

671 THE SHARES ARE UNEVEN

On the way back, Nalan Que tried again. "Li Yixiao, I'm telling you. Don't retreat so that you can advance. Don't loosen the reins only to grasp them later. Don't purposely complicate matters... if you ask me now, I may give this ring to you. Only if you promise me that..."

"What is wrong with you ladies?" Li Yixiao said, "We have to pass this to the higher ups. How can we take this for ourselves? Do you not have any awareness? Don't use your way of thinking to dirty my noble sentiments!"

Li Yixiao did not care about the ring. Incidentally, he could be more strong-willed in front of Nalan Que. There was no reason for him not to be happy!

"Ha ha," Nalan Que laughed. "Fine, fine. I have dirtied your sentiments. You'd better not regret it!"

After Li Yixiao returned to the villa, he felt extremely uneasy and stayed up until midnight. He told Nalan Que that he was going to the toilet and secretly sneaked out to find Lu Shu. When he reached Lu Shu's room, he said softly, "How is it, brother? The gains are quite good, right?"

"Not bad," said Lu Shu calmly. "Even though we have been talking about working together for so long, we have never actually done so. Back then at the Koh Chang Island remains, you bore so much responsibility, yet we did not reap much gains. When we managed the black market, our money was confiscated by Nie Ting. This time, according to our promise, you will take 90% and I will take 10%..."

Li Yixiao was dumbfounded. "Brother, wait. Wasn't it 10% for me and 90% for you?"

"That's right, 10% for me and 90% for you," Lu Shu said naturally.

"Wait. My train of thought is a mess..." Li Yixiao said, "Don't joke around with me, brother. I only planned to take 10% of the share at first."

Lu Shu was unhappy. "Am I that kind of person? Taking 90% of the share while you fight? I would never do such a thing."

Li Yixiao suddenly felt that he had seen this righteousness in himself this afternoon...

But he did not think much about it. Lu Shu was probably different from him. He was even slightly touched. After all, this was his genuine profit. Li Yixiao shook Lu Shu's hand. "Brother, from now on, we are truly brothers. I, Li Yixiao, accept this favor. I owe you one. Hurry up and show me what we have earned."

Lu Shu emptied all the essential balms on the bed, forming a small mountain...

Lu Shu wasted no time in showing Li Yixiao the video. He was afraid that Li Yixiao did not understand English, thus he translated for him as the video played...

Li Yixiao looked at the essential balms, then looked at Lu Shu, then looked at the video. He suddenly grabbed his head. "Don't translate anymore, brother. My head is starting to hurt..."

"From Li Yixiao's distress, +999!"

Lu Shu said buoyantly, "That won't do. We have already talked about it. You'll take 90% and I'll take 10%. I can't take advantage of you!"

Li Yixiao was about to explode. Thinking about what he had told Nalan Que that afternoon... he had spoken too soon!

"From Li Yixiao's distress, +999!"

The competition for the mineral resources was reaching its conclusion. Some dubbed the conflict between the Phoenix Society and the Department of Faith Theory as the starting point for the strange phenomena in the realm of cultivation.

At first, Lu Shu thought that he would follow the group and head to Europe. He did not expect the Heavenly Network to suddenly issue a command. Everyone was to return to China.

This was the command that the others had received. Lu Shu had received a different command. He had to reach a specific place by a certain time to coordinate with a new team.

This was not unexpected. When Li Ganyu and the rest had come here to represent the Heavenly Network in the negotiations with EO, everyone focused on their identities. Although not all the large organizations around the world were present, the focus was still concentrated in Africa.

Everyone was astonished when the Heavenly Network eventually took advantage of the situation. People started to look into their identities.

All of them should have used unofficial identities to interact with and form alliances with other organizations. But this team led by Xia Rensheng had become the center of attention and representative of the Heavenly Network.

Thus, if they were to continue on to Europe, another team had to take over.

The Heavenly Network based their judgment on the current situation. After encountering the Saint, the Department of Faith Theory would most likely set off a massive chain effect in Europe. The situation in Europe had escalated. Sending a team of secret practitioners there would be equivalent to sending them to their deaths. They did not need anyone to target them. They would probably be unable to withstand a stray bullet among the chaos.

This turn of events was unexpected, but reasonable. Even Li Yixiao and Nalan Que had to withdraw even before others had the intention of fighting them. This was to prevent them from being surrounded.

According to the information from the Heavenly Network, three Class B experts had come to Africa the day after Li Yixiao and Nalan Que killed Bennett. No one knew what their objective was. But they came at this exact timing. Furthermore, they were all experts whose ferocity was well-known within the realm of cultivation. As for their objective, Lu Shu had probably guessed 80% of it.

It seemed as if the real hunt had begun in the realm of cultivation.

Li Yixiao led the team. That night, everyone rode the cargo ferry back. Li Yixiao suddenly stood on the deck and waved to someone far away in the dark. Some people looked in the direction he was waving in, but they could not see anything.

Suddenly, someone asked, "Wait. Where is Li Teng?! Wasn't he with us just now?"

Lu Shu had accompanied the team up until they entered the harbor. He took the chance while no one was paying attention to sneak off. No matter how much Li

Ganyu and the rest tried to look for Lu Shu, they could not find him. Suddenly, they realized that Li Teng was very mysterious. He had adopted a nonchalant attitude throughout the entire mission. Thinking about it, they had many suspicions.

Zhong Yutang had met Xia Rensheng before. Thus, when Xia Rensheng saw Li Yixiao waving, he suddenly understood that there may have been an expert in his team that he did not recognize. This expert's level was so high that even he did not have the right to know about him.

Lu Shu stood in the dark and watched the cargo ship sail away. He turned back and walked into the wilderness. Ever since the dawn of the magically-rich era, hunting down Heavenly Kings seemed to be the target of experts who were used to the smell of blood. It had become a form of honor. But no one had done it before.

But for some reason, when Lu Shu saw this piece of information, he became angry.

672 UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN

"I've said it before. I followed your orders exactly. But it seems like he was not affected."

"No worries. He is a very objective person. It is impossible to affect him with just two or three sentences. Has there been any reaction from him over the past two days?" Nie Ting asked.

"He made me help him find the three Class B experts who have just entered Africa," said Zhao Yongchen.

"Then find them." As Nie Ting finished speaking, he calmly picked up the bowl of millet gruel that Shi Xuejin had placed in front of him. "Did he say anything else?"

"Tonight he said, I know that Nie Ting is behind every word you say. Next time, don't

entertain this kind of trickster..." Zhao Yongchen said after some hesitation.

Nie Ting suddenly raised his eyebrows. "He called me a trickster?!"

"From Nie Ting's distress, +599!"

"What else did he say?" Nie Ting asked as he rubbed his temples.

Zhao Yongchen paused. "Come, let's harm each other! That's exactly what he said."

"From Nie Ting's distress, +299!"

Suddenly, Zhao Yongchen saw a bearded man appear on the surveillance screen that was hidden under the counter. The security camera was located 500 meters away from the supermarket, under a bird nest in a tree. There was a yellow street lamp there, standing in silence.

The bird nest was fake, but sometimes, there were birds who took a rest in the nest. Occasionally, there would be bird poop on the camera. Zhao Yongchen was very frustrated and regretted installing the security camera there. But there was no other hiding spot.

Zhao Yongchen stared wide-eyed at the Caucasian bearded man. He looked up and smiled at the security camera. The smile was full of confidence, as if he was smiling at Zhao Yongchen himself.

The smile was wildly arrogant and cruel. It was as if he did not care about Zhao Yongchen behind the camera. There were three Class B experts. One of them was Grier Cook.

Suddenly, gray clouds gathered in the skies and it started raining heavily.

Nie Ting heard Zhao Yongchen's heavy breathing. "What happened."

"Heavenly King Nie... I've been discovered." Zhao Yongchen said softly, "It's been five years since I last returned. Is it spring there now? Africa is hot as hell."

"It's spring. Summer is coming. There is already the sound of cicadas." Nie Ting unconsciously crushed his bowl of millet gruel to the side. The bowl fell on the floor and the millet gruel spilled all over.

"The walnut trees in Liuhai lane are about to bloom, right? It's been a long time since I last visited."

Zhao Yongchen left the Heavenly Network five years ago, when Liuhai lane was in danger. Ever since then, he had been alone in Africa for five years. When he left, it was still autumn in the Capital.

The horses trotted slowly on the ancient streets of Chang An. There was the sound of cicadas from the willows. Under the light of the evening sun, the autumn wind blew. He looked into the distance. The sun set below the horizon.

Nie Ting looked up and looked at the walnut tree above him. The flowers of the walnut tree were more beautiful than any other tree. "Escape. You are allowed to reveal your identity."

"I can't escape. Heavenly King Nie, take care." After Zhao Yongchen finished speaking, he hung up the phone.

There was silence. Zhao Yongchen took out a packet of fake cigarettes and lit one. He choked on it. "I deserve it after selling fake goods for so long."

He quickly pressed the button on the back on his phone. A new page appeared on the screen. There was a countdown timer for one minute.

Zhao Yongchen quickly sent a mass message. "The messaging system has been activated. Everyone, report your status."

"Safe."

"Safe."

"Safe."

Everyone who had received the message knew when the messaging system had been activated, something had happened. Suddenly, everyone fell silent. There was only one minute left to communicate.

Zhao Yongchen sent another mass message. "One month later, someone else will take over my job. Everyone, hold your positions and remain silent."

"Received."

"Received."

"Received."

"Thank you for your sincere cooperation all these years. Until we meet again."

"Until we meet again."

"Until we meet again."

"Until we meet again."

One minute was up. Zhao Yongchen's phone started to emit a green smoke. The self-destruction process was complete.

He threw the fake cigarette on the floor and stepped on it. There were no files to be destroyed. Whatever needed to be destroyed had already been destroyed. After many years of working, he developed the habit of memorizing everything.

Zhao Yongchen's face turned red. His power steadily increased. They often joked that in the Heavenly Network, exhausting one's vitality to advance in class was very glorious in the realm of cultivation. In Zhao Yongchen's eyes, they were not burning their lives, but their final dignity.

A fake Class B. This was Zhao Yongchen's limit.

Dong dong dong. Someone was knocking on the door.

Zhao Yongchen laughed. "How funny. You already know who's inside, yet you still knocked."

The next moment, Zhao Yongchen spat out a flying sword. The sharp sword flew towards the person outside the door. He held his long sword and rushed out as well.

The red flying sword broke the glass door of the supermarket. It flew through the pouring rain outside. It was as if time had stopped. The flying sword pierced through the rain drops and approached Grier.

The next moment, the rain drops seemed to have gained a life of their own. They rapidly gathered by Grier and formed a shield. It was as if there was murderous intent concealed in this rain.

Grier was all smiles. He stepped backwards. The rain drops continued to form water curtains that the red flying sword could not pierce through.

There was the sound of an explosion. Zhao Yongchen drew his sword with a stern expression on his face. The high temperature rapidly dropped in the rain. As the ground had been exposed to sunlight in the day, there was steam rising from the ground.

Zhao Yongchen suddenly slashed his sword upwards. He broke the water curtain and approached Grier. He had even cut a portion of Grier's beard.

Grier, who had been smiling all along, suddenly had a cold expression on his face. "Are you not afraid to die?"

Zhao Yongchen said slowly, "Whether I am afraid to die or not is not important. Whether I will die tonight is not important either. I only know that after tonight, no matter how big the world is, there will never be a place for you to stay."

"You overestimate the Heavenly Network."

"You overestimate yourself."

The flying swords flew through the air like flying dragons!

673 THE WORLD'S MOURNING

It was widely known that each member of the Heavenly Network could only support one flying sword due to the limit of his innate power. But Zhao Yongchen was different. He gained huge profits from selling fake products, and bought nutritious supplements for himself to boost his physical strength. This way, he might be able to support two flying swords...

In his own words, he had been a dishonest businessman to safeguard his own chances of surviving...

"Speaking of my overestimation of the Heavenly Network," Zhao Yongchen said with a smile, "I'm afraid you aren't familiar with our sword, nor Nie Ting's knife."

The sudden splitting of the red sword was not expected by Grier. His water curtain had formed a line of defense in front of him, but it was breached by the swords attacking from his back.

Instantly Grier boosted his power. In the blink of an eye, most of his Spirit Qi gushed out like a flood.

At that instant, it was as though time had stopped. Under Grier's control, the rain drops shot outwards like rays of light, clashing with the red flying swords.

And Grier himself had transformed into a water human, moving swiftly in the rain curtain to avoid the flying swords. Zhao Yongchen's sharp blade forced Grier to the right, but the latter still did not manage to dodge the attack!

"I underestimated you," said Grier. He had returned to his human form. Blood was oozing out of his chest and back. Never had he expected that he would be wounded by a Class C intelligence agent. After all, it was no easy feat to turn into his water form because it took immense willpower to prevent his mind from assimilating with the water. In the past, a water-type expert named Earl gave up his human form forever in the process, but Grier was unwilling to do so.

His heart would have been punctuated by the two flying swords had he dodged slightly slower!

But Zhao Yongchen was not as lucky. He stood in the rain, holding his long sword in his right hand. Seconds earlier, Grier's rain drops had attacked from all directions, which had breached the protection of Zhao Yongchen's Spirit Qi armor.

"It's not my day today. I shouldn't have sold so many fake goods. I should have sold some real ones too..." Zhao Yongchen sighed, gazing into the sky. Blood gushed out from all over his body. "Damn it, why is it raining now... Goodbye, brothers. I, Zhao Yongchen, will never regret this journey with you."

Then he collapsed.

Grier remained silent in the rain. He almost got himself killed. Indeed, he was wrong about underestimating the Heavenly Network. But it seemed that they were too late as the two Heavenly Kings had already left, which made the intended killing spree turn boring.

At this moment, Grier suddenly sensed murderous intent in the surroundings as the temperature dropped around him.

Lu Shu had wanted to say goodbye to Zhao Yongchen after he sent Li Yixiao off, but he did not know that they had already bid farewell the previous time. It was truly saddening, that the first scene to welcome his return was like this.

Then, the ocean surface in the deepest part of his heart suddenly started rolling, as though a beast was trying to escape from the water to destroy everything.

Lu Shu felt that the beast had always been a prisoner of his heart. It had never been released before.

"Another dead man," Grier said, smiling. He stepped towards Lu Shu across the puddles of water. Yet, to his consternation, his favorite rain curtain suddenly turned into a cage in the next instant.

"I used to think that this world was full of warmth, despite the occasional chill," Lu Shu said calmly, "Why can't we spend our lives in peace? Why must we fight and kill?"

"Oh? What about now?" Grier raised his eyebrows. Actually his beard could move with his brows too, but it was half gone due to Zhao Yongchen.

"Now, I want to kill someone." Lu Shu grinned. His white teeth flashed in the rain, cold as an icy blade.

In the next second, the celestial map in Lu Shu's chest started spinning wildly.

The seventh star had come to the sky over the third level of the celestial map, shedding eternal light to the space. The remaining stars began spinning too, as though

the world was now complete.

Grief was like a light rain, or threads of silk. When you unraveled the outer layer to reveal a saddened heart, you would realize that grief was endless.

The third sword, Sparrow Shade, emerged on the third level of the celestial map. More precisely, Sparrow Shade was more like a thorn full of cracks, than a conventional sword.

Upon closer inspection, those lines were not cracks. The Sparrow Shade was in fact comprised of 36 fine threads, entangled together in a delicate yet perfect manner. Upon Lu Shu's call, the Sparrow Shade disassembled elegantly and flew swiftly in his celestial map.

At that instant, before Grier was clear about what had happened, grief arose in his heart. For some reason, he was almost moved to tears.

1km away, a stray dog, which was scavenging for food in the rubbish bin, suddenly collapsed to the floor and started sobbing.

The asleep residents nearby suddenly woke up and cried mournfully too.

The entire place was shrouded in grief as Lu Shu made his ascension. There was an unusual phenomenon during the initial opening of Lu Shu's chi mountain, and it happened again with the unlocking of the third level of his celestial map.

Most civilians in the region had evacuated after the EO's fight in the afternoon. Thus, there were not many witnesses of this sight.

Grier was astounded. This was similar to the Heavenly Visions that would only happen with one's ascension to Class A!

Silently, Sparrow Shade flew out of Lu Shu's celestial map. It had almost blended in with the evening rain.

By rights, Grier could sense his surroundings through raindrops. Yet, at this moment, he had lost all control over the rain.

His dominance in the rain had been stolen away. The heavy downpour, which used to be his fighting stage, had now become his cage.

Splatter.

A drop of rain fell on Grier's shoulder, dyeing his shirt red. To his astonishment, the raindrop was unbelievably sharp.

Li Xianyi could wield leaves as his swords, because he could infuse the leaves with his sword energy. As a water-type Metahuman, Lu Shu had turned raindrops into the best carrier of his sword energy.

It was not any other ordinary rainfall, but a rain of swords, specially made for Grier. It was as if the sky had fallen.

Sword rain, good name, thought Lu Shu. Now, he liked rain.

This night, Lu Shu had officially ascended to Class B. Within a radius of 1km, the world was mourning, and the downpour had turned into a rain of swords.

674 KARMA

The water element that Grier could control was restricted to within three meters around him. This was unprecedented. Hundreds of raindrop aurablades hovered above him, ready to fall down anytime.

The only plausible explanation for this situation was that this man in front of him was of much higher level than himself. But Grier found the occurrence of the Heavenly Visions inexplicable, as well as the strange phenomena associated with this man's Visions.

Besides, the man's sudden ascension had resulted in his abilities becoming much higher than a Class B beginner, but not yet a Class A.

Grier was struggling to break free out of his own rain curtain, like a trapped beast. To his confusion, he realized the man had no intention to kill him with his apparent advantage in water-type powers.

Then he understood that his opponent did not want to give him an easy death.

He was almost suffocated by the man's pride. Why was he so confident about his strength?!

One thing that was particularly captivating about the realm of cultivation was that it was full of miracles. The innate powers of humans were exploited to the fullest, and maybe one day a single person could overthrow an entire nation using his own strength.

But the path to glory was paved by dead bodies. While some people could claim the final victory and go down in history as a legend, others would only end up as the winner's stepping stones. This was the reality.

Grier now understood that his death was inevitable that night.

With a soft hiss, a gray strand of the Sparrow Shade, as thin as hair, emerged under the cover of the evening rain. It punctured Grier's shoulder like a serpent the second it appeared.

The 36 strands of Sparrow Shade was a good match for the murderous atmosphere on this night. It was impossible to predict where the next strand would appear.

Lu Shu paced slowly on the drenched floor. "Zhao Yongchen's death was not the first tonight, and you won't be the last. Just die. I will let you experience the suffering Zhao Yongchen has gone through."

The Sparrow Shade punctuated Grier's body over and over again. Splashes of blood dissolved in the rain, leaving behind huge bloody pools on the ground.

31 wounds. Each of them corresponded to Zhao Yongchen's wounds caused by Grier's fatal rain drops. In fact, Grier's injuries were even more serious than Zhao Yongchen's, because all the cuts penetrated his body, but the rain drops did not.

Slowly Grier collapsed to the ground, coughing out blood continuously. The bloody bubbles looked particularly malignant in the puddles of rain.

"After you've killed me, what then?" Grier laughed wanly. "There are countless people out there who want to take the lives of your Heavenly Network. Can you stop all of them?!"

Lu Shu paused. "Why aren't you dead yet?!"

Then there was a cough.

Who was coughing? Lu Shu looked at Grier, who was staring back at him, confused. Apparently it was not him.

Stunned, Lu Shu turned to see Zhao Yongchen struggling to sit up. "Damn it! The pain..."

Lu Shu was dumbfounded.

Were you a cockroach in your last life? How could you be so full of life with such a serious injury?! Both Grier and Lu Shu had assumed that Zhao Yongchen was dead. Otherwise, Lu Shu would not have been so full of grief as to produce the Sparrow Shade!

Was it a joke now that you were bleeding all over?

Actually, Zhao Yongchen's vital body parts had been well protected because his Spirit Qi was concentrated in those areas of his armor. Although his Spirit Qi was thinner in other areas, he had ensured his own survival.

Lu Shu decided to help Zhao Yongchen and leave Grier aside. When Grier tried to seize the opportunity and escape, the raindrop aurablades hanging above him suddenly came falling down. Those raindrops penetrated his flesh, his bones, and his soul.

Grier collapsed to the floor again. This time, he was dead for good.

In his last moments, he thought he might have run into the very Heavenly King hidden

by the Heavenly Network all this while. They had vowed to hunt for Heavenly Kings, but in fact, they themselves were the prey.

After all, Heavenly Kings represented the top powers of the cultivation realm.

Lu Shu supported Zhao Yongchen and walked towards the mini mart. "You are really very lucky..."

Since there were no fatal wounds, he would not die with the supreme healing abilities of a Class C. This was a practitioner's advantage - they would recover fully sooner or later.

Nonetheless, Zhao Yongchen's foundation had been destroyed. He had exhausted his vitality, which meant no further ascension was ever possible.

Zhao Yongchen squeezed out a faint smile. "I've got my karma... Now it seems that those small mistakes I made last year when I set the scene are very dangerous after all. I was careless."

Lu Shu could not understand what he was referring to. He helped him to lie down on a chair and said, "Rest well. Don't worry about the rest."

"Give me a cigarette and a can of 'koke'," said Zhao Yongchen, "I just escaped from death. In the past, I never dared to try soft drinks because I thought they're only for the young. But now I say, screw it. I may die any day. Why not enjoy my life while I still have the life to do it?"

In silence, Lu Shu brought over a can of koke. Then, he pulled off the tab but the can remained sealed...

"From Zhao Yongchen's distress, +666!"

"Karma! It's my karma!" Zhao Yongchen found it both embarrassing and hilarious. It was all thanks to the days he sold fake goods.

"Well," said Lu Shu, feeling slightly embarrassed too, "Is there anybody to take over from you?"

"Don't worry about me. I'm fine. Someone will come to check tomorrow at 10 a.m.. He'll take me away at that time," replied Zhao Yongchen, "How about you? Any plans?"

Lu Shu paused for two seconds. "I want to kill."

Zhao Yongchen fell into silence too. He knew Lu Shu wanted to wipe out the remaining two Class B's, but it was too dangerous.

Zhao Yongchen suddenly asked, "What are you going to do, My Lord?"

Stunned for a second, Lu Shu answered with a smile, "To wreak havoc in the Heavenly Palace."

"What if you can't return?"

"Then so be it."

Quickly and confidently, Lu Shu walked into the darkness outside. His figure disappeared into the dark and rainy night.

675 I WAS TOO CARELESS

The rain poured on all night. Lu Shu was seemingly one with the rain. The Sparrow Shade continued to shuttle back and forth in the rain. It was lively and full of murderous intent.

Lu Shu had probably never thought that a day like this would come, where he avenged his "comrade" and returned filled with anger in the rain at night. He had also never thought that the world had become so cruel.

The fact that Zhao Yongchen was alive made Lu Shu very happy. He was not even this happy when he had advanced to Class B. He suddenly wanted to drink some alcohol. When he opened a can, he would say to Zhao Yongchen, "Have you heard? Legend has it that if the tab of a can..."

But Lu Shu did not say anything. He walked into the night and started his massacre.

Pitter patter. There was the sound of Lu Shu's footsteps in the rain. The yellow street lamp started to flicker, as if it would go out at any time. The surrounding buildings were destroyed beyond repair. It was as if they were in the ruins of a city.

He suddenly stopped under the streetlamp. He was silent for a long time...

"What... where are the two of them?" Lu Shu looked up at the street lamp. He was slightly depressed. "I was too careless. I forgot to ask Zhao Yongchen for information."

Lu Shu was not quite willing to walk back. After all, he was extremely attractive when he walked into the night rain. If he walked back again, the effect would definitely weaken significantly...

Should he go back and ask Zhao Yongchen? Lu Shu was in a dilemma...

At that moment, the phone in Lu Shu's pocket lit up. Lu Shu fished out the phone and saw the piece of information. "They will enter the northeast part of the city in 20 minutes."

Lu Shu kept his phone in his pocket. The information from the Heavenly Network was as reliable as usual...

The Capital, Liuhai Lane.

Nie Ting stood in the courtyard in a black Chinese suit. Shi Xuejin took out a black cloak and wore it. "I've checked. Grier Cook is employed by a pirate in the Caribbean. After he awakened, he had always helped this pirate to burn, kill, and loot. His water-type abilities are very suitable for battles on sea. I will send the pirate's exact location to you in a while. Watch out for my message."

Nie Ting nodded his head and held on to his suit. The walnut trees started to shake. Nie Ting flew up and rushed to the east!

He had wanted to let Lu Shu have some sense of belonging to this organization. Now that Lu Shu was alone fighting in Africa, Nie Ting also suddenly wanted to kill some people!

In the distance, two people slowly walked out from the water curtain. They looked at Lu Shu with a serious expression on their faces. Lu Shu broke out into a smile. "You're finally here. I have always wanted to ask you one question. You have hunted down Heavenly Kings in a frenzy for glory, but have you thought about the consequences?"

He wanted to know whether these people knew fear. But there was no use talking sense into crazy people. The two of them remained silent. Lu Shu slowly stood up straight.

There was the sound of something being ripped apart. The street lamp finally went out.

One of the class B experts made his move first. It was as if the ground was about to crack under the force of his footsteps.

Lu Shu felt that this Metahuman was quite special, he was a strength-type Metahuman.

As of present day, there was a heated discussion regarding the fall of the strength-type Metahumans. Lu Shu had just encountered one. He was not big and tall, but Lu Shu could feel boundless power from his entire body.

He drew two black daggers from his waist as fast as lightning. The greatest advantage of strength-type Metahumans was their speed and power. From the start, he had intended to quickly get close to Lu Shu.

The next moment, Lu Shu drew his Cheng Ying sword. The celestial map allowed Lu Shu to advance and have the same physique as a strength-type. Thus, before he advanced, he was slightly weaker than other Class B's, But after he had advanced, he was much stronger.

When he encountered a real strength-type Metahuman, Lu Shu also wanted to know what would happen when his strength-type and swordplay were combined!

Lu Shu was at full concentration. The moment they clashed, he suddenly lowered his body and dodged the daggers. He slashed his sword. The sword weaved through the daggers like a poisonous snake and attacked the Class B expert's lower jaw. He was planning to pierce through his head!

The Class B strength-type Metahuman thought that he would get the upper hand when he approached Lu Shu. But he had miscalculated. Lu Shu was slightly faster than him. He was a middle Class B strength-type Metahuman. Even peak Class B's were not as fast as he was!

In his eyes, there was nothing in Lu Shu's hands. But great danger followed!

When the sword was about to touch his jaw, he had no choice but to retreat backwards. He did not dare to bet whether there was anything in Lu Shu's hands!

Lu Shu was an expert in swordplay. Coupled with the Cheng Ying sword, he was giving the strength-type Metahuman a lot of pressure!

Whatley, the Class B expert clearly saw where Lu Shu's sword slashed as he stepped back. Suddenly, a raindrop was sliced into two halves by the invisible sword. The raindrop that was cut into half could have been his head. He was shocked. There was really a weapon in Lu Shu's hand!

Lu Shu had no intention of letting him off. He took a small step forward, causing the water to splash about. The next moment, he lowered his waist and raised his leg. He aimed at Whatley's chest and exerted all his strength!

Whatley could only leave two small cuts on Lu Shu's leg using his dagger, before he

was sent flying backwards like a kite.

When Lu Shu wanted to continue to chase him, the street lamps on both sides of the street, as well as the steel bars in the houses suddenly rushed towards Lu Shu. A metal-type Metahuman!

But before the metal bars could reach Lu Shu, the Sparrow Shade shuttled back and forth in the rain. The metal seemed to turn into dust all at the same time.

Lu Shu stopped in his tracks and calmly looked at the two people in the rain.

Whately slowly stood up and wiped the blood on the side of his mouth. He would no longer think that he would be able to easily deal with Lu Shu. Suddenly, his chest started to hurt. If he was not a strength-type Metahuman, he would have broken more than just half of his ribs from that one kick!

The young man stood in the rain with his sword. He was like a mountain. No one could move him.

676 THE RAIN POURED

The rain was suitable for a water-type Metahuman to kill. The entire world had become a water-type Metahuman's home ground.

At first, Whately, Grier and the others had come completely prepared. Whately had lurked on the ocean as a pirate for many years. For the past few years, he had never been wrong when it came to the weather.

Thus, they knew that there would be heavy rain here. But they did not think that when rain fell, the water-type Grier had already died.

When Lu Shu asked them whether they had considered the consequences before, the two of them could not understand. This young man was very strong. But why did he feel that he could defeat two Class B experts?

The next moment, there was a creaking sound from all the houses within a 100 meter radius. The steel bars in the houses were pulled out by the metal-type Metahuman. When the steel bars were in midair, it was as if time had stopped.

"Maybe you didn't quite understand what I asked you just now. Allow me to rephrase." Lu Shu smiled. "Do you want to die?"

As he was speaking, Whately did not realize that all the invisible swords from Lu Shu's sea of chi had appeared behind Lu Shu. They floated in midair and started to merge with the raindrops. Sword rain had been formed!

The lightning aurablade vibrated in the sea of chi. When Lu Shu was a Class C, he was able to face five Class C's. When he officially advanced to Class B, his aura had practically merged with the heaven and the earth. He stood in the heavy rain.

When Liu Xiu died, Lu Shu could not do anything. He had almost missed Zhao Yongchen. Lu Shu wanted to allow more Liu Xiu's and Zhao Yongchen's to return to the land they had dreamed of returning too. He wanted to let them see that the trees were still green, the water was still clear, and the people were still kind.

Lu Shu could live peacefully for 18 years because others had carried his load for him. Now, he had to become the one who carried the load.

No regrets being born a Chinese? Becoming comrades in the next life? There was no need to wait for the next life. The next life was too far away. They could only fight all

day long!

But Lu Shu had always thought that he did not qualify as a leader. He did not have that ability. A leopard cannot change its spots. He did not feel that he would become a great person. He did not want to become a great person either. He wanted to be ordinary.

Thus, he left the matter of becoming a Heavenly King aside for now. At the moment, he just wanted to kill some people!

The rain poured. Lightning pierced the sky. All traitors would die. This was the way of the world!

Lu Shu was full of murderous intent. When the hundreds of steel bars rushed towards him, Lu Shu suddenly stepped forward and sprinted. Water splashed everywhere under his feet. The steel bars were about to send him to hell!

Whately and the metal-type Metahuman had worked together many times. When they faced many enemies, Whately would protect and escort the metal-type Metahuman, while the metal-type Metahuman would use his killing power to defeat their enemies.

One of them was strong in close combat and prevented enemies from drawing near. One of them had strong killing power and a large variety of attacks. The two of them complemented each other well. This was where their courage to hunt down Heavenly Kings came from!

The metal-type Metahuman broke into a cold smile. Countless metal pellets rolled out from his sleeve and landed on the ground. These metal pellets merged with the rainwater and rolled towards Lu Shu. This was his trump card!

But at that moment, the sword rain suddenly slashed downwards like a punishment from the heavens!

The metal-type Metahuman had thought that Lu Shu could only engage in close combat and he only had to guard against the Sparrow Shade. But he did not think that Lu Shu's attacks would exceed their expectations!

He did not even use a 100 invisible swords to kill Grier. Lu Shu had released the remaining invisible swords. He was planning to turn the ground the metal-type Metahuman was standing on into dust!

In a flurry, the metal-type Metahuman suddenly realized that there was something wrong with the rainwater. It seemed to be able to rip through everything!

All the metal bars that were supposed to be used to kill Lu Shu suddenly gathered above the metal-type Metahuman's head and formed a massive metal fortress. Ding! Ding! Ding!

It was only rainwater, but it could create such a clean sound upon impact with the metal bar. The metal-type Metahuman's scalp started to tingle. If he had not reacted fast enough, he would have died!

The metal fortress looked like it had been through an explosion after going through the sword rain. This was the power of the sword rain.

When he looked at the young man, he saw two flying swords emerge from Lu Shu's celestial map with a roar. The two swords suddenly pierced through Whately's heart. Whately was defenseless!

The two of them did not think that Lu Shu would have so many attacks. Although he was evidently an expert from the Heavenly Network, he did not use his flying swords at first. When Whately approached him, he realized that Lu Shu was a seasoned swordsman. Even his physique and his speed exceeded his.

When they had thought that Lu Shu had used up all his attacks, when they had thought that Lu Shu was a swordplay expert who was strong in close combat, Lu Shu introduced his sword rain!

But that was not the end. He could even control two flying swords at the same time!

There were too many surprises tonight. At first, they were still puzzled. How did Grier, a water-type Metahuman, die in the rain? Now, they could understand, but they still could not understand when a freak like him had appeared in the Heavenly Network! This young man had effortlessly fought two Class B experts!

Whately fell to the ground with a crash. Lu Shu stood in the rain and looked calmly at the metal-type Metahuman. Any raindrops that fell on the Cheng Ying sword would be split into half.

Suddenly, the metal pellets on the ground that had rolled to Lu Shu's feet rose into the air. They aimed at all of Lu Shu's joints. The pellets took the chance when Lu Shu had emerged victorious over Whately to kill him!

The two Class B experts had experienced countless fights. They would not give up on any chances to kill their enemy. The metal-type Metahuman knew that he was close to his death. Lu Shu was faster than Whately. He could not run away.

At that moment, over three hundred lightning aurablades appeared with a roar. They had formed an electric net that protected Lu Shu. All the metal pellets that came into contact with the electric net would lose control.

Lu Shu deliberately positioned the lightning aurablades slightly further away. After all, it was still raining. Although the lightning aurablades had not come into contact with the water yet, it was still best to be careful.

When the metal-type Metahuman saw that even his final trump card had failed, he was in despair. Lu Shu laughed. "I will ask you one last time. You have hunted down Heavenly Kings for glory. Have you ever considered that the consequence... might be death?!"

There was the roar of thunder. The swords slashed through the metal-type Metahuman's body.

677 PROTECT CORAL

Bilma Desert, Africa.

The atmosphere was hot and dry. If one looked into the distance, it would be as if someone had stuffed a piece of cellophane in the air. The air was distorted.

A cross-country vehicle drove into the desert at a high speed. It kicked up a dust storm in its tracks. This place was off the beaten track. Even African locals rarely appeared here. The person sitting on the passenger seat wore sunglasses and held a magical standard weapon in his hands. It was as if he was carefully observing the movements around him during a patrol.

Suddenly, they realized that someone was walking in the Bilma Desert. His head and face was covered in dust, as if he had crossed the Bilma Desert on foot. He wore a military uniform that was very similar to theirs. But it was the middle of May. The

heat was unbearable. Who would be able to walk through the Bilma Desert? The two of them were Class E Metahumans, but they did not dare to even imagine how the Bilma Desert was like.

They guessed that this young man wearing a military uniform had walked along the border of the desert.

The young man stood on the border of the desert. He looked at the greenery and vegetation in the distance. "I finally walked out. Nie Ting, you are too much. Making me walk all the way here to coordinate with the new team..."

The cross-country vehicle stopped over fifty meters away from Lu Shu. The two people alighted and came to interrogate Lu Shu. They saw that Lu Shu was wearing a uniform that was very similar to theirs. "Are you a spy? Or are you a secret enemy agent?"

The young man was dumbfounded. "Is there a difference?"

"... there is a very big difference." The two people were dumbfounded as well, but they continued to ask, "Don't change the subject. Who are you?"

The young man was silent for two seconds. "A successor of Socialism? Wait, can I ask you something? Where am I? Which part of Bilma Desert are we at?"

The young man evidently did not know what he had to do with spies and secret enemy agents. They were the ones who had come to interrogate him. He had no intention of provoking them. He was just passing by...

The two people were evidently at a loss. It seemed as if this young man did not care

much about them. Although they had drawn their weapons, the young man still seemed very relaxed. They did not know what to feel... "We are in the north. What are you..."

"I didn't walk in the wrong direction. Could you give me a ride?" Lu Shu wiped his face and asked. "Just send me to the sea."

The two people looked at each other in blank dismay. Did he not see them as an enemy? "Who are you? Why do we have to send you to the sea?"

They probably would not be able to defeat him. They had to return to their base and activate the assistance team. There were times when retreating was part of a strategy and was not shameful.

Lu Shu regretted everything. He should have used his water-type abilities to go underwater from the beginning. Back then, when he asked whether there would be anyone to send him to Europe, a message came. Only a Heavenly King had the authority to assemble resources.

Lu Shu could not stand this humiliation. Who were they trying to humiliate? In his anger, he started to trek on land. He had wanted to drive, but he could not. His poverty had limited his abilities...

Later on, he thought that this cannot be right. He should have gone underwater. Although the distance would be twice as long, he was faster underwater. He would not be covered with dust from head to toe either. He had walked in the Bilma Desert for three days and three nights. He still did not have to worry about the climate, water, and food yet.

He had been tricked!

When the two people were about to board the vehicle, Lu Shu instantly came in front of their vehicle. He pointed his trident at the driver's head. "Don't be like this. Peace. You understand peace, right? I just killed a few people. I don't want to kill for now. Look, you treated me unfairly just now. I am hurt. Shouldn't you make up for it?"

The two people were rendered speechless. Every time he spoke, he talked about killing people. Were you crazy?

But when they saw the speed at which he approached their vehicle, they felt that it was best not to refute him...

Lu Shu had wanted to use the Cheng Ying sword to threaten them. But the Cheng Ying sword was transparent. There would not be much of an effect if he used the Cheng Ying sword. He sauntered to the back seat and took off the EO military uniform that he was wearing. A pile of sand dropped on the floor as he changed.

After he changed into his T-shirt, he felt much more relaxed. He looked up at the sun in the sky before he suddenly took out his trident once again. He said, "Drive to the north. Don't make any detours."

The two people had wanted to bring Lu Shu to their base, but Lu Shu realized what they were doing. "Where do you think you're going."

"Just go north and we'll be done." Lu Shu now knew that as long as he continued north, he would be able to reach the Mediterranean Sea. Once he crossed the Mediterranean Sea, he would be able to enter Europe.

"You can ask them for permission. We have to return once our time is up. We can't be out for too long," the driver said carefully.

"Wait. Let me ask them," said Lu Shu. The atmosphere was now very amiable.

Lu Shu leisurely sent a message. "Where is the exact meeting place?"

"Sardinia."

Lu Shu looked it up on the map. Sardinia. It was in the Mediterranean Sea, north of Tunisia.

"Send me information on the members." Lu Shu sent another message.

"The information is highly classified. Only Heavenly Kings can access this information."

"Zhong Yutang, you never said anything like that before." Lu Shu was dumbfounded. He felt that Nie Ting was definitely behind this. If not, Zhong Yutang would not do such a thing.

Did Nie Ting think that he would become a Heavenly King after killing the three Class B experts?

"I am not Zhong Yutang." A reply came.

Hm? They had changed the person in charge. Lu Shu did not know who it was.

Lu Shu suddenly thought of something. He sent another message. "Ah~"

"???"

"From You Mingyu's distress, +666!"

"Ha ha, so it was you." Lu Shu laughed coldly. This time, only Nie Ting, Shi Xuejin, Zhong Yutang, You Mingyu, and Li Yixiao knew the details. The only person who would be free enough to send him information other than Zhong Yutang was You Mingyu.

The two people in front trembled when they heard Lu Shu laugh coldly. But they could not understand his Chinese.

You Mingyu had some self-awareness as well. "How did you know that it was me?"

Lu Shu sent another message. "Hurry up. What kinds of people are coming this time? I'm very curious."

"Heavenly King Nie said that you would recognize them. There is no need to send you any information." You Mingyu sent a reply.

Lu Shu suddenly understood. So it was someone he was familiar with? If not, Nie Ting would not say such a thing.

"What are the details of this mission to Europe? Tell me the details." Lu Shu sent a question.

678 WORLD TREE

Xia Rensheng and the rest should still be at sea. All the members of the team had returned, except for Lu Shu, who was still rushing about in Africa.

To be honest, Lu Shu was very disappointed with this trip to Africa. Leaving his official advancement to Class B aside, he had broken into a vault, only to leave with a pile of essential balms. What was this?!

Earlier, Lu Shu had thought that Li Yixiao may not want the essential balms, but Li Yixiao really took away 90% of the essential balms. He did not know whether he would see the dignified Heavenly King selling essential balms at the black market. He may even sell the balms as wholesale goods for a lower price. He would probably... be able to earn about 1000 dollars, right?

The team's mission was originally to go to Europe and form an alliance with some organizations. But according to the latest information, all their tasks had been canceled. They only had to form an alliance with the Deities.

But the problem was, why were they tasked to protect Coral? Was she in danger?

"What happened to Coral? Why does she have to be protected?" Lu Shu asked curiously.

"This is only a guess," You Mingyu replied. "Previously, there was information that the foundation of the Bishop of the Department of Faith Theory had crumbled, like Chen Baili. But we do not know how he managed to advance to Class A."

"I thought that it was impossible to advance once someone's foundation had crumbled?" Lu Shu felt that this was very bizarre.

"Before he had advanced, someone had discovered that Francesco had appeared in the sacred burial garden of the Department of Faith Theory. Later on, someone realized that a grave had seemingly been unsealed. We have grounds to believe that Francesco

may have taken something away from the sacred garden to help the Bishop to advance. As for what exactly the item is, we do not know," said You Mingyu. "Thus, I feel that the Bishop had avoided fighting the Puppet Master and used indirect attacks against the Saint, because there is a huge defect in his strength..."

"Wait." Lu Shu interrupted him. "Your analysis is very logical. I understand what you are saying. But what does this have to do with Coral?"

"Coral has a branch of the World Tree," You Mingyu said with certainty. "Which is the Gungnir. Since Coral awakened the Odin bloodline and drew the Gungnir from her spine, the members of the Department of Faith Theory have started to become very active near the Deities' sphere of influence. It is too much of a coincidence. We suspect that the Department of Faith Theory wants the Gungnir."

"What do they want the Gungnir for?" Lu Shu asked angrily, "Must they steal the weapons of others?"

"So the Department of Faith Theory wants the World Tree." Lu Shu acted as if he was very relaxed and asked, "So what will happen to Coral if she loses the Gungnir? Can the Gungnir be taken out of her body just like that?"

"She will die."

When Lu Shu heard these two words, he was silent. "Okay, I got it."

There was a lot of pressure. Lu Shu sighed. The Department of Faith Theory had a Class A. Although they may be on the weaker side, they were still a Class A.

No one in the world had dared to provoke the Heavenly Network in the open precisely

because the Heavenly Network had Class A's.

But... if it were some other girl, Lu Shu would be scared. But if it were Coral, Lu Shu felt that he could not escape.

Because... Lu Shu was not quite sure why either.

Life was like a multiple choice question. But there were times when you had no choice.

"These are all our guesses." You Mingyu sent another message. "Heavenly King Shi said that this is to increase the interactions between you and Coral."

Lu Shu was dumbfounded.

Were you crazy? What kind of sudden twist was this?

In any case, the Heavenly Network was a large organization. Would they allow their members to sell their charms? Lu Shu knew that the Heavenly Network would not obtain information using their charms.

But, if they could not sell a female's charms, they could sell a male's? Was this not sexual discrimination?

"So everything you had said just now was nonsense?" Lu Shu sent the message with a dark expression on his face.

"It was not completely nonsense. Some of the guesses were based on facts. Everything is true. But based on our judgment, the Department of Faith Theory will not act

rashly," said You Mingyu.

"Oh." Lu Shu held his phone expressionlessly. "I got it."

He still had to go anyway. If he did not go, he would not be relieved. Although he could not defeat a Class A, he still had to try his best. After all... Coral was rich.

The cross-country vehicle continued north. The two people sat upright. There was a trident behind each of their necks. They did not dare to even move.

They did not even dare to pick up the satellite phone that kept ringing while they drove. Lu Shu removed the phone and shoved it into the Seal of Lands.

After driving for eight hours, they finally arrived at the sea. The two people were very obedient throughout the entire journey. The driver stopped the vehicle by the sea.

"We've arrived."

Lu Shu, who was deep in thought, recovered and said, "Oh, thanks. How much is it?"

The driver was dumbfounded. "I don't have any sort of meter..."

The atmosphere became somewhat awkward. Lu Shu realized that he had asked the wrong thing. The two people were about to spit blood. Who would ride a taxi while pointing a trident at the driver?!

This was too much! He was not a taxi driver! Even if he was, who would dare to turn on the meter? You stink!

"From Irc Smith's distress, +666!"

"From Alva..."

The two mercenary soldiers were very nervous. They had been obedient the entire journey because they knew that this young man was much stronger than they were. Thus, they were very afraid that they would be killed when they reached their destination.

"You two can go," Lu Shu said. He was waiting for them to leave before he jumped into the ocean.

But the two of them did not move. Lu Shu was silent. "I can't pay you if you didn't turn on the meter..."

The two mercenary soldiers turned and left. They had met a crazy man!

"From Irc Smith's distress, +666!"

"From Alva..."

After the two soldiers left, Lu Shu jumped down from a cliff into the water. He dived into the azure water and swam towards Sardinia like a fish.

Lu Shu felt a freedom that he had not experienced before underwater. This was his first time speeding away underwater since he had officially advanced to Class B.

679 THERE IS NO HARM WITHOUT COMPARISON

He jumped into the water from Tunisia and went onshore to Sardinia in Europe. Had he escaped Africa and entered Europe, just like in the myths?! Would his luck go up from here...

When he thought about this, Lu Shu was slightly touched.

As he was swimming, he occasionally stuck his head above the water to check whether he was going in the right direction. What they had taught during geography in school was very general. Geography lessons would not introduce places like Sardinia in detail. He only knew what would be appropriate to build in various geographical positions, as well as how to convert time zones. Thus, Lu Shu had no visual impression of Sardinia.

He thought that Sardinia would be like Koh Chang Island. It was probably a famous tourist island that did not have many local people. But as he approached Sardinia, he realized that this island was much bigger than Koh Chang Island. There were countless fishing boats and yachts. There were many houses built in foreign styles, as well as coconut trees that were neatly lined up. This was not a tourist island. This was a standard, flourishing coastal city!

Lu Shu had thought that the team from the Heavenly Network had wanted to secretly enter Europe from a secluded island, but this did not seem to be the case.

The coastline was very cozy and pleasing. The water was glittering and clear. The rocks stood by the beach. There were a few caverns as well.

Lu Shu saw a fleet of festooned vehicles on the highway by the beach. People stood along the two sides of the road and cheered. There were actors wearing various costumes and dancing passionately on the vehicles.

The festooned vehicles were most likely decorated trucks. There was a lot of space to dance.

Lu Shu took the opportunity while everyone was focused on the fleet of over twenty vehicles to climb onshore. When he emerged from the water, his water-type abilities dried his clothes. He was completely dry. No one would suspect a thing.

The person beside him was shouting in a language that Lu Shu completely did not understand. He suddenly realized that this was not an island that used English. Were they speaking in Italian? No!

There were many languages on the island. Sardinia had a large population as well. There was a rich diversity of races. There were five languages used on the island, while the language of communication was Italian...

Suddenly, an enthusiastic lady grabbed hold of Lu Shu's arm and started to blabber. "Are you a tourist from China?"

Lu Shu was silent. He did not understand her. He could only nod his head and smile.

The lady was even more excited. "I love China!"

Lu Shu once again smiled and nodded his head politely and awkwardly...

Lu Shu was shocked. He had read some information that the ordinary people and the Metahumans in Europe often had conflicts. There would be complaints every week, and there were public protests everyday calling for laws against the Metahumans.

But from the look of things now, the ordinary people were enjoying a performance displaying Metahuman powers. Furthermore, the performer was very handsome. There were even a few love-struck girls chasing behind the vehicle...

Lu Shu suddenly realized that every story has two sides to it. Those who engaged in conflict with Metahumans had their profits threatened by these Metahumans. But not all Metahumans ran amok. Thus, the two worlds were not distinct from each other. Rather, they were slowly merging and learning how to get along. There would definitely be such a process.

Suddenly, the lady pulled Lu Shu along in high spirits. She was so touched by the young man's performance that she started to ramble on. "That is my son. Isn't he amazing? Do you like him?"

Lu Shu continued to smile and nod politely and awkwardly. He nodded his head fervently...

The lady suddenly realized that she had asked the wrong question. And Lu Shu's reply... made her slowly let go of his hand...

"From..."

Lu Shu suddenly saw a name that he did not understand and was dumbfounded. He suddenly realized that he should not have nodded just now. But he did not understand what the lady was saying!

He looked helplessly at the lady walking further away from him. He almost shouted, "Wait! Don't go! Let me explain!"

Lu Shu took out his phone and quickly searched the internet. There was a grand celebration in Sardinia. It felt like the New Year in China, just without the lion dancing. What was happening? Another fleet passed by. This time, a metal-type

Metahuman was performing...

He did not know how much they charged for these performances? Or were the performances spontaneous? Or were the Metahumans like celebrities who performed and gathered fans? It could not be.

Lu Shu searched and found out that the next day was a holiday. Every May, they celebrated the Horse Racing Festival. These people were rallying support for their favorite teams. Frankly speaking, they were cheerleading squads...

Were the Metahumans in Europe so down-to-earth now?

Lu Shu felt that there were not many Metahumans in China. Later on, he realized that it could be because the Heavenly Network had gathered the majority of the people with the potential for cultivation to pass on their skills.

An awakening would occur when one's potential was constrained and one's spirit lead to an explosion. The Heavenly Network had used the skills to release everyone's potential as their strength. Lu Shu did not know whether this was good or bad. At any rate, there was a low probability that these kinds of cheerleading squads would appear back home.

If this had happened in China, where cheerleading squads chased after the dead, would you be able to bear it...

Furthermore, this was illegal. If the Heavenly Network found out about it, they would come and say, "This will not do. You are not respecting the dead. Has the deceased signed the Human Organ Transplant Agreement? No?" They would then confiscate the dead body and burn it...

The Heavenly Network was not wrong. The dead body might have been of the enemy who was killed. There was definitely something wrong with chasing dead bodies.

Of course, there would be people with haunted armor passed down from generations ago. But who would sign the Human Organ Transplant Agreement so early in advance? These were just Lu Shu's wild thoughts...

Lu Shu asked You Mingyu, "When will they reach Sardinia?"

"They are on a cruise ship. They will arrive in a week's time."

Lu Shu felt incredibly stifled. He had rushed over and crossed deserts to come here, but the team was leisurely taking a cruise here? The difference was far too drastic?

How far was this place from China? Lu Shu did not believe that their cruise was of low quality!

This was not far! Earlier, at the Bilma Desert, Lu Shu did not even dare to sleep. At night, poisonous animals like scorpions would emerge. He was not afraid that he would be injured. He was just disgusted.

680 LONG TIME NO SEE, CORAL

The revelry on Sardinia continued. But Lu Shu had no interest in it anymore. He had to spend the following week waiting before he could meet up with the new team and go protect Coral.

To his surprise, there were a number of Chinese tourists here. While others were enjoying themselves, a Chinese tour guide was shouting through a loudspeaker, waving a small orange flag, "Hey, everyone! Here we see the famous Horse Racing

Festival of Sardinia, whose history can be dated back to..."

The tourists cast their curious gazes at the crowd. Some of them were pondering whether it was possible to take a photo with those Metahumans or give them a touch for 10 dollars. In any case, Metahumans were a rare sight in public in China.

Of course, no one was rude enough to really lay their hands on the performers...

At this moment, Lu Shu suddenly noticed something was wrong. He realized that the energy waves in the crowd were seemingly stronger than those in the cheer-leading squads. He studied them using his peripheral vision to search for anything unusual.

Indeed, those people were a poor fit in this lively scene. They were like indifferent spectators who failed to resonate with the joyful atmosphere.

Lu Shu did a careful mental calculation. There were more than ten Metahumans along this part of the coastline highway alone. In that case, how many watchers were there in total along the entire highway?

This was a planned scheme. Lu Shu had reached this conclusion almost subconsciously. It was hard to believe that this was a coincidental gathering of individual practitioners.

"There's something weird up." Lu Shu felt as if he had missed a key part of the puzzle. This was supposed to be an insignificant island for Practitioners, but in reality it was such a thriving city. Moreover, the sheer presence of so many Practitioners from various large organizations was suspicious too.

What were they doing here?!

Lu Shu messaged You Mingyu, pretending to be casual. "Are you hiding something from me? The situation here in Sardinia is strange. Why are there so many Metahumans from large organizations here?"

At this moment, a man walked past Lu Shu. He looked up and, to his astonishment, it was Francesco!

Lu Shu was stunned. Something must be going on since even Francesco was here!

Dressed in his usual white cloak, Francesco navigated the crowded streets. His attire blended well with the exotic racial costumes of native Sardinians during this festive season.

Francesco shot Lu Shu a glimpse when he walked past, which gave Lu Shu a chill. It was not out of fear, though, because Lu Shu had full confidence to defeat Francesco now that he was a real Class B. Just like him, Lu Shu still had many secret trump cards up his sleeve too.

Lu Shu was rather proud, actually.

But Francesco did not show any more interest after the brief glance. He walked forward along the coastline highway. Lu Shu let out a sigh of relief. He had been acting under Li Teng's appearance in Africa, and Howard's during the fight with Francesco. Hence, it was pretty normal that Francesco could not recognize him now.

Lu Shu lowered his head again, acting as if he did not recognize Francesco. As he looked at his phone, he had to pretend that he was a tourist too. You Mingyu's reply soon came in. "Some European noble is holding an auction in Sardinia, and the goods

for sale include a sample of the World Tree. It's scheduled to be in two weeks' time. The organizer comes from an influential European family, and he wants to trade the sample for awakening fruits that are best suited for the young generation of his family."

Lu Shu was skeptical. "How do you know that the sample belongs to the World Tree?"

"No idea. We only know that it's a 37cm tree branch."

Lu Shu was speechless. After a while, he asked, "Even if it's a real sample of the World Tree, it's a loss-making business if he trades it for one fruit only. The most expensive power nowadays is the thunder type, but even a thunder fruit is not as precious as a sample of the World Tree."

It was easy math. The value of one fruit was equivalent to that of one third of Gungnir. In fact, it all depended on the quality of the sample, because not all World Tree branches were as powerful as Gungnir.

"He's not trading for one fruit only."

"How many?" Lu Shu was stunned.

"23. He has 23 sons."

Lu Shu was dumbfounded.

This time, it was China's one-child policy that had limited his imagination!

If that was the case, it might not be a loss-making deal after all. Lu Shu asked, "So are all small organizations refused entry? Only large ones allowed? But even large organizations may not have so many in stock, I suppose."

"They say it's okay to break the branch and sell in parts..."

"... Amazing." Lu Shu marveled. To him, the name "World Tree" sounded very sacred in the past, but now it seemed as if it could be chopped into pieces to make tea.

Admittedly, it would be literally magical tea, but who would do that? It would be such a waste!

Although the total length was only 37cm, it was long enough for a short sword or a dagger.

At this moment, a cruise ship slowly entered the port. Standing along the coastline highway, Lu Shu could see a group alighting from the boat. There was a unique air around them, and their build was rather tall too.

The team was led by a girl, whose silver-gold hair flew gently in the sea breeze. Dressed in a light green silk dress, she looked like a beauty from the most stunning painting.

Lu Shu looked at her in silence. Long time no see, Coral.

He had a hunch that it might be unnecessary to bring his team to Sweden when You Mingyu mentioned the World Tree. In fact, their original destination was this island, so Coral would certainly be here too.

Although Coral did not need any sample of the World Tree, her visit was understandable, considering that she was the owner of the other segment of the World Tree. Actually, Lu Shu could not even be sure whether they really had no need for another branch.

For some reason, Lu Shu had a bad feeling about this. His gut feeling told him that things were not as simple as it seemed, though Francesco's and Coral's appearance was justifiable.

Lu Shu returned to the crowd. Now that the main character was here, his job at the moment was to investigate the situation fully before the arrival of the Heavenly Network's team.

In the meantime, he also had to figure out what on earth the Department of Faith Theory was up to.

Suddenly, the wind started blowing. As if covered by a few layers of cloth, the clear sky dimmed in no time. Lu Shu turned to gaze at the sea surface. A storm was coming.