

## Versatile 561

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### Chapter 561: Mutated Undead

"Xiao Luo, is the medicine ready yet?" said a middle-aged man.

"It's almost ready, come and sit by the fireplace," Su Xiaoluo's voice responded from inside the hut.

"Sure, I heard from Old Yang that you've already come up with a medicine. That brought joy to everyone. You know, since Uncle Guan passed away, we're completely clueless when anyone contracts a disease. Luckily, we still have you..." the man smiled.

"Well, you should thank Fu Da instead. He still went to collect the herbs even though it's raining so heavily outside," said Su Xiaoluo.

"Oh, oh, I'll go talk to Fu Da."

Inside the hut, the fire in the furnace would crack at times, and sparks would jump out from the furnace and leave scorched marks nearby.

The middle-aged man was wearing a woven rush raincoat. He placed it in a bamboo basket, revealing a fairly well-preserved face, full of wrinkles when he was smiling, allowing anyone to easily guess his age.

"Fu Da, you're a lucky man," said the man Xie Sang with a smile, grabbing the skinny young man's shoulder.

"It hurts," the young man slowly turned around and said in an emotionless tone.

"Oh, I'm sorry, I forgot you have wounds here too," Xie Sang smiled as he took a seat opposite the young man.

The young man sat there with a blank face, showing no response to Xie Sang's words.

The man let out a sigh and asked, "Did he lost his memory, or completely turn into an idiot?"

"I don't know, but he sure looks dumb," replied Su Xiaoluo.

"It's fine if he had only lost his memory, since he either suffered a great shock, or a great blow to the head. There's still a chance that he will recover, but if he's actually turned into an idiot, the chance of him recovering is very slim," said Xie Sang.

"The medicine is ready!" Su Xiaoluo carried a bowl of pitch-black medicine over.

Xie Sang received the bowl, but almost knocked it over. Su Xiaoluo immediately reminded him that the medicine was still hot.

"Still so clumsy at your age, how could you possibly take good care of the village!?" Su Xiaoluo mocked him.

"Hehe, don't blame me for not reminding you, you're not young anymore; if you continue to stay in the same house with this guy..."

"Hurry up and deliver the medicine!"

"Alright."

Su Xiaoluo patted her sore shoulders after Xie Sang left.

She glanced at Zhang Xiaohou, who was sitting in front of the fireplace like a wooden log and harrumphed when she saw that the guy was not paying any attention to her.

After a few harrumphs, Zhang Xiaohou still did not show any response. The girl immediately stomped her foot and turned around, not bother to waste any more time.

"Crap! This is bad!"

"Hide, everyone hide!"

A cry of panic came from outside.

Su Xiaoluo quickly pushed the windows open and saw Madam Xie running into the village in a panic. She was in such a rush that she even tripped and fell to the muddy ground.

"Madam Xie, what happened!?" exclaimed Su Xiaoluo.

"Undead, there's an undead at the village's entrance... the old man was eaten alive!..." the woman trembled.

"I'll go and take a look..." Su Xiaoluo immediately put on her raincoat and went outside.

Zhang Xiaohou quickly followed behind when he saw her running out, as if he were afraid that something would happen to her.

More cries of panic from the villagers were heard. Those who were timid immediately fled deep into the village...

Su Xiaoluo and Zhang Xiaohou ran to the village's entrance and saw the path covered in red stains. The blood had mixed with the rain, forming a little stream flowing out of the village.

A few young, strong villagers were standing in the rain with hoes and sickles. They did not dare to get any closer to the entrance, and were simply staring at the zombie that was eating the old man guarding the entrance...

"What happened? Didn't he drink the water from the Kun Well?" Su Xiaoluo's face turned pale after witnessing the gory scene.

"Of course he did, yet something's wrong with this undead. It still attacked us... it's most likely a mutated undead!" said a trembling villager with a hoe.

"It must be a curse, our Hua Village is cursed! Old He died to the undead a week ago, and another one died at night three days ago. Now, the undead are attacking us in the evening. Eventually, they will

simply barge into the village... and eat all of us alive! It's a curse, I told you we shouldn't be involved in it, we're cursed!" said another middle-aged villager who was completely terrified.

The zombie was extremely savage. It seemed unsatisfied after eating the old man's organs, immediately pouncing at another villager that was trying to chase him away.

The young villager did not even have the chance to swing his sickle when the zombie simply bit his head off. Fresh blood jetted out from the stump, a shocking sight in the rain!

The villagers had relied on a unique way to avoid being attacked by the undead, yet when something went wrong, they could not even stop a zombie!

"Run!"

The rest of the villagers immediately fled into the village.

"We can't let the zombie get inside the village!" Su Xiaoluo tried to tell the villagers, yet they had all run into the village straight away.

Su Xiaoluo clenched her teeth and made her way to the wooden barrier...

The zombie had yet to enter the village. If she could drop the wooden barrier at the entrance, she would be able to resolve the situation. The barrier was made of Ash Wood, something that the undead were not fond of. They would simply stay away from the village...

Su Xiaoluo ran toward the switch, yet the zombie's glowing eyes were already fixed on her.

The zombie let go of the young villager that it had eaten half of and lunged at Su Xiaoluo like a starving stray dog.

"What are you doing? Are you out of your mind?" screamed a woman.

Su Xiaoluo turned around and saw the zombie running at her. Its speed was so shocking that it felt like it was right behind her within the blink of an eye.

"Fire Burst!"

"Rupture!"

In the nick of time, a puff of flame erupted in the rain and landed accurately on the zombie.

The fireball exploded and blasted the zombie away. Its body was shattered into pieces by the impact.

"You all have no chance against the undead, leave now!" said a young man with a frown.

The villagers who were running away reacted as if the young man was their life savior...

"Praise God, Hong Jun, you're in the village. We're safe!"

"Hong Jun, the zombie is quite fierce, shouldn't you have waited for your father before trying to kill it?" the villagers quickly backed off and stood behind the young man called Hong Jun.

"Humph, it's only a zombie, I can handle it myself!" declared Hong Jun, a hint of pride on his face!

## Versatile Mage

### **Chapter 562: Invaded by Undead**

A second fireball flew at the zombie that had killed two villagers. The explosion even burned the wooden barrier nearby.

The rain had weakened the power of the flames. The fire on the zombie was soon extinguished. The young man called Hong Jun spat on the ground disdainfully...

If it weren't for the rain, his two Fire Bursts would have blasted the zombie to pieces!

The zombie did not die yet. It struggled to his feet and screamed at Hong Jun with its bloody mouth.

Its body was completely out of shape, yet that did not lower its speed. It simply dashed toward Hong Jun, running on all four limbs...

Another Fire Burst appeared on Hong Jun's palm. Unfortunately, the Fire Burst missed the fast-moving zombie, which had already arrived in front of Hong Jun, leaving his face pale!

"Back off!" barked the voice of an old man. It was the village's chief, the man who had come to take the medicine before, Xie Sang!

Xie Sang had rolling waves of energy around him. Following his cry, a surging tide swept toward the zombie.

The zombie was struck down by the raging tides in the air. It was completely immobilized by the rolling water, which swept it all the way outside of the barrier.

The wooden barrier was destroyed by the force. Meanwhile, the zombie was also swept far away, no longer posing a threat to the village.

The villagers let out a relieved sigh after seeing this. Luckily, their chief was an Intermediate Magician! Otherwise, they would be helpless against a mutated undead...

"Your pride almost cost you your life!" harrumphed Xie Sang coldly as he walked past Hong Jun.

Hong Jun quickly collected his thoughts, yet he showed no signs of remorse. He completely ignored the chief's words and walked toward Su Xiaolu. However, his eyes flickered with anger when he saw the wild man who had appeared out of nowhere helping Su Xiaolu up from the ground.

He was the one that saved her, yet how did this guy get all the credit?

"It's been years since we last saw a mutated undead... why would they appear out of nowhere?" Su Xiaolu glanced after the undead that had been swept away by the magic.

"Who knows, but Xiao Luo, don't you worry, with me here, the undead won't hurt you!" declared Hong Jun.

Meanwhile, Zhang Xiaohou had grabbed a black umbrella out of nowhere and was about to raise it above Su Xiaoluo's head. To his surprise, Hong Jun snatched the umbrella away from him after thanking him rudely. The guy then shared the umbrella with Su Xiaoluo, pushing Zhang Xiaohou aside.

Su Xiaoluo was so occupied with the undead that she was unaware of all this. However, Hong Jun grinned and glanced at Zhang Xiaohou mockingly.

"I should go and take a look at the undead's body," Su Xiaoluo said firmly.

"I'll go with you," said Zhang Xiaohou.

"You should just stay in the village. You're just a dumbass who can't even remember who you are. Didn't you see how dangerous the undead was? I bet you will be the first to run when another zombie appears," Hong Jun shoved Zhang Xiaohou aside and summoned a fireball on his palm, as if he were putting up a show.

"Stop with the childish act!" Su Xiaoluo rolled her eyes. She put on the raincoat and headed outside the barrier.

"Xiaoluo, don't go, it's too dangerous!..." warned Madam Xie.

A fairly tanned old man said noddingly, "Yeah, it's too dangerous to go out of the village now."

"It must be a curse, I told you we're cursed!" screamed the same villager with a sharp face.

"Gouzi, can you stop scaring yourself?" said Hong Jun.

Xie Sang stood on the side. Most villagers had arrived at the entrance, and immediately panicked when they saw the two corpses on the ground. They quickly gathered around their chief.

The villagers had grown up drinking from the well. As long as they drank from the well every month, they would not be attacked by the undead, thus the village did not need the protection of Magicians... but considering that the place was fairly close to Qinling Mountains, there might be demon beasts looking for food, too. The water from the well was not effective against the demon beasts, hence normally the village would have one or two Magicians, and they would be appointed chief most of the time...

Now that a mutated undead had appeared, the Magicians who were the only way to deal with the undead became extremely important to the village.

"Xiaoluo, go and see what's wrong with that zombie. Hong Jun, you two, just in case there are zombies like it out there. Fu Da, you should stay here. You're not from our village, so you haven't been drinking the water from the well. The ordinary zombies would attack you, too," said Xie Sang.

The chief Xie Sang called a few other fearless young men to go with them. Su Xiaoluo led them out and headed for the hole where the broken barrier was swept away by the rolling waves.

The zombie ended up quite far away, at least one or two hundred meters from the village. The villagers usually would avoid coming out at night. Even though the undead would not attack them, who could possibly guarantee that they wouldn't stumble into creatures that simply killed anything they saw?

The others were too afraid to leave the village. They simply stood at the barrier and watched the group leave.

It was around evening, their range of vision was fairly low due to the rain. They could at best see three to four hundred meters into the distance. However, it would turn completely dark in a few minutes.

Su Xiaoluo, Hong Jun and three other young men approached the rotten corpse. Su Xiaoluo was a doctor, thus she was not too afraid of a dead body. She knelt down and began to inspect the corpse.

"Can...can you hurry up?"

"It's just a dead body, nothing fascinating..."

Two of the young men spoke out nervously, too scared to stay here in the outside.

Hong Jun said with a laugh, "Why are you two so scared when I'm here?"

"Yeah, that's right, Brother Hong Jun is a Fire Magician, a third-level Basic Magician!"

"Isn't that quite impressive, even in the outside world?" wondered another young man.

"I think so."

Su Xiaoluo frowned as she slowly rose to her feet. The others immediately asked her about the reason that the zombie had attacked them.

"It's only an ordinary zombie," concluded Su Xiaoluo.

"How's that possible? We've been drinking the water from the well for generations. We should be protected. Every family in our village has just gone through the Rituals of the Well God. Why would a normal undead attack us?" asked one of the young men.

Su Xiaoluo fell silent, as she could not find an answer for the question.

Hong Jun was not too bothered by it. He was just about to comfort the girl when an eerie voice came from nearby in the midst of the rain...

It sounded like someone dragging their feet, something munching on rotten flesh, joints crackling, etc. The sound grew louder from all directions.

"Oh heavens!" one of the young men screamed. Hong Jun turned around and saw countless pairs of bloodshot eyes staring at them!

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 563: Wind...Wind Disc!**

Before anyone could react, a fast zombie lunged forward and grabbed one of the young men dragging him a few meters away.

"Help... help... AHHH!" The young man could not even scream for help in time, as a few other zombies lunged at him and instantly tore him apart.

The other two young men were dumbfounded. They quickly fled toward the village.

The place was completely filled with mud. They did not even have the time to wipe the mud that covered their faces after they tripped a few times as they were running toward the wooden barrier.

However, the undead were too fast for them. A few zombies were already flanking them from both sides. A young man's arms were caught by the zombies, and the next thing he knew, his arms had been pulled off, with fresh blood jetting out from the cuts!

"Help, help me!" the other young man yelled as he barely made it to the wooden barrier, seeming completely lost.

The sky turned darker as the rain grew stronger. The villagers at the wooden barrier were unaware of what was happening. They only realized that the village was surrounded by mutated zombies when one of the young men returned, his body covered in his comrades' blood!

"Dad, help...help me!"

Soon, Hong Jun who had scratches all over, made it back too. He had completely lost his previous confident look. He was no different than the young man who had also survived.

"Go away, back off!" yelled Xie Sang who drew a blue Star Orbit in front of him. It rapidly turned into a water barrier encapsulating Hong Jun's figure.

Hong Jun was relieved after receiving the protection of the Water Barrier. He swallowed hard and yelled, "There are too many of them, the undead, they...they..."

The villagers were in a complete panic. It was still acceptable that a mutated zombie had appeared, yet how was it possible that the village was now surrounded by zombies? Weren't they being protected by the God of the Well? Didn't that mean they are simply a herd of sheep in the middle of the wolves' territory?

"Xiaoluo? Where's Su Xiaoluo?" Zhang Xiaohou grabbed Hong Jun and snapped furiously.

"I...I don't know, she should be... behind..." Hong Jun fell to the ground. A weird stench was coming from his pants...

Zhang Xiaohou shoved Hong Jun away and rushed toward the wooden barrier.

"Fu Da, don't go!"

"Idiot, are you trying to get yourself killed?"

"Chief, chief, the zombies are coming!"

Xie Sang was about to pull Zhang Xiaohou back when he turned around and saw a few zombies with long claws climbing up the wooden barrier. Their glowing eyes were staring at the village full of living humans.

Starving cries filled the place as more undead turned up at the village's wooden barrier. The villagers were totally dumbfounded, as they had no idea how to deal with these terrifying creatures.

--

"Fu Da? Where are you going!"

In the rain, a petite figure slowly appeared at the side of the wooden barrier. She turned around and saw Zhang Xiaohou rushing out from the village.

Zhang Xiaohou quickly halted in his tracks. He was overjoyed knowing that Su Xiaoluo had returned safely.

"I'm relieved that you're alright," Zhang Xiaohou went up to the girl, so nervous that he seemed quite lost as to what to do.

"I've lured them away with some bait. Let's head back to the village. It feels like we're no longer under the protection of the God of the Well. We're completely surrounded by the undead," Su Xiaoluo dragged Zhang Xiaohou with her into the village.

However, as soon as they arrived at the village, a few zombies were on the muddy path tearing the helpless villagers apart with their claws and feasting on their organs!

Su Xiaoluo was completely stunned by the sight. Even the wooden barrier had become useless. Did the Ash Wood that would drive the zombies away lose its effectiveness too?

The village was covered in cries of agony. Fresh blood was splattered across the place. Tears began to fall from Su Xiaoluo's eyes as she watched the familiar figures falling to the ground...

"What's happening? Why is this happening?" Su Xiaoluo burst into tears. She could not endure the sorrow as she witnessed the massacre.

Everyone in the village was like family to her, yet they were now lying in pools of blood in the mud, being fed on by the savage zombies. Their skin was peeled off, their flesh was chewed away, even their skulls were not spared, cracked open so the brains within could be devoured.

The villagers had protected by the God of the Well for generations. The undead that everyone was afraid of were merely animals roaming aimlessly around their village. Some said that they were the descendants of some deity, hence the filthy creatures did not dare to invade the sacred village.

And now?

Were they abandoned by the God that had been looking after them all along? Was He simply allowing these filthy creatures to trample the lives of his devout believers?

The rain poured down heavily. There was nowhere to run to from the rain, similar to the invasion of the undead, not a hint of mercy was being shown by the cruel creatures!

Zhang Xiaohou stood beside Su Xiaoluo who was half-kneeling in the mud in the middle of the rain. He raised his head, staring into the sky with a blank face...

"Wind...wind..."



Su Xiaoluo helplessly raised her head. She glanced at Zhang Xiaohou, who was standing there like a log. She could not understand what the guy was mumbling to himself.

"Fu Da, you should run, you're not from our village. Perhaps our village is indeed under a curse, the undead are only here to hunt us down..." said Su Xiaoluo softly.

"Wind..."

Zhang Xiaohou stood in the same spot. Su Xiaoluo did not notice a faint blue Star Orbit forming under his feet.

However, the process seemed extremely strenuous, as if the memory in his mind had reached a block. The Star Pattern was breaking intermittently.

"Wind...Wind Disc!"

Finally, the Star Pattern showed up in his mind!

A random gust was Summoned around Zhang Xiaohou. As he subconsciously raised his hand, the rain in the air began to spiral and spin rapidly in a helix!

It was wind!

A powerful wind obstructed the path of the rain. The raindrops were crazily sucked in by the tornado, turning it into a water dragon tornado!

The Wind Disc appeared on the village's path, drawing the zombies that were massacring the villagers into it.

The tornado swept forward, uprooting the wooden huts. Patches of grass and logs were drawn into the Wind Disc too, smashing the zombies into pieces as they spun inside the tornado!

The wind was extremely fierce, yet it did not harm any of the villagers. It was only moving toward the zombies!

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 564: Display of Prowess**

Not many zombies had invaded the village, yet just the few of them were enough to bring a slaughter upon the village. Chief Xie Sang was unable to save so many people at once...

However, the wild tornado immediately swept the four zombies into the air and turned them into minced meat!

"This... this..."

The villagers who were saved by the Tornado stared at Zhang Xiaohou in disbelief.

Su Xiaoluo was also looking at Zhang Xiaohou in astonishment as he controlled the wind...

She did speculate that Zhang Xiaohou was a Hunter who had come out on an adventure, yet she never thought he would be an Intermediate Magician!

Chief Xie Sang was actually having some trouble killing the zombies. He was unable to kill the zombies in a short period of time, yet Zhang Xiaohou's Wind Disc simply slaughtered the four zombies in an instant!

"Wind Disc, Sky Snare!" Zhang Xiaohou drew another Star Pattern, summoning a stronger tornado.

The fierce winds formed a thick wind wall, with the villagers inside it.

Zhang Xiaohou controlled the wind wall, not letting the wind contract any further. The villagers standing inside the wall were protected by the tornado. The zombies were instantly torn into pieces when they lunged at the wind wall created by his Sky Snare!

The zombies were stupid. They only knew to pounce at any living target. The Wind Disc: Sky Snare was protecting a dozen villagers, yet the hungrier the zombies were, the stronger the urge drove them to slam into the wind wall and kill themselves.

Almost ten zombies were fully annihilated by the Wind Disc: Sky Snare, returning the place to calm.

---

The two Wind Spells faded from the sky after killing more than a dozen zombies that had invaded the village. The villagers almost had the urge to drop to their knees and express their gratitude to the God of Wind.

When Chief Xie Sang killed the last zombie, he glanced at the skinny young man whom he had called a retard in disbelief.

Xie Sang knew he had no chance of facing all the undead by himself. The moment the zombies invaded the village, he knew the whole village was going to be massacred. To his surprise, the creatures that were going to destroy the village were wiped out by the kid!

Xie Sang knew the kid was most likely a Magician, yet he never heard of anyone at his age with such outstanding strength!

"What the hell are you crying for, is it time for that now? Hide in the well quick!" yelled Chief Xie Sang at the villagers who had no way of protecting themselves.

The invasion did not last long, yet a dozen villagers were dead, with many more injured.

The Heavens knew if there were more undead waiting outside. As the chief, he had to make the decision.

There was a cave in the wall, a place to take refuge whenever an emergency took place. The cave was tightly sealed, hidden between layers of rocks, where the undead was unable to reach. They just needed to bring food, water and things to warm them up in the cave.

-----

With no time to mourn for the dead, the villagers quickly packed their stuff and fled to the cave in the well.

It was not completely dark yet, but the village was deserted. Only a stream of blood in the middle of the village was left.

They did not have the time to deal with the corpses. The dead bodies of those who had died a horrible death were soaked in water...

Most strangely, apart from the zombies that had invaded the village, there were not any zombies making their way toward the village. The truth was, there were still lots of undead crawling out from the ground, yet none of them seemed interested in the village. Even when they caught the scent of blood coming from beyond the wooden barrier, they still roamed around aimlessly.

The rain lightened up, the raindrops like needles.

Outside the village, a gray woven raincoat became visible in the curtains of rain.

A huge bamboo straw hat covered the person's face. One could barely see his slightly pointy jaw.

The man walked toward the entrance of the village and glanced at the pools of blood ahead...

"There's another Magician..." said the man in an icy voice.

Beside the man stood a few bulky zombies uttering some unpleasant cries. They were only a few meters away, yet they were not attacking him, but were standing a few steps behind him, like subordinates.

"The corpses are your prizes," said the man emotionlessly.

Following the words, the zombies lunged at the dead bodies scattered across the village like hounds!

"Do they seriously think they're going to be safe in the cave inside the well? HAHAHHA!"

The man turned around and disappeared into the rain. His sinister laughter merged with the rain and echoed in the sky above the village.

-----

The rain lasted for three days straight. Luckily, Mo Fan was an optimistic man. He simply used a branch to draw squares on the ground and played five-in-a-row with Liu Ru to get rid of the boredom.

"The rain is stopping, we can continue on with our journey." A Li came in from the entrance and said to the group.

"What, are you still thinking of going to Hua Village?" Shorty looked at everyone.

"We have to," said Mo Fan.

Meng'e nodded too.

"Listen up, I know you two are strong, but I heard that there's a Dark Abyss close to Hua Village. If we carelessly step into it, even a hundred lives won't be enough to save you!" said Shorty.

"Either you give us the money back, or lead the way," said Mo Fan straightaway.

"No refund!" said Shorty.

"Then get on with it."

"I have to pay a visit to Hua Village too. It's been many years since I last returned to Sunny Goat Village. Even though I don't understand why my uncle stopped me from going back every time, I feel like I have to find out the truth now that the village has disappeared," the muscular man declared sternly.

The muscular man was called Fang Youmiao. When the shameless Mo Fan learned his name, he almost laughed for an hour.

Fang Youmiao was from Sunny Goat Village. He was not fond of the village's traditional lifestyle, hence he spent some years in the city. However, when he paid a visit back to the village a few years ago, his uncle told him not to go back anymore. Initially, Fang Youmiao thought the villagers were chasing him away, assuming that he had betrayed their traditional belief, thus he ended up staying in the Ancient Capital. However, he did not expect that the entire village would simply vanish into thin air!

He still treated the villagers as his family, so he felt the urge to seek the truth, and the only way was to visit Hua Village.

Only Shorty had the urge to go back, hence he was basically forced to follow the group.

---

The journey to Hua Village was surprisingly calm. They did stumble into packs of zombies, yet they easily maneuvered past them with the Ash Garlic.

However, when they arrived at Hua Village, the group was completely dumbfounded when they saw that the village was deserted, too!

Why were the people of Hua Village missing too?!

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 565: Moving Away**

The group went into the village and saw the mess on the path, run-down wooden huts, patches of grass scattering across the place, and brown-colored bloodstains...

Obviously, the place was under attack recently, but why was the village completely empty?

"Sigh, I'm so thirsty. Let's hope the well is clean," Shorty went over to the well at the middle of the village.

He poked his head out and looked into the well, but all he saw was darkness. As he was figuring out a way to get a drink, a face suddenly came up and stopped right in front of Shorty.

The two faces turned pale instantly, with Shorty falling back to the ground while a loud thud came from the well!

The group turned around and immediately knew that there was someone in the well based on Shorty's reaction.

---

As they pulled the man in the well up, the young man who was soaked through let out a relieved sigh when he learned that they were all living humans.

"Are you Hong Jun?" the muscular man quickly stepped forward after he recognized the young man.

"And you are... oh, you're Youmiao from the other village!" Hong Jun recognized the muscular man.

"What happened here? Why isn't there anyone else? Do you know where the people of our Sunny Goat Village are?" said Fang Youmiao.

"I don't know where your people are, but I'll have to tell the others in the well. They are most likely going to suffocate if they don't come out soon," said Hong Jun.

---

The well was not huge, yet Mo Fan was completely dumbfounded when more than a hundred people climbed out of it. How deep was the well, to be able to contain so many people?

The villagers took turns climbing out from the well and gathered around the place. They did not dare to leave the area.

Finally, when a man and a woman both climbed out from the well, Mo Fan stared at the young man, his eyes wide.

Mo Fan thought the man would walk up to him, yet he was simply standing beside the woman. The man did not even show any reaction when he walked past Mo Fan, as if they were complete strangers.

Mo Fan was stunned for a moment, recovering from the shock. He quickly grabbed Zhang Xiaohou's arm before he walked any further.

"What...what are you doing?" said Su Xiaoluo, glancing at the outsider that was grabbing onto Zhang Xiaohou.

"You don't know me?" Mo Fan asked Zhang Xiaohou, surprise all over his face.

Zhang Xiaohou was staring back at Mo Fan too, his face confused.

"You know him?" Su Xiaoluo blurted out with a surge of joy.

Mo Fan opened his mouth. He glanced at Zhang Xiaohou with a blank face, then at the woman, who was reacting weirdly. Could this be the so-called amnesia?

The person was Zhang Xiaohou without a doubt. Even though he was even skinnier than before, but Mo Fan could recognize him just by looking at the hair on his legs.

Mo Fan stared at Zhang Xiaohou, who did not recognize him. Even though the guy had lost his memory, Mo Fan still pulled him into his arms and gave him a huge hug.

"Everything's fine as long as you're alive. Everything's f\*\*king fine!" Mo Fan patted the guy on the back and took a deep breath.

-----

The sunlight pierced through the gray clouds in the sky, shining dimly upon the village.

The rain had stopped, yet the clouds did not clear up, gathering above the Xianchi area as usual.

"Fu Da...oh, Zhang Xiaohou, I thought you were going to be a log for the rest of your life. Someone is here to bring you back," said Su Xiaoluo with a blossoming smile.

"I'm not leaving," blurted out Zhang Xiaohou, as if he was afraid of losing something.

"Why? Your friend says you're a soldier. He's going to bring you back to receive treatment. Maybe they have a way to cure your amnesia?" said Su Xiaoluo.

"I..." Zhang Xiaohou did not understand how to express his thoughts. He simply looked at Su Xiaoluo.

Mo Fan stood aside. He could easily tell that the memory-less Zhang Xiaohou was heavily reliant on the girl.

On second thought, after Mo Fan looked at the scars on Zhang Xiaohou, especially the long cut on the back of his head, he knew that the guy was only lucky enough to survive because Su Xiaoluo had found him.

Hong Jun went up to Zhang Xiaohou and Su Xiaoluo and said to them, "What's with the leaving and not leaving, we've all decided. We should make our way to the Ancient Capital while it's still daytime..."

"Are we leaving the village?" asked Su Xiaoluo.

"Yeah, the village is no longer safe. We're all going to die here if we stay any longer," said Hong Jun.

Hong Jun then pointed in a direction, where Chief Xie Sang was taking the villagers to pack their stuff.

"I agree that you all should leave this place too," Mo Fan nodded.

"Alright, Zhang Xiaohou, we'll go together," Su Xiaoluo wore a smile.

Zhang Xiaohou nodded continuously. It seemed like he had totally turned into Su Xiaoluo's subordinate. He would simply go wherever she went.

Mo Fan shook his head helplessly when he saw Zhang Xiaohou's reaction.

I've come all the way here looking for you, and here you are picking up chicks!

-----

The villagers failed to come to an agreement. Those who were stubborn insisted on staying. They would rather stay in the well than leave the village.

In their opinion, they would die even faster if they left the village!

Chief Xie Sang had decided to leave, hence he could simply gather those who were willing to leave.

However, the number of people that were willing to leave was less than he had expected. Most people had chosen to stay.

"Look at the village, are you going to stay and wait for your deaths!?" Su Xiaoluo anxiously told the stubborn villagers.

"Yeah, let's all leave together. You'll only be killed by the undead. We're no longer protected," said the young man called Gouzi.

"We've decided," a middle-aged man simply sat on the ground beside the well.

"The journey to Ancient Capital would take at least two to three days, which means we'll need to spend at least two nights out in the wild. That's pretty much suicide," said a woman.

"Zhang Xiaohou's friends will escort us to the Ancient Capital. We'll be safe once we reach the outer walls," Su Xiaoluo continued to persuade them.

"How could a few kids possibly handle those creatures out there? We won't be leaving!"

"We're running out of time. If you guys are leaving, you should go ahead, wasting more time here would make the journey more dangerous..." said an old man.

Su Xiaoluo bit her lips, not knowing what to do.

Those who stayed would surely end up dead. The undead did not even care if they were drinking the water from the well. They had completely ignored the barrier made of Ash Wood. Hiding inside the well was only a temporary solution. It would not protect them forever.

"It's useless trying to convince them, since they have made their decision. Those who are leaving should gather at the entrance. We'll leave in ten minutes. Make sure you bring enough Ash Garlic with you!" said Chief Xie Sang decisively.

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 566: Escorting the Villagers**

There were around thirty people willing to leave the village, most of them young people.

Xie Sang let out a sigh when he saw that so many had decided to stay in the village.

Su Xiaoluo tried to convince them, yet they were only urged to leave sooner.

Left with no choice, those who had decided to leave packed their stuff and departed for the Ancient Capital.

Mo Fan was rather confused as they headed for the entrance. The people of the villages were supposed to be under the effect of Ash Garlic naturally. For example, while their group was involved in the intense battle, the muscular man was perfectly unharmed. None of the undead bothered to attack him.

If that were the case, wouldn't they be safe on their way to the Ancient Capital? Why did everyone seem so nervous, regardless whether they were leaving the village or not?

"I told you the village is cursed. You're going to die if you stay here, let's go," said the young man called Gouzi.

"Gouzi, enough with your bullshit," scolded Xie Sang.

"Leaving the village means abandoning the teaching of our ancestors. You won't even survive the night, you should just stay in the village. We are still protected by the God of the Well..." grumbled an old lady before the group left.

Many with traditional thinking decided to stay. As a result, the number of people leaving the village was reduced further.

Mo Fan was unable to make the correct call. He could not tell if staying at the village or going to the Ancient Capital was safer for the villagers. He had no right to decide for the villagers. All he knew was that he would help escort Su Xiaoluo's people back to the Ancient Capital, since she had saved his brother's life.

There were around thirty people in the group. To Mo Fan, Liu Ru, Fang Youmiao and Shorty, they were simply going back along the same route.

Meng'e and her two subordinates did not stay at Hua Village for long. They were not interested in escorting the villagers, hence they bid farewells to the group and left on their own.

As Meng'e left, Mo Fan was still curious about why the three had come to this chaotic land. What were they trying to find and achieve?...

-----

The current season had a shorter daytime and a longer nighttime. On top of that, the cloudy weather further strengthened the presence of death.

The stronger the presence of death, the greater the number of undead that would appear. Without needing food, the undead could only rely on the presence of death to evolve further. It was the same with demon beasts who needed to become stronger.

The villagers were in good shape physically. The group made significant progress during the day.

It was safe during the day, hence everyone was rather relaxed during the journey. However, after three in the afternoon, an uneasy feeling began to loom over the group, which continued to grow stronger as time passed.

None of the villagers could tell if they were still under the protection of the God of the Well. They had no idea if Zhang Xiaohou's friend was reliable, either.



"Let's take this route. We don't have to pass by Sunny Goat Village," said Chief Xie Sang to Mo Fan.

"Is it quicker this way?" Mo Fan glanced at the map and saw that by taking a straight route, they would still pass by Sunny Goat Village.

"That route is passing through a pulsating terrain. It might look shorter on the map, but it's going to take a longer time. Trust me, I know this place better," replied the chief.

Mo Fan nodded and followed Chief Xie Sang's guidance.

---

The day gradually turned dark. The villagers obviously trusted Chief Xie Sang and Hong Jun more. They walking closer to the two. It would not be surprising if they ended up hugging them tightly.

Su Xiaoluo was surrounded by a few people, too. The girl was quite reputable in the village. Some of them subconsciously followed her around. Most importantly, the retarded man whom Su Xiaoluo had saved was incredibly strong. He had simply wiped out the zombies that had invaded the village with two Wind Spells!

"Liu Ru, look after the kids at the back," said Mo Fan.

Liu Ru nodded and said, "Take care of yourself."

"We'll check the situation out. We have Ash Garlic, and the villagers are under the protection of their god. If the undead doesn't attack us, we'll just walk past them."

"Acknowledged."

The route that the chief had selected was indeed a lot smoother.

As the night inevitably arrived, the starving cries of undead came from all directions.

"Err, Brother Mo Fan, if the undead does attack us, we won't be able to protect so many people," Shorty came up to Mo Fan and whispered.

Mo Fan was well aware of it too. He was merely hoping that the villagers were still protected by their god.

"It feels like... they are not focusing on us," Shorty glanced at the undead who had woken up the earliest.

"Mm," Mo Fan held his breath.

The group proceeded. Normally, the presence of such a large group would surely attract the undead, yet even when the group had traveled a kilometer, the undead still did not show any reactions. It clearly implied that both Ash Garlic and the protection were still effective.

When the villagers saw the undead were ignoring them like usual, they immediately let out a relieved sigh. Their pace became more relaxed. Otherwise, it felt like each of their steps was walking on nails.

"Strange... if we are still protected, why would the zombies invade our village?" Su Xiaoluo was utterly confused.

"This means those zombies were mutated. It feels like it's meaningless for us to move away from the village now," admitted Hong Jun.

Hong Jun would follow Su Xiaoluo wherever she went, as if the guy had completely forgotten that he had fled for his life on his own when they were in danger before. Su Xiaoluo never had a good impression of him, and now, his existence alone was annoying to her.

"That's enough. Either way, we'll be safe when we reach the Ancient Capital," Chief Xie Sang was determined to move away.

Mo Fan glanced at Chief Xie Sang. He somehow felt that the chief was hiding something. After all, the chief of a village would usually obey the rules of the village strictly...

-----

The group was unharmed throughout the night. As everyone was relieved that the undead did not attack them during the night, they were even more confused about why their village was attacked.

The night did not pose any threat, and the clouds had cleared away the next day. After a brief rest, the group continued their journey to the Ancient Capital.

"Brother Mo Fan, what do you say?" Shorty nudged Mo Fan and whispered.

"How would I know, I'm not familiar with this place," Mo Fan glanced at Shorty, who seemed to have something to say. He raised his eyebrows and asked, "Have you noticed something?"

"Hehe, to be honest, I do know something, and it's from before I met Fang Youmiao..."

## [Versatile Mage](#)

### **Chapter 567: Ambushed in the Day**

"Just say it!" said Mo Fan in an unpleasant tone.

"Do you remember the cave we used to hide from the rain?" Shorty purposely glanced at the villagers and asked after knowing that they were all at the back.

"Yeah, the one that you found when you're hunting a Blood Beast, what's wrong?"

"After killing the Blood Beast, we decided to rest up at Sunny Goat Village. However, we stumbled into a scouting team on the way there who had just left Sunny Goat Village. They gave us some replenishment, so we returned to Ancient Capital straightaway using this path. Not long after we returned to the Ancient Capital, we heard that the scouting team went missing..." Shorty lowered his voice, as if he did not want anyone to hear him. He was at ease when he realized that only the guy who had lost his memory was close to Mo Fan.

"Mm, it's most likely that they were killed by the undead in the wild. My brother's squad was ambushed by the undead along their journey too," Mo Fan glanced at Zhang Xiaohou beside him.

"Mm, I assumed so too, but do you know what the scouting team told us when they bumped into us?" Shorty wore an evil smile.

"What did they say?" asked Mo Fan.

"They told us Sunny Goat Village is completely empty. They told us there's no point in going there," said Shorty.

Mo Fan was utterly confused.

However, Zhang Xiaohou, who was also listening to the whispers between the two, shuddered violently as his blank eyes widened!

"Don't you think it's strange? The chief is also avoiding the path to Sunny Goat Village. It's obvious that the chief doesn't want us to go there," added Shorty.

Mo Fan glanced at Xie Sang and fell into deep thoughts.

---

The group continued on with the journey. Everyone was still unharmed during the second night.

They were fairly close to Ancient Capital after the second night. They would arrive close to the Ancient Capital today.

"It's daytime, we'll move on once everyone is ready. We should arrive at the Ancient Capital before night time," yelled Hong Jun, waking everyone up.

"Hong Jun, you spent a few years learning Magic outside of the village. Are you able to find places for us to live once we arrive in the Ancient Capital?" asked a woman.

"Don't worry, don't worry!" Hong Jun patted his chest, implying that he would handle everything.

"Sigh, feels like we're safe now. I thought we were abandoned by the God of the Well."

"Gouzi, look at how you've scared everyone, humph!"

The villagers felt more at ease, each wearing a faint smile on their face.

The group had stayed safe for two nights straight, and their journey would come to an end after today. Their lives were no longer in danger.

Since it was daytime, everyone was more scattered across the place. Mo Fan remained at the front of the group...

Shorty never stopped talking. The guy came up to Mo Fan to boast about his achievements. Mo Fan snorted disdainfully at Shorty and simply boasted about his achievements in Bo City...

"So you're from Bo City! I do know a few friends from there," exclaimed Shorty, surprised.

"How do you know people from Bo City?" Mo Fan was confused.

"Oh, I talked to them a lot. They were brought here to stay in the Ancient Capital after the calamity. They were told to live in the outskirts in the past, but a rich young man called Mu Bai bought a street to sell Magic Ores, so the refugees from Bo City ended up working for him," said Shorty.

Mo Fan was startled, but then recalled the arrangements made after the calamity.

The refugees of Bo City were arranged in batches. The first batch was allocated to the outskirts of Shanghai, while the second batch was sent to the Ancient Capital. Mo Fan chose Shanghai, and he was arranged to stay at the edge of the city as he hoped for. Now that Shorty had mentioned it, he immediately recalled that the other batch was sent here to the Ancient Capital!

It was rare to bump into people from his hometown. He would have to pay them a visit soon...

"I would also sell Magic Ores to their stores sometimes..." said Shorty.

"AHHHH~!" Suddenly, a cry of agony came from behind them!

The scream was distorted due to great pain. The sudden sound simply gave the entire group a great scare.

Shorty instantly stopped talking, while Mo Fan quickly turned around and saw blood mist spraying in the sky, followed by the villagers screaming and fleeing in a panic!

"Undead, it's the undead!"

"My uncle is being dragged away, dead, he's dead!"

"AH~!"

Another terrifying screech appeared. A woman who was running away in fear fell to the ground after tripping. A long claw burst out from the loose ground. Its incredible force instantly penetrated the woman's body, leaving those who witnessed it with an uneasy feeling in their stomachs!

"There's one here!"

"Help me! Help!"

"Don't panic, everyone stay calm..."

The villagers who ran the furthest were the easiest prey for the undead. Mo Fan quickly scanned the place and saw the undead that were assumed to be nocturnal climbing out from the ground and attacking the fleeing villagers.

It had only been a few seconds, yet the whole place had blood splattering everywhere!

"Holy crap, these undead are insane, killing people in the day!" screamed Shorty.

"Head to the side; Liu Ru, protect the kids, don't let them run away in panic," yelled Mo Fan.

More undead were appearing from the ground. The protection the villagers were under was completely useless. As a matter of fact, the undead were only targeting the villagers.

Normally, the undead would feed on their targets after entrapping them. The zombies in the surroundings would simply stack on top of another following the scent of fresh blood. However, the undead that were attacking them were not feeding instead. They continued to hunt the next target down. It was a bloody massacre!

"Lightning Strike!"

"Swift Star Wolf!"

"Giant Shadow Spike!"

Mo Fan was furious when he saw the villagers being murdered. He was not in the mood to preserve his strength. He simply used every move he could.

However, the villagers had already lost their minds and were running in all directions.

Even Mo Fan was unable to save everyone under such circumstances. He could only watch them being torn into pieces by the zombies.

"Houzi, Rock..."

"Rock Barrier!"

Mo Fan was just about to tell Zhang Xiaohou to cast the Spell, but it seemed like the amnesia did not take away his rationality. He followed his instincts and cast the Intermediate Earth Spell.

Two consecutive Rock Barriers quickly formed walls around the group, stopping the villagers from running too far away while blocking the zombies from coming in.

Mo Fan jumped onto the barrier and screamed at Liu Ru who was still outside the walls, "Liu Ru, gather all the kids inside the barrier. Zhang Xiaohou has strengthened the ground in this area. There won't be any undead coming out!"

## [Versatile Mage](#)

### **Chapter 568: The Undead Kid**

It had all happened so quick. Everyone was taken by surprise.

Who would have thought that the undead that would only appear at night would ambush them in the day, and seemed extremely keen to murder them.

After Mo Fan finally managed to get the situation under control, half of the villagers had died.

Mo Fan had started killing the zombies as soon as the ambush took place. If the villagers had not run in all directions and stayed together, the only casualties would have been the ones that were attacked first. Mo Fan could simply blast most of the zombies coming out from the ground with a single Spell.

Unfortunately, despite warning the villagers not to panic when anything happened, they had totally forgotten about it. Their instinct to run simply lead them to dead ends.

Zhang Xiaohou's Rock Barrier was fairly effective. He had somehow set up a wall surrounding the group in a circle. The villagers would be safe as long as they stayed inside the circle, as the undead would have to climb a wall that was around seven to eight meters high!

The chief and Shorty stood on top of the wall to prevent the undead from making it to the top. The zombies' jumping ability was only average, but their claws were very sharp, allowing them to climb the wall quickly. The two were responsible for killing the zombies that were climbing the wall.

Zhang Xiaohou was inside the circle. Apart from maintaining the Rock Barrier, he was also keeping an eye out for any zombie trying to enter the circle.

Mo Fan and Liu Ru were outside of the wall. Several villagers were still running wildly in the open. They were trying to save them.

Not far away, Liu Ru was lifting the villager called Gouzi up as if she were picking up a little chick. The villager did seem like he was given quite a nice name, since dogs were tough to kill. A few other zombies were chasing after another middle-aged villager, yet none of them seemed to be interested with that guy after Liu Ru came to rescue him.

"Help...help me!" a young kid screamed. His legs were torn apart by a zombie. The deep wound had reached his bones.

Grabbing Gouzi with a hand, Liu Ru leapt forward and glided in the air before landing right before the kid.

Liu Ru let go of Gouzi. She clenched her hands into claws and swept sideways. Ten crimson flickers like blood-colored slickers slashed at the three zombies that were running toward them.

The three zombies were slashed into several sections by the blood-colored sickles. Their bodies stiffened and fell beside Liu Ru.

"Kid, stay behind me," Liu Ru helped the kid to his feet.

At that instant, Gouzi glanced at the young man and immediately had a weird expression.

He pointed his trembling finger at the kid who Liu Ru was helping and yelled, "He...he's not from our village!"

However, it was too late when Gouzi screamed. As soon as Liu Ru went over to help the kid, an eerie grin appeared on his pale face. He reached the hand he was hiding with his body forward, which only had white bones left...

The hand with only white bones was sharp as a dagger, stabbing fiercely at Liu Ru's heart!

An icy flicker flashed across the air. Liu Ru was so close to the young kid. There was no way she could react in time. The kid's hand went right into Liu Ru's chest through her heart.

Liu Ru's face was filled with disbelief.

She did not expect the kid to be an undead too, and one that possessed such a vicious mind!

The kid was a different kind of undead compared to the zombies.

"That's what you get for being a busybody, now die," the undead kid burst out laughing. He pulled his hand out from Liu Ru's chest and was about to enjoy her fresh blood...

However, as he withdrew the hand toward him, he was shocked to discover that the hand did not have a single drop of blood on it.

The kid was stunned. He could not understand; why was there no sign of blood on his hand after he had stabbed the woman's heart with it/ He was not moving his hand that quickly.

"Knowing how to trick someone at your age, with such a vicious manner," Liu Ru stared at the undead kid without showing any sign of pain. Her eyes were displaying a hint of disappointment instead.

"How...how is this possible!" the undead kid screamed as if he had just seen a ghost.

"Sister will now send you to reincarnation. Stop trying to hurt people," Liu Ru smiled, completely displaying the natural charm of the Blood Tribe.

The stab into Liu Ru's heart did not hinder her movement. She simply grabbed the undead kid by his throat and suddenly applied great force.

The undead kid was still experiencing great fear when his neck was snapped by Liu Ru. His head slanted sideways with the same terrified expression...

Liu Ru's smile did not disappear when she glanced at the undead kid who died after his neck was snapped.

"Stop teasing me; I've never seen an undead that would die after breaking their neck..." Liu Ru's eyes curved into crescents when she saw the undead kid pretending to be dead.

Saying this, Liu Ru slowly moved her hand to the undead kid's skull, as if she were going to fondle his head gently.

"No, no!" the undead kid pleaded horrifyingly when he realized Liu Ru's intention.

Liu Ru did not show any mercy. Her index finger turned into a long claw, which extended and penetrated the undead kid's head from above...

The undead had something like a crystal that allowed them to move, similar to a human's heart. As long as the crystal was not destroyed, the undead would not die...

Liu Ru soon discovered the Undead Crystal in the undead kid's brain. She simply crushed the crystal with her claw and sent the living dead to the underworld!

The crystal was pierced by the claw, leaving the undead kid crying in agony.

Black gas immediately came out from the holes on his face, as if it had drawn all the energy from his body. The undead kid turned into a dried corpse within a few seconds.

After confirming that the undead kid was dead, Liu Ru rose to her feet and fell into deep thought.

She did not understand. The undead she had encountered before were all zombies and skeletons. Why would a living dead appear out of nowhere...

"Follow me, don't run away on your own," Liu Ru said to Gouzi, who was standing behind him.

Gouzi stood in his place. He did not dare to move a step, as if he was completely frozen.

Just a moment ago, he thought he was safe, yet the woman... the woman...

What did she mean she had never seen an undead that died after she had broken their neck...

Her heart was punctured just then!

Gouzi simply felt like he was going to have a mental breakdown. It was one new nightmare after another!

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 569: Six Villages Were Erased**

Mo Fan was using both his hands, the purple lightning and blazing red flames intertwined with one another.

He was now able to cast a Fire Burst right after completing a Lightning Strike. With the strength of his fourth-tier Spells, he could basically kill the Servant-class zombies instantly!

Mo Fan arrived before a villager whose legs were bitten off by the zombies and snapped furiously, "Damn it, what did I tell you all, don't f\*\*king panic!"

Mo Fan knelt down and carried the villager who was covered in blood on his back. The young man's face was covered in the mix of mucus from his nose and tears. His body was shivering in extreme pain.

"Hold on, the Healers at the city can treat your legs!" said Mo Fan impatiently.

Mo Fan was annoyed, too. The truth was, the zombies were not even that strong. He alone could easily wipe them out. The villagers were only scaring themselves. Those who were not attacked simply ran out of Mo Fan's range, resulting in lots of casualties.

Even though he was used to seeing people dying, it still did not feel great witnessing so many innocent villagers losing their lives.

Mo Fan vented his anger on the zombies that had come out in the day to murder the villagers. He could have blasted the zombies into pieces with Fire Burst alone, yet he had the urge to use his Intermediate Lightning Spell instead.

Forks of lightning descended from the sky. The zombies who were still targeting the villagers were shredded into pieces, turning into blood mist sprinkling in the air.

After the lightning blasts, Liu Ru came up to Mo Fan with two other villagers.



She observed the surroundings and said, "I only managed to save two of them. The kids are fine, though."

Mo Fan glanced at three other villagers that were also injured beside him. He was still carrying the young man whose legs were bitten off on his back, too.

He glanced at the corpses across the place and uttered a sigh, "Let's go, we tried our best."

Mo Fan and Liu Ru handed the villagers whom they saved over to Su Xiaoluo. Su Xiaoluo had brought some medicine along, and she barely managed to save their lives.

The crowd sat together. No one spoke. The atmosphere grew very heavy, with a few kids who were sobbing in fear. After all, those who died were their aunts and uncles.

Liu Ru sat beside Mo Fan. She nudged him softly and whispered, "I stumbled into an undead kid."

Mo Fan raised his eyes, signaling Liu Ru to continue.

Liu Ru quickly told Mo Fan about her experience with the undead kid. Mo Fan's expression turned stern after hearing her words, and he subconsciously glanced at the chief not far away.

For some reason, he kept feeling that the chief was somehow involved. It strange that the undead would attack them in the day...

"Should we investigate it?" asked Liu Ru.

"There's nothing to investigate. We'll escort them to the Ancient Capital, and they'll do whatever they want!" Mo Fan was not in the mood to involve himself in the mess.

"Mm, they should be safe at the Ancient Capital," Liu Ru nodded.

---

A while later, the undead stopped appearing. After taking a look at the sky, Mo Fan felt like they should not continue wasting their time here.

If the undead could come out in the day to attack them, hiding in the Rock Barrier was definitely not the way to go. They had to make it to the Ancient Capital before it turned dark. Who knew if a huge bunch of undead would ambush them at night!?

The group continued on with their journey. This time, Mo Fan simply had the urge to tie the villagers together with an iron chain, so they would not run wildly if something were to happen again.

After the previous ambush, everyone had acknowledged Mo Fan's strength, since none of them were blind. They were relieved after witnessing Mo Fan's ability to kill the zombies instantly with a single spell.

The day gradually turned dark along the journey. Luckily, they could finally see the magnificent walls on the horizon under the gloomy clouds.

Since it was still daytime, the walls still had Magicians patrolling the area. The group uttered relieved sighs after seeing someone alive. They quickened their pace and headed into the city.

-----

As they arrived at the entrance, a group of Battlemages was on duty.

"Are you all from Hua Village?" a Battlemage looked at them, amazed.

"Yeah, yeah, I'm the chief," Xie Sang took out a stamp symbolizing his identity as the village's chief.

"The whole city has been discussing the villages outside the city," spoke up another young Battlemage.

"Discussing us, why's that?" Hong Jun glanced at them, confused and curious.

The Battlemage smacked his lips and handed a newspaper to the chief.

The chief received it and immediately saw the headline!

"Six villages in the Xianchi area was wiped out by the undead. There are close to no survivors!"

The chief was dumbfounded. He initially thought only their Hua Village was invaded. Little did he know, the rest of the villages were already destroyed. Due to the lack of communication, they would not know the truth if they had not come to the Ancient Capital.

On a side note, the chief was even more confused after learning the news, as if he had failed to come up with an explanation for something.

"We'll be going, you all should settle down yourself." Mo Fan felt even more suspicious seeing the chief's reaction. He did not want to be involved in the mess.

"Thank you, you're already such a strong Magician when your age is just about the same as Hong Jun's," said a woman to Mo Fan excitedly.

Su Xiaoluo had recovered from her astonishment after learning the news about other villages. She quickly went up and expressed her gratitude to Mo Fan and Liu Ru. "Without your help, we might have ended up the same as the other villages. Thank you so much."

As Mo Fan was about to leave, he suddenly recalled a problem.

Zhang Xiaohou only knew Su Xiaoluo. Mo Fan was planning on bringing him to Xinxia and letting her try to heal him, yet the idiot did not want to go anywhere. He only wanted to stay with Su Xiaoluo, acting like an unreasonable kid.

Mo Fan was left with no choice. He said in a helpless tone, "I'll let the military know about his condition. I'll let him stay with you for now."

Since they had made it to the Ancient Capital, Zhang Xiaohou should be fine for the time being. It was also a good place to leave him to Su Xiaoluo since she could take care of his injuries, too.

The people from Hua Village left with Hong Jun. It was likely that the Magic Association would arrange a place for them to stay. It was something Mo Fan did not need to worry about.

---

Mo Fan tried to contact Zhang Xiaohou's instructor Fei Jiao, yet he was told that Fei Jiao was on a mission. It would take at least a day for him to return.

Mo Fan did not feel at ease, knowing that Zhang Xiaohou had not recovered his memory nor returned to the army. He simply decided to stay a few more days in the Ancient Capital to settle the things on hand.

"Where are we going?" Liu Ru stayed with Mo Fan. She was obviously curious about the Ancient Capital, and kept looking at her surroundings.

"I'm going to meet the people from my hometown," said Mo Fan.

"There are people here from your hometown?" asked Liu Ru.

"I'm sure that a few other cities have people from Bo City, too."

"That's true, after the calamity, the people from your city were sent to live in a few different cities..."

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 570: Green Tea Man**

Following Shorty's instructions, Mo Fan found the street occupied by people from Bo City.

The street was not very long. It was simply an alley between two main streets, mainly selling Magic Goods.

Mo Fan went to a famous Magic School, where most students were Intermediate Magicians. Every Intermediate Magician was considered fairly reputable in society. As a matter of fact, there were countless people and Magicians struggling to make a living at the bottom level of society. They were engaged in small businesses related to Magic, such as trading Magic Equipment, selling Magic Ores, supplying useful body parts of demon beasts...

Huili Street was basically filled with these kinds of stalls and shops, selling all kinds of basic Magic Equipment. The price range was between five hundred to ten thousand RMB, since it was fairly difficult to evaluate the price of second-hand Equipment. A place like this was similar to the antique street, where new Magicians would come to try their luck. They would find some impressive Equipment at times, which would significantly improve their strength!

Mo Fan was not hoping to meet everyone from Bo City, since he never knew all of them to begin with. He was only interested to see how they were doing...

After walking past a few shops, Mo Fan discovered that most of the workers and owners were from Bo City. Their accent from the South was too strong. It did seem like they were enjoying themselves here, each with a smile on their face.

"Holy crap, what kinds of goods are these? A pile of rubbish, did I seriously waste over a hundred thousand for this shit? Give me back my money!" a slightly hoarse voice echoed in the shop. The voice did not sound quite pleasant.

However, the voice was familiar to Mo Fan. He glanced over and saw that the owner of the store had a tanned face, small eyes, and a shrunken nose. Even though his face had changed slightly, he did not look different than his high school self.

“Zhao Tuizi!” Mo Fan smilingly greeted the man.

Zhao Kunsan was overwhelmed by anger, as his men had just brought back a pile of rubbish. He was having a headache trying to come up with a way to sell the garbage when he heard someone calling his nickname, which instantly drove him mad!

He had always been following Mu Bai around. The guy had treated him as half a brother, not just a petty subordinate, yet someone still dared to call him by the unpleasant nickname.

“Are you looking for trouble here? Do you believe I’ll crush you with a single spell? I’m telling you, I’m a Magician, a third-level Basic Magician!” Zhao Kunsan burst out at Mo Fan who was walking into the store.

However, his voice gradually turned soft. His eyes were staring at Mo Fan, as if he had just seen a ghost.

“Shit, it’s you!” Zhao Kunsan’s eyes widened. It took him quite some time to collect his thoughts.

Mo Fan!

Why was Mo Fan here? He had never seen the guy since the calamity of Bo City. The guy was extremely famous now after achieving greatness in Pearl Institute.

Zhao Kunsan did not waste too much attention on Mo Fan, since he had always underestimated the guy.

However, Zhao Kunsan knew that Mu Bai had been taking note of how Mo Fan was doing. Every time Mu Bai learned something about Mo Fan, he would simply cultivate in seclusion just so he could surpass Mo Fan and get his revenge.

“It’s me, it’s been a while,” Mo Fan wore a charming smile, yet his palm was surrounded by lightning flickers. If the guy spoke another foul word to him, he would not mind teaching him a lesson, just like old times!

“Boss, should I call people over to throw this guy out? Doesn’t he know whose territory is this?” blurted out the worker when he saw his superior’s reaction.

“Piss off, it’s none of your business,” said Zhao Kunsan impatiently.

Is he serious? Even the Magicians in the entire street were no match for Mo Fan. Zhao Kunsan was not dumb, and was well aware of Mo Fan’s strength.

“It seems like you’re enjoying yourself here,” Mo Fan withdrew the lightning and patted Zhao Kunsan’s shoulders heavily.

Zhao Kunsan put on an ugly smile and answered his questions unwillingly.

As expected of Zhao Kunsan the obedient subordinate, he quickly told Mu Bai about Mo Fan’s arrival.

Mu Bai was quick to respond, too. Mo Fan had only enjoyed a few sips of tea in the shop when the guy walked in expressionlessly.

“Green Tea Man, it’s been a while,” Mo Fan observed Mu Bai.

As always, Mu Bai was well-dressed and groomed. He basically still looked he was from a wealthy family.

However, Mo Fan noticed that the arrogance and pride the guy used to display between his brows had disappeared, replaced with a hint of steadiness. It did seem like he had changed after the calamity of Bo City.

According to Shorty, Mu Bai had bought the entire street. It seemed like Mu Bai was quite good at doing business, as the street did not look cheap at all.

From what he had observed, Mu Bai was focusing on his cultivation, while his subordinate Zhao Kunsan handled the businesses in the street. Most of the people that had moved here from Bo City were working for him. It was a rare good deed that the guy had done, helping the people of Bo City to look after themselves.

Initially, Mu Bai was fairly calm when he walked in, yet his face immediately sank when he heard the nickname ‘Green Tea Man’, and he began to curse Mo Fan in his heart.

Liu Ru sat by, observing the two men. Somehow, she felt like the relationship between the two old friends was incredibly strange.

“Since you’re here, I will ask Zhou Ming to hang out with us tonight.” Mu Bai was still not as shameless as the person sitting in front of him. He was not in the mood to argue with a maniac like Mo Fan.

“Zhou Ming is here too?” Mo Fan asked, astonished.

Speaking of which, he had not talked to Zhou Ming for so long. The calamity of Bo City basically separated everyone. Mo Fan had no idea where they went to, nor did he know how to contact them.

“She’s studying in Ancient Capital Institute, same as me. She has been cultivating in seclusion a lot because of the preliminaries. It’s been a while since I last saw her,” said Mu Bai, after taking a sip of his tea.

“Oh?”

“Of course, she basically has no hope of getting a nomination.”

Mo Fan nodded. It was not easy to win the nomination preliminaries. Besides, Zhou Ming came from an average family. It was too difficult to be ranked top ten in Ancient Capital Institute with merely hard work.

“Oh, Wang Pangzi is here too. We should ask him too,” blurted out Zhao Kunsan, after he recalled something.

“Sure.”

Everyone had survived the calamity of Bo City, thus they did go through a lot together. The little grudges they had at school were nothing significant, although Mo Fan could tell that Mu Bai was still not willing to admit his defeat.

“I’ve booked a place. They both agreed to come knowing that you’ve come to the Ancient Capital,” said Mu Bai a bit later, after putting his phone aside.

“Green... Mu Bai, are you doing this for the Mu Family, or yourself?” Mo Fan took a look at the shop. He realized that the shop was not cheap at all.

“Myself, the Mu Family... humph, they are treating us like beggars,” Mu Bai harrumphed coldly, obviously holding a grudge against the Mu Family.

“What’s wrong?” Mo Fan raised his eyebrows, intrigued by the topic.

“You wouldn’t understand even if I told you about it. Basically, the main Mu Family has no respect for a little branch family like us. Their only interest is Mu Ningxue, because of her innate talent...” said Mu Bai.

“Her innate talent is very strong, indeed!” Mo Fan agreed.

Mu Ningxue’s innate talent was not as simple as he had seen before. He still could not forget the overwhelming power of the Ice Crystal Bow.