

Versatile 1331

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Chapter 1331: 1331 A Kind of Disease

“Goddess, what are we even doing? If the Hall Mother learns I let you jump down from four thousand meters in the sky, she’s going to pinch my ear off and hang it on my bedside!” Tata said in Greek, like an old woman offering her prayer.

As she was saying it, she had already jumped out from the plane through the emergency exit while dragging Xinxia with her. They had chosen to land in advance rather than landing in Baiyun International Airport!

A pair of silver-white wings, like those of an elegant swan, spread in the air. Tata dove through the night sky with Xinxia, heading for the Canton Tower.

Xinxia’s legs were impaired, so it was quite a risky move. However, they had no other choice considering Leng Qing’s condition. If they acted according to convention, they would miss out on many opportunities!

“Let’s hope it doesn’t have a magic formation... forget it, I shouldn’t have any problem breaking through it,” Tata murmured, staring at the colorful Canton Tower coming up below them.

They landed on the top of the tower. The guards were completely dumbfounded, but Tata and Xinxia did not have time to explain themselves. They immediately took the lift to the seventieth floor.

The sequence had wasted a little time. Roughly six minutes had passed since Leng Qing’s heart had stopped beating.

If a person’s heart stopped beating for ten minutes, there was no way they could help the person come back to life!

The lift descended rapidly. Tata was carrying Xinxia on her back as she walked into the ward. Mo Fan was overjoyed when he saw Xinxia.

“Goddess, please forgive my outrageous acts,” Tata started praying.

Xinxia ignored the old woman. She sat down beside Leng Qing’s cold body.

“Just accept it, I’m the third-best Healer of the Nanguo Magic Association. Do you think I would declare her dead if there was still a way to save her?” the middle-aged Healer scoffed.

“Keep quiet,” Xinxia said sternly.

“Humph!” Xiao Anzhi twisted his lips disdainfully.

Xinxia closed her eyes. She gently placed her hand on Leng Qing’s chest, which was now covered in dark energy. An unusual milky-white light surfaced. It was the glow of an ordinary Healing Spell, but it contained a hint of a different color, a sacred blue!

Everyone remained silent. They were all watching Xinxia.

Xinxia was still. The sacred light she was emitting grew stronger, as if she was being devoured by it.

The light gradually drove the dark energy away. Leng Qing's wilted heart recovered under the gentle light. It returned to life with a weak pulse.

"How?..." Feng Zhoulong could hear the faint beating of Leng Qing's heart.

"How is this possible!?" Xiao Anzhi's eyes widened. His eyes almost popped out from their sockets.

The electrocardiogram was showing a faint signal, proving that Leng Qing had regained her pulse. It was so weak that it was barely any different than a dead person. Normally, a person with such a weak pulse would die at any second, but it meant that the person was still alive!

"How dare you imbeciles underestimate the sacred magic of our Parthenon Temple! Ah, pardon me, what have I said!?" Tata exclaimed.

Xinxia moved her hand away from Leng Qing's body with a tired face.

Bringing someone who had passed the gate of Hell back to life forcibly was a strenuous task. Xinxia's cultivation was not that impressive, so she was worn out after using the sacred magic.

"I can only maintain her pulse for now. I have only bought us some time," Xinxia said.

"Bought us some time?" Lingling said with a blank face.

"It's an ancient spell, Dark Wither! If we can extinguish the source of the dark energy, it will expel the dark energy inside Leng Qing's body. Her heart will slowly recover once the dark energy is gone," Xinxia stated seriously.

"That doesn't make any sense. I've been a Healer for so long, but I've never heard that dark energy has a source. Something like that only applies to the Curse Element, where a Curse Spell could be nullified by taking out the person casting it!" Xiao Anzhi blurted out. No reputable Healer would admit they were inferior. What Xinxia had said was too ridiculous.

"Old Xiao, please keep your calm, I think what she just said is reasonable. The assassin's Dark Magic was pretty unusual. He must have some unique source of dark energy, something similar to the Spirit-grade Seeds and Soul-grade Seeds of Elemental Magic... his dark energy is contagious and dangerous. It also allows the assassin to track down his targets. If we don't get rid of the source of the dark energy, Elder Leng Qing will never recover from her current state," Feng Zhoulong said.

"But the problem is, the assassin is hiding somewhere in Guangzhou City. Do you know how big Guangzhou is? He has already gotten what he wanted. Finding him is like looking for a needle in the ocean," Xiao Anzhi protested.

Mo Fan ignored Xiao Anzhi's pessimism. He asked Xinxia, "If we find the assassin and destroy the source, will you be able to save Leng Qing?"

"I can, but..." Xinxia gently swiped her hand across Leng Qing's heart as she was speaking. She seemed to grab something and placed it on Mo Fan's hand, "She will die when all the petals fall off."

Mo Fan noticed Xinxia holding a flower made of dark energy. The flower was imprinted on Mo Fan's palm. It had seven black petals, but one of them was already very faint.

Mo Fan glanced at the flower, which looked like it would disappear with a single blow, and glanced at the stricken Lingling.

He clenched his fist and hid the flower. He said, "I'll find him!"

"The Hall of Assassins, Bei Jiang... who would have thought that organization has been stirring up troubles again," Tata murmured.

"You know the assassin?" Mo Fan said with a hint of surprise.

"I've never met the assassin you were talking about, but I did come across his accomplice in the past. His name was Mu Jiang (Tomb Craftsman). I believe this Bei Jiang is a new talent after him," Tata said.

"Do you know how we can find him?" Xinxia blurted out.

Tata shook her head and said, "The Four Craftsmen of the Hall of Assassins are known for their elusiveness. Even the old folk of the Continent Magic Associations have no clue how to track them down. I'm afraid the young woman has stumbled upon something she wasn't supposed to know. Otherwise, she would not be targeted by the Hall of Assassins. However, I do have a piece of advice for you: don't bother wasting your time trying to find the guy. Not many people are capable of finding a Craftsman who has gone into hiding; at least I don't think there's any person that can find him in your country..."

"What good does your piece of advice even do? What else can we do if we don't look for him?" Xiao Anzhi said, displeased.

Mo Fan looked at Lingling and placed his hand firmly on Lingling's shoulder. He said, "Lingling, if you really want to save your sister, you have to pull yourself together. The rest of us have no clue how to find the assassin. I hope you can find him with your extraordinary wisdom. Didn't you realize something? Your sister immediately thought of you when her life was in danger. It means she has faith in you, she believes you can help her overcome the situation! So, you have to snap out of it. Focus, recall any details that might help us find the assassin, analyze the assassin and interpret his next move, find him before these seven... six petals wilt!"

Lingling looked at Mo Fan with a blank face. Her unfocused pupils reflected Mo Fan's stern and determined face...

Her eyes slowly regained focus, the look that represented wisdom beyond her years. A flame had erupted deep within her heart, a fire carrying a strong determination!

Lingling wiped the tears from her face, pulling herself together faster than Mo Fan had imagined. Perhaps she realized she could not afford to cry like a girl her age would, as her sister's life was at stake. She did not want the past to repeat itself, and be told heartbreaking news. This time, she would do what she could to save her sister!

"Old lady, is there really no way that we can find these Craftsmen?" Lingling said with a slightly trembling voice.

“I swear in the name of the Parthenon Temple!” Tata stated firmly.

“So there’s nothing we could do to save her?” Feng Zhoulong said.

If no one in their country could find a Craftsman that had gone into hiding, Leng Qing would still die eventually!

Leng Qing shook his head. She glanced at the dying Leng Qing. She was more determined to find the assassin after she imagined her sister ending up as an icy corpse. She said, “If we can’t find him, we’ll make him show himself!”

Tata smiled upon hearing Lingling’s words.

It was exactly what she was trying to tell the others. No one in the world could find the Craftsmen, unless they showed up themselves!

Casie Hotel, inside a pitch-black room...

A chubby little boy ran to the bathroom. It took him some time to find the switch. The light soon lit up the spacious bathroom.

The kid needed to relieve himself urgently. Since he had fallen from a height of more than four hundred meters, he kept having an urge to pee. He had to go to the toilet once every ten minutes, even when his bladder was completely empty...

“Tsk tsk tsk, little kid, do you know a very bad habit that I have?” a voice suddenly appeared behind him.

The voice spooked the kid. He was about to scream when he saw his shadow climbing onto his back and using its hand to cover his mouth.

Bei Jiang slowly pushed the window of the bathroom to the side...

“I’m suffering from a disease where I feel extremely painful when a person I assume is going to die is still alive. Therefore, can I please ask you to jump off the building again? It’s not as tall as the tower, but it’s enough!” Bei Jiang smiled widely.

The shadow slowly dragged the chubby kid to the window. The kid could not say a single word. Half of his body was already sticking outside the window.

BANG!

With a loud thud, blood splattered on the ground of the car park in front of the hotel. Several loud screams rose quickly.

“That feels a lot better!” a voice commented.

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Chapter 1332: Using the Traitor

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“Sister Xinxia, can you wake my sister up? Just a brief moment is enough,” Lingling said.

“I can, but her life force will deplete faster when she’s conscious,” Xinxia said.

“There’s no other choice,” Lingling said.

“Lingling, what are you planning to do?” Mo Fan had no clue how Lingling was going to lure the assassin out of hiding, but he believed Lingling had recovered her wisdom.

“There’s a traitor in the Enforcement Union, so much of the information relayed to the Enforcement Union will be intercepted. If sister is being targeted because she has learned something about the Cold Prince, their aim isn’t really about killing her, but to prevent her from bringing the information back to the Enforcement Union,” Lingling said.

Mo Fan’s eyes glittered. He agreed with Lingling’s analysis.

-Yeah, weren’t they trying to kill Leng Qing because she learned something crucial about the Cold Prince?-

In other words, the assassin was after anyone that had the information and was trying to bring it back to the Enforcement Union.

“Even though sister can’t tell us the information since she’s unconscious, we just need her to tell the Linyin Enforcement Union personally that she has entrusted us to bring the information back to the Linyin Enforcement Union. That way, the assassin will come looking for us. At the same time, we should use the traitor, too,” Lingling said.

Xinxia realized what Lingling was up to. She murmured a chant to allow Leng Qing to momentarily regain consciousness. She used the Psychic Element to tell Leng Qing what she had to do.

Leng Qing woke up. Even breathing was extremely strenuous for her. She tried her best to transmit a secret message with a code that only the Elder of the Linyin Enforcement Union had access to...

When Leng Qing finished transmitting the message, Mo Fan noticed the flower on his palm had lost two of its petals. Leng Qing’s life force had depleted by so much in such a short time!...

“Senior Sister Leng Qing, don’t you worry, we will save you. The important information you’ve risked your life for won’t be lost! If the Black Vatican dares to set foot in our country, we’ll uproot it without mercy!” Mo Fan’s hatred of the Black Vatican was off the charts.

They had tried so hard just to drive Salan away. How could they allow the Cold Prince to establish his influence? Too many people had died in the Calamity of the Ancient Capital. They could not afford to let the same tragedy happen again!

Leng Qing looked at Mo Fan. Her eyes closed heavily. A black tear slid down from the corner of her eye.

The Enforcement Union had never taken the lead in the battle against the Black Vatican. Too many people were afraid of the Black Vatican. They were scared of being targeted by its vengeance and intimidated by their brutality. It was all more the reason for them not to cower!

Leng Qing had witnessed too many of her comrades die in the battle against the Black Vatican. She had also seen many that had fallen victim to the Black Vatican's conspiracies. Every time she saw the family of the victims grieving over the deaths of their loved ones, she always told herself that it would be the last time...

And yet, the number of victims kept on increasing. More people were hurt. The seniors of the Enforcement Union told her that if she kept pursuing the Black Vatican, she would end up in the same fate. A person could not do much against the formidable Black Vatican, but a person might be everything for a family!

Was that really the case?

Just because the effort of a single person was negligible, they should let more innocent families suffer, to be stranded, and to live in darkness and despair?

Leng Qing could not bear to be a bystander. Every death and sorrowful family she saw would make her feel even more guilty, and when the guilt accumulated to a certain level, she even believed it was worth sacrificing her life for the information on a Red Cardinal of the Black Vatican!

The only worry she had was that Lingling was still so young. She had decided to infiltrate the Black Vatican deeply to assuage the guilt that had long stacked up inside her. She did not bring disgrace to her role as a member of the Enforcement Union, she did not let the families that were destroyed by the Black Vatican down, but she had forced Lingling to bear all the pain.

The little girl was surely going to hate her, just like how she hated the dumb decision that their father had made.

Leng Qing closed her eyes. In her brief moment of consciousness, lots of things had crossed her mind. It was like the reflection of her life prior to her death, everything from her birth to now, everything she remembered, everything she forgot had surfaced in her mind!

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A blue swimming pool was surrounded by colorful spotlights, giving the pool a magical appearance.

Inside the mansion beyond the swimming pool, a man was hanging from a balcony, his body swaying in the wind. His neck was wrapped by a thick rope. His face had turned blue and his eyes had rolled up.

"How dare he bring an Elder of the Enforcement Union to us? Humph, he almost ruined my plan. Useless prick, leave him there for a few days!" A teenaged young man with purple eyes glared at the swaying corpse with a hint of disgust.

"Master Cold Prince, a message for you," a glamorous woman in a flowery dark purple cheongsam showed up with a smile.

"Got it." The teenage boy went to another room. Around five minutes later, he returned with a dark expression. He picked up a paring knife from the table and threw it at the target swaying on the balcony. The knife stuck into the corpse that had no longer shed blood. There were lots of those stab wounds on the corpse.

“Bei Jiang, that unreliable prick, didn’t he tell me he had already killed the woman? If she’s already dead, how was she able to relay a message back to the Linyin Enforcement Union!?” the Cold Prince raged in a tantrum.

“We can still fix it. Let Bei Jiang deal with it. He’s still one of the best we have.”

“Humph, let’s hope he doesn’t let me down again. I don’t have a high tolerance for trash!”

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The glamorous woman put the paring knife back on the table. She approached the pool and took off her clothes, revealing her tender skin before she went into the cold water.

After swimming a lap, she flung her hair back and spoke towards a dark corner, “Don’t tell me you’re going to stay there and watch for the whole night? You heard the Cold Prince, don’t you have some matters to attend to?”

“I’m just confused. Why didn’t Leng Qing die? No one has managed to survive the Dark Wither!” A tall figure slowly materialized from the shadow.

“The man carrying the information that Leng Qing mentioned is called Mo Fan. He was the one that managed to get the better of Salan a few times. If you can kill him, the Cold Prince will be impressed...” the woman said.

“I’ve fought against him, there wasn’t anything special about him.”

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Chapter 1333: Face of Darkness

1333 Face of Darkness

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“Are you sure about this, letting Mo Fan take on Bei Jiang alone?” Feng Zhoulong said.

“The guy is in the dark. If Super Mages like you are around, he won’t show himself. He can easily tell it’s a trap, and so all our efforts will be in vain,” Lingling said.

Lingling was sitting beside Leng Qing’s bed. Her face was expressionless, yet she was more worried than anyone else!

The two lives dearest to her were at stake. If Mo Fan lost to Bei Jiang, he would be in trouble, and Leng Qing was most likely going to die too.

To make things worse, there was nothing else she could do apart from waiting here. Waiting was more of a torture than fighting!

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It was night again. Normally, Mo Fan preferred fighting at night since it allowed him to utilize his Shadow Element.

However, this time Mo Fan did not feel relieved. His petty Shadow Element was as unthreatening as a crying little baby to his opponent.

It was Mo Fan's first time feeling a strong pressure from Dark Magic, it was clenching his throat in a suffocating grip. It had completely changed his view of Dark Magic.

Mo Fan arrived on the outskirts and found himself in a spacious area. The straight road only had a few lights from the houses scattered in the distance.

Behind him was the bustling city, shining with great brilliance, while the path ahead was completely dark. The further he went, the tenser he was. He had never expected that a Shadow Mage like him would be afraid of walking in the dark!

He took a quick glance at the black flower with only two petals left. His uneasiness gradually dissipated, replaced by a hint of panic.

If the assassin decided not to show up, Leng Qing would die for sure. There was not much time left. Judging from the previous fight against the assassin, even if the guy showed up eventually, it was unlikely he could kill the assassin in the time that was left.

Even a Super Mage like Feng Zhoulong had failed to restrain him!

Time gradually passed. The panic grew in Mo Fan. After all, Leng Qing's life was at stake. Mo Fan was unable to accept it like the others.

"You can't save anyone." A black figure appeared out of nowhere, standing in the middle of the road. He was staring right at Mo Fan.

Mo Fan did not speak. He halted in his tracks and looked at his formidable opponent.

"Remember the chubby kid from before? The color of his brain was brighter than I imagined, tsk tsk..." Bei Jiang grinned. The shadows set off his intimidating face.

"You killed him?" Mo Fan blurted out in astonishment.

"I'm troubled by a certain disease. I wonder if the Healer that managed to sustain Leng Qing's life could heal me?" Bei Jiang said.

"You should visit a vet," Mo Fan replied.

"I know you are trying to lure me out of hiding. I also know Leng Qing has no chance of surviving. Unfortunately, my superior seems quite interested in you, and considering that you've sincerely invited me here, here I am," Bei Jiang raised his pale right hand and looked at his watch. He said, "Fifteen minutes, that's how much time Leng Qing has left. You know, I could have easily shown up after fifteen minutes when she was dead and killed you... but, that's just too boring. I decide to give your petty plan a little glimpse of hope."

Mo Fan glared at the assassin. His heart was rolling with rage, but he maintained a calm face. He could not afford to show any hint of panic against a formidable opponent. His enemy would easily abuse it!

However, Mo Fan did not expect Bei Jiang to see through their plan. He had not shown up because he was tricked by Lingling's plan. He was just playing them and everyone else like a fiddle, as he firmly believed no one could possibly live if he assumed them to be dead!

"That being said, this game won't last for fifteen minutes. I can easily kill you in just five minutes!" Bei Jiang added.

Bei Jiang slowly faded into the darkness behind him. A face with an eerie grin slowly appeared in the darkness. Its outline turned from blurry to solid. It was impossible to tell if it was real. It was staring down at the minuscule Mo Fan!

If the guy had not been his enemy, if his personality was not so twisted and enraging, Mo Fan would be impressed by the man's control of the Shadow Element after he saw the eerie face in the darkness. It was like the man was giving Mo Fan an exciting lecture on how powerful the Shadow Element could be!

Mo Fan didn't want to display his petty skill before an expert. He knew what his advantages were, and he knew it was a fight he could not afford to lose.

He only had fifteen minutes. Life was always so fragile, yet he had no choice but to give all he had to protect it!

"The Face of Darkness!"

The enormous grinning face solidified and lunged at Mo Fan. Its laughter penetrated Mo Fan's mind and interfered with his thoughts. It greatly slowed down Mo Fan's channeling and reaction time as it filled him with terror!

Mo Fan was not worried about himself. He was worried that Lingling would be overwhelmed with the grief of losing her sister. He was worried about seeing Lingling in tears. The darkness magnified those worries to overwhelm him!

The Face of Darkness was already within inches of him. Mo Fan kept moving backward. The spell was unable to inflict any damage on its target. It was only trying to break down the psychological defenses of the target, and take away the will to fight. The target might even lose its will to live after suffering the overwhelming fear and sorrow the spell had brought...

Mo Fan continued to back away. He suddenly heard a burst of laughter behind him. He turned around and saw another huge Face of Darkness charging at him!

The Focus Necklace around his neck shuddered slightly, unleashing ripples of blue energy. Each ripple helped erase the fear being implanted in his mind.

Mo Fan's thoughts cleared up. When he opened his eyes, the Faces of Darkness had both disappeared.

Mo Fan looked at the necklace. He still had a grim face, even though the spell had been nullified.

The battle had just begun, but he had already used a strong piece of his Equipment. How could he possibly defend himself from the upcoming attacks?

If he continued to be this passive, how could he possibly defeat the assassin in fifteen minutes?

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Chapter 1334: Own Demonic Shadows

“There!” Mo Fan immediately unleashed lightning from his hand after he recovered from the spell. The lightning arcs surged across the road and drove the darkness away, revealing a tall figure hiding there.

Mo Fan saw the figure smiling as the lightning flickered, but it suddenly disappeared from Mo Fan’s sight as the lightning was about to reach it. A twisted laugh echoed in the air. The great disdain the assassin displayed was truly infuriating!

“Time is running out!” Bei Jiang said. There was no trace of him whatsoever.

Mo Fan searched for the assassin calmly. He thought of every possibility of where the man might be hiding, but as he was preoccupied, he failed to notice that the road below him was gradually being devoured by a dark swamp. It slowly expanded from a black pool into a huge swamp!

There were not many cars on the road. The highway had been replaced by another tunnel nearby. It led to the Pearl River on the outskirts of the city. Occasionally, a few street racers would have some fun here, but the road had surprisingly disappeared tonight, as if it had been consumed by the darkness. A few luxurious cars had stopped at the entrance. Several well-dressed fuerdais were staring at the darkness in fear. None of them dared to drive into it.

“Why are we all so scared? It’s more thrilling the darker it is. Imagine you are driving at one-eighty when you can only see two hundred meters away. You will constantly be on your toes, as you never know when the next corner is coming up. I bet none of you have tried anything like it before!” a handsome man with braids challenged the others recklessly.

He slammed on the gas. The car soon reached a hundred kph!

The car continued to speed up. The man grinned when he heard the girls cheering for him. It was likely that he would be having some fun with at least two of them tonight. Girls always found dangerous men attractive, as if the thrill was able to help them reach the climax easier!

The whole place was covered in pitch-black darkness. To the man’s disbelief, he noticed some lightning flickering in the darkness!

The lightning arcs were surprisingly thick. The lightning forks they produced scattered in the air above like a giant web of lightning within a hand’s reach of his car...

“F**k me, what the hell is this place!?” the man screamed at the top of his lungs.

It felt like there was no end to the road. The terrified man sped up to two hundred kph, yet it felt like he was still in the same spot.

A figure suddenly appeared in front of the car. The man screamed, but it was too late to slam on the brakes. His car went right through it!

There was no collision, nor did he hear any noise. The figure dissipated like a cloud of black smoke when the car drew past it and dissipated with the wind behind the car.

The man turned around and almost peed himself. The black smoke came together again behind the car, reassuming the appearance of a human. The momentum of the car at such an insane speed could easily smash every bone inside a Mage, yet the figure was perfectly fine. It even turned around and grinned at the man, who immediately felt his skin crawl...

“Five minutes have passed. You’re doing better than I expected,” Bei Jiang said.

Mo Fan stood on the road that had been completely turned into a black swamp with a straight face.

Lots of figures had appeared around him. They did not look terrifying and scary, like deadly assassins, nor did they resemble Bei Jiang. They were all shadows of Mo Fan!

Each shadow had the same physique and height as Mo Fan. They even had a blurry face that looked like his. Mo Fan suddenly felt like he was surrounded by magic mirrors; his reflections in them had their own expressions, the same grin and glare!

“Lightning Whip!” Mo Fan gathered his lightning and swung it at the shadows like a whip.

A piercing burst of laughter broke out. The figures remained unmoving, mocking Mo Fan’s meaningless attack. The lightning whip shattered the shadows into black mist, but they regained the same appearance within seconds!

As soon as Mo Fan was done with his attacks, the shadows moved closer. Some were holding daggers, some were clutching their hands like claws, some were holding their bare fists. Mo Fan’s attacks were completely useless against them, yet their powerful attacks had left many bruises and wounds on him.

The wounds kept bleeding as the dark energy penetrated his body, slowing his blood flow and corrupting his cells and flesh. His organs were slowly wilting, too. The more wounds, the deeper the dark energy was penetrating into his body, and the faster his organs were wilting!

Mo Fan’s destructive spells were utterly useless. He initially thought only a Super Mage would be able to pose a threat to him. He never thought a man who had mastered the Shadow Element would leave him in such a pinch...

Time continued to pass, yet Mo Fan had not beaten a single one of the shadows...

A dagger stabbed at his throat. Mo Fan dodged aside and accumulated flames in his right fist. He threw the burning fist at the shadow whose dagger was still hanging in the air.

Fiery dragons sprang forward and shattered the shadow into black mist...

However, before Mo Fan could withdraw his hand, the eerie black mist gathered above Mo Fan. A shadow that looked exactly like him poked out of it and stabbed at his head with a dagger!

“Piss off!” Mo Fan reacted swiftly. A silver light burst out of his body, followed by a repelling force. The shadow holding a dagger realized that its attack was in vain again. It took the initiative to turn into a cloud of black smoke and drifted into the distance to dodge Mo Fan’s Space Magic.

Mo Fan took a deep breath. He did not have any time to catch his breath. A shadow with sharp claws rose from the swamp below and stabbed at his legs!

“AH!” Its claws tore the flesh on Mo Fan’s legs. The pain struck deep into Mo Fan’s soul.

Flame Belle quickly returned to Mo Fan’s side after seeing him injured. She recklessly unleashed her flames at the black swamp.

The swamp absorbed the energy like a bottomless hole. No matter how powerful Flame Belle’s flames were, they could not destroy the swamp, nor could they inflict any damage on the shadows.

The shadow with sharp claws did not dissipate into a cloud of smoke. It had the ability to move freely in the swamp, like a fierce demon fish waiting to ambush its target at the perfect timing after its prey had lowered its guard!

Blood poured out from the wounds. Mo Fan could even see his bones from the wounds. He forced himself to stand straight despite the incredible pain.

If he swayed even a little, it would give his opponent more opportunities to strike. At that time, it was not just the flesh of his legs, he would even lose his heart!

“Actually, you can just lie on the ground and cry in agony. No one will think you’re disgracing yourself. If they know you’ve died to I, Bei Jiang, they are only going to say, ‘That made sense,’” Bei Jiang’s voice echoed from nowhere.

Mo Fan still had no clue where the assassin was. If he could only find the assassin, he could beat the man into a crippled dog with a single punch!

“I’ve fought against people that are stronger than you. If you can’t kill me in the first five minutes, you’ll never be able to kill me. Keep trying your best to dodge my attacks. I once lived in poverty. There were always some rats hiding in the storage, the wooden racks, and in the pipes in my house. They would come and eat my biscuits, and bite my chairs whenever I was asleep. They thought they were good, being able to play me like a fiddle even though we are a lot bigger than them. They would squeak to provoke us... do you know what happened to them in the end?”

Mo Fan remained standing. His legs were trembling as his blood dripped onto the ground. He had imagined all kinds of horrible deaths he might die the moment he had decided to take on the Black Vatican. He was prepared to be covered in bruises and wounds, but as long as he was still able to get back on his feet, he would send every single one of these scum to Hell!

“You’re pretty optimistic; don’t you feel like a rat whose legs have been cut off, trapped inside a cage?” Bei Jiang’s voice was moving closer to Mo Fan.

Bei Jiang slowly approached Mo Fan with a smile; he was now less than twenty meters away from him. His steps were not making any noise, yet it felt like a huge mountain was crumbling onto him.

Mo Fan took a deep breath and calmed his thoughts. He could not understand why Bei Jiang was able to manipulate his Shadow Magic so perfectly. He was clueless about why Bei Jiang was able to disappear without a trace. Wouldn't Super Mages struggle against him too?...

Was it because of the Source of Darkness?

What exactly was the Source of Darkness?

Or perhaps it was his...

Innate Talent!

Mo Fan immediately thought of something. He had completely forgotten about the possibility that the man's capabilities might be part of his Innate Talent!

He was not the only person with an outstanding Innate Talent in the world. There were others with extraordinary talents who were almost unbeatable against opponents of the same level, too!

It was likely that Bei Jiang had some kind of Innate Talent related to the Shadow Element, and together with the Source of Darkness, it had made him a perfect Dominator of Darkness!

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Chapter 1335: See Through the Order of Darkness

Xinxia sat beside Leng Qing with her eyes closed. She was trying to feel the battle with her heartbeat.

Little Flame Belle was furious, sensing that Mo Fan was seriously injured. It was likely that the battle did not go according to plan.

"How much time do we have left?" Feng Zhoulong asked.

"Less than five minutes," Lingling said expressionlessly.

Five minutes. Normally, it would be gone very quickly with a little daydreaming, but Lingling had the urge to make it last for the whole day, or even for the whole year!

"We're asking too much from him. Bei Jiang is extremely talented. The fact that he earned his reputation before he even reached the Super Level indicates that he's even scarier than some of the Super Mages... we should just call it off if it won't work out. If we know we can't save her, we should avoid more unnecessary casualties," Tata spoke up.

"Damn it, the Nanguo Magic Association can't even do anything to the assassin. Such a disgrace!" Feng Zhoulong blurted out furiously.

They had a lot of powerful Mages, yet none of them was of any use in this situation. If any of them drew closer to the highway, Bei Jiang would surely flee, and Leng Qing would have no chance of survival!

Mo Fan was their only hope, but they were worried that Mo Fan would die to the assassin too!

The sound of the cars faded into the distance. Mo Fan was surprised by their sudden intrusion. He had chosen this desolated place to avoid unnecessary casualties.

Bei Jiang was not interested in the man driving the sports car, being focused on the battle against Mo Fan. If he could take Mo Fan down, his reputation among the assassins would rise dramatically. After all, even Salan could not do anything about him!

“It doesn’t feel good, right? Dying isn’t a hassle, but you’re still carrying the burden of trying to save a woman’s life on your shoulders ... say, why don’t we make a little deal? I’m not a greedy man. Killing Leng Qing is just business. I’m not really fond of the Cold Prince of the Black Vatican. His arrogance annoys me. I’ll withdraw my Dark energy so Leng Qing can slowly recover, and you will stop struggling and extend your neck, so I can sever your head with a clean cut...” Bei Jiang offered.

As time passed, Bei Jiang was enjoying the battle more. He could sense Mo Fan’s impatience and panic; it was utterly pleasing!

Mo Fan ignored Bei Jiang’s proud remarks. Judging from the direction of the voice, Bei Jiang was standing right in front of him. However, the man surely had some tricks up in his sleeves. He would not dare stand in front of Mo Fan, since Mo Fan could easily inflict serious damage on him with a full-on destructive spell!

Mo Fan withheld the urge to attack. He continued to dodge the continuous attacks from the demonic shadows while analyzing the traits of Bei Jiang’s abilities...

Mo Fan heard the man driving the sports car being mocked by his friends for wetting his pants in the distance. Mo Fan was left speechless by those guys. Did they not have any brains? The road was so dark, with occasional electricity flickers. It was obviously not just a natural phenomenon!

Wait a second, wasn’t the guy driving straight ahead? When did he turn back? The thought crossed Mo Fan’s mind and stuck there.

The man obviously could not think straight after getting the shit scared out of him. He just kept driving straight ahead since he was too terrified to turn around. Mo Fan did not see the car turn around, nor was there any sign that the man had driven across the black swamp a second time!

The road was perfectly straight. If he kept driving ahead, how did he end up going back to his friends?

“The Chaos Element?” Mo Fan finally realized something important.

He naively assumed Bei Jiang was using the Shadow Element! The man was able to disappear and reappear as he pleased. Even when he was standing right in front of Mo Fan, it was more like a black shadow projected in front of him. Mo Fan was struggling to lock down his enemy’s actual position...

The Chaos Element was Dimensional Magic, capable of manipulating the order of the dimensions. The directions could be reversed, energy could be deflected, attacks could be reflected, and even the space would be in disarray. When a moving object entered an area manipulated by Chaos Magic, it would return to the same spot even when they kept moving in the same direction.

Normally, if an area was manipulated by the Chaos Magic, most people could easily tell what was happening by looking at their surroundings. For example, the straight road was now meandering,

indicating that Chaos Magic had altered it. If the sky was seemingly below him, it indicated that gravity had been reversed...

However, the whole place was in pitch-black darkness due to the black swamp. It did not matter how twisted and deranged his surroundings were, Mo Fan was not able to tell!

It explained why the sports car had gone back to where it had come from, even though it was driving straight ahead. It also explained why the demonic shadows could eerily change their positions, and why he was struggling so much to land his attacks!

The Shadow Element and the Chaos Element!

It was impossible to merge two different Elements, unless the person's control over the two Elements was strong enough to stack them up perfectly...

Bei Jiang's Innate Talent had allowed him to merge the Chaos Element and the Shadow Element!

It was the reason why his shadows could show up anywhere. It explained why no one was able to find him. When the Shadow Element and the Chaos Element combined together, they would only feel the presence of the Shadow Element without a single trace of the Chaos Element, misleading them into assuming the man was only using the Shadow Element. They never thought the man had the ability to manipulate the order inside the darkness as he pleased, making him the Ruler of Darkness!

"That's why!" A strong will erupted inside Mo Fan. He had waited so long for his turn to counterattack!

Mo Fan did not stay in the same spot. He ignored his injuries and sprinted in the direction the sports car was heading to previously, under Flame Belle's protection.

Mo Fan's lightning had landed on the sports car's spoiler when it drove past. The broken parts had scattered across the ground. He searched for the broken parts to ensure he was moving in the right direction...

Luckily, the area had not been shifted again by the Chaos Magic. Mo Fan found pieces of metal on the ground, telling him he was standing at the spot where directions were reversed!

"Oh? Have you made up your mind? Did you decide to save yourself and let Leng Qing die?" Bei Jiang slowly followed behind Mo Fan.

He just needed to let his obedient shadows do the killing. He did not have to do it himself. He grinned when he saw Mo Fan trying to escape.

Humans were all selfish. It was reasonable that Mo Fan did not agree with his suggestion. Either way, Bei Jiang had no intention of letting Mo Fan escape in one piece!

Both Leng Qing and Mo Fan had to die. Did this fool seriously think he could escape from his Order of Darkness? Bei Jiang smirked.

"There's no escape," Bei Jiang was like a wolf following the trail of blood that the wild ox Mo Fan had left behind.

The demonic shadows continued to attack and leave Mo Fan with more wounds. He was still bleeding. His blood had left a long trail along the road. It was quite a gory sight.

Mo Fan slowly lifted his right hand. Wisps of flames circled his hand...

He kept pouring his energy into the flames, yet the candlelight on his hand retained its size. Its color gradually darkened as it burned vigorously.

“Do you still think you can hurt me with your magic? I’m afraid I don’t have the patience to play with you anymore. I’ll have to cut you into pieces to make myself feel better.” Bei Jiang did not bother dodging Mo Fan’s attack.

A black knife with jagged edges slowly appeared in his hand, like it had grown out of his arm. The knife smelled like fresh blood. It was difficult to tell how many arteries the deadly weapon had sliced open!

Bei Jiang continued to move closer to Mo Fan without dodging the attack. He was acting calmly, like he could not see the flames on Mo Fan’s hand!

“Keep that Flame Belle busy!” Bei Jiang ordered the shadows.

It was obvious that Bei Jiang had decided to cut Mo Fan’s head off himself. He believed Mo Fan, whose legs were severely injured, had no chance of running away from him.

Mo Fan looked at the approaching shadow. He continued to accumulate fiery energy in the flames burning on his hand. The enormous pressure that Bei Jiang was applying to him did not change his mind. It was time for the final showdown!

The last petal on his palm faded away. Mo Fan felt a sharp pain, as if his heart had just been stabbed. He could not help but gasp.

However, he could not afford to be overwhelmed by sorrow now. He turned the surge of emotion into raging energy accumulating on his palm...

“Still not going to attack? Die then!” Bei Jiang lifted the black knife and slashed at Mo Fan from a safe distance away!

He did not dare to stand too close to Mo Fan, as the man was like an explosive powderkeg. It was better for him to stay a safe distance away!

Mo Fan had long waited for this moment. He lifted the candlelight that was already at its limit.

Bei Jiang was not too bothered by it. He had a disdainful grin as he continued to absorb dark energy. The formidable magic formed a black whirlpool on his knife...

“Die!” “Die!” Two voices uttered simultaneously. Mo Fan was the first to attack. He tossed the candlelight in his hand ahead of him.

Bei Jiang swung the Dark Magic-enhanced knife. He believed his shadows had worn down Mo Fan’s defense. He did not care if the man had attacked slightly earlier than him.

There was no way Mo Fan’s attacks could land on him, not to mention how insignificant the little candlelight seemed...

The two kinds of formidable energy faced one another. They were about to trigger a great storm as the energy crashed into one another, but as they reached a point where they could no longer back away, Mo Fan suddenly turned around!

He had tossed the candlelight, but was tossing it behind him instead!

Bei Jiang was right in front of him, yet he had tossed the flame that served as his last glimpse of hope in the opposite direction of the enemy that was trying to take his life...

Mo Fan's action was so idiotic that anyone would immediately burst out laughing if they were fighting against him.

However, Bei Jiang's expression shifted. His eyes flickered with disbelief. The candlelight that had been tossed in the opposite direction was growing larger in his eyes!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 1336: The Framework of Hell

Bei Jiang panicked briefly, but quickly calmed himself.

He had panicked, since he did not expect Mo Fan to see through his Order of Darkness. He had been an assassin for many years. Even those stronger than him had failed to learn the secret before they died, so how did this young man manage to see through his trick?

It was an utter disgrace. If the world knew he was using the Chaos Element together with his Shadow Element, it would be harder for him to kill his targets in the future!

The question was... how did the kid see through his trick? Was it just a coincidence?

The candlelight slowly approached Bei Jiang. Even though Mo Fan had learned his secret, it did not necessarily mean Bei Jiang was unable to dodge the attack. He quickly reacted after a brief moment of panic and moved to his left. He also put the black knife away.

"It looks like I have to make sure you won't leave this place alive!" Bei Jiang said coldly.

"Do you seriously think you still have the chance?" Mo Fan grinned. It was his turn to wear a wide arrogant smile!

Mo Fan spread his other hand, and a sharp silver light burst out!

It withdrew the rhomboid restraining the energy of the flames. The blazing energy of the tiny candlelight suddenly exploded in all directions!

The scorching flames devoured the entire road. The destructive force left Bei Jiang's face blank!

"How...how is this possible!..." Bei Jiang saw the flames lunging at him like fiery dragons. The cunning and confident look on his face completely disappeared. The light of the flames lit up his astonished face!

BOOM!

The flames of the tiny candlelight devoured everything they came across. The huge explosion left a pit over five hundred meters wide in the open area!

The scorching heat swept in Mo Fan's direction and burned his ragged clothes. Its strong wind blew his hair back. A different flame encapsulated his figure, a red battle robe as bright as blood!

The demonic shadows disappeared in the raging flames before they faded away.

Mo Fan went forward and approached Bei Jiang, who was beyond recognition after suffering the enormous blast.

Mo Fan had to admit that his Shadow Element was no match for the assassin. However, in terms of destructive power, Mo Fan only needed to land a single spell on a man who had devoted himself to mastering the Shadow Element to defeat him!

Bei Jiang did not expect Mo Fan to see through his trick, nor did he expect the insignificant candlelight to possess such terrifying force. His defense was non-existent against the Compressive Explosion!

The whole area was scorched black by the flames. Mo Fan was a true demon of destruction. He walked up to Bei Jiang and stared down at the man lying on the ground, holding onto his last breath.

Bei Jiang's skin was scorched black. He looked no different from a dried corpse. He had tried his best to escape Mo Fan's flames by fleeing into his black swamp, yet he only managed to move a dozen meters. The flames of the explosion had extended almost a kilometer across!

"You...you can't save anyone... Leng Qing is dead, she's already dead, that kid... he's dead too! Leng Qing is dead, you are just a piece of trash, HAHAA!" Bei Jiang screamed while crawling on the ground.

"It's true that I have failed to save them. There are too many deranged scum like you in this world. Even Forbidden Mages are unable to save them all, let alone me..." Mo Fan stomped his foot on the reputable assassin of the Hall of Assassins and used all his might to grind down on his head, trying to apply some of the torture that Leng Qing had endured to the psychopath. He said as he continued to apply more pressure, "But remember this: as long as I, Mo Fan, am alive, I'll send you all to Hell one by one!"

"The people that you've brutally killed and tortured to death are waiting for you down there. They can't wait to skin you, pull out your tendons, and tear you apart a million times!"

"Your soul won't die in Hell. You'll be reborn again after they have torn you apart. However, the pain will forever be inflicted on your soul. They will pounce on you again and ask you why you killed them while cutting your flesh off!"

A person's mind was at its weakest prior to their death. The thoughts pouring into their minds in their final moments would haunt them like a nightmare. If Mo Fan had said this when Bei Jiang was fully conscious, he would only laugh it off. But now, he was on his last breath. He no longer had control over his life and dignity. The words immediately laid down the structure of the prolonged torture he would suffer after his death...

Death would be the end of it, was the thought of most villains!

How amusing; death was only just the beginning! What awaited them ahead was a furnace that would bring these evil souls eternal pain, torture, and despair!

Mo Fan had no idea if Hell even existed, but he had constructed that spiritual Hell for Bei Jiang in his last moment. He was mentally trapped inside the idea of the endless torture awaiting him for his crimes and sins!

Mo Fan stomped his flaming foot on Bei Jiang's charred head and crushed his skull to pieces. The eyeballs, still filled with terror, rolled to the side and were burned into ashes by his flames.

Mo Fan took a deep breath. He opened his palm and glanced at the black flower.

All the petals had fallen off. He had failed to save Leng Qing in the end. It felt as if his efforts were all in vain... however, the world had one fewer psychopath, thanks to him...

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The flames continued to burn for a long time. The abandoned highway was completely erased from the outskirts of the city.

A few luxury cars were parked at the entrance to the highway. The drivers were dumbfounded when they saw the sea of flames ahead. They even forgot to flee for their lives.

A figure engulfed in flames slowly walked out from the blazing fire. He was dragging a scorched corpse with him. The man was covered in injuries, yet his dark brown eyes were glittering with an extremely dangerous look!

"Give me a ride; bring me back to the city."

Before anyone could react, the man jumped into the passenger's seat of a car owned by a red-haired woman.

The woman was stunned for a moment. She eventually fired up the engine with a trembling hand.

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A glamorous woman in a bathrobe was lying on a chair beside a colorful swimming pool. Her glittering golden eyes were staring at the cloudy dark sky above Guangzhou.

"Humph, the brightest talent of the Hall of Assassins? I am seriously impressed!" A teenager with purple eyes tossed the pieces of Bei Jiang's skull that his men had retrieved in front of the woman.

"He's dead?" The woman's eyes widened. "It seems there's a reason the kid has been such a pain in the arse to Salan..."

"It's a relief that Leng Qing is dead. Otherwise, it would ruin my plan!" the young man replied.

"That's good to hear. If it wasn't because of how difficult it is for members of the Black Vatican to do anything in China, we wouldn't have had to let the Hall of Assassins handle the problem for us," the woman with golden eyes agreed.

“Master, if you had let me handle it, Leng Qing would have been dead before she even arrived in Guangzhou. Bei Jiang was too young, and too full of himself...” a bulky man with a naked upper body said.

The man’s skin tone was quite strange. It seemed to change color in response to the lights shining on the pool.

“We can’t afford to expose ourselves. I don’t want to lose any men that might be useful to me before we even carry out the plan,” the Cold Prince muttered.

Since the Calamity of the Ancient Capital, China had been the hardest country for the Black Vatican to infiltrate. Even authorities with proper identities were only allowed to visit the country as tourists. They could not afford to stir up any trouble, or the Enforcement Union and the Mages determined to get their revenge would annihilate them right away.

“Master, am I just someone that might be useful?” The bulky man pointed at his nose. He looked simple and honest, like a bear.

“Yes, just that.”

“Hehehe, how about me, Master Cold Prince?” the woman smiled and pointed at herself.

The teenager placed his hand inside the woman’s bathrobe and asked with raised brows, “In what areas?”

“What do you think?”

“You have won my heart.”

“Is that all?” The woman slowly drew closer, and licked the teenage boy’s palm.

The teenager pounced on the woman. The woman was not wearing anything under the bathrobe. He was enjoying himself, swimming in her soft embrace.

The teenage boy suddenly turned to the bulky man and said, “Do you want to hold her in place for me?”

“No, no, master can easily subdue her on your own,” the bulky man answered quickly.

“Then why the f**k are you staying around!?” the teenage boy snapped.

“Yes, I’ll be going!” The man quickly left.

“If you had the slightest bit of brains, you wouldn’t be useful to me!” the teenage boy swore as he watched the man leave.

The curvaceous woman under the teenage boy wriggled alluringly, as if she was asking to be ‘devastated’. She kept teasing the teenage boy while moaning, yet suddenly said off-topic, “Master Cold Prince, you’re still haven’t told me what you and Salan stole from the Sacred Hall of Liberty.”

“You don’t need to know, b**ch!”

“AH... I love it when you call me that!”

Versatile Mage

Chapter 1337: Luring the Traitor Ou

Covered in filth and ashes, Mo Fan walked into the Canton Tower and made his way to the ward on the seventieth floor.

He could not afford to sit still. Someone was waiting for him to return safely, and someone was waiting to be comforted by him with everything he had.

“What should I even tell the Hall Mother? Please don’t do anything so reckless next time. I know that every person’s life is precious, but we from the Parthenon Temple should only do things that are within our powers, to ensure that we can do more meaningful things...” Tata was speaking quickly. Mo Fan could hear her Greek accented speech before entering the room.

“My Heavens, you’re finally back! I thought you were killed too!” Feng Zhoulong immediately walked up to Mo Fan.

Lingling went up to Mo Fan too. She quickly helped him to a sickbed after seeing his injuries.

“Lingling, I’m sorry...” Mo Fan said grimly.

If he had managed to see through Bei Jiang’s abilities earlier, he would have been able to save Leng Qing’s life.

Bei Jiang was dead, but he would trade many Bei Jiang for Leng Qing’s life!

“What is there to be sorry about? Humph, didn’t you notice that someone has fainted?” Tata spoke up, displeased.

Mo Fan looked around and saw Xinxia lying beside Leng Qing’s bed like she had fallen asleep, yet Mo Fan knew Xinxia would never fall asleep in a situation like this.

He went over to Xinxia and noticed how terrifyingly pale her face was. It was like she had endured great torture.

“What happened?” Mo Fan asked.

“I don’t know what we owe you, but Her Highness used a sacred art of the Parthenon Temple, one she has yet to master...” Tata kept grumbling.

Xinxia slowly regained consciousness when she heard Mo Fan’s voice. She smiled when she saw Mo Fan standing in front of her, but her eyes were flickering when she saw Mo Fan’s injuries.

“I’ll...I’ll treat your...”

Tata immediately interrupted as Xinxia was trying to say something. “My little Saintess, are you trying to make me a sinner of the Parthenon Temple?! Let others worry about his injuries. Don’t you cast another spell, or I’ll have no choice but to drag you back to the Parthenon Temple!” Tata screamed.

Xinxia began to panic as soon as she saw Mo Fan's injuries. It was common to see Mo Fan with injuries, but they had never been as serious as the ones he currently had. A few of them had almost cut his throat open. She could not imagine how close to death Mo Fan was in the fight. He might not have returned!

"Did you use the Spell of Resurrection?" Mo Fan asked.

Xinxia shook her head and said, "I didn't use the Spell of Resurrection. I only used the Greater Healing Blessing of the Parthenon Temple. My cultivation is not strong enough, so I was worn out by it."

"Worn out? Do you think I don't understand your words? You've damaged your soul for it, and you've only preserved the soul of her body for now. If you don't cast the Greater Healing Blessing on her every month, she is still going to die!," Tata exclaimed.

"Sister Xinxia, my grandpa always says that our fate is in the hands of the Heavens. We've done all we could for our sister. You don't have to sacrifice your soul for her... it was my sister's decision. She knew something like this would happen one day the moment she chose this path," Lingling did not cry this time. She even tried to comfort Xinxia.

Xinxia did not agree with her. She placed her hand on Leng Qing's palm and said softly, "If our fate is really in the hands of the Heavens, it means fate has brought me here to save Sister Leng Qing's life. Don't worry, it's not as serious as Tata is saying. I can cast the Greater Healing Blessing on Leng Qing once every month after my cultivation improves. I'll bring her to the Parthenon Temple. You all have tried so hard to save her, how can I not do anything?"

"The Source of Darkness has been destroyed. Even though she has stepped into the Gates of Hell, there are cases where people with wilted hearts came back to life in the history of the Parthenon Temple, which is why I'm eager to preserve her soul. It's a reminder that I shouldn't be slacking on my cultivation, too. Don't worry, I won't force myself, and I won't do anything excessive, but I'll try my best to save her. If one year isn't enough, I'll spend two years, or three years..."

Mo Fan was touched by Xinxia's determination. There were many things he wanted to say, but he expressed them with a hug.

"I was thinking of giving Brother Mo Fan a surprise and staying with you for a few days, but I'll have to bring Sister Leng Qing back to the Parthenon Temple..." Xinxia said apologetically.

"It's my fault. Stay until tomorrow," Mo Fan felt guilty.

Xinxia finally had a chance to rest, yet she ended up so worn out because of him!

"Mm!" Xinxia nodded.

When Mo Fan woke up the next morning, half of the bed was already empty, with only a faint pleasant scent left. Mo Fan was already missing her. He also felt a little helpless.

Did she already leave?

Why did he have to sleep like a pig? His injuries had already recovered by the end of the night. He could have woken up earlier to do something shameless, yet he had missed out on the opportunity.

He should really pay a visit to Greece. He believed the old antiques of the Parthenon Temple were missing him too...

“Mo Fan, I’ve decided to dig the Cold Prince out!” Lingling’s voice came out of nowhere.

It scared the shit out of Mo Fan. Since when did Lingling learn to come and go like a shadow?

“Bei Jiang was only an assassin. The person that wanted my sister dead was the Red Cardinal of the Black Vatican, known as the Cold Prince. The information that my sister risked her life for is clearly something very important. Every Red Cardinal is a psychopath. I believe my sister discovered something terrifying,” Lingling said sternly.

“We should discuss it with your grandfather first. It’s a little difficult for us to take on a Red Cardinal yet,” Mo Fan replied.

“My grandpa won’t be coming back to the country for some time. Something huge must have happened,” Lingling told him.

“Then we’ll go talk to Zhu Meng and the others. We don’t have a single clue where to start, unless your sister is able to wake up now,” Mo Fan said.

Lingling shook her head and said, “We do have one.”

Mo Fan glanced at Lingling in confusion.

Leng Qing did not tell them anything. It was likely something that could not be explained clearly in a few words. It might be a place, a secret lair, or part of a conspiracy.

“Do you remember how we were using the traitor to relay the information to the Cold Prince?” Lingling said.

“Of course. It’s actually quite terrifying, knowing that someone in the Enforcement Union is working for the Black Vatican,” Mo Fan said.

Mo Fan remembered Leng Qing mentioning that there was a traitor in the Enforcement Union, but the traitor was not necessarily a member of the Black Vatican. He was still an Enforcer, yet he was unaware that he was betraying his colleagues. He was most likely giving away information to a certain organization in return for some benefits, but the Black Vatican was able to secure the information, too. Therefore, it did not necessarily mean someone in the Enforcement Union was a spy sent by the Black Vatican, but it was obvious that there was a breach. It was not safe to pass important information to the Enforcement Union. Even the secret message encrypted by an Elder had ended up in the hands of the Black Vatican in no time.

However, the person leaking the information in the Enforcement Union was clearly a huge problem, considering how quickly the message had ended up in the Cold Prince’s hands!

“I handled the encrypted message differently when I was sending it out. I duplicated the message and requested the Enforcement Union of different places meet us at the road where you went, but the cities I wrote were Foshan, Xiamen, Shenzhen, Kunming... these cities have the same address of the road in Guangzhou,” Lingling told him.

“You purposely gave them the wrong address? How did Bei Jiang know where I am then... ah, I understand now. The Cold Prince and Bei Jiang know we are in Guangzhou, thus the person we were trying to contact was going to be in Guangzhou, too. When they saw the wrong addresses, they would have assumed we were trying to trick them. They would still go to the same road to look for me,” Mo Fan said.

“But the traitor knew we were in Guangzhou and my sister’s condition. The person knew we hadn’t learned anything important. It was obvious that the message we sent was bait,” Lingling said.

“But how do we know who’s the traitor? Every city has a different person who will receive the person that sent the secret message,” Mo Fan said.

“Which is why I used my role as a Hunter Master to request a Hunter meet with the recipient in Foshan, Xiamen, Shenzhen, and Kunming... I was just trying my luck to see if the traitor would make a mistake,” Lingling said.

Mo Fan was stunned. Lingling’s move was absolutely brilliant!

Lingling purposely sent the wrong address to trick the traitor into believing that it was just bait, yet she still ended up sending people to meet with the recipients!

“Last night, the Hunter in Kunming told me that there was no one waiting for him at the designated location, which means the person that received the secret message in Kunming is working for the Black Vatican. His mistake has exposed himself, but he doesn’t know it. The person must have quite a high status and role in the Enforcement Union. I was thinking of taking him out right away, but now that we’ve learned the Cold Prince is up to something, I believe we should keep the line there. We might be able to track the Red Cardinal down with it!” Lingling’s eyes glittered.

“Lingling, you are an absolute genius! Well done, we finally have some clues we can work on, which means we are no longer passive... we might be able to take the lead and take down the Red Cardinal!” Mo Fan exclaimed excitedly.

Lingling’s plan was impressive, especially how she had purposely given out the wrong address, yet still sent someone to meet the recipients. If the traitor was more cautious and sent someone to the address just in case, they would have ended up empty-handed still. However, the receiver in Kunming did not show up as expected; the person must have been too busy enjoying a sense of achievement after taking out an Elder of the Enforcement Union!

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 1338: The Cold Prince of the Mediterranean Sea

It was easy to eavesdrop on normal magic transmission equipment. Many members of the Enforcement Union were working as spies, so they would rarely use normal magic transmission equipment to pass important information around. To ensure that orders received were reliable, Elders of the Enforcement Union had to deliver them personally, and each Elder had their own encryption code.

If the message being delivered was encrypted by an Elder, it showed the importance of the message, especially information related to the Black Vatican. Many members of the Black Vatican lurked in the

cities. It was impossible to identify them unless they exposed themselves. Therefore, it was extremely important to encrypt the messages!

The process was complicated, but it was the safest way of transmitting important messages when going against the Black Vatican.

The secret code kept changing. Only the designated Receiver of each Enforcement Union would know the secret code to decrypt messages. When an Elder wanted to pass on an important message that could not afford to be intercepted or eavesdropped on, they would deliver the secret message to set up a meeting with the Receiver of a local Enforcement Union.

Things were a lot simpler after meeting with the Receiver. The information would be relayed straight back to headquarters; only people with the ranks of Councilman and above had access to the information. There was no way the information could be intercepted and eavesdropped on. If there was any important evidence, like lists of names or objects, the Receiver would activate a portal and transfer the important evidence to a specific department that only Councilmen had access to.

The Enforcers relayed most of their information back to the Enforcement Union with normal communication methods. After all, they were currently in the Magic Technology Era. It was not as complicated as delivering messages with pigeons in ancient times. However, it was necessary to come up with a way to deliver important messages, especially when they were up against the Black Vatican. They never knew if the person they were telling the information to was a member of the Black Vatican. It was extremely difficult to learn if a person was a spy from the Black Vatican!

Lingling was familiar with the process of sending confidential information. Therefore, when she asked Leng Qing to send the message, not only was she using the traitor to lure Bei Jiang out of hiding, she was planning to take out a traitor that had long infiltrated the Enforcement Union, too!

“From the looks of it, the traitor is most likely taking orders from the Cold Prince. Therefore, we didn’t get rid of him when we were annihilating Salan’s henchmen,” Lingling said.

They had gotten rid of Salan’s influence in the country, including the low-ranking Gray Priests and the higher-ranking Blue Deacons. Salan had gathered everyone under her orders during the Calamity of the Ancient Capital. She had even summoned her henchmen who were hiding in the Ancient Capital to enjoy the festival she had prepared for them. As a result, her henchmen were all taken out because of it.

Despite that, they were only members of the Black Vatican under Salan’s leadership. Who knew if the other Red Cardinals had planted their own chess pieces in the country, too?

“My sister always thought the traitor was under Salan’s command. It allowed the traitor to remain in hiding for so long,” Lingling explained.

“Yeah, I didn’t expect that, either! Who exactly is this Cold Prince?” Mo Fan asked her

“I have heard things about the Cold Prince,” Zhao Manyan spoke up. He would occasionally visit other countries, thus he had heard rumors about things there. “The Cold Prince is active in the Mediterranean Sea. His main influence is in countries to the south of the Mediterranean. No one has ever seen his true face, but rumors say he has purple eyes.”

“Purple eyes... that’s a very distinctive feature, but then again, there are lots of people who wear colored contact lenses to pretend they look cool. It won’t be easy to find him if that’s the only clue we have. Besides, if I was the Cold Prince, I’d be wearing contact lenses of different colors,” Mo Fan said.

“Yeah, this Cold Prince is the same as Salan...” Zhao Manyan agreed.

“Same? He’s a woman?” Mo Fan asked.

“No, the Cold Prince is a man; we know that at least. I’m referring to their style of approach, the way they bring fear to the world. Some of the Red Cardinals possess insane strength and cultivation, so even the Holy Judgment Court would not stand a chance against them. Those who are good at conspiring and making necessary arrangements to achieve their plans aren’t that much stronger than us, and yet, the experts willing to take their orders, and their cunning, are much scarier than the Red Cardinals with outstanding strength,” Zhao Manyan stated.

Mo Fan agreed with Zhao Manyan.

As a matter of fact, Salan might not even stand a chance against the Enforcement Union. The Enforcement Union could easily send an expert to crush them, but they were good at concealing their identities and executing conspiracies.

The Ancient Capital had existed for thousands of years. Normally, it would require several armies to destroy it. Even if the Black Vatican had ten times more members than it currently had, it would still struggle to take down the walls of the Ancient Capital...

Magic might be scary, but an outstanding talent for bringing destruction and committing crimes certain people possessed were even more terrifying. The only thing that could destroy humanity were humans themselves!

“So you’re saying that the Cold Prince is plotting something, something similar to Salan’s conspiracy that led to the Calamity of the Ancient Capital?” Mo Fan asked in a deep voice.

Leng Qing had risked her life just to bring the information back. If that conspiracy had made the life of an Elder of the Enforcement Union so fragile, there was no way it was going to be just a little scuffle!

“In the past, the Cold Prince’s reputation actually exceeded Salan’s... I mean infamy. However, since the Calamity of the Ancient Capital, criminals across the world have been worshiping Salan as their god, treating her as their role model for bringing destruction upon this world. Therefore, even though Salan was forced to flee to other countries like a beaten dog and her influence in China has been completely wiped out by the Enforcement Union, as long as she’s alive, she has plenty of chances to make a comeback. Many deviants are willing to submit themselves to her, wanted criminals will join her, and psychopaths will take orders from her...” Zhao Manyan said.

The truth had always been cruel. Mo Fan was deeply troubled by Zhao Manyan’s words.

Salan’s festival at the Ancient Capital was, in fact, still a great success for her. The lives that were lost were like sacrifices offered to build her throne at the top of the world, so all the maniacs and psychopaths across the world could see her brilliance as a Goddess of Death...

Now that he thought about it, if Salan was truly defeated back then and forced to flee by the Enforcement Union, why would she bother showing up so blatantly at the Parthenon Temple?

She was getting more powerful. She no longer had to hide in the dark. She just stood in the plaza of the sacred Parthenon Temple and told everyone that she was Salan. She blatantly took what she came for, killed the people she wanted to kill, and disappeared without a trace...

Perhaps someone like her was indeed worthy to be called a goddess?

[Versatile Mage](#)

Chapter 1339: 1339 The Alert Over Five Thousand Kilometers of Shoreline

“The Cold Prince is a great strategist, just like Salan. His infamous masterpiece was the incident of the Red Mediterranean Sea. The water in the eastern Mediterranean Sea turned red for half a month. The scent of blood lingered in the cities along the coastlines of Greece, Egypt, Italy, Turkey, and several other countries. It led to the worst plague and invasion of sea monsters in the past decade, resulting in uncounted deaths,” Zhao Manyan informed him.

“Incident of the Red Mediterranean Sea? Why have I not heard of it before? Why didn’t the media report it, if it was that serious?” Mo Fan asked, confused.

Mo Fan knew how big the Mediterranean Sea was. How many people’s blood would it take to turn the sea red and the scent of blood linger in so many countries along the coastline?

“Do you think it’s something they could afford to tell the public? Lots of people kept demanding to learn the truth, they asked for democracy, but there are certain things that can’t be made public. Publicity means giving exposure to the mastermind of the incident. It will stir up the urge to commit crimes among the lunatics. Those that hold a strong grudge and hatred for society will follow in their steps. It would further strengthen the Black Vatican’s influence in the world and help them grow!

“Just look at Salan; so many people are mimicking her after the Calamity of the Ancient Capital. Many cities are suffering because of her. The number of Salan’s worshipers could fill up the entire Mediterranean Sea. Even the younger generations who have had enough of society think of how ‘cool’ Salan is. Studies have proven that laughter is contagious, but so is evil. The maniacs of the Black Vatican might just be some people that have thoughts after being mistreated, and which eventually led them astray... perhaps they were only ordinary people before,” Lingling said sternly.

Every person had good and evil sides. There was no clear boundary between what was good and evil. A mother who stole money just to feed her daughter was not necessarily evil, nor was the daughter who killed the judge for pronouncing her mother guilty for stealing the money kind. Even a gentle person could turn into an unforgivable criminal after they were provoked!

Many people had lots of negativity in them. Their minds were constantly occupied by thoughts of killing the people that bullied and humiliated them to vent their frustrations. Those that were poor were hoping that everyone else would suffer together with them. They hoped the rich and the blissful people would suffer just like them. If they were given a button to make everyone suffer like them, it was very

likely they would press the button, since they believed they were beyond redemption and burst out laughing...

The button did exist. The Black Vatican was the button. Zhao Pinlin was one of the people that had decided to press the button. He was just an arrogant, proud student on the bus, but what did he become at the villa?

If the Calamity of the Ancient Capital had not happened, his mind might not have been filled with evil thoughts. Without those thoughts, he might not have chosen to step into Fang Shaoli's trap...

Most people did not have their own moral strength. They would pretend to be mature by arguing it was just how the world was in coldness, disdain, and envy. The truth was, they were no different from immature kids; they did not have their own beliefs, and they lacked the ability to judge on their own. They were blindly following others. Parents did not allow kids to watch gory and violent movies because they were afraid the kids would be influenced by the movies, since they had yet to discover the right values. It was the same reason the authorities would try their best to gloss over news about tragedies from the public.

Not every adult had mature thoughts and beliefs. Perhaps they might not immediately become a crook after seeing evil deeds, but if they found a chance to do evil, they might hesitate and make the wrong decision, just like Zhao Pinlin had made.

Even if the odds of making a wrong decision were only increased by a hundredth, or even a thousandth, it would still be devastating for the world. If they were unlucky and another criminal genius like the Cold Prince or Salan was born, the time before another tragedy would happen would start ticking!

Therefore, was it really necessary to tell the people who demanded democracy everything, when most of them were just trying to satisfy their curiosity, or even gloat over the sufferings of others?

If they could reduce the number of criminals in the world by thousands or even tens of thousand by trading away the right to know everything that happened, why would they even bother with democracy?

—

The incident of the Red Mediterranean Sea that the Cold Prince was responsible for was not made public, sealed off by the European Union and the Shoreline Alliance. Therefore, it was unlikely for Mo Fan, who learned most of his knowledge from textbooks, to read about it. As a matter of fact, many incidents across the world were sealed off by the authorities. They were not trying to point their fingers at others, but to limit the negative impact of the incidents, since there were just too many fools in this world.

“Salan's influence is even greater than the Supreme Pontiff of the Black Vatican. I believe the Cold Prince, who's also a psychopath, doesn't want people to think he's inferior to Salan. The incident of the Red Mediterranean Sea wasn't that significant compared to Salan's achievements. If the Cold Prince is planning something, it's going to be worse than the incident of the Red Mediterranean Sea without a doubt, and there's a chance it will happen in our country,” Lingling said.

“F**k the Black Vatican; why do they have to pick on our country when there are so many countries in the world?” Zhao Manyan cursed.

“We can’t let it happen!” Mo Fan swore.

Mo Fan was aware that the conspiracy was beyond what the few of them could handle. They had to ask the authorities for help. Mo Fan immediately thought of Han Ji. The man would clearly be the first to step forward if he learned the Black Vatican was up to something.

However, Han Ji could only represent the Clock Tower Magic Association. If the Cold Prince was planning something worse than the incident of the Red Mediterranean Sea, he obviously needed the help of someone with greater power. Mo Fan believed it was better to contact Zhu Meng. As a Councilman, he would have more say in things like this.

“Aren’t you close with Chairman Shao Zheng? Why don’t you try contacting him? If he gives us permission to investigate the Cold Prince, we should be able to get more help,” Zhao Manyan also had the same idea.

“I’ll try.” Mo Fan dialed Chairman Shao Zheng’s number, but his secretary answered the call.

“Mo Fan, have you found any new clues about the Totem Beasts? I’ve read your report regarding Outer Mount Kunyu and told the Chairman about it. We did send some people to search for the Giant Purple Sacred Linden, but they weren’t able to find anything useful. It’s very likely that the demon has gone into hiding. It won’t dare to show itself for a long time,” the secretary, Gu Lian, said to him immediately..

“Well, there isn’t anything to report about the Totem Beasts, but I do have something that I believe the Chairman should know. Is he available?” Mo Fan asked.

“The Chairman is currently at Dalian’s maritime battlefield. The situation along the shoreline isn’t looking good. Something serious is about to happen. The Chairman has already proposed sounding the alert for five thousand kilometers along the shoreline. I’m afraid he will be very busy with it for some time. You can let me know if there’s anything important,” Gu Lian said.

An alert for five thousand kilometers of shoreline?

Mo Fan initially thought he had heard it wrong. He asked Gu Lian to confirm that, and to his surprise, Gu Lian repeated exactly the same words!

“Isn’t the shoreline of our country only around twenty thousand kilometers long?” Mo Fan asked.

“Yes, which means more than a quarter of the shoreline will be placed on alert. It’s been a long time since the Chairman had a chance to get any rest. He’s trying to convince the country to place more attention on it, but the politicians think he’s overreacting. They said it’s normal for the sea level to rise every year,” Gu Lian said.

“But still... placing a quarters of the shoreline on alert, isn’t that...” Mo Fan agreed that the proposal sounded a little crazy.

“I know, a lot of people are assuming our Chairman is going nuts (sigh) but the Chairman insisted on trusting his instincts. Is the thing you mentioned more serious than that?” Gu Lian asked.

“Ugh, it does sound more important than what I have... but I still think it’s important to say it,” Mo Fan said.

Mo Fan briefly explained the possibility of the Cold Prince conspiring in their country to Gu Lian, and how an Elder of the Enforcement Union had already fallen victim to it.

“Do you have any solid evidence?” Gu Lian asked seriously.

“We have found out there’s a traitor in the Enforcement Union, but we haven’t learned anything much,” Mo Fan said.

“I’m afraid the Chairman can’t do anything about it if that’s all you have. He’s allocating every resource he has to the shoreline. It’s true that we should be treating a Red Cardinal of the Black Vatican seriously, but the Chairman can’t attend to two things at once. The Chairman could only assign the other Councilmen who aren’t cooperating with him at the moment to handle it if you have enough proof,” Gu Lian said.

“I thought our nation would be united if there is any trace of the Black Vatican after what happened at the Ancient Capital,” Mo Fan sighed.

“Don’t worry, if there’s solid evidence, no one will dare waste a second further. Therefore, can you please get some evidence from the traitor? We must locate the Cold Prince and learn what he’s up to. That way, we’ll be able to allocate resources to the matter accordingly!” Gu Lian encouraged him.

“So the higher-ups are only willing to make a move if we have information on the Red Cardinal or solid evidence about what he’s up to?” Mo Fan asked.

“There’s a Preventive Committee. You may be able to ask them for help, or let them handle it from here if you want. I believe they can handle it well,” Gu Lian told him.

—

Mo Fan’s heart sank after hanging up the call.

He did not blame the Chairman and the secretary for not taking his warning seriously. What Gu Lian said was reasonable, if they tried to make a move before collecting enough evidence, it might be a waste of their time and resources. Besides, sending too many people to search for the Cold Prince might alert him instead! On the other hand, there were other problems that needed more attention for the time being...

“How is it?” Zhao Manyan asked.

“We’ll have to find some convincing proof,” Mo Fan replied.

“Mm, we are just giving them a heads-up,” Lingling seemed to have predicted the outcome.

“Then let’s start with the traitor! Humph, we’ll be making the move instead this time, and giving the Black Vatican a devastating blow!” Mo Fan promised coldly.

Chapter 1340 Putting the Blame on Others

At noon, Mo Fan and Lingling could not be bothered to go out and eat. They found a spot on the highest floor of the Canton Tower and enjoyed some Cantonese delicacies they had ordered for delivery. They also enjoyed the wind and the sight of the tallest building in the city below their feet.

In front of the tower was Victoria Square. The pedestrians were just little dots below them. It looked like they were standing still even when they were walking.

A pair of golden wings sprang up from Victoria Square. The man soared up past the skyscrapers nearby and continued to approach the tower. He was holding two smoking takeaway boxes in his hands. The pleasant aroma of food was leaking out from the boxes.

“Here you go, fresh rice noodle rolls, beef meatballs, roasted pork buns...” Zhao Manyan placed the food down.

The strong wind blew one of the takeaway boxes away when he was not paying attention. The white takeaway box flew into the distance and floated in the sky above the city. It kept flying higher instead of falling...

“No littering!” Mo Fan said.

“I didn’t mean it, the wind is too strong here. It’s not like I’m the one that suggested eating up here...” Zhao Manyan said.

Normally, if you were the first person to own a car among your friends, you would immediately become the dedicated driver in the group. The same logic applied to Magicians. If you had a pair of wings or achieved the Advanced Level of the Wind Element, you would be in charge of taking away food, delivering stuff, and providing emergency backup.

“F**k me, my roasted pork bun,” Zhao Manyan’s hand had slipped. The smoking bun fell off the tower. He immediately turned to Mo Fan.

Mo Fan ignored his pleading look. He would not use his Space Magic to retrieve a bun that some fool had dropped. He even justified himself, “The air quality in Guangzhou is extremely bad. There’s dust everywhere. If your bun falls a hundred meters down, it’s no different than rolling in a pool of mud. Don’t even think about eating it.”

“Cut the crap, you’re just unwilling to help!” Zhao Manyan was not willing to give up. He loved eating roasted pork buns, and the sweet sensation when the soft texture of the bun was mixed with the juice of the roasted pork. He rose to his feet and dived from the tower after the roasted pork bun like a professional diver.

Mo Fan and Lingling simply ignored him, and continued to enjoy their food. They soon heard people screaming. It was likely they thought someone had fallen off the tower again...

“Have you come up with a plan?” Mo Fan asked.

“I have,” Lingling nodded.

Mount Wuyi Enforcement Union...

Mount Jueguai was the mountain base of the Mount Wuyi Enforcement Union. Mount Wuyi Enforcement Union was mainly responsible for the areas to the south of Nanling Mountains. Apart from keeping an eye on the One-eyed Magic Wolf Horde, they were also responsible for the safety of Fujian, Jiangxi, and the provinces nearby.

A woman in her forties was alone on the balcony of a building on Mount Jueguai. The sun was shining on the umbrella. The sunlight was already peeking through the umbrella as the sun shifted in the sky, but the woman seemed totally unaware of it. She sat on the chair as her eyes stared at the mountains and a tall cliff leading to a valley in front of her...

"Did they realize something? Impossible, I was being so cautious, there's no way they could track me down!" the woman murmured. Her eyes were rolling around uneasily.

She grabbed her pants tightly before loosening the grip after some time.

The woman rose to her feet and murmured as if she had made up her mind, "I can't let them find me!"

A young female Enforcer came up to the woman and asked softly, "Who's trying to find you? Aunt Cheng Ying, did you hear? Elder Leng Qing of the Lingyin Enforcement Union was assassinated. Apparently, she was killed by the Hall of Assassins. The higher-ups of the Enforcement Union are so mad about it. They have given the orders to hunt down the people of the Hall of Assassins!"

Cheng Ying glanced at the Enforcer. The fierce look in her eyes dissipated after she confirmed the Enforcer was not trying to bait her into saying something.

"I have some matters to attend to, please tell the supervisor on my behalf," Cheng Ying said.

"Aunt, are you alright? Aren't you the supervisor now? Did you fry your brain from just spending some time in the sun?" The Enforcer was amused.

"Oh, I am too used to reporting to Supervisor Luo. He was the supervisor for ten years," Cheng Ying explained.

"I can't believe Supervisor Luo would fall sick all of a sudden and resign. That being said, if he didn't fall sick, I bet you wouldn't have become the supervisor either!" the Enforcer said thoughtlessly.

"Nonsense! Don't say anything like that again," Cheng Ying scolded her sternly, her expression dark.

"I'm sorry, the words just slipped out of my mouth," the young woman apologized immediately.

"Tell the others that I'll be busy for the next two days. Tell them to report to the Elder if there's anything important."

"Sure, but aunt, where are you going?"

"You're asking too many questions. I didn't take you from your mum so you can annoy me with your questions. Just do as you're told! By the way, Leng Qing sent us an encoded message asking for backup. Don't tell anyone that I asked you to relay the message to the Kunming Enforcement Union, because she specified Kunming as the destination. Now that Leng Qing is dead, the higher-ups will be pointing their fingers around. You must keep it a secret if you don't want to take the blame!" Cheng Ying warned her.

“Ah? Why would they blame me for it? I was just following protocol!” Su Qingqing asked.

“An Elder has died, so someone must pay for it. If they can’t find the culprit, they won’t be able to explain themselves to the superiors or the Lingyin Enforcement Union. They will surely find a scapegoat, and the scapegoat is usually someone that has made the smallest mistake, even though that wouldn’t even lift their brows normally. A tiny mistake might become deadly, even if you have nothing to do with it!” Cheng Ying said.

“I...I’ll make sure to keep it a secret. Aunt, you’re so nice to me. If you hadn’t been telling me what to do over the past few years, I’d just be a nobody at the bottom. My mother didn’t teach me anything apart from drinking and beating me up. But now, even those that mistreated me before are being respectful to me after they learn I’m an Enforcer now,” Su Qingqing said.

“You’re grateful to me?” Cheng Ying raised her brows and asked the naive young woman.

“Of course!”

“Then I have a favor to ask you, and don’t tell anyone else. I don’t really trust them, especially after learning there’s a traitor among us. I wouldn’t want them to mess with my plan,” Cheng Ying said.

“Not a problem.”

To the west of Mount Jueguai was the Flying Cliff Bridge between two mountains. A tragedy once took place on the second mountain, so it had been abandoned since. The Flying Cliff Bridge ended up as a decoration.

A young woman was hanging on the side of the bridge. Her legs were dangling above a canyon creek.

“Aunt...” the girl struggled, kicking her legs. Her body was restrained by a special force, preventing her from using any magic. She was no different from an ordinary human.

The rope was tied firmly around her pale throat. Her face was turning blue as her eyes were rolling upward. Her twisted face showed she was suffocating painfully!

“Didn’t I tell you that your soul will live forever if you give up your life? Those with great contributions will rule in the afterworld. You will no longer have to take orders from the others, nor will you suffer or feel inferior. Go, as a Blue Deacon, I present to you the Kingdom of Death!” Cheng Ying said expressionlessly.

Su Qingqing was overwhelmed with fear. She did not understand a single word the woman said. She was in great pain and terrified. She did not understand why the aunt who had been kind to her would do something like this to her.

She was born poor and lowly. Her mother would scold and beat her every day, and force her to do never-ending chores. It was her aunt that saved her from her mother after she awakened the Plant Element and enrolled in a magic high school. Her aunt, Cheng Ying, was a splendid Mage. She worked in the Enforcement Union, first as an Enforcer, and now a Supervisor. She had always worked hard. She was perfect, a role model for Su Qingqing, and the person that Su Qingqing respected the most. Su Qingqing always thought of Cheng Ying as her mother, while her biological mother was nothing but a scum!

Why would the woman she treated as her mother do this? What was happening before her was worse than a nightmare. The woman who had given her a new life had suddenly turned into a devil who tied the rope around her neck mercilessly. The grip on her neck gradually tightened. The mother-and-daughter relationship between them over the past ten years did not cause the woman any hesitation, even if she could soften the grip a little, even if she could explain to her why she was doing it...

Su Qingqing tried her best to raise her head. She knew she did not have long to live, but she did not show any hatred. The woman had given her everything, so she did not complain when the woman wanted to kill her. She just wanted to see if Cheng Ying was forced to do it. She wanted to see if the woman was in pain just like she was, to see a hint of unwillingness from her...

But there was none!

None at all!

The woman was like a stranger!

A cold wind blew heavily on the corpse like a merciless whip; it gradually lost its temperature.

The corpse hanging from the Flying Cliff Bridge was exposed under the sun swayed as the wind blew. Su Qingqing's tender skin began to crack from being too dry...

"There's a plank hanging beside the bridge. It looks like it's going to fall..." a patrolling officer suddenly yelled.

Another officer took a closer look. "A plank? It...it looks like a body!"

"It...it really is, my Heavens, call for backup!"