well, Let me tell you why this painting is fake. Look at it, in this painting..."

He deliberately stopped here, which just attracted the attention of most people, even the attraction of the both guard men were subconsciously moved toward the position where Urey pointed.

Right at this moment.

Urey suddenly sprinkled a glass of wine in his hand to this painting. The high-content alcohol of the wine suddenly made the painting's pigment dissolved.

The wine on the Nameless Maiden's face suddenly melted her eyes, and began to slide down from her face, seemed like the shedding black tears.

Urey said quietly at this time, "That's because, this painting is a set of garbage now."

"My God!!! He destroyed the painting! Destroyed 'The Nameless Maiden'!"

Like a madman, he destroyed the world masterpiece directly in front of so many people---Those collectors here were not blackly blame this guy at the first time, but bemoaned the precious painting's destruction in heart!

"Catch this guy first!"

Anna was also completely stunned by this; meanwhile she heard Efim's repressed and unusual cold voice!

Anna was quick-witted. She rapidly made a gesture toward the two men on stage---After receiving the order, they directly walked to Urey, "Sir, I think we need to talk alone."

Bang ---!

Bang ---!

But when the two men were near closely, two harsh sounds were ringed at the moment--- the gunshots!

They forthwith looked at their blood chest inconceivably and fell to the ground unwillingly. Urey seemed very calm at this time. He slowly pulled the wine in decanter with another hand on the two men, then filled his glass, turning around to salute the old man who was holding a silver pistol in the hall.

The old man who suddenly shot two men... was the butler of Typica Family.

...

Those who came here and participated in this shady auction were of impressive background from different fields, how come there were no security guards?

When the gunshots sounded, all the guests' bodyguards protected their boss immediately. They had their own weapons, but this moment... They stayed alert to anyone around.

"Is this a declaration of war? Very good! This is! I don't care the Typica Family! Anna! Catch this guy! Be sure to catch him! I want the Typica Family compensate all my loss!!"

It was roaring voice of Efim.

"Don't let him go." Besides the gesture at this moment, Anna ordered with angry voice.

But at this time, the door of the hall was suddenly broken down, dozens of men in white suits swarmed into the hall. The butler lightly said, "Protect boss."

Bang, bang, bang... Bang!

Bang---!!!

"Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!!!"

Among the repeatedly gunshots, Urey's crazy laugh was also heard.

He jumped off the stage, swaggered while pouring the wine and drinking with laughter among the chaotic gunshots from different

sides, walking to the small square table at the corner and sitting down.

And at the table, the club boss and the servant girl were quietly sitting there.

No matter how chaotic the gunshots were or how panic these guests who hid under the overturned table, how many people died at this time or the if the lighting and glasses were broken by stray bullets.

Urey just laughed, taking off his eye-patch and throwing it to the ground.

He said, "Interesting? Funny? I know you must be here... I know you're interested in what I want to do. "

Luo Qiu whispered, "Well, firsthand experience is really better than watching movies... Is this the revenge that you want?"

"No." Urey thrown the glass away, and poured the decanter's spirits directly like a wild animal, "This is just the beginning...I still have twenty-nine days, don't I?"

"I'm looking forward to it."

...

Victor and Yelgo had to hide on the hotel's lifting crane on the exterior wall...That was mainly because the firepower in the hall was a little strong.

"Mr. Victor, help! Call for help! This is not a small event! "

"I know! But what we should do now is how to get out from your good idea."

When said this, the crane's rope was broken by a bullet, and the crane lost its balance, one corner suddenly fell down.

In the cold wind, the young detective Yelgo and Police Victor who came back from half of his vacation were shaking.

Yelgo said he was actually had a fear of heights.

So.

"Help!"

Chapter 276: Another Auction

Vicar crouched and moved under the long table which was spread with various food and beverages.

He felt it to be very insecure, so he quietly took a silver plate and stuck it in his clothes.

"Is that useful?" Vera rolled up her eyes.

Vicar quickly answered, "NOKIA hasn't been produced for a long time, taking this is better than nothing... Are those guys of Typica Family crazy?"

Vera looked forward and quickly said, " I don't know if they are crazy, but I know you must be crazy, you bought me such a skirt, don't you know how inconvenient it is for me to wear it?"

"Oh, I'll pay attention to that next time...No, it won't happen again!"

Vera frowned at this moment. In the chaos, she saw the guy sat down at this moment, who poured wine on "The Nameless Maiden".

There were two other persons with calm faces sat at the table he sat, "Is it them?"

Vera said in amazement.

Vicar, who didn't dare to look forward, tensely asked at this time, "What do you mean?"

Vera hesitated for a while, crouching down to take off the high-heels directly, and then tore the skirt's hemline to the leg end position. Then she looked at Vicar, "Where's your weapon?"

"Oh! Right, my weapon!" Vicar immediately fished it out from his clothes, "I found it!"

The thing he pulled out hurriedly was... a remote control!

Maybe he also noticed the thing he had pulled out was a bit too terrible, Vicar hurriedly stuffed it back and found again. After lots of hard work, he took out a short pistol from his back---it was not even as big as his palm.

"How about this one? Is this OK? "

Vera sighed. She reached out to the table, and touched another iron plate and passed it to Vicar, saying as if blessing, "May the great revolutionary pioneer Vladimir blesses you."

"But I have never been to Lenin Square to mourn him! Vera, Vera, Ve..."

But Vera had already got out of here very quickly.

Vicar, who afraid to go out, thought it would not be safe even if Vera gave him another iron plate.

So he took one more and stuffed it in his clothes, three pieces altogether.

He thought he was really intelligent!

...

"Why are you interested in these things?" Urey suddenly looked at them and asked.

The person with clown mask smiled, which gave a thought to Urey, that all words the club boss would say were mockeries.

"Sitting at a warm place to listen to cold story, to feel the coldness near the fireplace..." Luo Qiu slowly said, "This is what Mr. Urey said before. I think it's good."

Was he laughing at him? And even quoted what Urey had said... But Urey didn't have any discontent. Perhaps, he had firmly believed that if they didn't say words with ironical meaning, they wouldn't use this way to achieve his desire.

"I've not got your name yet." Urey shook his head and laughed.

He looked around at the same time--- ordinary people would be frightened in such a bad and dangerous situation. But he thought he wasn't.

He just knew that there were not many days in his life. And he was aware that he had 'died' before, so he didn't have to fear about every single minute now.

But before he got the answer, a familiar voice came to the conversation between him and the club boss.

Urey felt his shoulder was pressed by someone, and soon--- she hold his neck with her arm.

Not too tight nor too loose, it meant a kind of threat.

At the same time, he felt his temple was pointed by a cold thing.

"Sir, please stop your actions right now... Before things get out of hand."

It was Anna... The person behind Urey was Anna.

Urey closed his eyes. He tried to erase the smile behind the clown mask from his brain; meanwhile, he said, "Anna, don't you want to see who I am?"

"Who are you?"

As he called her name, Anna tightened her eyebrows.

Urey said lightly at this time, "I've taken off my eye-patch, take a look and you will know."

Urey stood up, gently patting Anna's arm around his neck, "Relax. You are calm, confident, and the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. Why do you destroy your beauty with such ugly attitude? "

Anna hesitated for a moment and looked around--- She found since she hold this man, those guys in white suits had stopped their actions and came toward her.

The gunfight in the banquet hall suddenly fell into a deadlock.

Anna took a deep breath, moving the gun from the man's temple to the back of his head, saying calmly, "You can turn around."

Urey turned.

Anna's pupils widened in a flash and she subconsciously opened her lips.

Urey raised his hands slightly, whistling and saying, "Anna, you see, I rebelled, right? Why? You don't recognize me? Or, was it because I just shaved, and you forget what I look like? Didn't you help me shave last time?"

"That's impossible..."

Anna whispered in horror--- but her fingers instinctively pressed the trigger of the pistol!

Swish---!

But a sharp pain was felt from her wrist at this moment. A shining knife had been stuck in and almost pierced her hand's back!

Anna screamed, and her pistol fell to the ground. A man in the white suit who was sneaking up on Anna brought her down to the ground directly, clinching her hands at back, and completely controlling her.

"Boss, it's too dangerous to act like that just now."

The old butler pulled out his clothes to cover the knives at his waist, and walked to Urey with frowning brows.

While amazed at the old man's skill of throwing knives, Urey just shook his head. He came to Anna that was looking at him in horror.

His hand gently stroked her face, whispering, "I'm back... You said you wouldn't forget me, now the impression will be deeper."

Anna shook her head incredibly... It was really him--- Urey, who had great painting talent, but fell on hard days and wandered homeless through the streets.

Why did he go with the Typica Family?

The important thing was, why he didn't die?

"Boss, how would you wan to deal with these two guys?"

Suddenly, Urey heard the henchman's voice of Typica Family from his back. He turned around, but only saw the club boss who endowed him everything being aimed by a gun.

"Be polite. These two are the most important friends of mine." Urey waved his hand.

Bang bang bang bang!

He took over the pistol from Edgar, suddenly shot toward the ceiling with all the bullets, and spoke out appalling words,"Listen, two days later, I will hold the auction of the true 'The Nameless Maiden'! Today all the fright you suffered, I, the Typica Family's heir, Urey, will give you enough compensation!"

Chapter 277: The Vera that Bit Fingers

The auction of the real 'The Nameless Maiden'?

When Urey said this sentence, the shock to the invited collectors was no less than his behavior towards the painting just now.

As for the gunfight that just happened...

Maybe it was a regular thing to these people, and there was nothing strange about it.

"Is there another 'The Nameless Maiden'? And the one you destroyed is fake?"

Since this guy revealed his identity and seemed sincere, it was easy for people to believe in his words.

He just drunk a little more wine and was not clouded in mind after using marijuana. There was no reason for him to use his family's reputation as a joke.

"What's going on? F&C got the painting, and holds the auction... But why is the painting fake and in your hand? Oh, I'm confused!"

"Your purpose is to get that painting, but do you really care about what happened on it?" Urey asked back and continued calmly, "As for the painting... you'll see it two days later. As for the place, my butler will tell you shortly after."

After messing up this auction like a mad man, Urey bowed with nonstandard gentleman style, "So, see you soon..."

He turned to walk to the door, but suddenly turned around, seeming reminding of something, "Oh, I've told my people to only go against the sponsor of this auction. You see, many of my guys are injured, but yours seem to be good. So I think you're not going to put me in an awkward situation, are you?"

After speaking, he ignored the many guests here. Urey head shook to order his henchmen in white suits. One of them struck

Anna's neck directly, following Urey to leave with Anna after she fainted.

"I'm really sorry to disturb everyone's interest. Two days later, we will treat you well." Butler Edgar tried to make peace.

Although the tone and even the actions were impeccable--- those words were said with a tough attitude.

"The place is..."

Edgar quickly spoke out an address, with smile, "Anyway, the Typica's Family is very willing to make friends with you."

At this moment, three white-suit followers aimed at two men in the server's suit, and brought them to Edgar, "These two guys were hiding on the cleaning lifting crane outside the wall."

He went to Edgar and whispered with lowering head, "They're policemen."

Edgar's eyes shrunk unnoticeably, glancing over Yelgo and Victor--- he found these two policemen were very calm at this time.

Maybe they knew any extra action and words would get themselves into a more dangerous situation.

"Take them away first, don't make widely known."

Edgar indifferently said with a leisurely manner... The old butler seemed more tolerant than every other one here. He glanced at all guests and gave a standard bow, "Then, I'll go first as well, everybody."

...

...

"This is unacceptable! Humph!!"

After Typica's Family completely left, a fat man in the corner suddenly banged the table, "Typica's Family is just a group of

boorish fellows who can only sell weapons, it's nothing at all! Humph!"

The fat man said this, but seemed not to intend to continue talking. He waved his hand, leaving the banquet hall with his men.

Looking at this fat man that left, other guests seemed to tacitly approve that, silently leaving this place---Of course, it would be safer if one could leave as quickly as possible.

Efim's men didn't dare to move at this time--- After Anna had been taken away, another man immediately took over her work to control the site under Efim's commands.

Efim wouldn't go on to offend these displeased guests, so he didn't stop them.

Perhaps no one noticed that very quiet table...Or they might had noticed, but subconsciously they didn't think anything wrong about it.

"Auction the real 'The Nameless Maiden'." Luo Qiu looked out of the window at this time, the bullet holes left on the glass wall had already left many cracks, like flowers, on it.

Luo Qiu chose to do nothing this time; but meanwhile, as a new guest, Urey would have to face an unknown result that was hard to guess.

Going into a daze for a moment, Luo Qiu suddenly knocked the table slightly, before quietly saying, "Aren't you going to come out? We'll leave right now."

The table cloth had been uncovered, and a figure climbed out from the bottom of the table.

Slightly differing with what he saw before, the lady had torn her dress--- The long dress had turned into a miniskirt, but it seemed more suitable.

Vera looked at the scene firstly, and found the whole banquet

hall to be empty--- Except for these two people at the table...Well, should be three people if one took her into account.

She sat down on the table, both hands supporting her body from the back, "When did you find me?"

"Actually I just want to knock the table."

Unexpectedly, the club boss gave her such a sentence now.

Luo Qiu said with a gesture, "Have you ever watched a movie? The person that leaves at last may not be the last person. There will be someone else coming out after giving a knock and and a threat."

Vera couldn't help laughing, "You take everything that happened here as a movie?"

Luo Qiu said softly, "I think it's much interesting than a movie."

"Who are you?"

Vera lowered her head as sitting on the table. She seemed taller than Luo Qiu and You Ye who were sitting on the stool, "Why did Urey just sit here to talk with you?"

"Miss, don't you think it's impolite to get too close?" You Ye reminded without emotion.

Vera shrugged and adjusted her sitting position.

"Miss Vera, let's finish up for today."

Luo Qiu then stood up, "I'm just a businessman, if you want to trade with me, you'll be always welcome."

She was surprised that the man knew and called out her name directly.

She guessed who the man was in mind; and meanwhile she calmly asked, "Will you? I even don't know what business you're doing or your address. So such a welcome is too insincere, isn't it?"

"If necessary, Miss Vera will find me." Luo Qiu slightly said, "As

long as you think of me in your heart, I'll show up in front of you."

Vera's eyes sparkled. This was interesting; and also, she sensed an unusual feeling--- She wasn't interested in this man, but his words.

The mysterious feeling seemed to keep emitting from the man--- This was nothing but a fatal attraction for Vera, who had a pathological instinct to explore.

She suddenly wanted to destroy the atmosphere.

She had the nature that didn't allow her to be passive. So she came down from the table, walking to the mysterious guy and whispered near his ear, "Really? You'll show up even if I'm in my room?"

"Yes, Even if Miss Vera is in your own room, as long as you need me...Then we will be present in front of you." Luo Qiu didn't want to move.

He was unwilling to explain some matters here carefully... except this one, "Because, Miss Vera's beauty fascinates me."

"Thank you for the praise."

Vera quietly opened the distance between him.

She instinctively hated to hear the words such as 'beauty' when she was praised.

...

...

The door of the banquet hall had been opened again; meanwhile, Vicar came out from the hiding place, hurriedly running to Vera and curiously asking, "Who are they?"

"Weird guys."

'They know my identity'--- Vera didn't say this sentence out.

The calmness from the conversation hadn't disappeared till now.

Vicar rarely saw Vera's in a situation where she was anxious and tried to cover it--- There was no doubt that Vera had a pair of legs with perfect proportion, which was obvious after the dress had been torn. But to Vicar, it was way below the of her expression on her face.

My god... there was even someone that could give Miss Vera such a headache besides those old-fogies of the family. Was it an illusion... Such thoughts began to come out of Vicar's brain.

"Though I failed once, I should try again to put a tracker on this guy..." Vera gently bit her fingers, speaking to herself.

This behavior gave Vicar an unexpected feeling.

What was it?

It was probably... what the hell!!!

"What are you looking at?" Vera suddenly looked at Vicar at this moment, frowning.

Vicar hurriedly shook his head and said, "I'm waiting for your orders. You are my boss."

Vera rolled up her eyes... Then, she suddenly touched her chest--- From the low-cut evening dress, Vera pulled out a small make-up mirror.

When opening the folding mirror, a screen-like item rather than a mirror was seen. Vera chuckled, putting it in Vicar's hand, "Stare at it, and see where he stops his car."

"This is..."

"It's the location of the boss of Typica's Family." Vera said indifferently, "I secretly installed it on his shoe sole."

Chapter 278: Morning Jogger

Anatoly didn't know the purpose of Mr. Sullivan for taking him to this mysterious place.

In Anatoly's opinion, this place was just a very common dwelling--- but Sullivan asked him if he thought of something after coming here.

Anatoly was aware that Sullivan had mentioned things that were related to his memory loss.

Anatoly didn't feel like he forgot anything--- but no matter Sullivan's behaviors, or the bishop's words, even the matter of the sudden fragmentation of his cross, they pointed to one conclusion through rational analysis: He really forgot something.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Sullivan, I can remember anything." Anatoly shook his head.

The result was like in Sullivan's expectation, he nodded, "Not only you, but all the neighbors don't know who originally lived in the house."

Anatoly asked curiously, "Who originally lived here?"

Sullivan said slowly, "It was a widower with a ten-year-old kid. They should have just left for a few days, because some food in the fridge is still not expired. But..."

Sullivan paused his words, which made Anatoly more focused on listening to him.

Sullivan looked at the house, telling the story with puzzlement, "We cannot trace the whereabouts of this father and son pair... they seem to have vanished from the the world."

Anatoly frowned, "If they are common people, how could they escape the network of the monastery."

"What if they are not?" Sullivan looked at Anatoly with profound

meaning.

It might be his illusion.

But at this moment they gazed at each other, Anatoly seemed to feel a slight... fear from Mr. Sullivan's eyes.

"Anatoly, follow me to the monastery," Sullivan suddenly ordered.

However, Anatoly just graduated from the monastery and had been sent here, he didn't understand his decision.

Sullivan said indifferently, "I am being restrained here, so I can't put to good use any of the complete magical arts. But if I can go to the monastery belonging to you all, maybe I can display what I mastered freely."

Anatoly stared blankly, because he heard Sullivan said... 'You all'?

...

...

The two priests who left didn't know that a pair of eyes kept monitoring them in front of the dwelling they observed.

It was Luo Qiu, who was sitting on the chair in front of this house, and browsing webpages on the phone--- You Ye was not here.

Of course, Luo Qiu didn't order her away from here; instead, she went to the supermarket after waking up and preparing breakfast.

Luo Qiu no longer lived in the former hotel. He moved here secretly as a temporary place to live after Oleg took Antonio to leave Moscow quietly.

It didn't mean the hotel the servant girl prepared for him was not good.

He preferred the style which gave him a more memorable feeling-

-- just like the rocking chair in the corridor, he didn't want to move since he laid down there. The hotel couldn't give such a feeling.

This placed still retained the happy memories when Kamala still exist.

"You guys."

After the two priests left, Luo Qiu looked up to the sky in the morning--- According to human perspective, there should be something existing there.

But Luo Qiu had read those old account books, he was clear nothing existed above.

It existed, but not in the sky or on the ground.

"Heaven ... it'll take three more years."

Luo Qiu stretched himself, standing up from the chair.

He wore the earplugs, and then kicked his shoes slightly, jogging along the road of the housing estate.

It was quite a nice morning and very suitable for jogging.

Luo Qiu met many people jogging with him at the time on the road. Guys fond of sports were full of enthusiasm in hearts.

A lot of people greeted him, different men and women, who may be enjoying the scenery on the roadside--- what did they think of the scenery?

Luo Qiu didn't know that.

He still understood the concept of color, but all the colors seem to be single hue to him. They mixed together and looked the same, but did not seemed to have any order.

The whole world appeared to have become a black and white world, from his perspective.

But he suddenly slowed down, walking to an old house.

There was some graffiti shown outside the wall.

The graffiti was not as colorful as the street graffiti that could drag spotlights; there wasn't any jeering in it that could express the daubers' strong dissatisfaction to society, which could stroke the people's chord.

It was merely a full view of the city outlined by simple black lines--- but this city didn't follow the correct ratio.

It was distorted, like the city's reflection in a magic mirror. Straight buildings turned fat, and tidy roads became curved.

Luo Qiu hands felt the wall, and then watched his fingers... It wasn't from a charcoal pencil, but was probably drawn by wood charcoal.

The lines were rough.

"During a period of time, I always intentionally went through here every day."

Suddenly someone opened his mouth behind Luo Qiu. Luo Qiu turned to see, it turned out to be a man wearing a mask, a cap and sportwear.

It should be a middle-aged man.

Who looked very hearty and strong.

Luo Qiu looked up after a mere glance, taking back two steps to view the whole painting--- so did the middle-aged man behind, who looked at the 'Twisting Moscow' on the wall.

He suddenly said, "It hasn't been finished yet."

"Yes." Luo Qiu nodded.

The man showed a look of pity, "Approximately one year ago, I started to have morning jog in this area. Sometimes I saw a young man painting here. I remember it was the winter, which impressed me. He wore thin clothes like a tramp, but he didn't feel cold at all. He held a stick of wood charcoal to draw. When I saw the picture, he had drawn a building already."

He seemed to tell a story that was seldom shared with other people... a story shared with strangers.

"I observed him for some days. One day, I couldn't help walking close to ask him." The man looked at Luo Qiu now, perhaps with a smile, "I asked him why he didn't he burn the charcoal to get heat in the cold weather?"

"What did he answer?" Luo Qiu asked calmly.

"He didn't answer me." The man shook his head, "But he asked me a question, 'Do you have a dream?"

"A dream?" Luo Qiu thought of the question.

The man nodded as well, "Yes, a dream...to be honest, I have no idea if I had a dream. But later, I always make time to jog around for exercise, and watching how long that guy could insist drawing the pictures."

He shook his head, "But unfortunately, this picture hasn't been finished, and I didn't meet him in very long. However, I still jog here at times and think I may meet that guy, and looked at the unfinished picture."

"Some parts of it attracts people." Luo Qiu smiled.

And the man whispered, "Yeah, looking at this unfinished, twisted city, it always shows me a different feeling, as if reminding myself at any time... that I won't let myself live in such a twisted city. Well, looks we're talking about a boring topic."

"That's OK." Luo Qiu shook his head.

When the man started trotting on spot, he patted Luo Qiu's shoulder suddenly, "Man, are you Chinese? I've been there a few times, it's a very good country. But since you speak Russian very well, how about considering settling down and starting your new life here? A young man will always have chances."

"Wherever I stay, it will be the same," Luo Qiu shook his head.

The man gave a start. It seemed he didn't understand the meaning. He just nodded and jogged to leave--- nevertheless, not long after he left, a black car caught up with him.

Luo Qiu turned about to look at the graffiti on the wall.

This was the picture that Urey drew; however, he was living in the manor of Typica's family... maybe he was with Ms. Anna that he took back from last night.

"Dream."

Chapter 279: Spilled Water

Unlike what she imagined, like suffering some sort of terrible treatment, she seemed like receiving princess-like treatment... except freedom.

Anna opened a small part of the curtain to check the environment outside--- there were two men guarding downstairs; likewise, some people were monitoring outside the room.

She took off all her clothes to be inspected herself all over under the tough attitude of the maidservant.

Anna had no way to contact Efim or the outside world; she was under the situation of house arrest.

She didn't even know if Efim had seen Urey through the brooch she worn--- the brooch had been destroyed on her way to the manor.

He was the Typica's Family, or Urey's follower... But, Urey's follower?

Shouldn't he only be a frustrated painter wandering the streets? His identity should have been well investigated.

Was there any mistake?

The room door was suddenly opened at the moment. Anna warily turned around and looked at Urey, whose both hands grasped the door handle.

It was really Urey.

"You guys wait me outside," Urey instructed.

Anna clearly saw several men with serious look came to the door. They nodded and didn't say anything. Only their eyes turned to her with a vicious intention.

Urey closed the door.

He stuck his back to the door, no getting close or talking with Anna, except quietly looking at her--- which made her more confused with what he really wanted to do.

"Did you have a good rest last night?" Urey suddenly laughed, "This room should be the best room besides mine."

Anna tried her best to be calm, "I think Mr. Urey might not be that comfortable in an unfamiliar place as well."

"You called me Mr. Urey?" Urey shook his head, seemed to think of something. Finally he walked towards the corner of the room--- the cloakroom.

He opened one of the wardrobes, selecting the clothes inside, while speaking casually, "But I don't live in an unfamiliar place, do I? I slept well last night, with two beautiful girls hugging me... well, I think I had the best sleep last night within recent days."

"Did you? That's so great, congratulations." Anna said to Urey.

The distance between the two was the longest distance within this room---from the window to the closet. Anna put her hands backwards, slowly pulling out a toothbrush out of her sleeve.

The toothbrush handle was broken, and the broken point had already been sharpened--- this was probably the most meaningful issue Anna did after she woke up, which gave her sort of sense of security.

Finally, Urey picked out a set of clothes from the closet. He lifted it up as looking at Anna, smiling, "Do you like it?"

Anna frowned, "Seems like you want me to put it on."

"You're smart as usual." Urey looked at her with praise. He put his clothes on the bed, but didn't talk more; rather, he went straight to the door. "Someone will bring you out soon. Hopefully you've put on the clothes at that time... By the way, don't do meaningless action. To be honest, I don't really want to see your appearance holding weapons."

After his words, he pointed to the corner of the room, and then pointed at his eyes.

This action had Anna subconsciously put in mind of Efim, who also liked peeping at everything in the dark. Anna took a deep breath, hands pressed on the window sill at the moment Urey left.

Her face turned a little awkward. Looking at the clothes on the bed... The current feeling was extremely terrible.

But what was worse, she couldn't judge what Urey wanted to do.

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"It's dinner time now."

A man came in with a plate of food--- here was in the manor's basement, or more accurately, maybe it was called a dungeon? Yelgo thought.

It was probably not a proud experience.

As the national police officers, Victor and he had been being imprisoned here by those thugs--- but unfortunately, the food was not for them.

He was merely sending the food to another guard who had been watching them.

Yelgo was hungry, because he hadn't eaten or drank anything since last night!

The cloth wrapped around his mouth barred him from communicating with Victor, even if Victor was restrained near him.

But both were locked to the wall.

"Won't you kill these two guys?" The person sending the food sat down and asked his companion.

The peer shrugged, "The boss said keep them alive first.

However, the steward also instructed that if they try to escape ..."

He grinned hideously, sweeping his dagger virtually over his neck, as if such result would be what they expected to see.

It would be the worst thing! Yelgo drew back his sight... he felt that he still hadn't mature, his scared mental state almost made him collapse psychologically.

Perhaps he should learn from Mr. Victor, who was unperturbed. Yelgo subconsciously looked toward Victor, he found...

Victor lowed his head... He fell asleep?!!

What the f*ck!

So hungry!!

But the young Detective Yelgo didn't know that his situation was in the sight of two people---the two could easily leave the small windows where the basement situation could be seen through.

Because it wasn't suitable to stay for too long in a single place of this manor.

One of the both spoke with worry, "Vera, would you like to steal the painting from here?"

"Steal? No..." the other one shook her head, saying calmly, "If I do, then we won't know the intention of the manor owner."

"That's right... hey, wait, wait..." Vicar had to cover his mouth quickly for stopping making louder voice. He hurried to catch up with the figure that always walked in front.

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"Boss, I've brought Miss Anna here."

"I got it, go out first." Urey nodded and ordered.

"Yes, boss."

Thus, only Urey and Anna were left in the large room. Urey looked at Anna's new wear, smiling, "It suits you."

Differing from Urey, Anna looked over every corner of the room... and she finally looked at Urey.

There placed some painting tools such as easels, brushes, and so forth... the outline had already been drawn on the paper, and Anna recognized what Urey drew at the first glance.

She frowned, "No wonder you also said to auction 'The Nameless Maiden'... you want to draw another one!"

Urey took up the brush, didn't look at Anna, focusing on mixing the pigments, and answering indifferently, "Come to be with me, you can always give me the inspiration and let me know where the most suitable part is to begin to paint. I'll have to do quickly so that I have some time to utilized the antique processing method."

Anna stunned, "You caught me just for letting me accompany you and watch you draw the picture?"

Urey didn't turn to Anna before this question. His innermost thought couldn't be seen through from just his face. Anna felt like she was looking at him through ice, someone who had an intimate relationship with her.

Suddenly, she felt he was so very vague.

Urey stretched out his finger on his lip to make a 'hush' gesture, "Stop talking, just stay with me quietly... All the money we get from auctioning this picture will belong to you."

Anna ... Anna opened her lips faintly. She felt she heard the most incredible words in her life.

She puckered her lips tightly, thinking about the authenticity of Urey's words, while slowly walking to the front of the easel and sitting down.

Urey suddenly closed his eyes. His left hand grabbed the brush

while his right hand held the color palette.

Anna knew this was merely the habit before he began to paint.

When Urey opened his eyes and began to paint, Anna suddenly sensed that she had long vanish from Urey's sight even if she was sitting here.

She didn't know why an inexplicable sadness rose up from her heart... as if she was the one being abandoned.

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In the luxurious manor, Urey was forgetting himself by waving his brush.

In the simple house, the club boss who just returned from morning jog was taking a duster cloth to wipe, trying to fix part of a picture that had been destroyed.

He just wiped the frame which was dyed by pigment, instead of the paper, or else it would bring a counter-productive effect.

This was the one that had been destroyed last night in the hotel---such destroyed items had lost their original value completely, no matter who looked at it.

But even so, its historical value wouldn't be lost for this reason---It was not a true one, so it had been abandoned.

It had been destroyed by its original owner ruthlessly, and abandoned by the second owner, then brought back by the club boss from the outside area of the parking last night.

"Well, it's quite hard to restore it by an unspecialized person." Luo Qiu watched the chaotic part and the duster cloth in his hand, shaking his head due to self-mockery, and stretching himself.

So he gave up this stupid method, then brushed the messy part of the oil painting gently.

The pigments mixed with alcohol start to separate gradually and move little by little, as if going back to where they should be originally.

When all alcohol had been separated from the canvas and dropped into the glass next to it, this abandoned painting was restored to its original appearance.

Luo Qiu looked at it, nodding with satisfaction.

Spilled water had already been withdrawn.

Chapter 280: Start

"Still no clue about Anna?"

"Sorry, boss, we only found this item... on the roadside of the Fifth Avenue." He took out a broken brooch.

In the building, Efim was glaring at his followers--- He was magnificent in appearance, especially when dining with those politicians, he controlled his demeanor all the way to a textbook extent. However, he didn't think he had to continue maintaining this attitude at all in his own place.

So he snorted, poured the remaining wine to his followers face, "Humph! Trash!"

The follower wiped his face, dared not to speak until watching Efim's anger fade away, "Boss, the guy last night said he's Urey of Typica's Family. Many guests heard that. Should we contact that family first and asked what happened?"

Efim continued to snort, "Contact them? The auction is held in the name of F & C. If we contact them, that means we tell them that we stole the painting."

"Boss, I mean, we can contact the Typica Family in the name of 'Freedom and Clown'. "

"Idiot! By what reason do you think they'll pay attention to a thief?" Efim walked back and forth near the sofa angrily.

All of a sudden, the lift behind him had been opened, a man came in. "Boss, there's a letter for you without addressor."

"Who sent it?" Efim frowned.

"It's just a kid that should know nothing." The man said quickly, "But he also said that you may need the item inside... We have checked it, there are no hazardous objects in the parcel."

Efim squinted his eyes. He didn't take over the envelope, but say

indifferently, "Open it and see what's inside."

The man had to open the envelope sealed with wax.

"It's... an invitation letter." He gave a start, raising his head and looking at Efim, saying slowly, "It's an invitation for you to go for the auction."

Efim was shocked; he directly snatched the invitation letter from his henchman's hand, reading the contents quickly, before his eyebrows knitted in a frown.

He couldn't help calling up each scene he had viewed through the camera lens hiding in Anna's brooch last night--- it was too vague for him to see clearly, but he could hear every sentence that Urey spoke out.

He'd auction the true 'The Nameless Maiden'.

Efim didn't have time to consider why the other party had got this painting--- what he thought of was that this guy had announced the auction in front of all the guests, so it was not necessary to send the invitation letter one more time.

Let alone sending the invitation letter here!

"You guys go out first." Efim ordered stonily.

Until both of his henchmen left, he hurriedly stepped up the winding stair, coming to a room upstairs. He pressed a button, then the door of one of the bookcases was automatically opened--- it turned out there was another door hidden inside.

Efim opened it by typing the password---Here was his collection room.

When he saw the real 'The Nameless Maiden' had been placed there safely, he felt faintly relieved. But as to the invitation letter in his hand...

It led him to think to the worst situation: Did someone in the Typica's Family realize something?

"Urey... Urey?" Efim muttered to himself.

He couldn't connect a down-and-out tramp and the inheritor of the crazy family as the same person. They fact that they had the same name might be due to a coincidence.

Anna said she found that the evidence Urey got was just a lie for swindling him when she killed him at the platform...

"Did Anna lie to me? Urey hasn't died yet?"

Efim frowned.

Suddenly he picked up the phone and dialed one of the numbers with a smile, "Hey, old friend, how are you doing recently?"

"Oh, are you Efim? I'm not that good, I feel bored recently. You know, because of that scandal posted that politicians collude with sinister gangs last week, my boss bombarded me almost every day! And some famous painting was stolen recently..."

The voice from the other side was even lighter, "Our president said that... Man, if you cannot find the prisoners of these two cases, I may be made a scapegoat of the case, and get an early retirement!"

Efim sighed, "Yeah, the scandal and the painting along with the subway station murder, I feel very sorry for you."

"Wait, dude, what did you say? What subway station murder? Why didn't I hear of this accident? When and where did it happen?"

Efim gave a start.

But he soon laughed and said he said something wrong.

"Urey didn't die... Anna lied to me!"

But he also squinted his eyes, calculating something secretly.

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The day of the second auction.

It was not an formal auction--- especially in this private place.

It could even be said in other person's territory.

There wasn't a single safeguard at all holding the auction in this kind of place... it was not too much to claim that the host---the successor of Typica's Family had no sincerity.

But when a big boss brought some people over here just for an attempt, he unexpectedly found that a lot of people had arrived already.

It was still the recipe of the masquerade ball from that night... but the taste was totally different.

It seemed that most of the guests didn't bring their female companions; rather, they brought more guards this time and almost all were ones that emitted a killing aura.

Although it was secretive, but people that familiar with each other would probably guess who the other party was.

Collectors stood outside the manor one by one--- Soon, the iron gate of the manor was opened, and the steward walked out gracefully.

He glanced at his watch pocket, smiling faintly, "It's not the time yet, but I'm happy that everyone is punctual... Even though it's less that that night... everybody please follow me, Mr. Urey has been long since waiting for you inside."

"Wait! I want to go with my people." A thin man said in a sullen voice at this time.

Edgar smiled slightly, "Of course, Mr. Urey is very democratic and won't let any of you feel awkward. They are allowed to go in, but I hope you can restrain your men well. If any accident happens because of them wandering around inside, we won't be responsible for the compensation."

Edgar looked as one by one, the big bosses drove into the manor with their henchmen, as if statues.

He was still waiting although the last car entered the manor---because it was not the time to start. The rule of being punctual was one of what this old man had been abiding by.

The last ten minutes.

An exquisite carriage was slowly pulled through the entrance of the manor.

Yes, it was carriage.

The man wearing a clown mask got off the car first, and then reached out to the female in the carriage and led her off, before coming to Edgar slowly.

"Am I late? Sorry, I intended to rent a car, but I saw this attractive carriage and could not hold back my desire to rent it."

Chapter 281: A Cat on Hot Bricks

"Don't worry, both of you are respected guests of Mr. Urey," said Edgar with a smile. "He told me to wait here for you until the auction starts."

"Thanks." Luo Qiu nodded, "Then, let's go in."

Edgar nodded as well, "This gentleman's carriage really matches well with our manor."

"Oh, does it?" Luo Qiu said with a smile, "This is what my female partner chose, I'm just an outsider. Anyway, it looks good."

Edgar opened his mouth in amazement, glimpsing at his female companion, and looking at the time again, before smiling, "It's time to get started, and nobody else will come over. So, let's go into the hall."

Right after his words, a black unlicensed Bentley Mulsanne slowly drove in and finally stopped.

Edgar apologized, "Oh, it turns out that some other guests are coming. Would you please wait for a second? I'll be right back."

"It's OK."

Boss Luo said. He didn't lack of patience at all.

At this point, a big strong man wearing a black bat mask got off the car.

He had a red nose.

The man tidied his lapel. Watching Edgar approach, he said calmly, "Has the auction started?"

"Not yet, sir." Edgar said politely.

This person replied indifferently, "Then can you take me in? I don't like to stand in the sun..."

With saying, this big strong man looked at the carriage beside,

showing a surprising look, and shaking his head while laughing, "The Typica Family probably invited all kinds of weird people. Is it a retro themed style?"

"These two are honored guests of Mr. Urey," said Edgar with a smile, "Since this gentleman felt impatient, then please come in with me."

This remark was very skillful... at least this big man felt uncomfortable for the moment.

This sentence sounded OK--- but if thinking it over, it actually meant I came here specially to pick them up; and since you arrive by coincidence, then come with us... something like that.

"Humph." The big man snorted, saying indifferently, "I hope these horses won't run about."

Looking at the owner went on the car again, Luo Qiu didn't say anything, going back into the carriage quietly with You Ye--- their purpose coming today was really for participating the auction.

But the club owner had never forgotten his purpose coming here with the servant girl was for traveling.

The last time he desired to take a carriage could be traced back to the time he viewed the carriage the Family of Vlad al III-lea Ţepeş owned in the flower-sea castle in Romania.

"Master, do you want to try taking a carriage?"

So the servant girl said this sentence that she remembered before renting the carriage.

After entering the carriage, the groom pulled the rein, and the carriage was driven to the manor slowly.

Luo Qiu suddenly looked at You Ye and said, "What do you think of that plump guy?"

You Ye said softly, "He should be very anxious or nervous, but he himself did not seem to notice that... He has a strong sense of

awareness about the external environment. It might be because he got used to staying in a safe place for long; and lost the adaptive ability towards an unfamiliar area. I think he probably has a reason which forced him to go out."

When saying this, the servant girl suddenly took off the gloves of yarn, and faint black light was shown from her finger tips.

It was mosquito-size, and flying out of the wagon's window; soon, a loud explosion was heard from the back of the carriage.

That black Bentley ... had a tire burst.

You Ye... was actually very petty, right?

Luo Qiu smiled, "That's enough. That plump guy is the target of our client. We should not snatch the right of our guests in enjoying their happiness."

According to his words, the servant girl wore her gloves slowly.

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The man who came by Bentley at last had to take the vehicle of the manor. But what made him curious was that he seemed to be taken to a place which didn't seem like an auction area---Anyway, he didn't think he would be in danger.

Because this manor didn't forbid his henchmen to come with him.

But as time went by, staying in this empty room with his followers only let him become impatient little by little.

"What is that sound?"

"Boss, it seems like a videophone." One man went up to the wall and turned on the TV hanging on the wall.

There was a man sitting on the chair, but back to them on the screen.

"Are you Urey of the Typica Family?" The big man asked in a low voice.

"Hello, Mr. Efim."

He blurt out his name.

He continued, "Can you please let your followers leave this room first? I want to talk with you alone... Of course, if you don't mind letting them know some secrets, then I won't mind either."

"You guys go out first."Efim frowned, ignoring the advice from his men.

One thing had been revealed since the other party sent him the invitation... The owner of this manor must have something to talk to him. Therefore, at least he would be safe before the conversation.

He didn't think he'd be safer staying in the steel bucket-like building that was protected, because some unknown threatening factors were crowding around him.

So he had to try to go face the risk himself.

"What did you want to do after so much work? For luring me to come here?" Efim took a deep breath.

He was in a bad mood now. It felt as if he was approaching the pit the other party dug step by step... even his car had tire burst just now, what bloody luck he had!

"Mr. Efim is really an intelligent person. Well, let me get to the point directly... I hope Mr. Efim will purchase the painting in the auction."

"Excuse me?" Efim gave a start, repeating subconsciously, "You want me to purchase 'The Nameless Maiden'?"

"No, no. Correctly speaking, I need you to bid the fake 'The Nameless Maiden', no matter how much it would be, you must bid it and pay the whole price before you leave. Other guests would

probably not know it's a fake one, or would be unable to verify their guess, except you."

Efim couldn't help sneering, "Are you kidding me?"

"How could I be? I think Mr. Efim must want to do so... because you don't want to let everyone know that you asked people to dress up as F&C, and 'send out' the real painting from the art museum... correct?"

"Do you have any evidence?" Efim asked back in disdain.

"Evidence?"

The chair had been turned around finally--- and Efim saw this man's face, who sat on a chair, and heard the answer from him with a smile, "I'm the evidence."

Urey!

Painter Urey!!

Efim's heart suddenly pounded.

"It's you!!" Efim was incredible of the person he saw; he even cried out involuntarily.

Urey said with a teasing expression in the video, "Mr. Efim, you are the most careful person I've ever seen... Each time when you see Anna, you'll make her go thorough an examination, even though she is very compliant to you, right? That's all because you like screwing this woman. However, you shouldn't allow her to walk in to your fortress."

"That slut... it turns out she betrayed me." Efim snorted.

He even took off his bat mask directly, grinding his teeth while pointing at Urey on the screen, "Did you two conspire to deal with me from the very beginning?"

"Anyway, remember to purchase the painting." Urey said indifferently, "You can stamp on wanderer Urey as if stepping on an ant. But now, I'm not."

"If you don't buy it, I will stomp you to death."

Then, the screen turned black.

Efim angrily swept out almost everything down the ground from the tea table!!

"Boss, what happened?"

His henchmen pushed open the door as soon as listening to the sound. But what they viewed was the appalling look on Efim.

"Get out, I need to calm down myself." Efim breathed deeply, speaking out one word after another heavily.

Chapter 282: Clown and Clown

A room for resting wasn't enough for accommodating all the guests--- and without doubt, these guests seemed unwilling to stay in the same room with too many counterparts.

However the good news was that this manor was spacious enough to give one room for each guest.

"Is it necessary to do so..."

Vicar stretched out his hand and tried to pull Vera, who was staying at the doorway, back---though he knew that the success rate almost equaled to zero.

She was an adventurous woman by nature... With a sentence he learned from some eastern country website, it was 'Like seeking death'.

Obviously, Vera pushed open the door as if she didn't hear it... Vicar suddenly became extremely nervous.

"What's the matter?"

A man outside the door said fishily, "Miss, the auction hasn't started yet. Just tell me if you need any help."

Vera smiled faintly, getting close to the man, finger hooked her collar and pulled it down slightly, "It seems something bit me here, is there any strange insect in your manor? Can you help me take a look?"

"Miss, we don't have such things." The man looked steadily forward, "If you really need this service, I think your partner in your room may help you."

Vera praised him immediately, "You're really a good man, I am starting to be fond of you... Well, fine."

As finishing the words, Vera shrugged, turning about and going back to the room.

When the door was closed, the doorman turned about and looked at the corridor outside the room indifferently--- but at the moment, he heard a slight click.

However, before he reacted, he felt his throat being pierced by something and became dizzy just in the blink of an eye. He had no time to even say a word, before closing his eyes and collapsing down on the ground.

After that, the door opened again. Vera quickly looked around, dragging him into the room directly, and saying, "A good man always suffers losses. I gave you chance to take advantage of me, but you didn't."

'That's all because you have flat chest!!!'

Vicar looked at the ceiling but didn't reveal his inner thoughts.

"Don't be in a daze, put on his clothes quickly." Vera looked up to Vicar, who was out of form.

Soon, Vicar, in that man's clothes, wanted to sneak out, but was pushed by Vera, staggering out of the door.

At the same time, Vera had already changed a full set of leather clothing. She patted Vicar's shoulder, "Find ways to delay the time when the auction starts."

Vicar showed her a crying face, "Dear Miss Vera, don't you think the manor guards will recognize me as an outsider?"

"That's your business." Vera pinched Vicar's cheeks and shook her head slightly, "Otherwise why am paying you such a high salary each month? Keeping several girlfriends would be better than feeding a you who like other men, right?"

"This is discrimination!!! I request an increase in my wages!!"

"Be careful."

Vera said in a soft voice, taking a deep breath and wore a clown hood before opening the corridor window and jumping out soon.

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"Clown?"

Urey frowned in his own room, as watching the matter happened in some corridor of the manor... Then, he looked at the guy oddly, who was sitting on the opposite couch.

He wore a clown mask as well.

For some unknown reason, Urey found out since he held a post as the owner of the manor---there was a screen in the former owner's room, which could reveal every corner of the manor in it.

Urey didn't even know how many hidden cameras had been installed in the manor. The only thought of him was that the former owner, who was also the real successor of the Typica Family, might be a voyeur.

"Oh, is this man the real F&C?" Urey frowned, "Is it a woman? How could she get here?"

"Someone framed F&C about the theft of the world famous painting, so he obviously won't regard it as if nothing happened. Isn't it normal? Luo Qiu said indifferently.

Urey grind his teeth, suddenly squinted his eyes and gazed at the man in front, who gave but deprived him of everything, saying insidiously, "I prepared a good show for you and I don't want anyone to screw it up."

"Do you want to deal with her?" Boss Luo suddenly asked.

"Is there any problem?" Urey inquired lightly.

Luo Qiu smiled and said, "No problem... However, what about letting me do it? I'll try not to have her screw up your show."

"Oh? Does the mysterious club boss have an interest in the Ms. Clown?" Urey asked calmly.

While the servant girl asked back in the same manner, "Do Mr. Urey think that we could only serve you? You shouldn't forget that we've given you what you want..."

Her eyes turned bitter cold, saying slowly, "Now, we are probably your creditors."

"Whatever." Urey shook his head.

He dared not to stare at the two by instinct. He stood up and said hurriedly, "I'm going to prepare it, make yourselves at home."

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"How are things going on your side?"

Vera lowered her head and said to the microphone fixed on her collar, as sneaking up in the manor.

"It's okay... no one's coming yet. What about yours?"

"I'm okay, I've memorized the route of this area since the last time I had a trial run of it." Vera said happily, "Keep in touch."

She turned off the communication equipment, clambering up the corridor's arch expertly, and avoided a maid who was going about with an item.

It was a good experience--- each time when walking in a dangerous place alone and facing such an environment, the heartbeat, crisis awareness and the sense of nervousness along with excitement motivated by the secretion of epinephrine had her feel fascinated and hard to extract herself from.

If someone became a thief due to kleptomania, she might be part of them.

But Vera kept turning over around here.

Each cell in her body now seemed like urging her to act quickly. The hot feeling inside the hood gave her a comfortable orgasm-like

sense.

It was so wonderful.

She walked swiftly in this manor as per her memory... walking, but suddenly stopped.

She had to stop because she felt she went down a wrong way--- the scene in front of her seemed to be slightly different from her memory.

She shouldn't be in this place!

What was wrong? Vera couldn't help recalling carefully of the route she went through just now--- but no matter how she thought about it, she couldn't find anything wrong.

This made her feel uncomfortable. Vera stuck her body on the wall subconsciously, looking around carefully, rather than taking action immediately.

This place was the exterior corridor of the second floor, one could view the courtyard in the center benefit by the ring design--- but nobody walked by the four sides of the corridors.

Suddenly, she felt she was dragged from the back... Did she drop into the wall?

At the moment she was about to fall, both her hands supported her body on the ground, trying to adjust to it; however, she found it was not a wall; instead, at that moment, it was a door being opened.

Wait, was she just leaning against the door instead of a wall?

Clap clap clap.

But soon she heard the sound of clapping... and a voice as well, "Good job."

Vera suddenly turned around.

She knelt down by one knee, one hand pressed the floor, with the

other one lift up---this was the right posture for adjusting her body after falling down.

"Well, that looks very cool as well."

"It's you!"

She couldn't stop crying in a low voice--- it was the freak she met in the last auction.

Clown and clown.

Chapter 283: A Sky-High Price

Vera started to look the environment of the room up and down carefully.

She could even see every corner of this room that clearly benefited from the bright light in the daytime... But at this moment, she heard this mysterious guy's voice from the front.

"Miss Vera, the lawn is outside the window on the left. Cross it and you'll get to the highway. Now that nobody's here, it should be the best time to leave the manor."

"I don't know what you're saying. Vera? Who's Vera?"

The voice coming out of the clown hood showed its calmness and steadiness--- Because it had been through a voice changer.

It was just like that night.

Today, this mysterious guy still recognized her identity directly; therefore, she didn't let her body tilt to the left side for further convenient action; instead, it swung to the right slightly.

There's the place for rearing wolf-dogs on the right side. But Miss Vera may think I'm telling you a lie." The club boss shook his head and said, "I don't have to do that."

"You're funny. Will anyone believe the words from an unknown person?"

"That makes sense."

Luo Qiu nodded, "Ms. Vera might think that we haven't built the mutual trust each other yet. Then how about this? I don't want any incident to happen in this auction; so I hope Ms. Vera to leave this place, or go back to the seat assigned to you, and participate this activity as a simple guest."

"Since you said that we don't have mutual trust..." Vera sneered.

She walked in the room optionally--- as getting to the right side,

she asked, "Why do I need to meet your wishes? And, why do you want this auction to go on the rails? What's the relationship between you and the owner of the manor? What are you going to do?"

"Sorry, I can't tell you these."

Luo Qiu added calmly, "Miss Vera can think of me as doing an after-sales service. I don't want Ms. Vera to bring me some trouble."

"Oh, will I? But I've been always being troublesome in others' mind. So... sorry for that!"

The sudden acceleration of the speed rate came with her rush to the right window! Her legs thrust against the ground, while body pounced toward the window. She quickly pushed open the window, climbing over and got out.

She acted fluently as a diver.

Luo Qiu shook his head and looked at Ms Maid, asking curiously, "If I asked her to run to the right, then do you think she's going to head to the left?"

You Ye smiled faintly, "I think she's probably not in the mood to consider this issue."

Luo Qiu went to the window, looking down and saying softly, "I think so too."

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Damn it, bastard, son of a b*tch... fuck!

Vera had to repeat the malicious fling of abuses again and again.

How could this be?

She chose the right side and should fall to the ground perfectly; this sould have her leave calmly.

But why was that?

Why was the kennel here?

And there was more than one dog... A total of eight big wolf-dogs.

She had been surrounded by these well-trained big guys!

She felt even wetter in the muggy hood, and couldn't help exuding cold sweat while facing 8 wolf dogs--- Perhaps she wouldn't court death when fighting with these dogs, but it'd definitely expose her behavior.

She had to look up to the opened window on the second floor...looking at the hateful guy who was watching the show, she shrugged, "I think we should fix the distrustful relationship between us?"

"Go back." Luo Qiu said softly.

Soon, the eight fiendish wolf dogs turned about and ran away silently like domestic cats. The unimaginable scene surprised Vera, and had her asked subconsciously, "Are you a wild animal trainer?"

While Boss Luo suddenly said, "How about going to the auction with us, if Ms. Vera doesn't want to leave?"

"I don't think I have a choice." Vera shrugged.

She took off the hood and fanned herself, "How do you know my identity?"

"I think if I didn't know this..." Luo Qiu whispered, "We'll not be eligible to say that we can provide a service to Ms. Vera. Let's go, I need you to change into the original clothes of yours."

At the same time, Vera saw Vicar's astonished look from the room of the first floor, which was right below the second floor, when its window had been opened.

"Why did you come back so fast?"

Looking at Vicar's surprised look, Vera looked up by instinct... that window had been closed.

"What's going on?"

Her memory of the trial-run route had been totally messed up--- She went round and round, and finally went back to the starting point?

"Is there anything up there?" Vicar headed out and looked upstairs.

Vera took a deep breath and said, "Go back to the room, change your clothes, and go to the auction with us."

"..."

So, what was the meaning of getting out?

Vicar's face was filled with puzzlement.

On the other side, Vera had climbed into the room through the window, and put on the original clothes. Vera zipped behind her skirt while looking at herself in the mirror--- when she left the room, the route she walked along emerged in her brain again.

She trusted her good memory, and was confident in her ability of redesigning the route map in her brain, no matter how large this manor was.

Suddenly, Vera both hands press the basin, and eyes got close to the mirror.

Her eyes suddenly became blue... and cone-shaped.

"I didn't go anywhere wrong... But why is there so much difference between the real scene and the blueprint?"

That was so mysterious... as if it were an unsolvable enigma!

Oh, my God. As a magician, Vera swore that she must understand the secret of it.

As if exhausted, Vera body suddenly lay on the basin. She took a

deep breath, washing her face and trying to calm down.

She knew that it was because she had overused her nerves, so she had to pause it for now.

But now, an inexplicable idea abruptly came out from her heart---that guy was more likely to be a magician compared to her.

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It was akin to a tea party--- in this palace-like room.

"Sorry for letting you wait for such a long time. I was very busy just now."

Last time Urey had already revealed his appearance in the hotel; but today he had worn a half-face mask since he showed up.

But no one paid attention to his behavior. That was all because that two men were coming in with moving an item covered by a white cloth behind him.

Today's subject...What it was, was almost obvious!

"I believe everyone is very puzzled, that why I have another "The Nameless Maiden." Urey glanced at the guests.

He noticed that the club owner was sitting quietly at one corner. But there was obviously an addition of two more people near Luo Qiu; or maybe he didn't care about them.

The time he owned didn't allow him to think about these trifles.

At the moment the cloth had been opened, all the guests gave out low voices in unison.

"That's incredible."

A man looked aged came to this painting. He was holding a small-sized magnifying glass by hand and immersing himself in watching it.

If no one was protecting the painting in front, he'd probably

intend to touch and feel its texture.

"Anything can be counterfeit except the technique... This is really the authentic work from 'Ivan Nikolayevich'! I have been focusing on his work for almost half of the century! I will definitely not be wrong!"

"This is the real 'The Nameless Maiden'?"

"Then what's that in the hotel last time..."

"Wasn't it kept by F&C? Why did it appear in the Typica's Family? Is F&C with the Typica's Family? But... who was the guy showing it in the hotel at that night?"

"What I care more about is the base price of this painting! Don't talk nonsense, today we are here here for this painting! And we're willing to pay for it no matter the price is, as long as it is the real one!"

Seeing the atmosphere rising, Edgar stood up and slowly said, "You know, it is priceless, so I cannot give everyone a certain amount, and we won't evaluate its price either. Let the auction begin with the offer of the first guest."

The steward smiled faintly, "Definitely, the one that could afford the highest price will be the new owner of this painting. So, don't hesitate to offer a price, everybody!"

"One million!"

Instantly, a slightly fat guest sitting close to the center offered the price directly. However, feeling almost all the members' gaze looked towards him, he only added one more word, "Euro..."

"That gentleman gave a million euros." Edgar nodded, saying indifferently, "First."

"Don't be so troublesome."

Suddenly, a strong man stood up from the opposite corner and spoke in a whisper, "250 million euros. Those who can afford a

higher price can take it away!"

The guy wearing a black bat mask... was Efim.

Chapter 284: Turning Into A Demon

"250 million!!"

"Crazy! That makes no sense!"

"Don't you know that the most valuable painting in the world drawn by Picasso is just more than 100 million American Dollar!"

But the offering price was twice time more than that one---many of the guests couldn't accept or afford such high price at all!

Some other purchasers were keeping silence, as if hesitating.

When Edgar was going to bid for the third time, someone offered firmly, "251 million Euros!"

"260 million Euros."

Efim spoke out this amount, which was over his base line, in an unimaginably calm tone--- why did he have to pay such great fortune? This should be what he earned! But now, he had to be the fee payer!

Besides, more importantly, he was aware that the painting was counterfeit, and the real one was in his hand!

"What a good job you did! Hopefully this is for collection! You'll never sell it on the market! Don't forget it cannot be publicly traded!" That man snorted.

But Efim just wanted to quickly finish the battle, rather than quarreling with anyone else. He stood up--- Edgar had finished the final call, "260 million Euros, final... Sold!"

Upon hearing 'sold', Efim felt heartache, as well as a relaxed feeling unexpectedly.

"Sir, our rule is to pay first, and then take away the goods." Edgar said slowly, "Of course, don't worry, a scam will never happen in Typica's Family, still less in front of so many guests, we won't do anything that is harmful to our reputation."

"I hope so." Efim snorted, "I don't have a cheque, let's deal through electronic bank transfer."

While saying that, he fished out a network key from the inner bag.

He felt he must be crazy to spend 260 million Euros in purchasing a counterfeit!

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"We received the money."

Edgar walked to Urey, whispering to him.

Urey nodded, picking up the painting directly, going to Efim and passing it to him, "Take care of it, there will never be the second one."

"Don't remind me!" Efim snorted.

But at this moment, Urey suddenly stretched out his hand and quickly picked off the bat mask from Efim's face.

"What are you doing!" Efim was frightened and hurried to fall back.

While Urey just squinted his eyes, saying fishily, "Nothing, I just wanted to introduce you to the guests, letting them know who's so lucky to get the treasure. Congratulations!"

At the same time, Urey offered his hand.

"You..."

Efim's face suddenly turned awkward--- because he heard widespread discussion coming from the guests!

"Oh, is he Efim? The upstart from Las Paddyskaya mine lot..."

Obviously, someone had recognized him.

Efim was conscious that the whole underground world of

Moscow would know that he kept 'The Nameless Maiden'.

But he didn't intend to launch an attack here; he just grabbed Urey's palm emotionlessly but powerfully, lowering his voice to ask him, like a mad beast, "I have bought the painting, what game are you playing?"

"Game?" Urey shook his head, laughing, "There's no game, I just want to let Mr. Efim receive the picture... instead of F&C, who could be easily imitated."

"You have the guts."

Efim showed a foxy smile, picking up this painting and turning to look at his followers, gnashing teeth, "Let's go!"

Efim pushed open the door with his guys--- even though other guests sensed a weird atmosphere, but nobody would like to lend a hand if the contradiction was between the upstart from Las Paddyskaya mine lot and the Typica Family---a madman of that dealt with firearms.

"Ok, everybody, I've prepared some tasty food and wine. The painting has been purchased, but..." Urey smiled faintly, "Let's continue the dance party that we didn't finish several days ago."

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But actually, few people would intend to stay there... the guests that didn't leave might want to make friends with the Typica Family. After all, it was good to have more friends.

Interpersonal connection was a decisive factor in the society, no matter the white or the black.

"260 Euros, Tut." Vera watched the whole process of the auction. She tidied her skirt, saying indifferently, "No wonder you didn't hope to see any accident happen in the auction, due to such a sky-high price."

If she were the sponsor, she wouldn't hope to see any incident either... She didn't have a strong desire to money; but at the same time, she wouldn't refuse it.

Those who claimed that money was just a number after they got to a certain level, and it'd be enough if one could afford their daily expense, were fooling ordinary people.

How about sending them to slums? If they fell from extravagant life down to simpleness and crudeness, they'd withdraw their words.

"Is Ms. Vera going to stay for the next banquet?" Boss Luo asked such a question, avoiding continuing the last subject.

"No, I don't want to be with guy who likes being deliberately mysterious." Vera said stonily, "Now that I didn't destroy your auction, I should be free to leave, right?"

So, she left with Vicar.

But she couldn't get rid of the feel that a gaze was boring into her from her back, until she totally got out of his sight.

Unconsciously, she had been drenched by sweat.

Finally, after getting on the car, Vera suddenly clutched at her heart and panted heavily, as if being attacked by asthma.

"Vera, are you ok..." Vicar turned anxious, promptly rummaging out a small bottle---and then, he poured out some small pills.

"Don't take too much..." Vera pushed away Vicar's hand, and tried best to bear the thing appeared in her body and made her feel uncomfortable, "I just overstrained my nerves today... and I'll be ok after having a rest. Let's leave soon before it gets dark... the moon will be very round in the evening... "

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In the manor basement... Victor and Yelgo had been trapped

there.

When Yelgo was trying her best to find a way to get out of the terrible environment--- the basement door was opened again.

But this time, there were more than one person standing there, and they didn't come to send food.

They went straight to Victor's side, untying him, but at the same time holding him down.

Victor frowned with a low voice, "Where are you going to take me to? And do you know what you are doing? You are challenging the police in Moscow!"

But they were like dumb men; not intending to reply Victor at all, rudely sending him away under guard.

Therefore, Victor was brought to the present owner of the manor, and pressed forcibly pressed on one side of the long table.

Urey sat at the other side of the table while cutting his steak on the plate.

"Mr. Policeman, take it easy." Urey bit a small piece of beef and sipped wine before laughing, "I don't want to hurt you."

"Don't you? It goes against the law to take a policeman into custody for more than 48 hours." Victor sneered.

Although he was in a bad condition, being brought to a dining table might mean they'd have to go through negotiation to solve some problems in the next stage.

He had to firm his determination, so that he would hold advantages in the next conversation.

"Against the law?" Urey shook his head. He put his hands together, giving out a devout look,"Mr. Victor might have misunderstood it. I think I will be a good citizen. As for the reason, it's definitely because I'll provide you with the clues about finding back 'The Nameless Maiden'."

"What?" Victor frowned... He couldn't guess his intention after his words.

At this time, Urey suddenly clapped his palms.

Steward Edgar, who was standing next to him turned around lightly, turned on the projector in the living room.

"Look, there are some interesting matters in it." Urey smiled.

Victor held his horses to watch the film played on the projector. First, he heard an angry voice.

"What? You want me to purchase 'The Nameless Maiden'?"

"That slut... it turns out she betrayed me."

The scene had been suddenly changed to a room where there were many people wearing masks, but the voice was still from the man wearing a bat mask.

His voice.

"250 million euros. Those who can afford a higher price can take it away!"

The whole frames were extremely clear, from the beginning to the last scene when the man's mask had been torn off and his real appearance had been revealed.

"This is... Efim?" Victor couldn't help knitting his brow.

The reason he could recognize Efim was not only because he was a merchant prince, but he was also a politician.

"What do you want to do?"

"I will give it to you and you just need to help me ruin Efim's reputation utterly. Meanwhile you can also get back the ancient famous painting, and make a big contribution."

Victor sneered, "You want to borrow my knife to wipe out Efim? Do you think I would associate with an evil person? If I help you, I'll just catch a bastard but also help another bastard reap the

benefits!"

"In that case, I'm afraid it'll be too hard for Mr. Victor and even your partner to walk out of the manor..." Urey said with slight pity, "Oh by the way, does Mr. Victor have any families? Parents, wife and children?"

Bang--!!

Victor pounded the table, standing up in rage; however, he was pressed down roughly by the two men behind him.

He couldn't help gnashing his teeth and saying in anger, "You son of a b*tch!!!"

"No ..." Urey shook his head, saying faintly, "I am nothing more than a person, who had nothing at all, and turned into a demon..."

Chapter 285: Wolf's Tail

"Mr. Victor, don't you need to be sent back? You know, it's a very long distance from here to downtown."

Edgar asked Victor as looking at him in front of the manor gate.

"No, it's choking to stay with you for even more than one minute!" Victor gritted his teeth.

He had been showing an expression of 120% dissatisfaction to everyone since walking out of that room.

That was because he had to receive the condition that the manor owner requested.

Edgar didn't show any discontent as if he gotten used to such situations. On the contrary, he smiled, "Rest assured, Mr. Victor, we will take good care of Mr. Yelgo after you leave."

Victor didn't speak, but just turned around quietly and walked toward the road to the city... It seemed to be the only way he could go along.

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"Sir, Sergeant Victor went back."

When Edgar returned to the manor, Urey was sitting alone on the study sofa with his eyes closed. He said 'hum' softly before the sudden question, "Well, where're the two guests?"

"Two guests?" Edgar gave a start, asking curiously, "Sir, which two do you mean?"

Urey opened his eyes slowly, glancing at Edgar's look. Only puzzlement arose on the old man's face.

He forgot again, as well as the first time he woke up in this manor.

The two men---the pair of the man and woman seemed to be non-

existent; however, Urey was the mere man in the whole manor, who knew that everything this time had been controlled by that pair.

"Nothing ... I might have remembered wrongly." Urey shook his head and took a deep breath, "Go to invite Miss Anna to come here."

"Yes, sir."

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Anna was taken to the doorway of the room.

Edgar just made a gesture to invite her in--- but he just stood there but didn't open the door for Anna.

Anna frowned. It looked like she needed to walk in alone. She hesitated, then pushed open the door quietly and went in. It seemed like Urey had already sat on the sofa for a while of time.

Had he fallen asleep?

Anna closed the door--- they didn't have any contact since last time Urey invited her to accompany and watch him paint, even if she was aware that Urey lived here.

Anna squinted her eyes, subconsciously keeping down the sound of her footstep like domestic cats', and getting close to him slowly.

Suddenly, Urey raised his head and opened his eyes, as if was suddenly awakened from his dream. "Are you here? I'm sorry, I'm very sleepy, so I took a nap."

"That's ok." Anna stopped her steps; she turned her eyes and smiled, "I saw those cars with guests drove out of the manor... Seems it was a very successful auction. Congratulations for selling the picture along with messing up Efim's auction and have him gain nothing. Afterwards, you just need to spread the news that this painting has been sold, then less people will believe that Efim's is the real one and it'll get harder to be traded. I think the news

must cause him to be frenzied and have probably smash his glasses in anger."

"Anna." Urey suddenly shouted the name.

"What's the matter?" Anna walked along the juncture of the room floor--- she walked to the sofa and sat opposite to Urey.

"Do you know what the transaction price is for this auction?" Urey said indifferently.

"I think you'll tell me that." Anna looked at Urey with a charming look.

Urey sized up her enchanting look, saying softly, "260 million Euros."

Anna felt she almost choked, even if she had overrated the auction would be successful as well as the guests' passion for purchasing the goods. However, such a sky-high price went beyond her calculation!

More importantly, she recalled what Urey ever said to her--- the earning of the painting auction, no matter how much, would all belong to her!

"Urey, you are really a genius!" she didn't plan to continue talking about the 260 million Euros.

She needed to test what kind of attitude Urey held because she didn't know it clearly.

"You did it! Completely imitate Ivan's painting! You're simply an Ivan•Nikolayevich that is alive!" Anna said with an exciting look.

Urey heaved a sigh of relief, asking suddenly, "Anna, do you remember how we got acquainted with each other?"

"Of course, how could I forget that?" Anna memorized it in a touching voice, "At that time I just walked out of the gallery, it may be God's will, I chose another way rather than the usual way--- and I met you on the road."

She looked at Urey with glassy eyes, "You were eating bread as sitting on the ground, and the drawing board was on the stool. Suddenly, a gust of wind blew away a piece of paper... to my side. That might be because God wanted to bring your painting and you to me."

"But you drove me away ruthlessly when we were on the platform, forever." Urey squinted his eyes.

Anna shook her head, a slight hint of pain flashed across his face. She didn't mean to dispute with him, but just look at Urey with complex emotion.

The complex emotion was like a whirlpool, even thousands of words couldn't be explained at this moment.

Finally, she just said softly, "I'm sorry."

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"Here is 10 million Euros."

But at the next second, Urey took out a check from his pocket and pushed it to Anna, saying calmly, "You took actions to me at the station, and this time I lied to you, we are even. I'll never give you 260 million."

Viewing Anna's expression change, Urey shook his head, standing up, walking toward the door as saying, "Tell my steward where you want to go, and the driver will sent you there. Oh, by the way."

While opening the door, Urey turned back, "You should not go to study identification of oil painting. I think department of acting would be more suitable for you."

Anna sat there motionlessly, and drew back her angry look gradually, before taking a deep breath, "Really? I will take it into consideration."

"Then, goodbye."

Urey closed the door.

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Scream, smashing sound along with some sound that scraping the wall and floor, came from the room.

Outside the room, Vicar held a glass of vodka by both hands, his body trembled constantly and the wine in the glass kept shaking--- Though it was not the first time for him to have such experience; however, each time he underwent similar matters would let him feel horrible.

"Ve, Vera... what about having some medicine?" Vicar went quickly to the doorway, shouting loud through the door.

"Get out here!!"

An almost roaring voice came to Vicar's ears, which had him retreated by instinct. Because of the over danger and horror, he held a cushion by one hand, and the other picked up a fruit knife from the table, pointing at the room nervously.

He swallowed his saliva.

"Ve... Vera! For the sake of our relationship these years, tell me in advance if you cannot bear and want to rush out!"

Growl--!!!

A theroid growl suddenly sounded, Vicar slumped down to the ground in terror suddenly... But since that sound, no following sounds were heard in the room.

Vicar swallowed his saliva; he felt it was better for him to wait for a few more seconds.

In the room.

Vera had collapsed on the ground.

The lights hadn't been turned on, and curtain was drawn, so it

was totally dark here--- but at this moment, the table lamp was suddenly lit up.

The orange-yellow lights had been ejected, which completely revealed a figure lying on the ground.

It was Vera.

She fell to the ground, body curled up without any piece of clothing. She seemed to have fainted.

Round droplets of sweat were now hanging on the surface of her bushy hairs, like a cat that fell into water by accident.

But these silky wet hairs were gradually disappearing from Vera's arms, thighs, belly, and even her face... or would could say retracting into her pores.

As to the club owner who lit up the table lamps of the room, he and the servant girl were now observing carefully Vera's fluffy tail, which grew out but shrank slowly at her back.

You Ye said that this was a wolf's tail.

Boss Luo felt it to be amazing.

Chapter 286: Then, Goodbye

Finally, the hairy tail disappeared from Vera's body--- it might be the last sign.

There was no needless hair left except those on her head and eyebrows; her surface turned extraordinarily smooth.

Vera curled up on the cold floor, where it was soaked by her sweat.

At this time, Luo Qiu looked around this room and found there were some weaving cracks left on the wall and the floor. Some of them were even as large as fishing nets.

"Is it a werewolf?"

Luo Qiu was very interested, viewing this kind of thing for the first time. He behaved with a studious expression, just looking like the first time he saw a monster.

Luo Qiu felt it a little odd before he left the manor--- that was when Vera jumped out of the window and met those wolf-dogs raised in the manor.

Although these wolves gathered around Vera--- they didn't bark from the beginning to the end; instead, they bared their teeth and tightened their body, as if encountering an enemy.

As for the result where Vera compromised with him later, she'd rather think 'it was better for her' instead of 'she was afraid of him'.

Even though she was calm after the auction... However, since Boss Luo met dozens of jerks recently, he could easily see through a ray of vexation hiding in the handsome female magician's eyes.

Along with a slight pale color on her lips.

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The servant girl arms folded her arms across her chest and

thought, "Vera• Toktahonov... many Russians use it as their surnames, but according to Ms. Vera's change, there can probably be only one family."

You Ye looked at Luo Qiu, whispering, "Master, I think this Miss Vera should be the daughter of the Toktahonov's Family---the most powerful Mafia."

Luo Qiu walked back and forth in the room... and raised his head after walking around Vera on the ground, "You mean a werewolf family?"

"It can be considered an ancient branch, but the amount of the existing werewolves are very rare. The family of Miss Vera might be the unique one." You Ye said softly, "The Toktahonov Family belongs to the descendants of the ancient Turkic ethnic groups, and they adored the wolf totem."

Although You Ye was only 300 years old and acted as a servant girl, in Luo Qiu's view, she was like a living dictionary.

Luo Qiu was very happy with the discovery of one more good advantage from You Ye. He nodded, "She said she'll feel better by taking some medicine. Can a werewolf's transformation be controlled by drugs?"

You Ye thought for a while, "No, an adult purebred werewolf can control its transformation by itself even in the case of a full moon. At that period they'll become very irritable and may be out of control by little cases, but at least the transformation could be controlled.".

You Ye looked at Vera on the floor, speaking indifferently, "But she looks to be in a lot of pain, I think there may be something is wrong with her lineage... and the so-called medicine should help her suppress the abnormal change during nights with a moon. However, the side effects may be very serious, so she would rather suffer pain than take more. But..."

You Ye meditated for a while, stretching out her fingers to touch Vera's forehead, before saying slowly, "The body will hit its limit and collapse in a short time."

Luo Qiu nodded, and then waved his hand to have the curled-up Vera float from the ground to the bed, as well as tucking herself in the quilt.

Afterwards, Luo Qiu stretched out his hand once again. The air-conditioner remote flew back to his hand.

Opening the air-conditioner, and changing it to automatic mode, Luo Qiu looked at You Ye and smiled, "Do you know some good place for strolling about in the evening?"

"How about the riverside?"

Luo Qiu smiled.

Before leaving, Boss Luo gently placed a black card by Vera's pillow.

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Just as Anna had said to Urey, Efim was throwing glasses in his own 'fortress'.

Many, many glasses had been broken up into glass shards.

The elevator door suddenly opened at this time. His follower walked nervously to Demon Efim while seeing the glass shards, "Boss, Miss Anna is back."

"Anna?" Efim turned round. He was not that friendly with his arms on his waist, "Really... let her come up."

When the elevator door was opened, Anna looked around both sides as usual. However, she didn't see the usual people do a security scan on her.

She walked in... The broken glass on the floor startled her.

Anna frowned while watching Efim, who kept silent and stood in front of the glass curtain wall with a glass of wine, "What happened?"

"You came back?" Efim said calmly, "How dare you?"

Anna said with discontent, "I've been arrested by the Typica Family and I seized the chance to escape. What do you mean? Are you blaming me for your screwed-up auction?"

"Escape?" Efim sneered, "Then tell me how did you manage to escape?"

Anna said indifferently, "Efim, it's not the key point! The key point is, I found something! That day when I was on the platform, I didn't kill Urey, and somehow, he became a member of the Typica's Family! He destroyed the painting that day in the hotel and later he sold a new one that was totally the same with that... Do you know how much he sold it for?"

"How much?"Efim turned his eyes and asked curiously.

Anna heaved a sigh and massaged her eyebrows, "260 million Euros! Some moron paid 260 million Euros to buy a fake painting. I have to admit that Urey is really a genius in counterfeiting. Efim, now we should think about how to recoup the loss. I know you are angry, but now is not the time to be angry."

Efim nodded, "I admit that... Oh, let me show you something. Come with me."

Anna was stunned, following Efim to the back of the room. They stopped in front of an easel. Then, Efim opened the white cloth on the shelf.

"The Nameless Maiden?" Anna frowned, "How did you get out the real one? What's your plan?"

"No, this is a counterfeit, too," Efim said slowly as looking at Anna.

"How could it be! The fake one should have been damaged in the hotel ..." But Anna stopped talking at once; she seemed to be aware of something.

But it was too late.

Because at this moment, Efim suddenly grabbed Anna's hair by one hand, forcefully pulling her body to the wall, and squeezing her throat.

He looked Anna's horrified look, and face closed to hers with a sneer, "Why not? Why is it not possible? Because the guy you talked about, is me!!!"

Anna grabbed Efim's arm painfully---The man had terrible physical power though he was fat.

This huge body pressed her body against the wall, which prevented her from moving---her neck had been squeezed, so she could neither talk nor feel her breath!

Efim looked at Anna hideously. He opened his mouth as if being about to swallow her, "I don't know why Urey inexplicably went with the Typica Family, and I don't want to know that! Moreover, I'm not interested in what intentions a slut have to come back to me for! But, I can tell you honestly, that you are dead meat! You even dared to betray me!! And looted 260 million Euros with Urey from me!! Even revealed my identity to everyone in the auction!!"

Anna struck the wall painfully, less and less oxygen was entering her body; Soon, she could hear her body begging as her sight turned dimmer... and the feeling which her throat could be crushed at any time.

It let her thought of the conversation with Urey before she left the manor.

He didn't tell her the buyer was Efim.

He even said to her, 'Then, goodbye'.

It turned out what she encountered was the real meaning of 'goodbye'.

...

"Boss? What's the matter?"

Efim was now sitting quietly, sipping a mouthful of wine; he did nothing except pointing at the corner---Anna had fallen down there motionlessly. Her body had even turned cold.

"Boss, I got it, I will handle her properly." His henchman nodded.

Suddenly, he got a phone call.

"Boss, a police car arrived, and they said they had to see you..."

Chapter 287: Suffocation

The matter which Efim was most worried about eventually happened; and it occurred on the same day---He suddenly felt he had been caught in a huge net.

An uneasy feeling arose since his identity had been disclosed in the manor.

And when a police car arrived at the building, such a feeling reached its peak.

"Did they say why they came here?"

"No, they didn't." He said quickly, "He just showed his Police ID and said he needs to see you for an important issue. But he looks very anxious."

Efim thought in silence before nodding, "Tell him to wait for me downstairs and I'll right there after changing my clothes."

"Got it."

His follower nodded. He had to do many things, include receiving the policeman, cleaning this room thoroughly and taking away something that didn't belong to this place.

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"Hahaha, thanks for waiting for me for such a long time. I was taking a shower just now, because I have a habit of going to sleep before ten o'clock."

Efim, who changed his clothes, went downstairs during this time. He glanced at the cop. His follower said he had verified his ID, so he didn't suspect him.

"Hello, Mr. Efim, I'm Victor, sorry for bothering you at night." Victor nodded and suddenly approached Efim.

But Efim's bodyguard stopped him, and replied calmly, "Mr. Victor, stay away."

Victor said calmly, "Mr. Efim, can I talk with you alone... I don't think you will refuse me."

"Really?" Efim said indifferently, "If I say to your boss that some of his subordinates came to my house to harass me, I don't think he will refuse my complaint."

But Victor smiled and lowered his voice, "I heard Mr. Efim bought a wonderful thing today, right?"

Suddenly, Efim narrowed his eyes, hesitating for a moment before waving his hand, "You guys leave for now, I'll talk with Mr. Victor."

After all his men had left, Efim sat down slowly, and asked calmly, "What did you say just now? I didn't hear it clearly."

Victor now revealed a smiling face, walking to Efim again. He took out his cellphone and put it on the table--- just in front of Efim.

"I think Mr. Efim will be quite interested in the contents of the video."

"Oh, will I?" Efim picked up the cellphone--- and played it.

However, Efim's face gradually turned awkward as the video went--- He didn't need to watch it to the end and paused it midway.

He laid down his cellphone and looked up at Victor, whose fingers were slowly tapping the handrail.

After a long time.

Efim suddenly opened his mouth, "What do you want?"

Victor slowly said, "This is what my subordinate provided me with. I guessed he was hoping to provide some contribution... After all, this video clearly reveals that Mr. Efim bought a painting, which has been stolen from the art museum... It happened today,

so we have reasons to believe that the painting is still in your hand. But I have buried the news, nobody knows about that for now except me."

Efim calmly said, "Won't it be good to turn it in? This is a great merit, isn't it?"

Victor shrugged his shoulders, "Does Mr. Efim know what the salary for a permanent detective like me is? What it would be after being promoted to the higher level? And how about a director general's?"

Efim answered in a neither humble nor pushy tone, "Do you know that I've known your director general for some time."

Victor smiled, "Mr. Efim, a great merchant like you will definitely know a lot of people. However, most of the businessmen in Moscow will make a clean break with you... because of the video about a gang boss has been uploaded to VK, which has many implications. Mr. Efim, do you know how many years I've been in this profession? 23 years. I even got Alexander•Nevsky Medal granted by the President personally."

Victor said with confidence, "I believe my words worked. Even our boss may not get me to pack up and leave my current position immediately."

Efim said calmly, "It's good to be confident. In addition, I admire your courage to come to me alone... Good, I like to cooperate with a courageous person. I'll buy the video, tell me the price."

While Victor said, "Does Mr. Efim think it'll be OK after simply purchasing the video?"

"What are you trying to say?"

Victor said, "I don't believe that a newly graduated cadet can get this video. Did Mr. Efim offend anyone recently?"

Efim hand softly patted the handrail, standing up, "Mr. Victor, thank you for bringing me the news, but I'm a businessman and I

like to call a spade a spade."

Victor said indifferently, "Our director general is not free from corruption, he may be dismissed at any time. I think Mr. Efim may need a more stable and younger partner."

"Is this your purpose?" Efim squinted his eyes.

"I was the recipient of Alexander•Nevsky Medal, but I have to stayed in a small office all the time, don't you think it's a pity, Mr. Efim?" Victor got close to Efim and lowered down his voice "Someone wants to oppose Mr. Efim, and I think Mr. Efim needs some more helpers as well, right?"

"Why should I believe you?" Efim sneered.

Victor shrugged his shoulders, "Time can prove anything. Our boss is not in a good situation now, maybe shortly after... Anyway, only I will know about this video. However, I think the person who wanted to spread the video will do something if he doesn't hear any rumors from us. This is my business card, Mr. Efim can contact me if necessary."

Looking at Victor, who took back the cellphone and walked toward the door, Efim suddenly said before he opened the door, "Hold on."

"Anything else?"

Efim took out the checkbook from his clothes, signing his name and tearing down one piece without an amount, "Write down a nice number you'd want. I cannot let you down and feel like it has been a wasted trip."

Victor two fingers nipped this cheque and waved his hand, "Well, I'm looking forward to the call from Mr. Efim."

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"Boss, what did the vile cop say?"

His subordinate asked while looking at Efim, who was in deep thought.

Efim simply described it, which had the follower frown, "Boss, it seems the Typica Family is opposing you deliberately this time. But out of their expectations, it was stopped by Victor...He's an ambitious man; money and power are both his favorite."

While Efim suddenly asked, "Do you think Victor doesn't have a problem?"

His follower thought for a while, "But it doesn't make sense that he came to you with such important evidence. It has seriously violated military discipline. If he thought it was a chance to make rapid advances in his career, I think he would have took it. In my opinion, it's really a pity that the recipient of Alexander•Nevsky Medal is still working in the small and common policeman office."

Efim fell into silence for a while and suddenly said, "Did you clean up everything?"

"I've packed up the garbage, and it's been taken away by a garbage truck." The follower looked at the watch, saying coolly, "It's almost the time for burning it."

Efim nodded and said slowly, "Book one air ticket to Italy next week for me, any time is acceptable."

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"9:05, Miss Anna went into the building."

"9:10, Victor came to Efim's building too."

"9:30, someone threw a black sack into the garbage truck."

"9:50, Victor left the building."

"11:40, Miss Anna hasn't appeared yet... Boss, I think the big bag on the garbage truck should be..."

Urey waved his hand to stop the man from talking, who was sitting next to the driver. He just opened the car window, looking at the garbage truck stop by the roadside from afar.

Two men wearing the uniforms of garbage collectors moved a big black bag down. They spilled gasoline and burned it while nobody was nearby at night.

He witnessed the flame cover the whole bag at one go... When it turned into ashes, he closed his eyes slowly.

Finally, he said, "Let's go."

The black motor vehicle hit the road and the garbage truck was drove away secretly. Then, the high wind blew away the ash.

Maybe there would be no trace remaining there tomorrow.

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The sound.

"... Later, a canal connecting the Moscow River and Volga River was built, giving accesses to five different sea areas; therefore, the river transport becomes more developed."

"Five sea areas?"

"Yes, master, they are the Black Sea, the White Sea, the Caspian Sea, the Baltic Sea, and the Azov Sea."

"Ah." He sighed with a gentle smile, "I may no longer need a web search engine..."

She heard voices.

From a man and a woman, who seemed to be chatting.

So she opened her eyes, but only darkness and stuffiness appeared. She seemed to be trapped in a narrow space.

She struggled for a while, and finally found the exit to leave this narrow space--- a zipper.

She pulled open the zipper, and broke through the black bag. She could breathe fresh air again.

The night light in Moscow interspersed the riverside, turning it into a starry river. A couple were talking about something softly while pointing at the river bank.

She remembered where she had seen them.

When she was strangeld.

She seemed to have heard this man's voice.

- Customer, what do you need?"

She, Anna.

Chapter 288: Anna

Anna slowly walked to them at riverbank--- She didn't see them clearly until she got close.

Both of them were very young.

As they turned to Anna, she opened her mouth subconsciously, "Is it you...who saved my life?"

But as soon as she said the sentence, she suddenly stopped and showed a surprised look--- Anna found her voice was like the sound of the wind that went through broken glass.

A hoarse, broken voice. Some syllables had even been directly distorted into meaningless sound.

It had her touch her throat subconsciously.

"I, I, I ..." Anna tried to integrate her speech, but seemingly it didn't work.

Finally, she heard an incredible answer.

"I think Miss Anna should stop trying," The man with an east face said slowly, "We arrived the moment you called; however, your situation was terrible then."

Luo Qiu tried to explain it to Anna, "To be honest, Miss Anna's throat was broken and was dying at that time... well, we could only keep you in this kind of state for now."

Anna opened his mouth,; it seemed hard for her to understand Luo Qiu's explanation.

So, Luo Qiu had to talk in more simple words, "That means you'll die right away when you are released from this state."

Anna didn't know what the so-called state was, but she felt her neck by touching it.

The bones had been broken. In others' view, it might be a very

weird appearance.

She kept silent for a long time, then squeezed out her voice hard, "How...how... long."

Luo Qiu said indifferently, "Of course, not too long. You're in the trading protection mechanism, so you can be maintained in the current situation; but if the delay is too long, it will disappear automatically. For keeping you in the current status, we also need a certain amount of energy. Since Ms. Anna woke up, we can give you some time to consider... then, how about half an hour? By the way, Miss Anna will be completely dead after half an hour, so we estimate that... you'll probably not pay any other thing as the transaction fee, which is more valuable than your... soul."

Anna fell silence as hearing it. She moved forward for a few steps, walking by Luo Qiu and You Ye, and coming to the place that was closest to the river.

She was staring out of the night scene of the opposite riverbank.

When there were only five minutes left, she turned around slowly, and looked at the young man silently.

She still didn't speak... but since she experienced such a magical scene, she felt that this person might read her thoughts.

The club boss was still abiding by the obligation of guiding customers. Luo Qiu said slowly, "Is it good? Miss Anna, I can tell you that any question will cost part of your transaction fee. And they'll reduce the price of the transaction fee you hold--- which means the purchasing power will be decreased. Are you sure you still need this part?"

Anna nodded silently.

"I see." Boss Luo gave a brief answer too, "We rescued Mr. Urey, and the permission to employ the power of the Typica Family was also authorized by us."

A trace of depression suddenly flashed across Anna's eyes. She

seemed to have guessed the final answer ... but her look was still full of desire.

She chose to continue listening.

"The trade Mr. Urey deals with us is..."

Luo Qiu gently said, "He hopes to get the power of revenge. After paying his transaction fee, he only has one month;s worth of lifespan. Now, his remaining life is about 27 days."

Anna finally closed her eyes and took deep breaths... it was her instinct, even if she clearly sensed that the air was blocked at her neck.

This made her more uncomfortable.

But her tear ducts still worked... Finally, when she opened her eyes again, her gaze surrounded by moisture turned dull.

At last, she showed show smile, but it was uglier than crying. She said with strong resentment, in a hoarse, broken voice like an old witch, "You...should...not... exist..."

Luo Qiu said indifferently, "I've deducted the expense of this. What else does Miss Anna need?"

At the very last, Anna opened her mouth with difficulty, "Let ...me ... see ... the... last..."

"As you wish," Luo Qiu smiled, "My customer."

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It was after the midnight.

This was probably the most difficult night for Efim to fall asleep among recent years. He wore the nightgown and sat in the cold living room, while playing with the knife in his hand.

The knife was like his lucky charm--- it played a key role in the history of making his way.

That year, he was 14, and killed a person for the first time.

He felt uneasy.

He'd rather believe that his current sense of unstableness had started from that year, rather than because of the situation nowadays.

That was because it meant things were not under his control, which was also denying his ability.

Efim picked up the landline phone next to him; after a second, he heard an exhausted voice.

"Hey old friend, you seemed to have contacted me the day before yesterday. So is there anything that is making you so hardworking?"

Efim slowly asked, "Do you know a man called Victor? Is he your subordinate?"

"Victor?" the person on the other side appeared to be surprised and questioned closely, "Yes, he is... why, did he offend you?"

Efim said indifferently, "Nothing, but my follower told me that a man called Victor made a lot of trouble these days and brought some bad influences to my business."

"Oh did he..." The other side heaved a sigh, "Maybe because of the recent case. Dude, he's a workaholic. Believe me, he isn't aiming at you, he may just be going crazy to seek for some clues. You know, the theft of that painting gave a bad influence. Even I'm under much pressure. But don't worry, I'll find a way to punish Victor after it finishes. Just wait until this thing is over, I will find a way to deal with Victor. This guy is a rebel and arrogant."

Efim Suddenly said, "Oh? Do you mean, the boss of the police station cannot even remove a common policeman?"

"I can't help it, Victor is an experienced guy and has a national-level medal, it's not easy to cut him off. Besides, I've met... well,

some little troubles, and I don't want to make more trouble at this time... but old friend, you should have a lot of connections. Can't you get any information about the painting? I think you should be able to help me."

Efim narrowed his eyes and smiled, "Don't worry, friend, I don't want to see your situation turn worse. I'll let my guys pay attention to this issue these days, and notify you if I got some clues."

"Thanks."

"We are good partners."

Efim then hanged up the call. When he put down the phone, he also stabbed the knife on the table and sneered, "Looks like this dude is useless ..."

So he picked up the phone again.

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His wife was still in the suburban holiday house.

When Victor came back at midnight, he made a phone call with his wife... It was almost the easiest moment for Victor these days.

He quietly lay in bed in his downtown apartment, and looked at the ceiling... Suddenly, the phone rang.

It was a strange number.

But apparently, the voice coming from the phone was familiar.

"Mr. Victor, it's me."

It was Efim's voice. "I think it's necessary for us to have a thorough talk. Are you available tomorrow?"

Chapter 289: Net

The sunlight shone and dispersed in the room. Vera's eyelids fluttered slightly and then opened.

She breathed in the air of a new day... Her body still felt uncomfortable, but her current mood seemed good.

When she sat up and stretched herself hard, she saw a small black card on the edge of the pillow.

It was playing-card size, like the one used by her to play card tricks.

Vera frowned, she didn't remember ever customizing such a prop... but she didn't pay any more attention to it.

She got through another night of the full moon, which was good enough for her to be happy for over one month, until the next night of full moon arrived.

So her fingers gripped the black card, and threw it out subconsciously, as if it were a playing card--- It flew out, stopped when it hit the wall; and slid down the wall. Finally, it became one of the many items in this room.

Vera shook her head with wry smile while looking at the current appearance of the room... She didn't want to make trouble, so she had to ask some worker to fix the broken part of this room before she left the place she rented.

Vera walked out of the room with a quilt wrapped around her body.

She saw Vicar first.

Vera shook her head. She saw Vicar sitting opposite to her at a place two-meters away from the door, with a fruit knife in his hand.

Now, he was dozing off.

Vera walked over to him, foot kicked the stool leg. The shock had Vicar suddenly woke up, and the fruit knife fell down and made a loud noise, "Vera! You woke up. How's everything going?"

Vicar got up hurriedly.

Vera lightly said, "If there are some delicious foods for breakfast, I think I will be better."

"Oh! Wait for a second. If you want to eat, how I wish I could give you all the food in the refrigerator!" Vicar said with an exaggerated look, "So long as you don't eat me!"

Vera rolled her eyes, and showed Vicar one-finger salute.

"By the way, did you get me to the bed?" Vera turned on the TV and asked Vicar later, who was cooking breakfast.

"How dare I!" Vicar shook his head, "Were you conscious of climbing into the bed this time?"

Vera shook her head, "I can't remember... probably."

Vera had been absent-minded for a split second... She seemed to remember that she fell down the floor, and vaguely... heard some weird sounds.

After breakfast, Vera looked at Vicar and said, "Get your tools ready. This evening, I'm going to visit Efim's 'fortress'."

"Today?" Vicar was shocked, "Are you sure? But you need to take a rest now."

"I've already recovered, I'll probably make a full recovery this noon." Vera said indifferently, "I'm not that healthy, but at least I should be a little better than ordinary people... just take it as loosening my bones and muscles!"

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"Boss, Mr. Victor is coming."

His henchmen sent him into the building---Efim was viewed by Victor at the moment when the lift door opened.

"Hahaha! Dear Victor, I've been waiting for you for a long time."

The hearty laughter and Efim's sincere smile gave Victor an illusion, that he was meeting an old friend, who he hadn't seen for dozens of years.

"Forgive me for coming to visit you in the evening because of the trivial matters at the police station." Victor laughed.

Efim walked forward and embraced him heartily; and then hand on his shoulder and took him into the room, saying with passion, "I just opened a bottle of good wine. It's what I bought from an auction last year in Sotheby, Italy. You should have a try!"

"Oh, really?" Victor smiled, "That's worth having a taste, or else I won't have any chances in my life later on."

"Hahahaha!" Efim laughed, "No, you have more opportunities in the future! If you like, you cannot only taste these wines, but also have the ability to become one of the purchasers of these wines!"

Victor laughed without words.

As Efim opened the bottle, he said, "I'm 54 now. And I started to make a living when I was 13 years old. Do you know what's the reason for me to make a living in the beginning?"

"I would be glad to hear it."

"A pair of leather shoes." Efim recalled the history, "At that time, the entire country was concentrating on developing military affairs... Military developed, but other fields collapsed. At that time I was in university. You know, in winter, I could only wear a pair of worn boots and was the mockery of the whole class; so since then, I swear that I must be capable enough to get what I want."

Victor said calmly, "Now, Mr. Efim has owned a large amount of wealth that ordinary people cannot imagine."

Efim laughed loud, "Let's have a drink and stop talking about unpleasant things! Let's talk about something else after drinking!"

Victor squinted his eyes, "Isn't Mr. Efim too happy today? Don't forget that you're in a bad situation now."

"No ... greater returns always hides at back of a worse situation." Efim patted Victor's shoulder and said, "Come with me!"

He took Victor to the central area of the living room--- a 'The Nameless Maiden' was placed on the central table quietly.

It was placed lying down.

"As a Muscovite, I think you must know what the picture is." Efim said with smile.

Victor glanced at it, nodding before sighing with emotion, "It cost 260 million Euros. This world is too crazy. But, Mr. Efim, are you showing me the painting just for showing off?"

"No! I'm going to send this picture to you." Efim suddenly said, "And I can tell you, this is the real one!"

Victor frowned.

He didn't know what 'the real one' meant... as if there was a fake about.

In the video Urey sent him, it didn't mention the details of the painting--- but only revealed that the painting had been purchased by Efim secretly.

'The Nameless Maiden' was the same as a treasure handed down from ancient times, and could be regarded as a national treasure.

Efim's behavior committed crime of scalping relics in private, which was a hard crime to escape.

"What do you want me to do?" But at the same time, he was keenly aware that Efim had other purposes.

Efim said then, "How did your subordinate film or get the video

about this?"

Victor shook his head, "I can't act rashly and alert the enemy... of course, before confirming Mr. Efim's cooperative willingness."

Efim rubbed his hands and nodded, "You're right. You should be careful. However, I don't need your answer, because I know where the video came out from."

"Oh?"

"Now it's the time for you to show that you are capable enough to be the head of the police station." Efim sneered, "Now that this painting has appeared in someone's home. Even if that person denies pleading guilty, he cannot get rid of the crimes of possession of national treasures, correct?"

Victor calmly asked, "Who's the other party?"

Efim told him slowly, "He used to be an exiled guy who called himself 'noble'... As of now, he's doing illegal business... In the last decade, his family made a fortune by in firearms smuggling. They should be hiding in Morocco, but nobody knows why they came to Moscow recently... You know how developed the river transport is in this city!"

Victor seemed to understand Efim's plan.

It was what he expected.

Efim sneered now, "Getting back a stolen national treasure, and even arresting the successor of this family that is running a weapons smuggling business... Oh, dear Victor, do you like this gift?"

Chapter 290: Truth Mingled with Falsehood

Victor didn't rush to respond, but thought for a while, "But if so, there may be no way to recover your losses."

He referred to the matter of Efim buying the painting at a whopping price.

Efim sneered, "It's just the first step. And I have a plan to do further."

Victor slowly said, "Looks Mr. Efim's intention is not only about taking revenge on the heir of the Typica Family."

Efim patted Victor's shoulder closely, and took him to the glass curtain wall of this building, watching the scenery outside. An imposing manner arose spontaneously.

He laughed confidently, in a tone of a winner, "Nothing is impossible in this world except the ones you haven't thought of. Why are most of the capable people in the world unsuccessful in their lives? That's because they didn't expect, dare not to imagine or do it, such as you..."

He looked at Victor, "Why are you still a common policeman after so many years of working? You're capable enough, and obviously you can imagine and do more to achieve it! Besides, with my support, your future life will be wonderful."

Victor smiled gratefully.

He reached out his hand and looked at Efim, "Then, Mr. Efim, please give me your support and consideration from now on."

"Haha! I like easy-going guys!" Efim directly grabbed Victor's palm.

He was pleased that both of them could reach a consensus. It didn't matter how much Victor could do to help achieve his expectations... as long as there was a conflict, then just change to

another.

Just like his senior staff, who was deeply troubled in public affairs recently.

However, his face was suddenly frozen due to Victor's current action... he had been handcuffed.

At the moment of the handshake, Victor suddenly took a pair of handcuffs from his back and gently hit it on his wrist.

It was easily done.

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"What are you doing?" Efim frowned.

Victor replied indifferently, "Now, I officially arrest you, Mr. Efim, because you are suspected of being involved in illegally buying and holding a national treasure, and in connection with bribing a police officer. I also suspect that you have engaged in illegal activities. Oh, right, you showed me the evidence just now, right?"

Efim's frozen smile then thawed.

He opened his eyes wide... but soon he turned calm with indifferent words, "I didn't expect that I would be cheated by such a small trick. But, do you think you can do away with me?"

"This is not what I should consider." Victor said expressionlessly, "This is the matter for the court. All I need to do is to arrest the prisoner with evidence."

"Prisoner." Efim said disdainfully. He shook his head and sneered, "Don't forget where you are standing now... I don't know if you can go out of this place safely."

Victor cuffed himself with Efim, and shrugged his shoulders, "I don't think your men dare to do anything to me."

He took out the phone, "It's me, take a team of people to come to... Yeah, tell them that I found 'The Nameless Maiden' and caught a prisoner."

Victor looked at the time then, "It takes about ten minutes for them to come here... Mr. Efim, should we drink up that bottle of good wine? For celebrating your arrest?"

But Efim uttered a deep roar, pulling his arm hard.

He was strong with great strength, the pull made Victor almost lose his balance.

Victor was so astonish at his strength. He did not think Efim, with his beer belly had it in him---at this time, his body had been clutched tightly by Efim's hands.

"An ordinary police officer dares threaten me. I gave you a chance to corporate with me but you really don't know the good from the bad!!"

Victor was strangled by Efim and felt that his arms were almost broken... It turned out this guy was muscular, instead of just being fat.

"I'll add one more crime--- assaulting policeman!" Victor struggled frantically, but still couldn't get rid of him.

That crazy squeeze made it difficult for him to breathe!

Boom---!

The glass curtain wall suddenly burst apart at this moment; a figure was seen flew into this room from the night sky.

Broken glass scattered everywhere on the floor. Efim, with a ferocious look, saw a lady wearing black leather clothing and a clown mask!

A voice transformed by a voice changer was heard at this time, "Oh, go ahead, just regard me as being inexistent. I just came to get something."

With the words, this woman quickly walked to the table with that painting and took it up!

"Put it down!"

Efim glared at her. He couldn't continue to be tangled with Victor but rushed toward this woman. Although he was powerful, the huge figure gave him a very clumsy capability for action.

"Look like it's the least skillful experience in my memory," She shook her head. "It's just a robbery."

She shook her head boringly, taking a one-finger-thick metal tube from her backpack hanging around her waist, and threw it on the ground.

Both ends of the metal tube had been instantly bounced off, and lots of white smoke was then released quickly!

"Ah---!!!"

Efim still growled, and rushed out of the smoke---He saw that mysterious woman jumped out with that painting through the broken window, but could do nothing to stop her!

He quickly ran up to the window, seeing the woman glided down the rope, and waved to him after falling to the ground. He grasped the rope angrily, and pulled it at full tilt.

"Ah!! Ah!!! Ah!!!!!!"

He had no way to let off his indignation except roar.

"Boss!"

Finally, his henchmen rushed in, dispersing the dense smoke and coming to him. He looked at Victor who fell down on the ground.

He seemed to have fallen into a stupor.

But his hand was still handcuffed with Efim's.

The henchman asked anxiously, "What happened?"

"F&C." Efim clenched his fist, fiercely hitting a piece of glass,

"F&C came! Damn clown, it went off with my painting!!"

"Boss, well..." his follower frowned and said, "Isn't it the fake one for framing the Typica Family? Fortunately you're safe."

"Idiot!"

Efim gnashed, "Do you think a fake painting can do away with them? They will announce that's just a fake one as a showpiece! Does the law forbid possessing 'The Nameless Maiden' privately? If I don't show him to real one, how could I frame him! Anyway, the painting will be sent back to the gallery, but I have ways to get it out!"

"What..." His follower was shocked into a cold sweat.

"Find that clown!" Efim snarled, "Find out that woman even if you have to overturn the city! I want to let her end be worse than death!"

"You guys go to chase that clown!" The follower ordered out loud.

A group of people took the elevator to leave in haste.

"Boss, what should we do to Victor?" Efim frowned, looking at the unconscious Victor, saying with a snort, "Kill him... And, get a car ready, I'm going to the airport!"

"Now?"

Efim nodded, "I'm not sure if Victor used some other means, but it's true that the video has been released by the Typica family. The last two days, they didn't act, we don't know what they are planning. I have to go abroad to hide for a while, because there were too many people who saw me at the auction. If something happens, they can't do anything to me, who is overseas!"

Nevertheless, his follower looked embarrassed, "But boss, I'm afraid you can't go tonight."

"Why?" Efim gave a start, "I told you to book all the tickets for this week."

"Sorry boss, I didn't book them." His follower slowly said.

Efim narrowed his eyes, a terrible foreboding had his heartbeat suddenly accelerate.

Just then, his follower's phone suddenly rang, "Well, I got it ... take them upstairs... yeah, boss wants to see them."

Who are they?" Efim asked gloomily.

He answered indifferently, "Policemen."

He glanced at Victor on the ground. "I think they should be called by Mr. Victor."

"You betrayed me?!"

The follower raised his eyebrows with palms up, "I'm sorry, boss, I just hoped to increase my salary. In addition, I actually hate... hate to guard the lift door and do the work like an airport security officer."

...

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After landing, F&C with a clown mask ran out of the building area, but didn't run too far away.

In an alley, she looked at this famous painting, which was finally obtained by 'F&C'.

But she didn't look at it carefully; instead, she directly removed the picture frame, and took out the paper, rolling it and stuffing it into a cylinder.

At this point, she turned her head and listened to the voice coming to her ear, "Vera, Efim's people will soon find you!"

"Oh? They seem skillful with good efficiency." Vera took off her mask and smiled.

She smiled and said as walking to the depths of the alley, "Come to collect the things, I'm going to make fun of these guys."

She had come to the depths of the alley, and then threw the cylinder to the side of the bin; and on the other side, a huge object covered by a black cloth had been placed there!

Vera whistled while one hand opened the black cloth; and then she sat on the 'huge monster'!

Boom---A growl was suddenly sounded.

It rushed out of the alley!

A Black... Dodge Tomahawk!

...

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A Black Dodge Tomahawk was galloping on the road.

The 8.3-liter displacement engine was enough to let out a dragon-roar-like sound.

Vera enjoyed the feeling of dashing forward, which made her heart beat with excitement. In her perspective, It was exactly what the life should be.

She looked back ... several black cars were chasing after her closely.

But it was impossible to catch up the Dodge Tomahawk in the congested roads of Moscow!

When one of the cars was about to catch up, Vera suddenly swang her body and allowed Dodge Tomahawk placidly to go through both cars in front; just in the blink of an eye, it had thrown off the one that almost overtook her.

However, two cars ran through the opposite direction towards her at the crossroads. They almost blocked her at the small space of the road.

But Vera wasn't panic at all. She firmly clenched the brake, swinging the Dodge Tomahawk to slip sideways; her body almost

touching the ground.

Finally, she adjusted the motorcycle by taking her leg as a pivot, and finished a U-turn... then she reaccelerated again!

Boom!

The Dodge Tomahawk, which had surpassed most sports cars, acted like a dragon that came in the full speed--- it dashed over to the cars in front!

"Don't worry! She doesn't dare to hit! She's bluffing!"

"No... Ah!!"

But the driver turned the steering wheel by instinct as watching the Dodge Tomahawk rush over... the car deviated from the original lane, and hit the car of his allies!

On the road, both the sound of emergency brake and the sound of car collision went off at the same time!

Boom! Boom! Bang, bang, bang!!!

It could be called a dreadful collision!

Vera stood up on the car as it was moving!

She took off her helmet and threw it out of the road, before opening both of her hands!

The rapid speed of the Dodge Tomahawk brought great wind pressure! The air flow turned into a pair of invisible wind wings behind Vera, and lightened the weight of her body, as if she could fly up at any time.

She shouted with enjoyment.

She knew that she was alive.

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Boss Luo went to the depths of the alley, looking at the scroll

holder next to the dustbin, smiling, and picking it up.

Opening it, taking out the paper, and then unfolding it.

While Anna sneered next to him, saying calmly, "F&C won't probably expect that somebody very easily got the item that it gained with great effort."

Luo Qiu said, "I was just passing by and then picked up this object...The thing placed here should be without an owner theoretically."

Anna sneered, "So you're feeling justified to make it your own, right?"

She felt that it a right choice to gain the ability to speak again by trading a little of her soul... At least, she could still be sarcastic to him when she had no choice.

This would be better than doing nothing.

At least it could comfort her a little.

At this time, Luo Qiu rolled up the drawing paper again, putting it back into the scroll holder, and then throwing it on the ground, "Doesn't Miss Anna want to see the ending? Let's go to see... the thing you'd like to see."

But Anna was astonished, "Don't you want this one---'The Nameless Maiden'?"

Luo Qiu said coolly, "This is a fake one as well."

"Fake?"

Chapter 291: Three Gunshots

Victor felt somebody hitting his face, so he slowly opened his eyes.

He saw one of Efim's followers, who only made a slight impression on him.

There was no conversation between them.

But what made him shocked was...

Efim's current appearance! He was tied up! Efim looked indignant, apparently he was dissatisfied with his current situation.

But he had no idea to help get rid of it--- because of the gun in his follower's hand.

Obviously, something happened during when Victor fell unconscious. And Victor found he had been set apart from Efim.

He was vigilant to the follower with a weapon... but that person did not seemed to have any intention of hurting him.

Victor felt puzzled.

He stood up, but this man just showed him a smile.

"You..." Victor was confused with the situation right now.

At the moment, the man made a gesture; seeing this, Victor nodded with hesitation, and the two came to a corner to have a talk as keeping an eye on Efim.

The follower spoke first, "I think one minute later, Mr. Victor's allies will come up here. And then you can handle the follow-up matters."

Meanwhile, the man put away the pistol, and stretched out his hands toward Victor and made a gesture being handcuffed.

Victor frowned, "I don't understand."

"It's very easy," the follower said quickly, "Arrest me too, so that I can be the witness and testify some crimes Efim did to reduce my penalty."

"Are you a member of the Typica family?" Victor asked with astonishment--- he had to think this way, and understood that he had to go against Efim because Urey had threatened him.

Thus, it was very easy to get this man's words!

"I have nothing to do with the Typica Family."

Unexpectedly, the follower shook his head and gave an answer that made Victor feel even more stunned, "As to the person... I think Mr. Victor will know that shortly after."

Ding--!

That was the sound before the elevator door opened.

The follower hurriedly urged, "Come on, handcuff me!"

"Wait, say it clearly." Victor frowned.

But at present, the follower shook his head, picking up Victor's handcuffs and cuffed himself as well as squatting down the ground.

As the door opened, three policemen in uniform suddenly rushed in and saw the follower squatting on the floor. They walked to Victor and asked quickly.

Victor and the follower gazed at each other, then the follower suddenly said, "Sir, Efim hid plenty of criminal evidence in the room upstairs behind a bookcase wall... I will be a witness for a lighter sentence!"

"Oh, my God, Victor, what should we do right now?" After hearing it, a police officer looked at Victor and inquired.

He seemed to have a wolf by his ears.

Victor took a deep breath and said slowly, "Go upstairs to look for

it. Order people to guard the entrance, stopping anyone from leaving the building."

"Yes, sir!" the police officer gave a salute, and started quickly.

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The building was very conspicuous and famous in the surrounding area---because many police cars showed up outside the building in idle hours.

And, onlookers clearly saw Mr. Efim being arrested by several police officers---the camera flashes were glistening as there were many journalists that appeared there.

Victor walked out. He lit up a cigarette, smoking slowly while watching Efim being taken into the police car, but he didn't seem happy somehow.

At this time, he suddenly saw a black RV park at the roadside. Victor saw a familiar face when the car window was opened.

It was Brubov, who told him the time and address of the first auction of 'The Nameless Maiden'.

However, Victor's surprise didn't last long.

He quickly calmed down, walking down the stairs as well as commanding the policemen's activity. Eventually he crossed the crowd and quietly bypassed the touring car, entering in and sitting on the backseat from the other side.

"Victor, I'm glad to see you come out safely." Brubov smiled, "As expected, you gave me a big surprise."

"Brodov, tell me honestly... what did you do?" Victor asked with a serious look.

Brubov closed his eyes and slowly said, "Victor, do you remember what was my dream when I was young?"

Victor gave a start. He didn't know why he had mentioned it; but nodded subconsciously, "You said that you want to change this country, so you've been fighting for it. Finally, you are now climbing up into the upper class. Brubov, with your ability, you can do something for the country now."

"But it's not enough." Brubov shook his head, "No matter how many officers I know, I'm still a businessman even if I'm wealthy. I need to hold the power of speech."

Thinking that Efim was a member of parliament, Victor suddenly understood something, "You want to replace Efim?"

"Efim can't escape this time." Brubov sneered, "Once he was convicted, someone will recommend me to replace him in the Parliament."

Victor couldn't help being silent; after a long time, he stared at Brubov, who had been his friend for a long time, saying slowly, "Efim's henchman had been bribed, you could have toppled him down earlier... but why didn't you do it until today? You wanted me to catch him?"

Don't you understand, Victor? Haven't you wondered why you've caught by the Typica family, who didn't kill you, but asked you to help them to deal with Efim?" Brubov softly said, "Victor, my power is limited. I need a partner, a sincere partner! I need you! Your boss is getting weak! After this issue, you should prepared for a great promotion!"

"What's the relationship between you and the Typica Family?" Victor asked suddenly after taking a deep breath.

Brubov glanced at him; he only smiled, "The Typica Family is my partner for now."

...

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"Unexpectedly... Such a huge crocodile at the back wants to deal

with Efim."

Anna whispered behind the black touring car. She looked up at Luo Qiu suddenly, "Since when did Urey start to have contact with Brubov?"

"Contact?" Luo Qiu shook his head, "They had not get in touch before... It was the real successor of the Typica Family who did. Do you know what kind of business that family is doing? They hope to expand their transport channels, so they came to Moscow just for looking for cooperating parties. Of course, as what Ms. Anna witnessed, that Brubov is exactly the one that cooperate with the Typica Family."

Luo Qiu said indifferently, "And then by coincident, Mr. Urey also plans to get revenge. He hopes to gain the power of revenge... Then I think that Mr.Brubov is the real power of getting revenge which we provided."

"Since when..." Anna couldn't help showing a wry smile.

Luo Qiu whispered, "I think it happened since you took out the painting from the gallery. Brubov intended to make Victor to be the new division head of the police station, so he told Victor the place for the first auction, and hoped to lead him to lend a hand in this issue to get enough benefits...Urey wanted revenge on Efim. The more miserable Efim is, the happier he is. Brubov bribed Efim's follower, so he obtained many evidence of the crimes committed from Efim. Therefore Mr. Urey would be pleased to return the favor back to Brubov, and had Victor be the person to arrest Efim."

Anna gnashed her teeth.

She wasn't grateful for the person who saved her from death, but instead said with hate, "Brubov would have dealt with Efim anyway! Efim wouldn't have a good ending... You knew this, but still took away all Urey owned... Demon! You are even worse than demon!"

Luo Qiu said calmly, "We didn't force anyone. Mr. Urey chose this way, that's all because the three gunshots he suffered from Ms. Anna on the platform, right?"

Anna's lips moved, but couldn't speak; she could only look up to the full moon.

"Although the three shots hit Mr. Urey and made him bleed a lot." Luo Qiu said slowly, "But I don't think it was enough to kill him. Did Miss Anna calculate the position you wanted to shoot? Because it was so accurate, I had to suspect it through this way. Of course..."

He shook his head, "I think Mr. Urey wouldn't doubt this."

"Stop talking!!!"

Chapter 292: Real Avenger

I ... never thought of killing him..."

Anna covered her face with both her hands. The sound came out of her fingers, which turned vague. "But I, I had to do that ... He shouldn't have threatened Efim ... since he escaped, why did he still come back?"

These things needed to be spoken out.

They had been buried in her heart, which made it hard for her to breathe at this moment.

"Fortunately, I'm the person that he wanted to see..." Anna put down her hands and took a deep breath, saying as tears dropped, "Yes, I pulled the trigger, but I never thought to kill him. He may be seriously injured, but at least he can lie in the sickbed safely... Efim will never forgive anyone who threatened him. Urey, should not have come back."

Luo Qiu looked at Anna, speaking emotionlessly, "But you did shoot him, didn't you? No matter what the reason is, since you shot him, you've already let Mr. Urey suffer the most sorrowful thing... Or will you tell him the fact for earning his forgiveness?"

Anna shook her head.

She took a deep breath again, "I won't do that. He'll be good after several days of treatment in hospital. And I won't show up in his sight, even though he will never forgive me. Even if he lied to me, not telling me that the seller of the painting was Efim; asking me to come back to Efim. Even if I lost my life, I will not blame him."

She sneered at herself, "But neither I nor they had expected that... we'd meet you, anyhow."

Luo Qiu said lightly, "As customers, both Ms. Anna and Mr. Urey have excessively strong desires."

As the club owner, Luo Qiu didn't intend to explain to the guests... their heart was strong enough to lure a starving wolf.

When the deal had been carried on, the club owner holding limitless powers also needed to assume the obligations that came up to the customers.

"Do we?" Anna gave a wry smile.

She was very clear what her rage and resentment was like when Efim strangled her neck.

"I spent three full years and tried all the ways to get close to Efim and I did gain his trust!" Anna said in a low voice, "But how can I die before sending that demon to the hell to suffer for all his sins! I can't die--- unless I can pull him to the hell together with me!"

"I want to be alive ... and see him suffer pain, uneasiness, losing all his wealth and living a life worse then death!" Anna bit her teeth, and resentment was filled in her eye, "No matter by using what kind of ways."

"So since you met Urey, you planned to take advantage of him?" Luo Qiu asked curiously.

Anna took a deep breath and wryly smiled, "Every day, I could only fake laughter while being with Efim, who had never trusted me. I had to do something... I had to lure him to make mistakes. At the moment I encounter Urey in the gallery, I knew I got the chance."

"I know Efim is a restless man. I told him my plan, he immediately agreed with that." Anna lowered her head and whispered, "We knew each other since that day. God granted him incomparable talent. However, he didn't obtain a chance matching with his talent... he had his dream, and hopes to be a real painter, and his works could get recognition by the world; he hopes to thrive."

"But eventually I took advantage of his dream." Anna said, "I told

him that there was a chance that could satisfy his desires. He didn't know these at first, but focus on imitating 'The Nameless Maiden'. That's all because I told him to do this way, so that it'd reveal his strength to a potential investor... but finally, he understood that."

Anna shook her head, "It was not an opportunity to make his mark at all; he was just a tool for Efim to make money... He won't really show his painting to the world. He didn't even have chance to draw what he would like to draw. He could only draw others' works. However, he had finished the 'first' work belonged to his own---'The Nameless Maiden'."

"I think it might be because of Miss Anna."

Anna shoulders slightly shrugged, crying sorrowfully, "I know... I can clearly feel his affection for me ... but I can't, and won't respond to him, because I reminded myself all the time, not to forget my purpose! I have to let Efim receive the punishment he should get. Only in this way, it might be enough to console those who have been killed by Efim and suffered misfortune."

"Las Padskaya Mine Lot?" Luo Qiu suddenly asked.

"You know?" Anna suddenly raised her head.

Boss Luo answered, "Not really, but I met a man coming out of this mine lot."

"Did you?"

Anna didn't make a detail inquiry on that man's identity, but just heaved a sigh heavily, "Las Padskaya Mine Lot... it's where I grew up; but it's been controlled. The capital keeps oppressing us; and when it came to Efim, he did it more seriously. In my childhood, there was a hero-like figure that showed up in the mine lot. Originally I thought that our life would become better, but later on..."

Anna said painfully, "The hero was gone, and he took away my home and family members."

But she also said spitefully, "But I'll never let go the demon-like Efim!!! I'll try to end his domination!"

She added, "No matter what I will sacrifice or how seriously Urey hates me... no matter how seriously he hates me..."

Both of her eyes flickered glistening teardrops.

Seeing this, Luo Qiu turned around, and backed on to Anna, saying slowly, "It's good for Miss Anna to have such consciousness. And it's good to speak it out too. Isn't it?"

She couldn't speak out the enmity that had been hiding in her heart over 10 years.

It was too heavy.

Anna lost control and cried out loud.

Nobody else could see her frail face... but her low mutters which were heard clearly, gradually died down.

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Luo Qiu didn't turn back until she stopped crying and regained calmness.

He reached out to receive the handkerchief from You Ye; then he walked to Anna and passed it to her, asking softly, "Are you feeling better?"

Anna was stunned.

She subconsciously looked at the handkerchief. Suddenly felt like to continue crying... but she also felt easiness that never sensed before.

She took a deep breath and looked at the police car that was about to leave... Since Brubov was involved in this issue, a bad end would be the only consequence for Efim.

"Can I still make a deal?"

"Of course, you can do it at any time." Luo Qiu smiled and nodded.

"I think..."

Boom---!!

Suddenly, a huge noise sounded, which was so shocking!

As they turned about, an SUV was seen crashing into the police vehicle with Efim in it! At this moment, a man with a black mask rushed out of the SUV.

He held an automatic rifle and began to shoot randomly!

It made several policemen go hide behind their vehicles! At the same time, Efim climbed out of the crushed police car! He swore loud as his hands were still handcuffed.

But the man shot the area in front of Efim's feet; then he pointed at that SUV.

Efim face turned pale, daring not to say anything except hurrying to get on the SUV, while the man with black mask kept shooting while retreating, backing up into the car, and then leaving leisurely.

Chapter 293: Member Service

A man with a black helmet in the car rudely cut through the handcuffs on Efim's hands with pincers.

But Efim suddenly scolded, "You ensure the customer's safety like this? Don't you know that I would have died if you just crashed a little bit off target?"

"But did you die?" another man who was driving indifferently said.

Efim sneered, "Is this the service of the Michael Club? I paid a billion dollars of dues every year, but you just provide this kind of service? Tell me your names! I'll complain it to Mr. Sun!"

"First," The man who was driving lightly said without turning his head, "You didn't tell us in advance that you're in danger. Second, when we came, you were already in the police car. We don't have any interest in saving you from the police department. Finally, my name is Tianzui, and nearby is Tianbai... Don't skimp on your complaint."

Efim grunted.

He just wanted to vent his dissatisfaction--- Because becoming a prisoner overnight and even being betrayed by his follower made him extremely angry.

The police had pried open his insurance room before he was taken away... what was hidden in it was enough for him to be exiled abroad with dozens of reasons.

"Where are we going now?" Efim instantly asked after he calmed down.

"Sending you to the river. Your situation may be difficult to board a flight. So go by water." Tianzui lightly said, "Don't worry, you're a member of the club, and you won't suffer a loss for paying the membership dues. We'll safely send you away. Oh... According

to the information you have filled, when you're in danger, the first place you want to go is... Italy."

Considering the incident that happened so quickly this evening, and that he'd lose nearly half of his wealth if he left, Efim tightened his fists.

"Wait, I can't go like that!" Efim gnashed his teeth and said, "At least there's one guy, who I don't want to live before I leave!"

"Mr. Efim, we don't want you to create side issues." Tianbai indifferently said, "Especially when you're escaping. Only foolish and boorish fellows would take revenge out of anger."

But Efim sneered, "What the f*ck is the Michael club! When I registered, how nice you spoke to me! But now you can't even nicely finish a small case... Give me the phone, I want to talk to your boss!"

Tianzui looked at Tianbai, shrugging--- then Tianbai gave Efim a mobile phone.

"Is that Tianbai? What's the matter? "

"I'm Efim!"

"Oh...Hi, Mr. Efim." A brisk smile came out of the other end of the line, "It seems that Tianzui and Tianbai have successfully brought you out. Mr. Efim, don't worry. As your request, we will safely send you to... Oh, yes, Italy."

"No! Before that, I have another request!" Efim snorted, looking at Tianzui and Tianbai in the car and coldly said, "But the attitude of your subordinates does not seem good!"

"Hehe... Well, Mr. Efim, Tianzui and Tianbai are only responsible for the "delivery". If there's something beyond their 'delivery' duty, I'm sorry, they won't do that."

"I don't care! Before I go, I want you to kill a guy! I don't like to tangle slowly with my enemy after I go to Italy. I want a fast

game!" Efim said in a low voice. "I don't care what these two guys are responsible for, I only believe that money can buy everything in the world! Help me remove my enemy and I'll pay what you asked!"

After a few moments of silence, the voice of Mr. Sun was sounded, "Mr. Efim, please give the phone to Tianbai."

Then the phone was passed to Tianbai.

Tianbai quietly listened at this time.

"Listen, Boss asked us to restrain ourselves at this period...However, since Efim is so angry and willing to let us rip him off, we have no reason to reject the request of our respected member... Remember, do it quickly, Moscow is the land of the Eastern Orthodox, don't create unnecessary troubles."

Tianbai nodded and lightly said, "I see."

After hanging up the phone, he looked at Efim and slowly said, "Well, Mr. Efim, please give us your enemy's address. I hope to send you to the boat before daylight. "

Efim gave a cold snort as he squinted his eyes and slowly said an address.

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Whir... Rumble Rumble.

It was the sound of a subsided engine. The Dodge Tomahawk's headlights that finally stopped were also closed at this time, Vera took off the helmet, swung her hair, and went down.

Vicar hurriedly walked out from the house when he heard the sound. He opened his hands and showed a happy face, "Dear F&C, congratulations on your successful assignment!"

"Where's the painting?" Vera smiled lightly, "I hope it'll be intact when I open the frame."

"Of course you will!" Vicar laughed, "I've seen it, it's a brand-new one! In other words, I've never seen such an intact painting!"

Not wanting to speak nonsense with Vicar, Vera threw the keys to him and walked into the house.

Vera directly climbed over from the back of the sofa, sat down and unfolded the painting tube which was freely lay on the sofa, taking out "The Nameless Maiden".

She smiled while appreciating the treasure to comfort herself after a day's hard work.

Vicar who had put the Dodge Tomahawk into the garage came in with a whistle, "Well, how do you feel with a national treasure in hand?"

But Vera frowned at this time, and suddenly said, " That's terrible!!"

"Terrible?" Vicar was stunned.

While Vera tore the painting in half, saying indifferently, "It is fake."

Vicar hastily picked up the painting and asked unbelievably, "Is it fake? But it's obviously what you got from Efim... And there's nothing wrong when I took it back."

Vera sighed. "Look at the lower right edge of it."

Vicar unconsciously opened the painting and looked at the low right corner; Suddenly, Vicar opened his mouth and showed a wonderful expression, only because a line of words had been printed there.

'MADE-IN-CHINA'

"What's this? "

Vicar grabbed his hair and said with puzzlement, "Wait, let me think. Efim bought this painting, and then you took it over from him which is fake... That is to say, at the manor's auction, this

painting is fake... No, No, why didn't so many collectors recognize it's a fake one?"

Vera leaned on the sofa and frowned, "At that time, Efim was talking with a policeman about framing the manor lord with this painting... Well, it's impossible for him to use such a fake painting. But..."

"If the painting he took out is real... Why did you get back a fake one?" Vicar felt confused and blankly said, "So... Where is the real 'The Nameless Maiden'?"

"Maybe someone knows..." Vera suddenly said.

Vera and Vicar looked at each other and almost spoke with one voice, "The owner of the manor!"

Ring.

At the moment, Vicar's laptop in the living room suddenly rang. He opened it, and suddenly gave a low shout, "Efim was kidnapped... from a police car!"

...

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Edgar said it was an uncommon wine.

But Urey didn't taste the difference between it and inferior vodka.

So what if he had become the heir of the Typica Family?

Even if he owned a large amount of money and girls...he was still Urey, who didn't receive enough education or know how to enjoy this precious wine and its unique lasting appeal...because he was not the real heir of the Typica Family.

Just now Edgar said the police had formally arrested Efim.

Based on the former cooperation between the Typica Family and Brubov, it was hard for Efim to redeem what he lost this time.

Maybe as a big player, it would be far more painful for Efim to stay in jail for the rest of his life rather than leaving this world soon.

Is it the time to celebrate?

Urey thought that... But he didn't know why he couldn't taste the flavor of such a precious and delicious wine.

"It's really disgusting."

He shook his head and laughed... But he didn't know what he should laugh at.

This ridiculous life?

The real and illusory wealth?

Or the short life?

Revenge...He managed to get his revenge but he didn't seem to have a wonderful feeling.

Yes, there was no feeling that made him wild with joy or burst into laughter.

Urey subconsciously grabbed the brush next to him, and then casually mixed the pigments. He stood in front of the drawing board for a long time but drew nothing.

He suddenly found that... he didn't know what he should draw.

At last, Urey suddenly waved his hand and heavily marked out a straight line on the paper with the paintbrush--- The paper seemed to be split up by this line.

He strongly broke the paintbrush on the ground.

"Ah--!!!!!!"

He then broke the drawing board.

He knelt on the ground, pulling his hair with hands and knocking his head on the floor, "Ah! Ah!!!! Ah!!!! Ah!!!! "

He was crying.

...

Suddenly, there was a knocking sound at the door. It was from Edgar, "Sir, are you OK?"

After a few moments of silence, Urey asked through the door.

"Sir, I have to tell you a message. Efim seems to have been rescued."

Edgar's voice was a bit fast, "Although I think escaping is the best choice for Efim, but it is still possible for him to come for revenge while he is burning with anger... By the way, we still don't know the identity of the person who saved him."

But just then, a loud gunshot suddenly rang through the manor...

Chapter 294: The Matter Which The Boss Does Not Recommend

Since Mr. Victor left, Yelgo found that his treatment become much better.

Although he was still locked on the wall with the iron chain, the length of the chain was long enough for him to reach the table in the basement.

And could also get the food on the table.

Except he was still imprisoned... Well, at least he had food and drink, which was good!

Yelgo had to comfort himself with this reason. He kept inquiring the wardens as to where Mr. Victor had gone to and whether he had been killed, but he didn't get the answer.

Yelgo always thought he was a very optimistic man! However, no matter how optimistic he was and how he comforted himself, he actually became more and more uneasy.

Especially at the moment when a gunshot sounded outside and the wardens suddenly ran out. Such a feeling of unease seemed to be more specific.

Because, a barrage of gunshots were heard after the first gunshot.

It seemed that some people were having a firefight outside!

"Is anyone there? Let me out! What happened outside?" Yelgo couldn't help yelling loudly.

Bang--- bang!

"Is anyone there?"

Yelgo forcibly pulled the chain that locked him--- But the chain was nailed on the wall very firmly.

Yelgo showed an indecisive look... Finally, he seemed to have

made up his mind. He took a deep breath, grabbed a part of chain with both hands at the same time, and began to pull it strongly.

He bit down furiously... His arms were suddenly swelled.

His teeth suddenly became sharper, his pupils changed a bit, his ears seemed to be pulled by something and became longer, and his fingernails also became sharper... like claws.

"Ah!"

Yelgo growled in a low voice, and the chain was broken!

Then the change on him disappeared. Yelgo quickly took a few deep breaths to adjust his heart rate; then he went to the basement door, opened it and pop his head out, before slipping out.

In fact he felt lucky, that it finally came to the time where nobody was here.

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"Why could Efim be rescued?"

A tone full of accusation.

Luo Qiu looked at Anna who was interrogating him; he didn't answer but asked back, "Why could Efim not be rescued?"

Anna looked at the chaotic scene--- After that SUV left, those policemen didn't still dare to walk out from the back of the vehicles.

She gritted her teeth, "Don't you want to deal with Efim? Are you going to watch him be rescued without doing anything?"

"Miss Anna." Luo Qiu sternly said, "I think you may have misunderstood something. We didn't say we wanted to deal with Efim. Not before... and it won't happen later unless there is some other reason."

"But Urey wants revenge!"

"We have given him the power to avenge himself." Luo Qiu shook his head, "As for whether it will succeed or not,that's not in our agreement."

Anna bitterly looked at him. Soon, she turned away her gaze.

She knew that every word from this man was true...They'd only help fulfill the desires you want, but it didn't include any further ones.

He paid... But he couldn't get the expected result.

He tried, but eventually could not attain the desired effect, as if it was the irony of fate.

Anna bit his teeth, and suddenly said, "Urey has nothing left... I can't let his sacrifice be in vain... tell me, can Efim escape?! "

Luo Qiu kept silent for a moment, then he suddenly asked, "Miss Anna, you mean, you want to see the future, right?"

"What do you mean?" Anna frowned.

Luo Qiu said, "Miss Anna wants to know whether Efim can escape. So I think, your true meaning may refer to whether Efim can safely go through this crisis, and get away with murder... right? Please forgive my wordiness, because I need to confirm the customers need."

Anna directly nodded.

Anna had no time to discuss future things with Luo Qiu, she hurriedly said, "I don't care about what the future, I just want to know the result."

"I'm sorry." Luo Qiu slowly shook his head. "It's not that we don't want to sell it to you... I'm just afraid you can't pay for this, even if you make a deal with all of your soul. Besides, I have to tell you even if you look into the future, it may be changed because of the behavior of the observer. So I think it's a bad deal to gaze into the future... I don't recommend doing that, actually."

Both Anna and Luo Qiu had a whim to buy the information about future.

But... even the boss couldn't afford the cost at the moment.

Let alone an ordinary person.

"Shut up! It's just your excuse of being unwilling to help! You said you sold everything, but now it turns out it's a lie!"

Anna didn't know the horrible meaning among these words, or what was involved behind the subject of looking into the future.

She was just an ordinary girl who gave up lots of things for getting revenge. She just regarded this as his excuse for being unwilling to help.

From the beginning, she deemed this weird club boss as a devil, who wanted to obtain everything from human beings.

The devil... reaping without sowing, to gain the greatest benefit at the lowest price, was the most normal thing.

"If Miss Anna heartily thinks so, then we won't argue. We understand the anxiety of the guest." Luo Qiu shook his head and didn't want to talk more about this; he whispered, "But I can tell you where Efim wants to go now. Well, don't worry, it's free for this part, you can take it as a gift."

"Where?" Anna asked in a hurry.

"The manor."

...

...

The gunshot and screams, came one after the other.

In the Manor, several white-suit men of the Typica Family escorted Urey and Butler Edgar quickly down the stairs.

One of them ceaselessly listened to the information from his intercom.

"Damn! You guys cannot even prevent one person from breaking into the house! Is your physical strength exhausted by the women here?!!"

"These two guys are animals! They're sharpshooters and quick as hounds! All of our comrades were killed in one shot!"

"Try to hold him in play until we send away the young master!"

"Ah---!"

Ka---!!

The hoarse electric current came from the intercom, which meant they had lost contact.

"Ike! Ike! Answer me! Ike!"

The man's expression turned bad as he looked at the intercom in his hand. He knew what had happened.

"Hurry up." Edgar said calmly at this time, "Do not let his sacrifice be in vain".

But the old butler was worrying--- There were many bodyguards here even though this Manor was not as same as the headquarter of the Typica Family in Morocco.

There was no need to escort the master to leave due to only one intruder--- Edgar thought this before.

However, Edgar had to give priority to the security of Urey since the intruder had continuously broke through the defense lines of the Manor in a short time as if there was no one here.

"Sir, why haven't you put on the body armor?" Edgar glanced at Urey at this moment.

After he pulled Urey out from the study, he found that Urey wasn't in good form. The old butler Edgar even sensed some weird emotions from him.

It meant that Urey was not afraid at this time... In other word, he

seemed not to be in the mood.

Maybe he didn't care about the approaching of the danger.

Urey slowly said, "No, I will escape sooner or later... But now I just want to know who broke in."

Bang---!

The door was instantly kicked down.

Chapter 295: The Wild Werewolf in Front

The man with the Benelli M1 on his shoulder broke into the house and looked at Urey's lineup who were coming downstairs.

"I finally found the owner." Tianbai sneered, "This manor is really spacious."

Tianbai hurriedly inclined his body when saying this, because a bullet swept across his face and struck on the door behind him.

Tianbai waved the Benelli M1 at that instant, and quickly pulled the trigger without aiming at the position. Everyone of the other party was shot full of holes then, like a hornet's nest.

Benelli M1... The shotgun's power was too terrible.

"Quickly take away the young master, Mr. Edgar!"

The bodyguard head of Typica Family said this, and frantically shot at Tianbai with his companions, providing fire cover.

"Go to hell!" A bodyguard pulled out the grenade's plug by teeth, and strongly threw it towards Tianbai.

Tianbai stared at it; he didn't retreat, but knocked back the grenade with the Benelli M1 precisely.

He hit the target ---and the grenade bounced back!

Bang---!!

The power of the explosion directly destroyed a staircase!

At the moment of the explosion, the butler discerningly brought Urey down to the ground; But he also felt giddy because of the blast and noise of the explosion.

Urey got up from the ground, shook his head but still saw stars. The buzzing in his ears made him feel like everything was shaking... But he could still clearly see all of those bodyguards were dead in a pool of blood.

He saw Edgar falling down the ground, but didn't know if he was still alive.

"Who are you?" Urey took a deep breath at this moment.

He didn't know if he was scared... But it was clear that his voice became nervous due to human instinct.

Tianbai obviously didn't want to talk more; he held up the Benelli M1 on, and directly aimed at Urey.

Urey could only step back, until he backed to the wall, and found there was no way. He could not help sweating.

"Hold on!"

At this time, the third voice was suddenly sounded.

Looking towards the direction of that sound, a huge figure slowly walked in from the door which was broken by Tianbai.

Urey clearly saw the figure for a second; he opened his eyes wide and bit his teeth, "Efim!"

Efim frowned when he saw Urey, then he looked around and sneered, "It is you! I know that b*tch Anna cheated on me! She didn't kill you! Humph! I never thought a poor tramp like you could become a member of the Typica Family! But..."

Efim sneered, "No matter who you are, I want to kill you... right now!"

Urey was stunned.

But a bright idea occurred.

"Wait! I'm not the heir of the Typica Family!" He quickly said, "I'm just a substitute! It is he who wants to fight with you! "

"Substitute?" Efim frowned, "Then where is the real heir?"

Efim took over a pistol from Tianbai when asking this; he said cruelly, "If you say you don't know that, then go to hell! I will send you to meet your old flame!"

"Wait!" Urey swallowed saliva and hurriedly said, "I can take you to him! I know where he is! But you must let me go! Or he will get out of this place right away! "

Efim squinted his eyes at once.

But Tianbai suddenly said, "Mr. Efim, I don't want to waste time. If the man who you want to kill left, we're not going to help you to look for him. Before daybreak, you must leave Moscow."

"Urey, I hope you won't let me down." Efim squinted with laugh, "Or I'm afraid I will let you suffer my anger."

Urey took a deep breath and nodded.

Tianbai waved his hand and said, "You, go ahead, don't play any tricks."

Urey just turned around... But he knew the Benelli M1 was obviously aiming at his back.

"Follow me."

...

...

Yelgo easily saw a guy falling on the ground.

He may be someone from the manor.

He looked at the bloody hole on the man's forehead. Unconciously he thought of a phrase, One-Hit Kill!

"What's going on here?" Yelgo tightened his eyebrows, and quickly turned over the man's body.

Then, Yelgo easily found a pistol.

He didn't know the situation of this manor, but he had to protect himself, "Victor... Mr. Victor!"

Since Victor had been taken away, he had been worrying about him. Thinking that he might be imprisoned somewhere inside the manor; he traced the dead bodies along the street!

Suddenly, Yelgo heard a loud noise... it must be from a powerful weapon such as a grenade.

"Is this Family crazy? How could they allow people to go through with such a dangerous weapon?"

Yelgo silently complained and rushed toward the explosion sound, but unexpectedly he encountered a terrified scene on the way!

It was that a man with black helmet dragging a white-suit man's neck, and easily lifting him up.

And meanwhile, the man with black helmet even aimed at the other party's chest and shot him dead.

After a scream, the white-suit bodyguard of Typica Family was thrown on the ground.

The man with black helmet slowly turned around and looked at Yelgo, who was restless in the hallway. He twisted his neck and lightly said, "Is there someone I missed? It seems I don't have to check."

Yelgo quickly raised the pistol to point to him and growled, "Put down your weapon! I'm the detective of third police station! Now I order you that put down your weapon!!"

"Detective?" Tianzui said with doubt and shook his head, "No matter who, everybody needs to be cleaned up."

He slowly and calmly walked toward Yelgo, lightly saying, "Your hands are shaking. You say you're a detective, have you ever shot someone?"

"Stop! And put down your weapon! I'll shoot! Ah!! "The young detective bit his teeth at this time, and suddenly pulled the trigger.

Bang Bang Bang---!

Three shots. The bullets were shot on the floor in front of Tianzui, which raised lots of dust, but didn't hurt him at all.

"Really a newbie..." Tianzui shook his head and suddenly rushed forward!

Tianzui easily gave a punch to Yelgo's belly, which seriously hurt him and made him painfully crouch down. Tianzui snorted; he grabbed Yelgo's hair and instantly his automatic rifle pointed at Yelgo's forehead.

Unexpectedly, Yelgo's both hands grasped the chamber of the automatic rifle and tried best to stop it from pointing at him body.

"Ah?"

Tianzui felt the powerful strength from Yelgo... The gun barral might not be able to be pointed at him, but it was not the only way for Tainzui to kill others!

He snorted, raising his knee to Yelgo's belly again. Then, he instantly turned to Yelgo's back and strangled Yelgo's neck with the rifle.

Meanwhile, he stepped back and dragged Yelgo's body on the floor.

Yelgo could only painfully kick his own legs, but he couldn't move the barrel away on his neck. His pupil was rapidly expanded because of the pain and horror of death.

Finally, he stopped struggling, instead, directly grasped Tianzui's both hands.

Yelgo suddenly snarled!

And his clothes broke apart.

He severely threw that guy with black helmet down!

"Ah!!!"

Yelgo even heavily thumped him on his back... He could sense his bones had been broken!

Looking at this guy finally falling to the ground and stop moving,

Yelgo panted heavily and suddenly collapsed.

Under the light of the corridor, Yelgo's face and arms, exposed part of his back and the chest started to give off a layer of fine hairs.

Yelgo raised his head and calmed himself down; he felt a brutish nature growing wildly in his body, which made him feel miserable.

He grasped his arms and painfully cried... But he didn't notice Tianzui's body moving.

He climbed up!

Tianzui's voice was a little deep and weak, "You're a wolf? No wonder your strength is so great... But it seems that you can't control yourself very well."

Yelgo looked up, opened his mouth towards this guy and showed sharp canine teeth like a wounded wolf.

But Tianzui suddenly fished out a small iron box from his clothes, opening it and taking out a small syringe, slowly saying, "Since you're a wolf, I have to use this because I have no other choice. Well..."

Tianzui directly inserted the needle into his own neck... Injection!

The light blue liquid in the needle was injected into Tianzui's body! Just in an instant, Tianzui's eyes flickered red light, and lots of blood vessels turned clear in his face!

He seemed to suffer enormous pain with low growls--- and his muscles were suddenly swelled at once!

"But in any case, the feeling of this power is wonderful..."

Tianzui's body became huge!

He suddenly jumped up and fell in front of Yelgo, throwing a punch toward Yelgo's head.

Bang---!!

...

...

One figure flew out and fought with the other one that rushed out. Both of them were intertwined with each other very soon!

Well, was this medicine a mark of the members of Michael Club?

Boss Luo couldn't help thinking of that as looking at the two "nonhuman beings" fight together.

But though he was interested in the fight, Boss Luo directly went deep into the manor.

Actually, Luo Qiu just thought ... that their fight wouldn't end within half a day.

And Anna followed Luo Qiu and You Ye quickly after glancing at the scene.

At the beginning, she just didn't want to die and let all the effort go in vain.

But when she understood everything little by little as a bystander, she knew she needed to do something.

"Urey, I will never let you..."

Chapter 296: Balance 1st

"Have the terrorists of Chechnya been here?"

Vicar felt a chilling fear since he entered into the manor.

"Are you scared of those dead bodies on the road?"

But Vera did not seemed to be afraid at all... Even though Vicar knew this woman was not a real human being, he couldn't help saying, "Miss Vera! You saw the situation here, let's go back!"

But Vera frowned at this moment.

She sniffed the air with her nose, "This smell is disgusting."

Vicar looked at this corpse on the ground, and subconsciously nodded, "Yes, I hate the bloody smell too... Wait, where are you going? "

But he could only hear a word from Vera, "I mean the smell of a wolf."

"Wolf?" Vicar was surprised, and suddenly he thought of something with his face changed.

However, Anna didn't have to give him the answer. Because a figure abruptly broke the wall and rose in front of Vera and Vicar!

It was a werewolf, which was full of hair around its body, hands and feet bend over on the ground, with its head up, and grinning teeth.

"What's this?"

However, another huge figure, like small-sized 'Hulk', walked out slowly from the broken wall at this time.

"Is there someone still in the way?!"

The 'giant' suddenly asked in a hoarse voice...it was like a roar from a prisoner in rage.

Obviously... This 'giant' also saw Vicar and Vera.

"Vicar, you hide first."

Vera calmly said that and her eye color gradually changed.

...

...

"Where are you going to take us to?"

Urey said nothing all the way, which made Efim lost his patience, "One minute! If I can't find him in one minute, I'll then send you go to hell!"

"We arrived."

Urey slightly turned his head that full of sweat. He could slightly see Efim and that man with terrible fighting ability at the corner of his eye, "It's the room in front. The manor has a secret passage for escaping."

Tianbai nodded and directly ordered, "Open the door."

Urey nodded, slowly opening the door of this room---It was a study.

"Where's the escape way?" Efim asked at this moment.

Urey pointed to the desk in the study, "The switch is on this table... Do you see the lamp? Move it, you'll see the button. The way is behind the bookcase."

Efim squinted his eyes, and suddenly said, "Good, now you go and move the lamp away!"

Seeing Urey hesitated, Efim pistol pointed to on the back of Urey's head, deeply saying, "Go ahead!"

Urey had to only raise his hands, and slowly walked toward the desk step by step. When he came to the desk, he turned around and looked at Efim and Tianzui with cold sweat falling from his hair to his neck.

He swallowed saliva.

"Hurry up!" Tianbai yelled, and loaded the Benelli M1 on his hand, which gave an extremely loud sound.

Right then!

Urey suddenly crouched down to hide himself under the desk; he opened a drawer of this desk--- and took out a pistol there.

In fact, there were weapons hidden in many dark corners of the manor. But the fake heir would never know all the positions.

Except this one, which had been found long since!

Urey held the pistol, and panted heavily. He tried to calm himself down.

"You lied to me?!"

Footsteps were getting close to him!

"Ah!!!!"

Urey suddenly cried and rushed out, while triggering the pistol with his fingers.

Bang bang... Bang, bang!

...

Anna, who had unknowingly overtaken Luo Qiu and You Ye, swiftly ran forward but soon stopped.

Because she found she had overtaken the club boss and the maid--- her protectors that she didn't want to recognize.

"Can't you go faster?"

"Miss Anna." Luo Qiu calmly said, "Are you sure you want the next product? Mr. Urey only has less than one month's life... Are you sure you'll pay part of your soul as the transaction fee, for helping him get through the crisis?"

"Don't you want me to get my soul sooner?" Anna sneered.

Luo Qiu shook his head, "No, I mean, Miss Anna can buy

something better for yourself with the remaining transaction fee. For example, lifespan."

Looking at Anna, Luo Qiu lightly said, "You are clear that you should have died, but now you are still alive because of your soul---the transaction fee. I mean, the more soul you use, the less you can use for purchasing lifespan. Of course, for a person who is supposed to die, even if she uses up all her soul, the lifespan she can get will not be too much. But because of this, the transaction fee of the soul is particularly precious."

Luo Qiu said slowly when he saw Anna was silent, "For example, if you can buy three years of lifespan, there will be only two years left after consumption...Of course, I'm just giving an example."

"Yes! Sure! I decided!Can you do it?!"

"I see." Luo Qiu nodded, "I will do as your wish."

Luo Qiu went over Anna, but he didn't walk forward even one step---In front there was a closed room; he just lifted his palms now.

He slowly changed the event in the room.

Bang Bang... Bang!!!!

Only five continuously gunshots could be heard from that room.

Anna suddenly turned back to look at the door when she heard the gunshots.

After it turned quiet, Anna nervously grasped and raised up her hands in front of her lips.

It was very very quiet... as the time passed.

She had no courage to walk forward even one step, or push open the door. She was just... looking at it.

How long had the time passed?

Then, an unlocking sound was heard, along with a figure slowly

coming out.

It was Urey.

His face was covered with blood, and every drop of blood was like the pigment on the brush. His eyes were empty, and the pistol in his hand vertically pointed to the ground.

He just walked like this, one step after another, as if dragging his own body.

He could only see the corridor, but not the trio.

He was still walking at his pace.

He didn't know Anna was looking at him when he walked through her. Anna knew he couldn't see her, so she stretched out her palm and tried to touch his scattered hair or erased the blood on his face.

But she dared not, her fingers stopped in the air.

She just watched him walking through her like a walking corpse, until he eventually disappeared from the corridor.

He managed to get through the danger.

Until she covered her lips hardly, trying to stop the cry, until she feebly leaned on the wall.

Until she looked at Luo Qiu sadly, "How I want to tell him, that I never wanted to kill him; how I want to tell him... want to tell him..."

"But I can't, I can't let him know..."

"I can't let him know... that his revenge is meaningless."

"Because I know since I chose to shoot and met him at the gate of the art gallery..."

"I'm not qualified to be loved."

Chapter 297: Balance 2nd

It seems to have stopped?

Or not?

Urey himself didn't know that. He just subconsciously walked into the studio--- where he painted the second 'The Nameless Maiden'.

In fact, he spent lots of time here before the second auction started.

Urey grabbed a bottle of wine which he didn't know the name. After biting the oak cork open, he quickly and fiercely drank the wine.

He sat on the chair where he was taken away by Edgar about thirty or forty minutes ago.

And now, Efim and the man with the helmet were dead... and many people in this manor had probably died.

Urey slowly closed his eyes while the shooting scenes that happened a few minutes ago flashed in his mind.

...

"You dare to lie?!"

Efim snorted. Even he had thought this guy would play tricks, but Efim would prefer if Urey could find the heir of the Typica Family who destroyed his life.

"You are dead meat." Efim groaned.

Tianzui spoke nothing; Comparing with Efim, he preferred to clean up the obstacle and send away Efim quickly, who looked like a human-shaped wild boar, so that he could finish the task.

The loaded Benelli M1 was directly aimed at the desk. The bullet could easily go through the desk and even the human hiding

behind it.

Killing was a very regular occurrence to him. He was hungry to kill someone.

He pulled the trigger; however, Urey roared and rushed out towards him from the back of the desk.

He was courageous.

But even so, Tianzui thought his behavior wouldn't change the end of him, who would be riddled with bullets.

Ah, it was really a boring 'delivery' task.

Tianzui thought a lot of things in an instant. However, suddenly, an unknown fear filled up his whole body. He didn't know where this fear came from... he only knew his body had turned completely stiff at that moment, no matter his eyes and fingers.

Only his thoughts were still running fast.

But!

His body still couldn't move---Nevertheless, he could clearly see Urey aiming towards his head with the pistol.

He felt pain that he had never experienced before. At this moment, Tianzui's brains were blown out.

Every movement seemed to slow down. The moment Tianzui's body directly fell backward to the ground, one could easily see his body rebounding slightly.

And it raised up the dust hidden in the study's carpet.

Bang bang... Bang!

The gunshots were the last sound he heard in the world.

He didn't know why he couldn't move; but he just knew the decorative lighting on the study's ceiling looked beautiful.

Tianzui... was dead.

What about Efim?

Efim opened his eyes wide and unconsciously covered up his stomach; nevertheless, it couldn't stop bleeding.

Suddenly his body twitched; he tried to seek for something to hold up his body, but he couldn't find anything, so he fell down.

A bullet had entered his chest.

Efim opened his eyes wide... It was a terrible look.

In fact, he could see nothing, but he could sense that somebody was beside him.

Efim suddenly grabbed and tightly pulled Urey's clothes with his blood palms.

Both of them glared at each other, the heavy atmosphere was like an explosive, which was about to be ignited.

"You... You won't have a good end... My end..." Efim said as blood flowed from his mouth, "will be your fate... I curse you!"

...

"I curse you."

Urey suddenly opened his eyes; before Efim died, his eyes seemed like to stare at him who was just 10 centimeters away.

"Both are dead..."

He held his forehead with his hands; suddenly, he laughed low and deep, which turned into crying gradually.

"My end will be your fate."

In fact, this sentence had already come true...Urey knew he would close his eyes forever soon.

He suddenly remembered the days he spent in this city.

If he really was talented... Then, it may be the cause for all of these.

There were no shortcuts to success... Was Anna abominable?... But if it wasn't for him seeking an opportunity, he would probably not promise to draw the counterfeit painting.

Blame himself?

Was he wrong? Would he be famous if he worked hard as a street painter?

But now his enemies were all dead, and there wasn't much time left in his life--- What could he do for the rest of the time? Enjoying the rich life crazily before he dies? Then how painful would life be before death? How painful would it be to count the remaining lifespan?

All of a sudden.

Urey held up the pistol without spirit.

He knew there was still a bullet inside.

From his eyes, he looked like a patient with Alzheimer disease.

Urey slowly opened his mouth and put the gun in.

He finally closed his eyes and then pulled the trigger... He chose to kill himself.

Bang---!

It was over.

...

It was over.

But he was still able to open his eyes without the pain in his imagination... He could still see everything around him so clearly.

Urey subconsciously turned his head. He felt a palm on his face from nowhere--- it was the club boss's.

"This 6-chamber gun really has good power."

Then a bullet slowly dropped down from Boss Luo's palm. Urey

looked at it, showing a slight hint of anger.

"Why did you stop me? Won't you be happy to take away my soul before the appointed time?"

"Both of us won't know what will happen in the future."

"What?"

Urey showed a blank look.

Luo Qiu then gently snapped his fingers, which made Urey close his eyes and directly fall on the ground... Meanwhile, Anna slowly walked out from Luo Qiu's back.

She crouched down and touch Urey's face.

"It shows that Miss Anna really loves Mr. Urey for making such a request." Luo Qiu lightly said.

But Anna looked up and shook her head, "Do you know what love is?"

Luo Qiu gave a start, because nobody ever asked him such a question except her.

He directly shook his head.

"Really." Anna smiled, "But I think I should not love this man... I just feel that, no matter what, I owe him something."

Anna took a deep breath, "Isn't it funny? I knew his love for me before everything happened... I thought I could love him, by compensating or replying him; but later I understood that's not love, and I should not be loved... I just feel guilty."

She got up, "I'm going to do something to make up for him. Efim's death can comfort him, even if the way he died was out of my expectations."

Anna shook her head, "Did you know that I had lots of opportunities to kill Efim."

She showed a very glamorous smile, "After all, it's clear that this

guy was very obsessed with my body... But I didn't want to kill him. If he died, there will be another person coming up to control the mining lot. If we don't dig out the dirty deals between the authorities and the mining lot, there will be countless Efims on their ways there. Anyway, since Efim died, then I should die... let's finish this issue then... He..."

Anna looked at Urey on the ground and said, "He's only a poor man who was involved. He could actually pursue his dreams. And I believe that he'd be famous after some time, and even be a very good painter."

"You can also choose to achieve your original goal," Boss Luo suddenly said.

Anna chuckled because she just felt ridiculous, "You are really a freak, who often gives me choices that are good and should not be refused. It seems you're willing to see me to make choices that are beneficial to myself."

Luo Qiu indifferently answered, "Because we are on the side of the customer."

"Then you're an unqualified boss." Anna shook her head, "Some people prefer to help others at their own expense."

"I see." Luo Qiu nodded with his hands slightly opened, then an old sheepskin roll suddenly appeared, floating to Anna and unfolding.

"Miss Anna could sign it if you agree with all the clauses in the contract."

Anna gently pressed her palm on the contract.

...

"Are you unhappy, master?"

Miss Maid saw her that master was silent now... It had been several minutes since she accompanied Luo Qiu, who was standing

at the highest place of the manor, observing the matter that happened downstairs.

But Boss Luo didn't say a word, and the servant girl just left him alone. Unlike before, where she always helped slightly to change matters.

"Unhappy?" Luo Qiu turned his head and curiously looked at You Ye, "Why?"

Miss Maid softly said, "Because the quality of Miss Anna's soul didn't turn higher since she was rescued; rather, it..."

"It's getting worse, right?" Luo Qiu said with a laugh, "You should know that I won't curse you even if I heard something worse. After all, we've been together for a while now."

"Yes. I appreciate master's tolerance to me." You Ye lightly responded, and then said with hesitation, "But, the contract of Miss Anna ..."

"Of course we would do as the customers' request." Luo Qiu slowly said, "Handle this manor's things first."

Boss Luo chuckled as if he braced himself up in a sudden, "I didn't expect a new role to join in the fight between the werewolf and its enemy."

You Ye looked at Tianbai, Yelgo and Vera on the ground...She was not interested in the ridiculous battle.

But since her master looked at this with great interest, she should be with him as an excellent maid, perhaps adding to the fun.

"Master, look at Miss Vera, she seems to have learned Brazil jujitsu. That action is..."

...

It was not a good thing for Vera to meet such an obviously abnormal guy. Furthermore, there was another one inside.

Well... Maybe this guy also couldn't control the wolf blood very

well and should have completely lost his mind at the moment?

Vera quickly looked at Yelgo, who was almost a beast, and then she quickly glanced at the 'giant' in front of her.

"How exciting."

Vera fleetingly moved in this manor--- She had memorized the structure when she came to the manor last time.

Obviously, she didn't get lost this time. But what was worse than getting lost was that she had to have a weird battle with the 'giant' and the irrational werewolf.

And she had to admit that she was the weakest among the trio, if she didn't use that dirty power to fight the weird 'giant' holding inhumane power, and the werewolf that lost its mind.

"If you are not a werewolf, I will ignore this matter!" Vera frowned when she looked at the guy who was pouncing on and crazily biting the 'giant'.

Then... Where was this place?

The studio?

Unwittingly, the trio smashed into the studio while the fight lasted.

Chapter 298: Scar

Police station.

A man that lowered his head was sitting on a shabby bed in the police cell. His life these days were a nightmare. It'd be a joke if the news spread that the heir of the Typica Family was imprisoned here.

Suddenly, the door of the detention room was opened. The man quietly looked at the policeman entering. He couldn't remember that how many times he called him.

"You can leave." The policeman lightly said.

The man was stunned, and suddenly stood up from the bed, surprisingly saying, "Really? Is someone coming to pick me up?"

"Pick you up? Who will?" The policeman shrugged, "Just because the real thief has been caught. Well, don't talk nonsense, get out here! Don't occupy our place."

The man suddenly got angry, "You've arrested the wrong person, how dare you!"

But he had to stop talking at once because the policeman knocked the door hard with the baton, "If you want to stay here, I'm glad to shut the door again."

"Wait! I, I'm going now."

'I will never forget this police station!'

The man lowered his head and quickly walked down the stairs of the police station. He felt hapless. Not only because his wallet, credentials, mobile phones disappeared, but he had also stayed in jail without any reason for a long time.

"What the hell is Edgar doing! He didn't look for me even when I've disappeared for so long time! Humph!"

He got on a taxi and told the driver an address unpleasantly.

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Nosiness seemed to be the trait handed down from Vera's Family. She even clearly remembered the title her family members gave her grandma--- this damn nosy old woman!

This time, she thought she had to pay for her nosiness... because the situation was extremely terrible.

This brand-new studio had been screwed up because of the fight of the two guys... Vera thought that the owner of the manor wouldn't ask her to pay the loss expenses, right?

Bang---!

Damn it!

She clasped her hands in front to protect herself from being punched by the 'giant's' fist; however, the enormous impact force had her fly out towards the wall!

Her hands would probably be broken if she didn't have the dirty blood coming from her family along with different body tissues compared with normal people---but she couldn't feel her hands and shoulders at present.

Pa! Da!

Her body directly fell down on the cabinet of the wall and broke it---which was for placing painting tools.

The broken brush, the oozed pigments, bottles and other things were suddenly scattered on the ground. A sticky feeling made Vera extremely uncomfortable.

She subconsciously glanced at her reflection in a broken glass on the ground... Her face was stained with thick white pigment.

There was also some pigment on her nose, her left cheek, her forehead, even her right eye...and her lips...

"!!"

But now it was more important to kill the 'giant' and the 'werewolf', rather than bother about this.

"I should not be a busybody." Vera suddenly stood up, saying to herself with extremely dissatisfaction...Then her pupil began to quickly undergo marvelous changes.

Her pupil transformed into a wonderful umbrella structure, and tiny silver hairs arose from her cheeks.

Her ears turned slightly longer, and her hair suddenly grew to her waist.

"Are you also a werewolf!" The voice of Tianbai was filled with frenzy and anger.

He couldn't control this change, because the strong physical ability came at the cost of many of his things. And right now, a violent intention to kill was being generated in his heart.

Only by breaking all the living things could he quell the constant impulse in his body.

At this point.

Yelgo who lost his mind suddenly stopped when the changes occurred on Vera. As if facing a more formidable enemy, he bent his body, vigorously grasping the floor with 4 limbs and baring his teeth... He had a trace of fear by instinct.

"Ten seconds." Vera's voice suddenly became sharper. As she focused on the object, she jumped up and rushed toward Tianbai like a bullet.

Tianbai loudly roared. He caught the trajectory of her movements. His intentions were obvious--- throwing a punch!

This fist was powerful enough to break the wall!

But Vera didn't back up; rather, she grasped Tianbai's thick wrist, body twisted herself in the air with both legs stretched and

tightened!

Her left shank and right thigh formed a pair of long pliers, and directly throttled Tianbai's neck!

She yelled in a low voice and directly pulled down Tianbai on the ground, whose head heavily hit the floor!

Such terrible strike didn't break Tianbai's head but made him see stars!

Apparently Vera didn't intend to give up. She now more brutally tightened her legs, meanwhile her arms seized Tianbai and strongly pushed him to the opposite direction!

Crack!

His joint was completely broken!

Tianbai felt it difficult to breathe---Though his feeling of pain had reached the lowest point, he still needed oxygen to keep himself alive.

An ordinary person couldn't push him to this extent... But Vera was not a common person.

Garrotte!

One of the most powerful moves of Brazil Jiu-jitsu!

And it only took her... nine seconds!

She loosened her legs, standing up from the ground, and growling, kicking Tianbai away. After watching his eyes rolled backwards, she turned to look at Yelgo.

Yelgo still tightened his body and struck a defensive posture. Vera walked toward him, revealing unusual changes gradually of her body.

Yelgo instinctively stepped back, until he couldn't back any more, the ferociousness hiding in his body finally let him brutally attack Vera after his loud roar!

"You don't know how to use this power!" Vera's voice became shriller.

She clasped her hands, and easily avoided Yelgo's attack; and then she turned to Yelgo's back, directly beating him down the ground with her fist!

Vera snorted, bending her knees and pressing on Yelgo's back; then she pulled up his head and completely suppressed him!

"Vicar! Come out! Come out!"

Vicar who hid all the time since coming here popped his head out, and was surprised when he saw Vera. He hurried to take out a bottle from his pocket, and threw it out quickly!

Vera received this bottle, biting it open directly, taking some pills and stuffing them in Yelgo's mouth, finally covering his mouth hard.

Yelgo still desperately struggled.

"Listen, anger will only hasten you demise! I don't know why such blood is flowing in your body, but since you have such dirty things, you have to learn how to control it! You are a human! Not a beast!"

"Woo... Ah! Roar---!"

Vera didn't loose him and sit herself on the ground, until Yelgo no longer moved, his body got back to normal slowly with his eyes closed.

In a sudden, she looked painful and her lips turned pale. She quickly put the remaining pills into her mouth.

Soon after, she recovered but ran out of strength and collapsed on the ground.

Vicar climbed over the window and walked in as seeing this. He quickly said, "I witnessed many dead people along the road... No one is alive! What's wrong with this guy?"

His gaze suddenly turned to Tianbai, whose body was turning wizened---to his original figure, compared with the huge bodily form.

But his whole skin turned to gray colour. And some black liquid flowed out of his mouth... Maybe it was blood?

"I don't know, but..." Vera frowned and weakly said, "I may have seen something like that."

"Ah?"

"About two years ago, a few mysterious guys came to my home and my father welcomed them. They seemed to discuss business..." Vera shook her head, "Soon after, I accidentally found my family began to secretly dispose some dead bodies, the appearance..."

She was silent for a moment, then slowly said, "Was similar."

"Well..." Vicar frowned and quickly said, "Leave it alone, let me take you out first... because I cannot fight with anyone similar to this guy."

Vera nodded; she knew what's more important, "Wait, take this guy with us, I have something to ask him."

Vera said as pointing Yelgo.

"Miss Vera! Do you think I can lift both this guy and you at the same time?" Vicar said with a miserable look, "You have helped him a lot, the rest depends on himself! If he is a member of this manor, he won't die!"

"OK..." Vera nodded.

...

"Does his great power come from the inheritance of the ancient blood?"

Boss Luo and Miss Maid with clean clothes came into the messy studio. Luo Qiu crouched down to turn over Yelgo's body and asked while scrutinizing him.

"The group of the wolf species is arranged by 'generations'." You Ye said what she knew, "For example, the very first is the ancestor, then the ancestor infects the first generation, the first generation infects the second. The former generation initially oppresses the next generation. Well... it's almost the same in similar blood ethnic groups."

Luo Qiu went to Tianbai's dead body, finger dipped the black blood, rubbing it with two fingers, and saying suddenly, "Oh, last time you said this contains the blood of the blood ethnic group and encephalon of the werewolf, right?"

"Yes."

Luo Qiu nodded; thinking about Vera's words just now. A hypothesis could be made.

He smiled and stood up, "It's our turn to clean the area. We should thank Miss Vera, because she saved us lots of work."

It was the first time for Luo Qiu to meet so many corpses... In other words, he stood at a place where many people died.

If it were before, he wouldn't get scared at once, but he would probably become nervous.

And now... These were like props for decoration, which couldn't cause his mood to swing at all.

Boss Luo couldn't help mocking himself, 'Looks like I skipped the process of getting used to things.'

"Well." You Ye slightly smiled.

But before they cleaned the area, the servant girl took out a handkerchief to carefully wipe the black blood on Boss Luo's finger.

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At this time, a taxi slowly came to the gate of the manor.

The man closed the door with a terrible appearance and said to the driver, "You wait here, and someone will pay for you right away!"

Chapter 299: Cover-Up

But the old taxi driver obviously didn't believe those words. He opened the window and doubtfully looked at the man, "Sir, if you don't come out, what shall I do? You don't look like a person who can live here. "

The old driver had to doubt him because he was stopped outside the police station!

"What did you say? I'm the master here! Humph!" The man frowned, groaning, "Wait."

Then he directly walked to the column in front of the door, ringing the doorbell---If he hadn't lost everything, he wouldn't come back by taxi.

He borrowed the phone from the driver on the way, but he couldn't get through to Edgar, which made him uneasy.

The doorbell rang for a long time but nobody responded. The taxi driver got off the car and came to the man, "Sir, I think no matter how long you ring, it won't have any response... But you do know there's no free taxi in the world?"

"What do you want to do?" The man snorted.

Maybe because he was being in a high position for long, this snort made the driver's face suddenly change and instantly stopped his footsteps.

The man couldn't help sneering because his vigor overwhelmed the driver's; but at this time, the taxi driver just turned around and harshly ran to his car without a word. He directly backed up, taking a U-turn with high power to leave along the original way.

The man was stunned... He didn't expect this adverse change. The man unconsciously turned around; he only saw a white-suit guy with blood all over hanging on the iron gate.

His arms that pierced the iron gate supported his body... But his head flapped down with body unmoved.

The man was scared by this. He suddenly knew why the driver left in such a fluster.

The man gather his courage, walking to the gate and holding up the man's head. Soon, he recognized him--- What happened in the manor?

This was what he urgently wanted to know! The man pushed the gate and found it was unlocked. He hesitated and bit his teeth, taking a pistol from the corpse's hand, swallowing his saliva, and then slowly stole into the manor.

The man saw a lot of corpses on the way--- And all of them were his people!

The deluxe villa in the manor seemed very quiet at this time.

The man shouted after he pushed the door open and saw nobody here, "Edgar! Edgar! Are you here? Edgar! Are you here? "

Whomp---!

It seemed to be the sound of something being struck. The man suddenly turned around, and quickly aimed at his front with the pistol, gruffly saying, "Who!"

"Ah... Young master!" A man holding his arm in the corner slowly stood up, "Thanks God, you are fine!"

"Oh! A living man here." The man showed a happy face and quickly came to hold this guy, "Tell me what happened here..."

But before he finished speaking, the familiar voice of his old butler was heard.

"Sir! It turns out you are here! "

Edgar hurriedly went down from the corridor. His clothes were very messy, but hairstyle was neat... "Thank God you are fine! I found the corpses of Efim and his men in the study when I woke

up. Sir, did you do this?"

"Me?" The man was totally puzzled, "Edgar, listen to me, these days..."

"Oh! Sir, I don't think it is the time to talk about this." The old butler sternly said, "I have informed Brubov what happened here. Listen, Mr. Brubov only gave us half an hour to clean up. "

"Brubov?" The man was quite confused, "Wait, it's true that I come to Moscow to cooperate with Brubov. But I haven't seen him!"

"Oh! My poor man, didn't you talk with Brubov before the first auction about the plan to kill Efim?" The old butler frowned, "Are you confused due to the grenade explosion just now?"

The man was stupefied...His intuition told him that there were some strange things he couldn't explain. He wanted to speak and try to know what had happened.

But just at this moment, he suddenly felt dizzy.

Many scenes flashed across his eyes--- like a 120-frame film.

Then the man fell into a coma.

"Sir! Sir!Sir!! "

...

The pain on his face made Yelgo wake up. At the moment he opened his eyes, a familiar face appeared in his sight.

"Mr. Victor!" Yelgo happily grabbed Victor's arm, "Great! You're all right! I've been looking for you all the time! Where did they imprison you?!"

Victor was stunned and subconsciously thought--- The men of this manor didn't tell Yelgo his whereabouts, but just confined him.

"Calm down." Victor patted Yelgo's shoulder, "Let's leave it alone.

Now, can you tell me what happened here?"

"Oh! I don't know either. It seemed to be an attack, and I escaped from the chaos. I was going to look for you! "Yelgo recalled, "Mr. Victor, many weapons are hidden here and lots of people died! I think we should call up the teams as soon as possible... "

"Yelgo!" Victor yelled with a little loud voice, "Talk about it later. You only need to tell me what's going on with this guy?"

Victor reached out his finger and pointed.

Yelgo turned his focus; he found a corpse lying in this very disordered room.

A mummy-like gray body with black blood bleeding from the mouth and blood vessels appearing on the face looked extremely terrifying!

He was... the killer!

Yelgo clearly remembered something happened before... This guy became extremely horrific after he injected something into his own body. Yelgo didn't know what this guy injected, but obviously it was not a good thing!

But... Why did this guy die?

Yelgo was scared, because he knew he had instinctively entered an unknown state due to the extremely dangerous situation.

Once he went into this state, he would lose his mind and couldn't remember what he had done... 'Did I kill this guy with the terrible power when I lost my mind?'

Yelgo looked at the obvious scratches on this guy... Maybe... He could only draw this conclusion.

It was difficult for Yelgo to deny such a conclusion, when he thought the time he lost his mind and destroy something.

"Did you kill this guy?" Victor frowned and asked.

Yelgo hesitated, "I think... Maybe yes, I don't remember clearly. Sir, you know, I fainted, I can't remember it."

"Well done." Victor nodded, but he suddenly said, "But don't talk about this corpse with anyone else, or write it down in the report. I'll clear it... In a word, keep this corpse a secret. "

Seeing Victor's solemn face, Yelgo hesitated for a moment, and finally nodded.

He climbed up, "Well, Mr. Victor, what have they done to you?"

Victor smiled and looked at the young man, who was really concerned about him. He softly said, "That's OK, everything has been worked out."

"Worked out??"

...

When Yelgo went out of the room, he found there were many policemen in this manor... But in his memory there were lost of corpses.

Now there were only four corpses in the hall of this villa.

Only one of the four was the staff of this manor... And he was just a gardener. As for the other three, they were Efim and two gunmen who had brought Efim away.

What the hell happened?

Yelgo was stunned...

...

"Are you feeling better now?"

Vicar helped Vera to walk in a grove far from the manor. He found a stream there, and let Vera have a rest--- In fact he dying of exhaustion, because this physical work was terrible to a keyboard master.

"I'm OK."

Vera nodded and recovered a little strength.

Vicar became relieved, and sat on the grass, "I heard the warning siren just now, maybe the police came. But fortunately we were fast in leaving, or else we would have got into trouble!"

"Thank you, I'll increase your salary." Vera smiled and extended her fist.

Vicar also extended his fist and gently knocked on Vera's; they smiled at each other.

"Oh, get me some water, I want to wipe the pigments on my face." Vera asked.

Though Vicar knew his boss Miss Vera loved beauty, now Vicar couldn't help talking, "Dear Vera, there's no pigments on your face, but just a little dust."

"No?" Vera was astonished.

She unconsciously touched her face, and felt the discomfort and rough sense from pigments, "Are you sure? I mean white pigments!"

"No!"

Vera frowned, then she quickly relaxed and happily said with her eyes squinted, "Ha, I think I know how they mysteriously stole "The Nameless Maiden" from the art gallery."

"Ah? Are you still thinking about this?"

Vicar…Vicar rolled his eyes.

Chapter 300: ‘Anna’

Urey felt a headache.

He thought this probably because of the the way he drank last night... Recently his alcohol dependence increased.

He didn't open his eyes but just gently pressed his forehead, sniffing the dull and even foul smell around him.

The low salary in the art gallery and the large monthly expenses on pigments, brushes, papers and others items forced him have to live in this stuffy and dark basement.

"Oh my God, I'll be late!"

Looking up at the alarm by his bed, Urey hurriedly climbed up, casually looked for some clothes to wear on the floor.

These clothes were thrown on the ground like garbage... A single man may lived like this, and so would a single and poor man.

He finally found some not-that-smelly clothes and put it on before opening the basement door.

"One newspaper, one coffee and a sandwich, the total is..."

"Here you are."

Urey had breakfast as usual when he got on the bus to the art gallery. He felt a little glad because there was still some seats available on the bus now.

"... The stolen 'The Nameless Maiden' has been put on display today, and the art gallery has reopened."

Urey was surprised to see this headline news when he opened the newspaper. But the contents completely made him feel that he was in another world after waking up.

The date of the newspaper was today.

He subconsciously bit his lips... Well, he felt pain, so it shouldn't

be a dream.

However.

As a staff in this art gallery... even just an outer wall cleaner. Why didn't he know 'The Nameless Maiden' had been stolen?

And... it happened many days ago?

"What the hell!"

Urey kept his temper and read the newspaper contents--- 'The Nameless Maiden' was stolen by a famous politician in this city.

The police obtained some clues and immediately found the stolen painting in the house of the politician. However, method of theft was not reported.

Later, the police took away this politician, but he was rescued in the process of 'the delivery'. After that, the escaped politician and the gangsters broke into a suburb manor, leading to conflicts with the owner.

The lord of the manor killed three people in self-defense, including the politician, Efim. And the stolen painting was returned to the art gallery, officially reopening to visitors today.

"What the hell..."

Urey thought the newspaper was spouting nonsense... So many things had happened, but he didn't have any impression.

The slightly dizziness made him feel that he forgot many things, perhaps due to him over drinking.

But this reason couldn't explain why one could forget the things that happened before the got drunk.

He unconsciously continued to press his forehead.

He still felt dizzy and uncomfortable even though the bus had arrived at the station. Nevertheless, Urey saw more tourists than ever at the gallery gate, who were waiting for the reopening.

"Is all the content in the newspaper true?"

Urey muttered and looked at the time, he found he was late for work... Thus, he had to do what he often did--- Entering a sewer outside of the art gallery street.

He found this tunnel by chance when he did the cleaning. It led to one place inside the gallery, but the exit had long since been blocked.

After that, he had never been caught for being late for work.

Now the art gallery was opened.

The tremendous amount of tourists poured into the gallery, causing Urey, who didn't even change into his work clothes, to hide at one side.

"Urey! You're here again!"

Urey heard someone was calling him--- he was a staff here, and his name was... he forgot it. Anyway, he didn't pay any more attention to him.

"Ah... I'm going to change my clothes. But look." Urey pointed to the guests, "I have nowhere to go. But I really came on time. I'm already here."

But this staff quietly said, "I don't care if you're late or not and nobody will! But, hadn't you forgot that you have been dismissed for some time?!"

"What?"

"I said you have been dismissed! Urey, if you come in from the front door, we won't care! But if you sneak in like this next time, we will call the police!" The staff sternly said, "Now, go away! Don't damage our friendship."

"Say it clearly! Who was dismissed? I still came to work yesterday! Why dismissed me?" Urey rushed to him.

The staff stepped back with dislike, "What a smell...How much

did you drink? Please walk on the street after you clear your head!"

"Explain it!"

The staff now waved his hand, and two security personnel immediately came to catch Urey from both sides, dragging him out of the art gallery.

"Let me go! Let me go!!"

Urey was hardly pushed in front of the art gallery. One of the security guards said, "Go away, don't let me see you again! You always stand in front of those famous paintings every time, do you think you are really an artist? Who will look at your rubbish paintings! "

"What did you say?"

"If you don't leave, we will have to take action!"

Two securities held their heads high at the same time. Urey was winced and angrily spat, "You lay off workers illegally! I'll lodge a complain to the labor department! Just wait! Bah!"

Urey took a deep breath, turned around and left with hatred.

Before he went out from the art gallery, Urey unconsciously looked back, and then looked at the newspaper he bought in the morning.

He suddenly crumpled the newspaper into a mass and forcefully threw it to the art gallery gate, shouting, "Listen! One day, I'll hang my paintings in it!"

...

"It's OK, Oh... Well, the job is OK now, don't worry, I'm in good health. Girlfriend? No plans recently. Yes, I know, Mum."

Maybe because he hadn't communicated with his parents in a long time.

Urey stood alone at an old building, quietly listening to his

mother's nagging, "... Well, that's all, I'm going to work. Mum, I love you."

Urey put the phone into his belt... He said he would go to the labor department to sue the art gallery, but in fact it was just a waste of time.

He'd better to look for a new job as soon as possible... he hadn't paid rent this month yet.

The sky of Moscow was so refreshing, just like the first time he came here... At that time he did have a dream.

After spending all the money he took from home but with nobody paying for his works, he could only live by drawing portraits on streets.

He almost died of frost half a year ago, when it snowed.

He put his hands in the pocket, aimlessly walking in the street. He didn't think about why he was dismissed... What he needed to think was how to live in the future.

"People can't live on dreams."

Urey didn't remember who said this... Maybe he was not talented. Only his impulsion was supporting the so-called dream.

And now, he had to have a thorough consideration under the situation of necessities of life...It was time to giving up his dream.

"Here is..."

He didn't know how he walked here. Urey stopped... Perhaps he focused on thinking, so he came to this place again.

Urey stood at the old building with red bricks for a long time and silently looked at a distorted city pattern on the mottled wall.

He felt sort it quite ridiculous... How did he persist in drawing here at that time in such a cold winter?

But he had an impulsion to draw the last lines he gave up

before... Today, he was free anyway.

So Urey found a stone on the ground, walking to the wall and closing his eyes.

After a while, he started to draw white lines on the wall with the edge of the stone.

It was almost done when he gave up... So now it didn't take him too much time... But he still used quite a while.

"It seems... something is missing. "

A low voice suddenly came out from his back. Urey unconsciously turned around and found a man behind him.

With a peaked cap, a mask and a sports suit... Probably one of the morning joggers. But Urey felt that it was a familiar face, "You are...?"

The mask of the morning jogger slightly twitched as if the person smiled, "Do you have a dream?"

"Dream?" Urey was surprised.

The morning jogger said, "Ah, you forgot it. Last winter I asked you why didn't you burn the charcoal in your hand to get some warmth on such a cold day."

Urey recalled the memory, and complicatedly laughed, "Now, I think I'll burn the charcoal in my hand."

The morning jogger gaped, then he nodded and softly said, "If so, it's really a pity."

Urey shrugged and looked up at the huge graffiti, lightly saying, "Not really, anyway, no one will like it."

"OK, go ahead." The morning jogger politely said.

Urey unconsciously nodded; and when he turned about, Urey asked, "Wait, can you do me a favor?"

"What can I do for you, sir?"

Urey felt his voice to be a little cold but he didn't care too much, "Could you hold me up?"

"Hold you up?"

...

"Yes, turn left a little bit, more, all right, right here! Hold on!I'll be done right away!"

Under the old wall, Urey was riding on his shoulder, so that he could reach a higher position.

He fished out some paint tubes out from his clothes. It was his habit to take some on him... He squeezed all a tube of color out, and applied it on the top left corner of the graffiti with his fingers.

Lemon yellow.

A circle... A sun.

A bright yellow sun was on the twisted city. The black and the sunlight looked very weird... But after putting Urey down, the morning jogger stared at it for a long time.

He suddenly whispered, "Sir, I think you are wrong saying that nobody will like it. For example, I like it very much. I feel that I finally waited to see the end of it."

Urey laughed, "You are a strange man."

He shook his head, "So much for today. I'm going to find a new job. Or, I wouldn't even have charcoal next time... Good bye, I'm glad to meet you again."

"Can I know your name, sir?"

"Urey, my name is Urey."

"Do you like painting?"

Urey was silent for a moment and shook his head, "I am not very clear now."

The morning jogger suddenly opened his clothes, and took out a

pen, "Give me your hand."

He wrote a telephone number on Urey's palm and said, "I have a friend who also likes drawing, you can have a discussion. Oh, I suggest you to learn from him. Well... Tell him that his old friend Vladimirovich of his Jiu-jitsu class recommends you."

"Jiu-jitsu?"

"Hope to see your work in the future." The morning jogger quietly said, "Mr. Urey."

...

"It turned out he's a rich man."

Urey glanced at the phone number on his palm, until watched the morning jogger got on a black car... The driver was too strong, wasn't he?

He should be a bodyguard?

Urey thought about this, and dialed the phone.

"Hello, this is Repin Academy of Fine Arts. I'm professor Apu Rem. What can I do for you?"

Urey unconsciously patted his face... Repin Academy of Fine Arts... The former Royal Art School... Apu Rem... He was the authority of the art circles!

"Vladimirovich... Vladimirovich... Jiu-jitsu?" Urey's heart was wildly beating in a sudden, "Oh my god... He!!! I actually, actually rode... on his shoulder!!"

Urey suddenly turned around and looked at the graffiti on the wall.

He felt he might be blessed by good fortune.

"Hello? Hello? Is anyone in?"

"Ah... Hello, Yes! Yes! I'm in! This is Urey. Professor Apu Rem, I'm sorry to call you. Well, there's a man..."

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Luo Qiu was quietly reading the contents on the scroll.

"First, let Mr. Urey forget everything about you and Efim, and restore his memory before he met you before. Done."

"Second, give him a chance to pursue his dream... Done."

"Third, let Mr. Urey have twenty-five years more of lifespan... Well, sorry, Miss Anna. Mr. Urey had done business with us before this, and the transaction fee of your soul is not enough to buy his soul, even 25 years of lifespan will be a limit."

Gently rolling up the scroll, Luo Qiu looked at Anna with smile and lightly said in the house, which originally belonged to Oleg and was now housing Luo Qiu, "Could I ask Miss Anna if the above is in line with your request?"

"Yes." Anna gently nodded.

She looked very calm.

At the moment, she slowly closed her eyes, and knew what would be going on next.

Death... The soul would belong to the other party. She didn't know what the soul was like but she knew death.

After waiting for a while, Anna didn't feel anything wrong with herself.

This made her doubtfully open her eyes.

"Miss Anna, I'm curious about something."

Luo Qiu softly asked, "You said Efim and the curator plotted together to steal 'The Nameless Maiden' with a fading pigment. And... The curator quietly painted this special pigment on the real painting when carrying out routine maintenance, and then hung the painting up again. This special pigment changed two times,

from appearing until disappearing. "

"Well..." Luo Qiu smiled, "It would appear normal when hung, but after being shone with a special light, a color would appear, changing the whole painting into having the same color as the frame, making it look like the real painting disappeared. Later, someone would merely need to mysteriously take down the 'blank painting' after the police inquiry..."

Anna lightly said, "What are you trying to say?"

"Nothing." Boss Luo walked out a few steps, coming to the sitting room.

There was an easel; he opened the painting canvas on it and one 'The Nameless Maiden' came into her sight.

"Did you get it out from the art gallery?"

"No. It is not the second 'The Nameless Maiden' hanging in the art gallery by Mr. Urey... It is the first one that Miss Anna sold in the auction."

"That's impossible, it was destroyed by Urey!"

"Well, I got it back, and then slightly repaired it." Luo Qiu stretched his hand to slowly sweep over the painting; he looked at Anna's eyes, "I found something very interesting in the process of repairing it. The issue of the paint that I said."

When the color of the painting slowly dissolved into a mass of stains, it seemed to be washed out by something.

'The Nameless Maiden' had disappeared.

There only left another woman with a smile on it... Her eyes were moving and smile was charming.

"Urey..."

Anna covered her trembling hands on her mouth, staring at its original appearance.

When a tear slid down, she gently said with a choked voice.

"Thank you...for loving me."

A little color was slowly spread out between the black and white, one which was not bright or large.

But it was enough to be fascinated and quietly appreciated by Boss Luo.

...

The light ball of the soul slowly floated out from Anna's forehead, like a floating dandelion; and finally it fell on Luo Qiu's palms.

Its gloss was converging little by little.

"It's above average."

The servant girl smiled while waiting in silence, and quietly said, "Congratulations."

Luo Qiu's mood seemed to be good. He smiled, lifting the painting from the easel and carefully looked at it, "Go back, we can find a place to hang it up."

"Yes." Miss Maid softly replied, and added, "But it's a pity that Urey lost all of the memories, before giving it a name."

"Give it a name?" Luo Qiu was stunned, then chuckled, "Hasn't it be already named? Look, who's the girl in the painting?"

So the painting had a name.

It was 'Anna'.

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