

## Technician's Manual - Chapter 22

Broken Lake Prison, restaurant.

“I won 45 Contribution Points, and I have to participate in the Blood Moon Trial for a few days!?”

A Xiu, who was doing his meal, raised his head in a daze, with a deceived expression on his face: “Isn't it said that people who have contributed a lot, the trial sequence is at the back!?”

“indeed so.”

Langna said while drinking milk, “But there is a prerequisite—all prisoners are not allowed to miss their first blood moon trial, and only a very small number of people can escape the catastrophe because of amnesty and other reasons.”

“For those who have experienced a blood moon trial and survived, the trial sequence will be arranged later according to the level of contribution.”

“Then what if I die the first blood moon trial?”

“If you have such worries, it is better to fight a fake match with me and lose all your contribution to me.”

“I want to be beautiful!” Ah Xiu muttered, after thinking for a while, “You said before that the blood moon trial will only kill one person?”

“Yes, there are eight participants, but only one person will die.” Ronald said: “There is only a 12.5% chance of death, which is actually quite low—this is normal.”

“Then am I an ordinary person?”

“Obviously, you are not the leader of the Four Pillars of Gods cult. Murder, kidnapping, imprisonment, \*\*\*\* sacrifice... because you have suffered at least a thousand people. Your reputation during this time can be said to be a household name. If there is no accident, you must be

An important object of attention in the Blood Moon Trial.”

Heath flies bravely, and there is a pot of Ya Xiu on his back...A Xiu has infinite resentment towards Heath in his heart, so he drinks six walnuts when he is lacking in his brain. What a cult! It's so angry and resentful, online loans are not as hateful as you!

“Well, if you give up, why not give me your contribution.” Ronner said, “I will remember your sacrifice and live happily with my boyfriend...”

“Fuck off!” Ah Xiu said with a snort, “Maybe I will survive? I won't give up!”

“That's good.” Ronald didn't seem to care about Ashura's 95-point contribution, and said, “Is someone who wants to challenge you, accept it?”

“That's why you waited for me in the restaurant, right?”

“That's right.” Ronald said frankly, “As for the reason, you can see the contribution amount of the other party's bet-37 contribution points.”

Yaxiu narrowed his eyes: “The person who fought 36 death fights before challenged me? I will only bet on 2 points of contribution.”

Langner shrugged.

“That's why I specifically came to notify you.”

“Generally speaking, newcomers in deathmatch challenges old people, because newcomers can be big with small ones. It is not impossible for old people to challenge newcomers. After all, mosquitoes are fleshy no matter how small they are, but they are basically after 5 games, otherwise the elderly will even earn the interest of contribution. nothing.”

“Therefore, if an old man takes the initiative to challenge you, I am still amazed. I want to ask if you have a holiday with the other party.”

“Who is the other party?”

“Valkas Ur.”

Ya Xiu shook his head: “I haven’t heard of it.”

Of course he hadn’t heard of it. After all, he didn’t even have a memory of Heath. Even if Varkas really had a feast with Heath, Ash would never know.

“Schilling Dole.”

“Huh?” Ya Xiu blinked, “Who?”

Lang waved his hand: “It’s nothing, I just thought of an acquaintance.”

“Then are you willing to accept the challenge of Varkas?”

“What weapon did Varkas use?”

“Sword.”

Ya Xiu moved in his heart and looked to the side from the corner of his eye, and saw Jian Ji sitting on the dinner table with Erlang's legs upright, holding his hands on his chest, and looking at him calmly. The black silk on his legs was very dazzling.

She squinted at Ah Xiu: "Is it interesting to sneak peeking at me?"

"I'm sorry." Ah Xiu turned his head and stared at Heisi, and suddenly a thought came up in his heart: "Speaking of which, if you can touch me, can I also touch you? Ahem, Jian Ji, you Go back and wash up next time..."

铮! Jian Ji drew out her gorgeous decorative sword, and Ashiu immediately sat down and said to Ronal: "Let Varkas wash his neck and wait for me tomorrow!"

"Then you come to the Death Fight Club tomorrow morning, I won't bother you to eat, and my boyfriend is still waiting for me, goodbye." Langner left with a gust of wind.

Ah Xiu thought that Ronald's boyfriend was waiting for him in the couple's room, but after looking at him, he realized that Ronald was not going to the couple's room. On the contrary, he left in the direction leading to the death fight club...maybe it was. There are still people fighting to death at night, wanting to make the medical doctors work overtime to die suddenly, Ah Xiu thought.

"Go back to the bedroom." Jian Ji jumped off the dining table: "You are busy tonight, I want to take you to explore the world you have never known."

Axiu immediately flushed with anger—what is the world I haven't understood! ? Do I look so virgin! ?

This woman speaks too much, if she continues to be arrogant, wouldn't I lose any status! ?

"Why can't you still come?"

“Come on~”

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At 8:45 in the evening, there is an unknown death fight in the death fight club without other audiences.

“Axiu agreed, but not because of the name you gave me, but because he was looking forward to a sword opponent—he made up his mind when I said that you use the blade.”

“Thank you, this time I owe you a favor, Ronald.”

“Varkas, you can return the favor to me now, as long as you tell why you suddenly stared at Yaxiu. Does it have anything to do with that name—Cilling Dole?”

In the dim auditorium, a thin middle-aged man is watching the food on the ring.

Yes, eating, there should be no better adjective than this. Although the food moves, flees, screams, and begs for mercy, it is only food to eat.

“I don’t mind saying it, as long as you don’t regret it.”

“Forget it, my boyfriend and I are very affectionate, and I am very satisfied with life. I don’t want to get involved in the game of big shots.”

Langner tore off a piece of warm shredded meat and put it in his mouth to chew it carefully: “But is Ah Xiu really the head of the Four Pillar Gods cult? I think my ability to recognize people is pretty good. He is more like a gangster. A student who has recently worked, I thought he was innocent.”

The middle-aged man snorted coldly.

“Everyone who steps into this cesspit is far away from the word innocence. The only difference is whether only the skin is stained with filth, or whether he opens his mouth and takes the initiative to devour the stench.”

“I’m eating, UU reading [www.uukanshu.com](http://www.uukanshu.com) Varkas, don’t you just say feces?”

“Then I won’t disturb you, I wish you a pleasant meal.”

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When the gate of the Death Fight Club rumbly closed, the whine that seemed like nothing disappeared into the darkness of thick ink.

Varkas walked in the prison passage, and every prisoner and guard he met kept away from him indifferently.

Occasionally, I met a new prisoner who had just come in. When the latter saw Varkas’ ears, his face naturally showed a gloating expression.

Because Varkas’ ears are pointed.

When Varkas returned to his bedroom, he saw a prison guard waiting at the door.

He had expected it, and he opened the door while whispering: “Ash Heath has promised to fight me to death.”

“Be sure to completely smash his brain, heart, and spine to the point that even the second wing surgeon can’t treat it.” The prison guard said.

“I will do what you asked for, what about what you promised me?” Varkas opened the door but didn’t enter, turning his head and staring at the prison guard.

“As long as Ash Heath dies tomorrow, you will disappear from this prison after the next Blood Moon Trial is over.” The guard said, “But you and that child can’t stay in Kaimon. This is Mr. Xi Lin’s request.”

“I’m not interested in continuing to breathe the same air as Schilling.” Varkas showed a disgusted expression.

“The free time is almost over, don’t stand outside, go into your cell.”

Varkas’s mouth twitched, stepped into his room, and let the automatic door close.

The prison guard turned and left, his mouth turned up slightly, and he gave a sneer.

“An elf prisoner on death row, but he still has the arrogance of a natural aristocrat... huh!”