

## A Bunch 58

Get Ready To Snatch Her!

“Slap slap!”

“Ahhh, the two of you, do it lighter!”

“Oh...” The Liver King and Brother Dog answered, but immediately opened up their palms and looked at the sticky mess on them. “Yikes, this game is overly surreal. There are even mosquitoes. Our Old Master Lu has been bitten all over his head!”

Brother Dog asked, “How do you know that’s his head?”

The Liver King said, “That’s his legs?”

Hearing that, Old Master Lu twisted a little. Right now, his upper body spiraled up into a sharp point at the top. That part, which no one knew if it was his head, had turned red from the two rough men’s slaps!

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He thought, (B\*stards, these two a\*sholes must be doing this on purpose. Was there a need to use so much strength to slap a mosquito?)

As for why he didn’t do it himself and had to get the help from others, that’s of course because he didn’t have any hands... How was he going to kill them? Have you seen a pile of shit being able to chase off flies by itself?

“Why aren’t the mosquitoes biting the two of you?” Old Master Lu felt that this was very unfair.

“They did, but they failed!” He then pointed to his arm. “Look...”

Hearing that, Old Master Lu looked over. It took him a few seconds to clearly see under the dim moonlight. There were in fact many mosquitoes crawling on the Liver King’s arms, but as his hair was too dense and tough, with each strand being an inch long, those mosquitoes hadn’t been able to make their way through. Those who managed to get passed the hair would then realize... damn, his skin was even tougher than his hair!

“Look, you elves often say that we have rough skin and thick flesh. Now you know what benefits this has, right?”

Old Master Lu: “...”

Brother Dog looked at the two soldiers who were as excited as monkeys and asked, “What are they being excited about? Did they pick up money?”

“I don’t know. I don’t understand their language at all. Which country’s language is this? They didn’t even give subtitles. How are we supposed to play?” Old Master Lu was perplexed as well.

“That’s right!” Brother Dog slapped his thigh and said, “I just realized that the A.I. is gone as well. What’s this situation?”

The Liver King stroked his chin and analyzed, "The game planner might have done this on purpose, wanting the players to experience the feeling of being isolated. They want us to explore for the mission, and thus have implemented a high degree of freedom. This isn't like those pickled cabbage games [1], where you go around looking for characters with an exclamation mark over their heads."

Brother Dog asked, "We don't even understand what they're talking about, so how are we going to explore around?"

The Liver King said, "Tsk, youngster, wasn't there a translator earlier... Look, this is a hint. Why would it be such a coincidence that there's a black-skinned guy who happens to be able to speak Mandarin? There's a reason for this."

Hearing that, both Brother Dog and Old Master Lu smacked their lips. What the Liver King said made some sense, but from the start until now, what he said had always made some sense, but none of them turned out to be true...

"Heh, that bro over there, please come over!" Before his comrades agreed, the Liver King shouted directly to the other party.

When Prado, who was feeling excited with his comrade, heard this deep voice, he suddenly recalled that there were a few troublesome guys over there as well...

The duo's expression stiffened up as they exchanged a glance, a hint of worry flashing in their eyes.

Putting aside whether those characters were the Avengers, it didn't seem to be a good thing for them to appear at this moment. This was especially so for the strong man who had just been saying that he hoped for Hulk to come and smash up the place into smithereens. Now, he couldn't help but slap himself in the face...

Why did he have to say such unpleasant things?

The sister looked over curiously and thought, (Were there still other people here? Why did they have to hide behind the trees... Moreover... their shadows... looked so fat!)

"He... Hello..." In the end, Prado still decided to tread carefully, getting closer slowly and asking hesitantly, "Sirs, what matters do you guys have?"

The Liver King said, "What are you guys talking about so excitedly over there? Come share with us so that we can be happy as well."

Prado's expression stiffened up. Before they could figure out who these people were, how could he dare to share this matter with them? What if they had ill intentions?

"It's... it's nothing..."

"Nothing?" The Liver King's face turned black and he raised his fist, saying, "Are you not giving me face? Let me tell you, if I were to smash my fist down, you might just die."

Brother Dog: "..."

"It's... it's really nothing..." Prado insisted. "We were just... just taking a look..."

“Taking a look? At what?”

“We were just... casually taking a look...” Prado couldn’t find the proper things to say and could only speak up ambiguously.

“Casually taking a look?” The three players were stunned. They first looked at Prado and then at the little girl in the distance who had been pushed out by the sister. Putting together what the sister seemed to have said when she pushed out the little girl, then seeing these two men become excited like monkeys and dancing about, they were instantly struck by realization!

Oh... So this was what the scenario was like!

“Dang, their scale is really wide. This child looks younger than my cousin. In China, she’d be at most in the fourth grade of elementary school.”

The Liver King said, “Sigh, their conditions are bad. Everyone has their s\*xual needs. Do you think that things are like where we’re from, with there being ‘shops’ everywhere outside the military bases?”

Old Master Lu said, “Tsk, there are tight restrictions on these things. Don’t be shooting your mouth off!”

The Liver King said, “What are you thinking about? I was referring to the cyber cafes...”

“Like hell I’d believe you. How can there be cyber cafes outside the military bases?”

“Coughs... no matter what, the main story is out!”

“Main story?” Brother Dog and Old Master Lu were stunned, feeling that they were unable to catch up with the Liver King’s train of thoughts. How the hell did this guy tell that the main story had appeared?

“You still can’t tell?” The Liver King looked at the two of them in disdain. “How can a game that strongly advocates positivity allow such a deranged thing to happen? Of course, we’ll have to stop it from happening. Otherwise, why did they have to play this scene out after calling us here?”

“No... Isn’t it because your hands were itchy and teleported us here?”

“That’s not important. Come on, follow big brother here. Get ready to snatch her!”

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“Dr. Ferril, is there still no progress?” At the same moment, this was the fourth time that the District Director had personally visited the Wakanda Medical Center’s laboratory to ask about the progress!

“Didn’t you just come yesterday? If there were any progress, you think that I won’t report it to you at the very first instance? Don’t you have anything else to do?”

Despite understanding the District Director’s feelings, the doctor was still annoyed for being disturbed again and again.

The District Director didn’t seem awkward from the doctor’s words. He smiled and continued to ask, “Is there really no progress at all?”

Dr. Ferril’s temper was worn down and he sighed helplessly, taking off his gloves. He brought the District Director to the reporting room.

“We’ve already gotten results from the testing that this should be a mutation of the Ebola virus, produced artificially!”

“Artificially?” The District Director’s smiling face sank and he mumbled, “So this is really the case!”

“I’ve already submitted a request for the serum of the Ebola virus from China. They’ll likely arrive tomorrow.”

When the District Director heard this, he nodded in approval. Although North America, Japan, and Western Europe’s research in viruses was more advanced than China, China was the safest and most stable power within the federation.

Their reputation to the public over many years also made him, a District Director in South Africa, strongly believe that they were definitely not involved in this conspiracy.

“If you’re free, you’re better off paying more attention to the information from different areas. See if there’s anyone who had naturally formed an antibody against it. This is what you should be doing, not coming to me to urge me on my progress every day!” Dr. Ferril complained.

“It’s not that simple.” Hearing that, the District Director smiled bitterly.

Over these few days, he had frequently received news that the villages on the borders had rioted and been wiped out by the military. However, with him being so far away, it was hard for him to assess if it was really the villagers rioting, or if there were any other reasons behind this.

He knew that many people had their eyes on the situation here; everyone wanted to bring about war and earn money. Countless powers must have started to secretly look for people who had naturally developed antibodies.

Just yesterday, he had received reports that the five strongest mercenaries in the federation had secretly sneaked into their land!

At the thought of this, his mood sank increasingly and he couldn’t help but sigh. (How much more hardship must our people go through before we can see the light of the day again?)