

## Versatile 641

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#### Chapter 641: Pulling the Snake from Its Hole, Part One

“Mu He is Salan?” Zhou Ming, Zhao Kunsan, Wang Sanpang and Mu Bai were stunned!

It was a very scary thought. Mu He used to be one of the chairmen of Tian Lan Magic High. They were not unfamiliar with him.

Both Mo Fan and Zhang Xiaohou’s families used to work with the Mu Family. Mo Fan’s father Mo Jiaxin was even Mu He’s driver and assistant. When the thought of Mu He being the evil Salan who would not blink when killing people, they could not help but sense a great chill coming from deep within their souls!

“This...this is unbelievable,” Zhao Kunsan was no longer able to stand still. He staggered a few steps back.

Mu Bai fell completely silent. He was probably having the hardest time accepting the truth.

When his mother mentioned Yu Ang, he thought it was only a mere coincidence, or perhaps Yu Ang only had contact with the Black Vatican after he joined the Mu Family. When Zhang Xiaohou mentioned about the Great Deacon Hu Jin, Mu Bai immediately recalled this.

Mu He had always been kind to him, and he was also the senior that Mu Bai had the most respect for.

As such, Mu Bai was eager to clear his suspicion. Otherwise, how would he be able to regain his peace of mind?

However...the situation was heading for the worse.

It was impossible that the information that Zhang Xiaohou had acquired with his life at stake was unreliable, which meant that his uncle Mu He was actually a member of the Black Vatican. He even placed his pawn Yu Ang beside Mu Zhuoyun, and arranged for the people of Bo City to be reallocated to the Ancient Capital just so he could proceed with their plan...

“We’ve already detained Salan. This Mu He must be Great Deacon Hu Jin!” said the mysterious man sternly.

“Detained? Why haven’t you executed him yet?” said Mo Fan in astonishment.

“We would like to, but executing Salan means we’ll be killing almost ten Super Magicians too. We still don’t know exactly who Salan is yet,” admitted Han Ji.

The mysterious man explained how they had detained the authorities of the Ancient Capital in custody.

It was the only way they could come up with to trap Salan. The truth was, the man in the alleyway was not the only life sacrificed to acquire the information. There were people from the Magic Association's Enforcement Union who managed to learn Salan's true identity, but they were all killed.

Therefore, Han Ji and the mysterious man had to make a bet; there was no way they would let the person who was behind the conspiracy that had endangered the lives of millions of people in the Ancient Capital go easily.

"Zhu Meng, Du Xiao, Fei Jiao, and Lu Xu are among them?" asked Mo Fan in shock.

Han Ji nodded, "I know Zhu Meng is the least suspicious, but..."

"So what, if we still can't find out who Salan is?" asked Zhou Ming.

"If that's the case..." Han Ji let out a sigh. Even he agreed that it was incredibly cruel to make the decision, making him look entirely worn out, "We can only..."

"We'll execute them all!" said the mysterious man.

The air froze in that instant. Everyone stared at the president of the Magic Association and the mysterious man in disbelief.

Execute them all...

They were going to sacrifice almost ten innocent Super Magicians for the sake of killing one Salan. Wasn't that way too extreme?!

They might be unfamiliar with the others, but Du Xiao, Zhu Meng, Fei Jiao and Lu Xu had greatly contributed to the Northern Walls. They risked their lives to fight the Phantom Tyrant Emperor.

"Is that... really worth it?" Fang Gu gasped.

"It's the decision made by the higher-ups. Salan will continue to invoke even greater disasters as long as he's alive. You have seen it too, how many lives and families were lost in this calamity... We've sacrificed a lot just to pin him down among this group of authorities; if we don't kill him now, we won't have the same chance again!" said Han Ji, clenching his teeth.

No one knew how great the price the Enforcement Union had paid just to find out who Salan was.

The truth was, they had planned to detain the assembled group of authorities long ago. They had only sent the decoy to confirm their speculation, just so the authorities were willing to be detained too...

They had to sacrifice a man's life even for a simple goal like that. One could imagine the countless lives that had been sacrificed in order to come so far and keep Salan in custody.

What would anyone other organization do in their place?

Take a look at the ocean of undead, and the people crying in despair, waiting for their deaths in the city. Could they really afford to let Salan go?

The decision was totally unfair to the innocent authorities that were dragged into it, but they were left with no choice.

“The Black Vatican is going to awaken the Emperor of the Qin Dynasty, Ying Zheng, next! Once he wakes up, the inner city will be turned into Hell. Do you think it’s worth it to exchange the lives of ten authority figures for the lives of the millions in the city? Do we even have a choice?” the mysterious man trembled as he swore.

He had always been hiding in the dark. His name was not written in the records of the glorious Magic Association. He was doing something similar to the Black Vatican, but the difference was the Black Vatican was bringing destruction to mankind, while he was sacrificing the lives of his people to try and stop the destruction.

After all these years, he had learned the truth, which was the fact that he was simply sacrificing the lives of a smaller group of people in exchange for the survival of the majority. Any mission that involved the survival of a city, or even a nation, was the same!

There was no peace without blood. The decision that the Magic Association made might have obstructed justice and moral principles. They would even be ashamed to face the innocent authorities and their families, yet at least they were doing it for the sake of the people suffering from the disaster Salan had brought on.

“But what if Salan wasn’t scared of dying to begin with? What if he was already planning to die just so he could achieve his goals? And, if, what if, you’ve made the wrong call, and Salan wasn’t even among the group of authorities? If they are all executed, we won’t have anyone to deal with the Ruler-level undead! I’m pretty sure that the barrier won’t last for a few days, even before Ying Zheng is resurrected. Your methods are too extreme!” declared Mu Bai.

“We understand what you’re trying to say, but if you have any doubt regarding our methods, you should come up with a better plan first. Otherwise, anything you say is meaningless. It’s more effective to just proceed with the plan,” said the mysterious man.

“This...” Mu Bai was left speechless.

“When are you planning to proceed with the plan?” asked Mo Fan in a serious tone.

“When the Mountain Zombie starts to attack the barrier,” said Han Ji.

“I agree with Mu Bai. Once the authorities are dead, the Ruler-level undead will massacre the whole city. We can’t just kill them all. Now that we know Mu He is Great Deacon Hu Jin, and since he’s Salan’s right-hand man, he must know who the real Salan is...” said Mo Fan.

“This Great Deacon Hu Jin is in charge of the whole situation on behalf of Salan. The whole city is filled with spies of the Black Vatican. If we send out Imperial Magicians, he would most likely run away,” said the mysterious man.

“We’ll go!” said Mo Fan coldly.

“Yeah, we’ll deal with Mu He!” said Zhou Ming.

“Why would you think this Great Deacon Hu Jin simply let you find him?”

“We won’t be finding him, he’ll come looking for us,” said Mo Fan confidently.

“He might before we sent the Imperial Magicians for you, but I don’t think he would bother finding you now,” said the mysterious man.

“No, he will still come for us. The problem is, how are we going to send the message to him?” said Mo Fan with utter confidence.

“I know the owner of a tea house. He contacts my uncle on a regular basis. I suspect something’s fishy about him, too...I can pretend to take shelter at his tea house, and somehow give him the information. If he’s on the Black Vatican’s side, he will surely pass the message on to my uncle!” Mu Bai’s eyes flickered with a hint of determination.

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#### **Chapter 642: Pulling the Snake from Its Hole, Part Two**

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Everrich Tea House was located on the main road leading to the clock tower. The road was now crowded with people seeking safety, packed so tightly that it was hard to weave through on foot.

The first and second floors of the Tea House were full of people too, indicating that the owner was a sensible man. However, the third floor was not opened to the public.

The third floor was a little attic. One could see the Clock Tower Magic Association through the window.

The loud chime of the bell was sounding. Each chime would emit golden motes into the sky through the main pillar of light, transferring energy to the barrier protecting the city.

The sacred golden glow was being emitted continuously. Perhaps the protection from the ancient bell was the only reason why the people still had a slight glimpse of hope in their hearts. Once the chimes stopped and the golden energy could no longer maintain the barrier, it would all come to an end.

“Humph, that thing is going to turn into a mere decoration in the end!” the owner of the tea house glanced at the clock tower coldly.

As soon as he finished the sentence, a worker hurried his way up to the attic.

“Boss, Mu Bai is downstairs. It seems like he’s here looking for shelter. They were just too many people outside, it’s cold and starving,” said the worker.

“Oh, oh, it’s him. Let him come up. The kid is lucky enough to still be alive. Otherwise, I won’t even know how to report back to Mu He,” said the owner Xue Zang.

The worker soon led Mu Bai to the attic. It was not spacious, but it was well-decorated, slightly resembling the style during the ancient Qin Dynasty. Guests could sit on the tatami while enjoying the tea and the sight of the vehicles and crowd coming in and out from the clock tower. Currently, the whole street was simply stacked with people.

“Uncle Xue, you’ve taken in so many people, and even gave them food. You’re such a kind man,” Mu Bai walked in with a smile, no stranger to the man.

“You little imp, I told you not to go outside the outer walls. Look at you, your uncle Mu He and I even thought you were dead out there. It’s good to see you alive and well,” Xue Zang patted Mu Bai’s shoulder.

“Where’s my uncle, is he alright?” blurted out Mu Bai.

“Why are you still calling him uncle, you shouldn’t blame him either. When Mu Zhuoyun was still the person in charge of the family, if he knew you were actually your uncle’s bastard, he would surely have made a huge fuss about it. In the end, your ‘uncle’ could only tell him that you and your mum are his distant cousins,” said Xue Zang sincerely.

“I...I had gotten used to it,” Mu Bai looked lost in his thoughts, yet he did not dare to show it.

“I have no idea where he is now, but he should be safe somewhere, don’t worry. Oh, by the way, I heard from the people who came here looking for a shelter that you and your friends were taken away by the Imperial Magicians. Is everything alright?” said Xue Zang.

Mu Bai’s heart tightened.

He did not expect Xue Zang to be so well-informed. He was now in big trouble. If both Xue Zang and Mu He were from the Black Vatican, they were most likely suspicious of him!

“It has nothing to do with me. The Imperial Magicians simply took the guy called Fang Gu away, they mentioned something about the Water of Kun, but it turned out that the guy has already used it to refine his skeleton,” Mu Bai remained collected and replied calmly.

The truth was, his heart was already beating rapidly.

“I don’t really understand, but nothing else matters as long as you’re fine. Oh, what about your friends? You can call them over too. It’s important to look after one another in a big disaster like this.” Xue Zang’s eyes flickered, but then his expression returned, if he was totally clueless about the situation.

“Oh, they are heading to the museum. They said something about the Underground Holy Spring being related to the Water of Kun, so they are going to verify it,” said Mu Bai.

“Underground Holy Spring... isn’t that the thing from Bo City? Are you saying that your classmate Mo Fan still has it?” Xue Zang squinted his eyes.

“Who knows, but Mo Fan was quite excited when someone mentioned that the villages on the outskirts were related to Bo City. In the end, they decided to visit the museum. I was too lazy to follow them around, so I came here to rest,” Mu Bai said disdainfully.

“Oh? So the Imperial Magician followed them to the museum?” asked Xue Zang.

“I don’t think so, they only came up with the plan after we left the Imperial Magicians... I don’t even know what that the Underground Holy Spring is used for, maybe I’ll ask my uncle when he comes back,” said Mu Bai.

“Mm, mm, oh, Mu Bai, you should rest here. I’ll go and attend to some matters first,” said Xue Zang.

“Alright,” Mu Bai nodded.

When he saw Xue Zang leave the room, he felt like his heart was about to jump out from his chest.

A while later, after his emotions calmed down, his face had a painful expression as his eyes turned bloodshot.

He was currently having mixed feelings, which almost made him feel like he was going to have a mental breakdown at any second.

He really wished that it had all been mere speculation, hoping that Mo Fan and the others would not be able to meet the person they were waiting for. It would simply mean that Mu He was not the Great Deacon Hu Jin of the Black Vatican, and Zhang Xiaohou had made a mistake.

But, if Mu He wasn’t Great Deacon Hu Jin... all the hopes they had would pop like bubbles!

They would proceed with the plan and execute Salan along with the authority figures. No one could possibly face the eight Ruler-level undead that were threatening the safety of the barrier. The millions of people in the city would simply be waiting for their deaths, waiting to be devoured by the tide of death... including himself, his mother, his classmates, his friends.

Either way, it would leave his heart with holes.

Despite that, he still made his choice. At least he could still distinguish the bad from the good!

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Somewhere in the corner of an alleyway, two figures were wearing dark ocean blue snow coats with a piece of cloth on their faces. It was obvious that they did not want anyone else to see their faces.

“Are you sure that the Imperial Magicians are not following them?” asked Great Deacon Hu Jin.

“Do you really think the Imperial Magicians are free to escort them when the whole city has turned into an isolated island surrounded by the ocean of undead? Some of the Imperial Magicians even went missing, let alone the authorities that are watching us. I’m sure that the kids have gone to the museum on their own.

“However, if they found out that the Underground Holy Spring is actually the Water of Kun, with the efficacy of the Underground Holy Spring, it would most likely make the rain ineffective for a day or even longer! If the army of undead withdraws for a day, they would have time to evacuate half of the people in this city. If that happens, our plan is basically...” trailed off Xue Zang.

Great Deacon Hu Jin frowned. They had already made a mistake after they failed to take down Fang Gu. However, they were in luck, as Fang Gu had used the Water of Kun to refine his undead. To their surprise, Mo Fan somehow found out the secret of the Underground Holy Spring!

“If that idiot Yu Ang hadn’t messed up twice in a row, we wouldn’t be having these problems!” cursed Great Deacon Hu Jin.

Back in Bo City, as one of the chief plotters, he did not involve himself in the execution of the plan, as it would simply expose himself. However, his underlings were even more useless than he could have imagined. Not only did they fail to take down Bo City, they even lost a Blue Deacon in the Magic City!

This Mo Fan was truly the Black Vatican's natural enemy!

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#### **Chapter 643: Hu Jin Shows Up**

"Then what do we do now, should we take them down?" asked Xue Zang.

"What if it's just bait?"

"You don't trust Mu Bai?"

"Trust? Why would I trust him, he has yet to be baptized by the Vatican."

"Then what do you say we should do? Senior Salan is still not willing to contact us," blurted out Xue Zang in panic.

The possibility of Mo Fan having the Underground Holy Spring was too deadly to them, as they knew better than anyone the essence that the Water of Kun contained. They had desperately tried to retrieve the Underground Holy Spring, as it was more effective than the Water of Kun. However, the hidden threat they left at Bo City had now turned into the greatest problem in their hands...

"It might be a trap, but even if it is, we'll still have to go and verify it. If the kid does have the Underground Holy Spring, we'll have to save Senior Salan," said Great Deacon Hu Jin.

"Who should we send then?" asked Xue Zang immediately.

Hu Jin said with a smile, "Sacrifice is needed in order to complete our great festival. No one is excluded, not even me."

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The museum was located to the south of the clock tower. The old compound was not just a place where ancient findings and documents were stored, but proof of the glorious achievements of the Magic Civilization that had lasted for several thousand years.

When the disaster took place, the ancient artifacts and documents were already stored away in the warehouses. Some of the things were very important. They must be preserved even if the city was destroyed!

The museum was huge, the hall simply felt like an ancient temple. The ceiling was fifteen meters tall, supported by huge pillars.

Similarly, the museum had also turned into a shelter for the people. It was fully crowded, yet compared to the cold and wet streets, it was like Heaven to the crowd.

The place was blanketed by noise. Mo Fan and his crew regretted it as soon as they arrived. If a fight with the Black Vatican broke out here, the lives of these people would be endangered. They had to come up with a plan to evacuate them to other places.

However, to Mo Fan's surprise, not long after he arrived at the museum, a stranger passed a small piece of paper to him, asking him to go to the roof alone!

As soon as Mo Fan saw the letter, he knew that his target had come fearlessly... yet he still had to meet this Great Deacon Hu Jin!

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The roof of the museum was covered in tiles, with pointy edges. It did resemble the glory of an ancient palace...

Raindrops fell onto the tiles and flowed into a hole on each side of the roof in a little stream, before turning into a small waterfall falling through the mouth of a dragon's head onto the ground, right into the pond at the bottom. From afar, it looked like four dragons were crawling on the roof, spitting out streams of water!

The museum had turned into a huge refugee center. The place was fully crowded. The roof was the only place that was relatively empty. The only sound was the rain tapping on the tiles as it fell from the sky.

Mo Fan stood on one of the edges, wearing a huge gray raincoat.

He could see the whole inner city soaked in the rain from here, every street full of people.

As he glanced further ahead over the inner walls, the black, massive army of undead surrounded the city. It had no visible ends. The small undead were stacked densely together like black dots, while those with huge sizes were like toy models among the black dots!

The Mountain Zombie was very close to them!

Mo Fan could already see its figure poking into the clouds of rain, and its cold eyes flickering up among the clouds.

"Mo Fan, it's been a while. How's your dad Mo Jiaxin?" a voice came from behind Mo Fan.

Mo Fan slowly turned around and discovered a person standing on the roof. He was also wearing a raincoat. The raindrops fell onto him, highlighting his slightly tall and bulky silhouette.

Under the hoodie was a face with thick eyebrows and a beard, yet his skin was fairly smooth and tender, the typical look of a middle-aged man who had been living an enjoyable life.

Mo Fan had never liked this guy since a very long time ago. It further escalated into hatred when the guy took away his house.

Little did he know, that was not all the reasons he had to hate him. This man was basically hated by the whole world!



“My father is good, he’s got money that he won’t be able to spend, and he even got me a beautiful, young stepmother. He bought a few mansions to have some fun. I guess his middle age is quite successful. I didn’t expect you to really show up here, that’s quite a surprise,” replied Mo Fan calmly.

“Hehe, you were smart enough to identify me, why would I continue to hide? Speaking of which, that kid Zhang Xiaohou is really a tough kid. I don’t understand how he’s still alive now. Oh, that doesn’t matter, it’s meaningless for him to remember what he wasn’t supposed to now. Oh, your dad is a good man. The biggest regret I have in my life is not simply arranging an accident to kill your father. That way, he wouldn’t have had a son who keeps stirring up troubles,” Mu He grinned, showing no intention of hiding his identity.

Mo Fan took a closer look at the face under the hoodie. It was indeed Mu He!

However, he was feeling rather nervous when he saw Mu He showing up so easily. Would the man show up if he didn’t feel extremely confident with his plan?

If he was Great Deacon Hu Jin, he could simply send other deacons here on his behalf. There was no need for him to show up!

“You know, I had so many different ways to kill you before,” said Mu He.

“I believe you don’t want to do that,” said Mo Fan

“You’re right, the people of the Enforcement Union watching in the dark would be suspicious of me. Even if I’m able to execute it perfectly, I wouldn’t want to take any risks, as it’s likely going to affect our grand festival here today... Do you know why I asked you to come to the roof? I want you to keep me company as we witness the remarkable scene that’s about to happen!” Mu He spread his arms wide in an enjoyable manner.

It was like he was not standing in the middle of the rain, nor was he standing in the middle of a city suffering from a great disaster, but a sacred light was shining upon him. He acted as if he was being worshiped by millions of people.

A remarkable scene? Mo Fan felt himself get covered in goosebumps when he heard how Mu He was describing it!

“As a matter of fact, even though I knew you were going to cause some problems at this festival, I still had to play the role of Mu He nicely by not doing any harm to you. Let me tell you, you’re only playing a very minor role in this grand festival,” Mu He continued.

“Are you so confident that I don’t have the Underground Holy Spring on me?” said Mo Fan with a cold grin.

“The sky is turning dark soon. Your Underground Holy Spring will only make a difference in the morning. Do you think this city can last the night?” asked Mu He in return.

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#### **Chapter 644: The Whole City as Hostage!**

Mo Fan looked into the sky. His heart followed the sun as it sank into the horizon.

It turned out that the day was already coming to an end...

Even though the undead had remained active in the day due to the Dew of Nine Serenities, the sunlight was still able to slow their pace down. However, once the night came, the undead would only become wilder!

That being said, why did Mu He insist that the city would not be able to last the night?

The safety barrier was equivalent to the combined power of countless Magicians. Even with all the Ruler-level undead attacking it, the golden barrier would still last a few days!

Did that mean that the Black Vatican were proceeding with their plan tonight?

What plan could it be? Magicians like Han Ji and Lu Huan were available to handle creatures as strong as the Mountain Zombie. As for the Flesh Mound Corpse Officials and the rest of the powerful undead, they still had Imperial Magicians to deal with them. They would simply defend the inner walls with their Magic.

The possibility of breaking into the inner city in a single night?

That was impossible, unless the Qin Emperor Ying Zheng was resurrected tonight, and his strength would need to surpass the Ruler-level!

Was it possible for an emperor that had died so many years ago to still possess such formidable power?

"It's obvious that you've lured me here to learn Salan's identity. The truth is, I've come here because I want you to deliver a message, too," Mu He said calmly.

"Do you think I will listen to you?" said Mo Fan.

"It's up to you. You used Mu Bai to pass the message to me, so I'll need your help to pass the message to that old man Han Ji. Oh, as for the Underground Holy Spring, I'm betting that you don't have it. Besides, I've already mentioned it. Once the night arrives, your Underground Holy Spring is completely useless. This city won't survive until the next dawn," said Mu Bai.

A cold breeze mixed with the rain swept past. It was harder for Mo Fan to see Mu He clearly.

Mo Fan's heart had sunk to the bottom when he heard Mu He's words. It seemed like it was meaningless to find out Great Deacon Hu Jin's identity. Mu He was completely fearless. Judging from the madness he had displayed, even if they took him down, he would not tell them who Salan was, either!

They had only managed to lure him here, which Mu He took advantage of so he could send a message to Han Ji. What did he want to say to the President of the Magic Association?

*-Is he trying to negotiate?*

*-Is the Black Vatican trying to negotiate with the Magic Association?-*

The Black Vatican had the upper hand in the current situation. They had already dragged countless people into Hell after the inner city was surrounded by the ocean of undead. What would they want to negotiate for?

Could it be that they already knew about the plan to execute the authorities?

*-They were trying to save Salan!*

“You want to save Salan?” asked Mo Fan coldly.

“Aren’t you smart? That’s right, we’re going to save Senior Salan. Unfortunately, it seems like Han Ji has decided to kill all of them, even if it means killing ten innocent people. Even we are quite thrilled by this bold move. I have to admit, that’s a very strong move. We can’t let Senior Salan die like that. I want you to tell Han Ji to stop the plan, and we’ll give this city a glimpse of hope... otherwise, if Senior Salan dies, those authorities won’t be the only ones that will die with him. The whole city will be buried with him. They won’t live until the next dawn!” Mu He’s voice came like a cold gust.

Millions of people would be buried with Salan!

Mo Fan’s heart pounded heavily as soon as he heard the words.

For some reason, he believed that the Black Vatican would actually do something like that!

“Do you think Han Ji is willing to negotiate with you? You’ve already killed too many people. Why would they even trust you?” said Mo Fan.

“Oh, they will believe me, because I’m going to tell them where the imperial tomb of the Qin Emperor is...” said Mu He confidently.

Mu He wore his usual disdainful smile when he saw Mo Fan’s hesitation.” Oh Mo Fan, compared to the great Vatican and this grand festival, you’re nothing but a petty messenger. Stop trying to make a decision here, your job is to deliver the message. Otherwise, the only glimpse of hope will be ruined in your hands!” Mu He said with a commanding voice, as if he had everything under his control.

Mo Fan did not waste his time further. The number of hostages that the Black Vatican was controlling was too overwhelming!

Most importantly, he had offered to give them the location of the Ancient King’s imperial tomb!

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Under the giant clock of the Clock Tower Magic Association, Mo Fan, Han Ji, the mysterious man, Zhang Xiaohou, Zhou Ming, Mu Bai, Fang Gu, and the others waited patiently. In addition to them, Wang Kai, a leader of the Imperial Magicians; Shi Zheng, an elder of the Enforcement Union; and Yao Ting, a commander of the army, and Chu Jia, an elder of the Hunter Union, were present too.

The Imperial Magicians in their purple outfits stood in straight lines majestically.

The Imperial Magicians were all under Han Ji’s command. As such, the president of the Magic Association was the one with the strongest army of Magicians among the crowd.

The captain of the Imperial Magicians was absent. He had to hold his position, as the Nether Bone Ruler was already launching an assault on the golden barrier.

As a matter of fact, the Mountain Zombie was also approaching the inner walls. It would soon arrive at the golden barrier.

Once the Mountain Zombie reached the golden barrier, the plan would be executed, killing all the authorities that were under custody.

“He’s here. He’s actually showing up in the trench coat of a Blue Deacon!” Elder Shi Zheng from the Enforcement Union glanced down from the tower and saw a man in a blue trench coat making his way up.

He had come alone. However, everyone knew that he was holding the lives of millions of people in his hands!

Mu He had arrived as he said he would. He did not even wear a mask.

It was meaningless to keep his disguise now that the grand festival was taking place. He could finally reveal his face to the public. He really enjoyed how the people were looking at him, like he was the God of Death after he took his mask off.

He ascended the stairs. The whole place was full of Imperial Magicians. They could instantly blast the Great Deacon of the Black Vatican into nothing, yet they did not dare to move before Han Ji gave the order.

“Did you bring Zhang Xiaohou?” Mu He walked up to the crowd. His face was wearing a mocking grin.

Zhang Xiaohou was standing beside Han Ji. The mysterious man was staring at Mu He coldly.

Perhaps both Han Ji and the mysterious man were feeling quite ridiculous. The unforgivable criminal was standing right before them, yet they could not afford to sentence him to death right away. They were in such a desperate situation that they were forced to negotiate with the Black Vatican.

Mu He glanced at Zhang Xiaohou and said, “My Amnesia Bug has already eaten a part of his memory. The truth is, if he fully recovered his memory, he would die before he could speak a word. I will tell you the location of the Qin Emperor’s imperial tomb, and you can verify it with him once he takes the antidote. Of course, you’ll have to release the innocent Councilmen, Elders, and Commanders first.”

Mu He purposely said the word ‘innocent’ in a strange tone, as if he was feeling pity for the innocent people who were close to being killed!

The Magic Association was entrusted with the judicial authority and the right to sentence someone to death. However, it had never been forced into a corner like this. They had completely underestimated the Black Vatican, resulting in a terrible mistake!

Now, it seemed like the Black Vatican had purposely come to torture the Magic Association. The man had turned up with a swagger. It simply felt like he was slapping them right in their faces!

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### **Chapter 645: Ocean Emperor Tsunami!**

The Black Vatican wanted Salan alive!

They had offered to tell them the location of the imperial tomb. The real threat to the city was not the undead that had remained active in the rain, but the other Ruler-level undead that would be awakened once the ancestor of undead, Ying Zheng was fully awakened...

Their final glimpse of hope was to locate the imperial tomb and stop the Ancient King from being resurrected. It would then drive the ocean of undead away!

"Let them go!" Han Ji coldly gave the order.

A group of Imperial Magicians first led Councilman Zhu Meng out from custody. Zhu Meng looked fairly calm, yet he was slightly disappointed knowing that the higher-ups of the Magic Association had decided to get rid of him together with the others, just to eliminate Salan.

The Imperial Magician removed the Spell controlling Councilman Zhu Meng. The councilman tidied his slightly disheveled beard and glanced at Mo Fan beside him helplessly, "I never thought you would be the one saving my life."

"I don't think anyone here will have a good ending if either the fish dies or the net splits," said Mo Fan.

"Who would have thought that the Magic Association would be forced to make a decision like this," Zhu Meng let out a sigh, and somehow looked a lot more aged than he used to.

"Saving people is harder than killing," said Mo Fan.

Zhu Meng was stunned, before he smiled wryly.

After Zhu Meng, the rest of the authorities were released one by one.

Han Ji did not release them in a random fashion. He actually kept the most suspicious ones for later.

When Du Xiao slowly walked up to the crowd after the restrictions on him were lifted, Han Ji raised his hand, signaling his men to halt the process.

"You can tell us now," Han Ji's voice was filled with strong murderous intent. As the president of the Magic Association, he was held responsible for every decision he made. If the location of the imperial tomb was not the key to saving the lives of millions of people, he would have torn Mu He into pieces long ago!

Mu He showed no sign of panic. He took his time walking to the edge of the balcony and stood in front of the cement railings.

He cast a glance at Zhang Xiaohou and nodded in satisfaction when he discovered that less black gas was being released from his body. He shifted his gaze into the distance in the north.

After a long time, this Great Deacon Hu Jin still remained silent. Han Ji's murderous intent grew stronger gradually as time went by!

"Patient, you will see it very soon, before the night comes..." Great Deacon Hu Jin simply stood there with his gaze looking to the north.

His gaze was not fixed on the Northern Gate, but the area beyond the An Yuan Gate that was already devoured by the black ocean.

The area used to be Weiyang District. They could barely see the shadows of some tall buildings standing there with countless zombies, skeletons and phantoms moving around them. Almost every building had a pair of eyes emitting a red gleam at the top. The owner of those eyes either had a body strong as steel, or a body large enough to sway the building. It was likely that even Magicians with high positions had never seen so many Commander-level creatures showing up simultaneously!

The night had almost arrived. The constant rain drifted in the wind. The sky was hazier further into the distance, no one knew how many creatures were out there, behind the veil of rain and darkness!

Around three kilometers away from An Yuan Gate, a dark blue tide suddenly appeared between the dark land and the clouds hanging low above the ground. White waves rolled across the air, with howls so loud that the entire inner city could hear them.

It felt like a fierce ocean had simply appeared between the sky and the ground. Its magnificence and splendor were breathtaking, like a tsunami a few kilometers wide rolling over the shore!

Luckily, the tsunami was not heading toward the inner city. The ocean that was pouring down from the sky was rolling in the direction of the undead. Initially, there was no vacant space around An Yuan Gate, as the whole place was occupied by stacks of undead. However, as the waves rolled forward, thousands of undead were devoured by the shocking tsunami as it traveled further away from An Yuan Gate!

The tsunami was a certain distance away from the clock tower, but while it was rolling in the sky and poured down like a few tens of waterfalls, Mo Fan somehow felt like it was happening right in front of him. His astonishment from witnessing a Water Spell comparable to a tsunami was greater than that he had experienced after witnessing the Light Spell, Holy Essence: Demon Judgment Sword!

"Lu Huan is making his move," Zhu Meng said calmly.

"The captain of the Imperial Magicians?" asked Mo Fan.

"Mm, his strength is on par with Han Ji's. If I were to fight him, I'd lose miserably in less than ten rounds. He's strong enough to take on the Nether Bone Ruler alone," said Zhu Meng.

As soon as Zhu Meng finished his sentence, a piercing screech came from outside the inner walls. The people in the city immediately covered their ears. Every piece of glass of the buildings inside the barrier were shattered into pieces...

Mo Fan raised his head and discovered a huge bony creature descending from the clouds. As it dropped below the clouds, it extended its sinister wings fully. The force of its movements simply cleared away the raindrops nearby, as if someone had just thrown a strong punch at the curtain of rain!

The raindrops struck the curved golden barrier like arrows.

The golden barrier would only stop things that posed a certain level of threat to the city. Normally, the barrier would not stop the raindrops from falling through it, but the raindrops launched by the Nether Bone Ruler landed crisply on the barrier!

How strong exactly was the creature?

“The Nether Bone Ruler won’t stand there and watch once Lu Huan starts to attack. His Super Water Spell, Ocean Emperor Tsunami, can easily eliminate between two to three thousand undead when they are stacked together like that,” said Zhu Meng.

“A Super Spell...” mumbled Mo Fan to himself.

The sky was turning darker. The people on the clock tower could barely see Lu Huan flying around in the rain as he fought the Nether Bone Ruler.

Most Spells that Lu Huan cast were Super Level. He adeptly mixed in some Advanced Spells before channeling the next Super Spell. The light he was emitting was brighter than the entire troop of Magicians on the walls. The energy he produced was enough to blast thousands of undead into nothing!

The people standing on the clock tower were authorities, able to cast Super Spells too. However, no one would dare to fight a Ruler undead outside the golden barrier like Lu Huan!

The whole city was witnessing Lu Huan’s bravery. It brought a glimpse of hope to the city that was currently on the edge of a cliff.

Magician, he was a real Magician! Even the darkness produced by a calamity was unable to hide his brilliance!

“Having such a brave Imperial Magician can be considered a great fortune in the midst of misfortune, it’s a pity that there’s only one Lu Huan...” Great Deacon Hu Jin commented cuttingly.

“It seems like you’re only wasting our time, but it’s time for you to die,” said Han Ji coldly.

“It is my time to die indeed, but are you sure you don’t want to wait a bit longer? The king’s tomb is coming,” said Great Deacon Hu Jin.

Not long after he finished the sentence, he began to tremble as he saw something in the distance. His voice echoed on the clock tower as it went from a deep chuckle to a wild laugh.

“It’s here, it’s here, HAHA, HAHAHAHA!”

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 646: The Dark Abyss Strikes the City**

Mo Fan really thought Great Deacon Hu Jin had completely lost it. It was dumb to try negotiating with these crazy maniacs.

However, when Mo Fan followed Mu He's passionate gaze, he somehow felt like his understanding of the world was completely toppled!

Lu Huan was fighting the Nether Bone Ruler in the sky. Waves of energy continuously rippled in the air, but the space they were fighting in was peeling off!

The area drenched in the rain was devoured like wallpaper peeling off from the walls!

The gaps that appeared were immersed in chaos, like a black hole had suddenly appeared out of nowhere, although there was something else in it, apart from darkness.

The space fell apart and twisted. The chaotic black hole slowly spread larger. It expanded from a little black dot into a huge gap under the sky!

It looked like a gap from here, but it was most likely a shocking chasm in the air!

The twisted space extended to the clouds. Even the thick clouds were torn apart, leaving an obvious hole between the sections, as if a piece of the sky had just fallen...

"Is that..." Han Ji's eyes almost popped out from his sunken eye sockets.

Zhu Meng and Du Xiao were standing close to Mo Fan. They were both staring into the distance in shock. They simply could not believe what they were seeing.

The twisted space gradually fell to the ground. The huge gap of emptiness continued to expand, and gradually turned into a chaotic spinning vortex of blackness!

The ground beneath the gap sank rapidly all of a sudden.

The place was already crawling with undead, yet as the ground sank, over ten thousand undead simply fell into the hole. They could see the undead in the form of black dots pouring into the hole like raindrops...

No one knew how deep exactly the ground had sunken. It totally looked like the entrance to Hell slowly opening up, or some astonishingly large creature opening up its throat!

Cries of phantoms and the roars of undead were rising nonstop!

The most terrifying, chilliest sound in the world appeared from the huge pit that had been formed in just an instant. It was the combination of the cries uttered by tens of thousand phantoms simultaneously. They were truly the cries of Hell, filled with utter despair, hatred, and utmost pain!

Even though they could not see the scene inside the pit, they could simply imagine what it would look like down there from the overwhelming cries of the army of undead!

"It's the Dark Abyss!" Someone exclaimed all of a sudden, sending chills down the spines of everyone, as their limbs began to tremble and their scalps began to turn numb!

The furnace of Hell!

A place where the zombies were stacked into mountains, the skeletons were covering the surface, and the phantoms as huge as the size of clouds floating around...



It was the legendary black zone: the Dark Abyss!

The hatred and presence of death were so overwhelming that they simply twisted the space. Almost every Magician believed that it was the entrance to Hell. The real Hell was lying right beneath it!

Everyone's eyes seemed to be attracted to the black hole, their spirits draining away.

However, Hu Jin's piercing laugh was still echoing in their ears, dealing suffocating blows to their fragile souls.

"HAHAHA, that's the answer you are looking for... The greatest Necromancer in history has placed his imperial tomb right there, a place scarier than Hell! Feel free to go and negotiate with him, HAHAAAA!" Mu He burst out laughing.

His face was completely twisted from his laugh, yet his passionate eyes were staring at the Dark Abyss with utmost sincerity, and a hint of excitement as if he was enjoying the spectacular view of a starry sky.

"Are you saying that the Ancient King's imperial tomb is inside the Dark Abyss?" blurted out the mysterious man in fear. Even with the mask, everyone could see the muscles on his face twitching.

The Dark Abyss, the answer was the Dark Abyss!

"My God, is that even somewhere a human can go!?"

"A black zone, a forbidden place for humans..."

Most people on the clock tower were Super Magicians, yet the timidity they were displaying when facing the Dark Abyss was not much different than the helpless commoners trying to survive from the calamity!

No wonder the Black Vatican was so fearless. No wonder Mu He was willing to trade the answer they sought for Salan's life. As a matter of fact, knowing the answer did not bring any difference to the situation, unless someone was able to walk out from the Dark Abyss unharmed?

That was simply impossible, even for Han Ji, who was the strongest Magician among them.

"Lu Huan and the Nether Bone Ruler are being dragged toward the Dark Abyss!" someone screamed all of a sudden.

An uproar took place on the clock tower. With their attention drawn by the Dark Abyss, they had completely forgotten that Lu Huan was fighting the Nether Bone Ruler inside the chaotic vortex right above the Dark Abyss!

The dark gap from before had expanded into an actual black hole. They could see the air vortex slowly yet forcibly tearing the space apart. Both Lu Huan and Nether Bone Ruler were caught by the force. They tried to escape from it, yet their bodies were gradually being dragged toward the furnace of Hell underneath them!

That was one of the strongest Super Magicians and a Ruler Skeleton, yet even they could not escape from the power of the black forbidden area?

The people of the city were watching Lu Huan with their heart stuck in their throats. It felt like their thoughts were being dragged into the Dark Abyss together with their hero, like a helpless man stepping into a huge swamp...

Mo Fan was experiencing a tremendous shock too, his eyes wide open. He initially thought Lu Huan could break free from the Dark Abyss with his strength, yet both he and the Nether Bone Ruler were being dragged toward the entrance of Hell.

As soon as they fell into the pit, it somehow felt like the Dark Abyss had grown slightly larger.

Mo Fan stared at the pit. He was still clinging onto the final glimpse of hope, hoping that Lu Huan would still make his way out of the Dark Abyss, yet it did not happen.

Lu Huan had fallen into the pit, so had the Nether Bone Ruler. The Dark Abyss did not distinguish between humans and undead. The Nether Bone Ruler was in a panic, as it too would be turned into nothing inside the pit!

Silence!

The whole place was immersed in dead silence, as if every sound wave was sucked into the bottom of the terrifying abyss!

The curtain of rain remained connected to the clouds. The army of undead was covering the horizon.

Between the gray sky and the dark ground was a space vortex that seemed to be leading to a different world and the terrifying Dark Abyss. It was a scene that no one could comprehend, one that everyone thought could only appear in a nightmare!

“By the way, as a token of sincerity from the Black Vatican, I can also tell you another piece of information. Can you kindly release the rest of the authorities?” Hu Jin smiled after he finished enjoying the spectacular scene.

Han Ji was frozen in his spot. He seemed soulless when he gave the command.

The Imperial Magicians let the rest of the authorities go. Lu Xu, Ling Xi, Li Yujian, and the others were released, one after another. However, when they saw the nightmarish scenery before them, they somehow felt like the place was no better than Hell!

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 647: The Apotheosis Ceremony**

“The Dark Abyss is getting closer to the city,” Mo Fan spoke up before Hu Jin could continue.

Mo Fan’s words brought a great shock to the crowd, so strong that even their inner organs were almost shattered by the impact!

The Dark Abyss was moving toward the inner city!

Zhu Meng was the first to react. He quickly recalled the last few appearances of the Dark Abyss.

The first time was at the end of the Drifting Sand River, around seven hundred kilometers to the west of the Ancient Capital.

The second time was at Xianchi, where the villages were located!

The third time was to the north of the city, only thirty kilometers away!

This time, it had simply appeared right in the city. Even though the City North was already devoured by the ocean of undead, it had always been moving toward the city!

If the Dark Abyss that could easily kill the Nether Bone Ruler appeared right on top of the inner city filled with millions of people...

Zhu Meng shuddered. His eyes widened, to the extent that they almost exploded. He did not dare to imagine it further!

“The next space shift of the Dark Abyss will be the time of death for all of you! Whether it be the commoners as common as cockroaches or mice in this city, or you Magicians with high positions, you are going to die! You’re all going to die!

“HAHAHA, what a festival, it is the greatest time ever for our Vatican, and our Senior Salan is about to become a God during this festival! Everyone will kneel in front of the God of Death, Salan’s feet, they will submit to his wisdom and invention!”

Hu Jin’s passionate behavior served as a bright contrast to the silence among the Magicians on the clock tower.

It turned out the Dark Abyss had always been the Black Vatican’s plan!

No wonder Zhang Xiaohou had bumped into Mu He close to the Dark Abyss, as they were behind it all along... looking at the situation, would anyone still think that Salan and his men were just a motley group of people?

This Salan was really the God of Death, the deity of darkness who lived to create death!

Human lives were not just cheap in his eyes. A city that had existed for thousands of years was simply the venue he had chosen for his festival. The undead surrounding the city were escorts for him as he ascended the stairs. Meanwhile, the lives of the millions of people in the city, and the despair and sacrifice of the Super Magicians, were the bright red carpet that he would be stepping on as he ascended the stairs and apotheosized in the midst of the greatest burial of the century, so the whole world would simply tremble and submit to him!

The festival was simply Salan’s Apotheosis Ceremony!

The Dark Abyss was terrifying, yet how scary was it compared to Salan’s heart?

Great Deacon Hu Jin was already worshiping to the north. The people were lost with words, seeing how devout he was. However, the one that brought a greater impact to their minds was Salan, whose heart was just as terrifying as the Dark Abyss. He had conducted the festival just to tell the world that Salan, the God of Death, was standing right here in the Ancient Capital!

Han Ji was feeling regret on top of the despair swarming his heart.

If they proceeded with their plan, the millions of people in the city would die, and so would Salan... the man did not even give everyone the chance to be afraid of him. He was worthy of being called the God of Death, without a doubt!

However, what was the point of feeling regretful now?

With the ocean of undead surrounding the inner city, the Dark Abyss would most likely appear right in the center of the inner city after tomorrow's dusk. The little city would be consumed by the furnace of Hell, including the millions of people inside it...

As tears rolled down Han Ji's cheek, he dropped to his knees helplessly. The extremely talented Magician had turned into a decrepit old man at this moment.

"Sa...Salan, just take whatever you want, but... I, Han Ji am begging you... please spare the people in this city!" Han Ji's voice was trembling.

The reputable president of the Clock Tower Magic Association, the formidable Spells he had mastered throughout his life, were merely froth and shadows. All he had left was a pleading voice.

The authorities looked at Han Ji in disbelief. The man who had never surrendered to the evil influence was begging the Black Vatican for mercy. He was kneeling in front of the Red Cardinal Salan. How miserable did he need to be, and how shattered was his dignity to be able to do such a thing?

The mysterious man stood there with a blank expression.

It turned out that he was never close to learning the Black Vatican's real conspiracy. He had suffered a complete defeat!

The Ancient King's imperial tomb was located in the unstoppable Dark Abyss...

The Dark Abyss would eventually drift into the inner city. The whole place was going to be dragged into the abyss of Hell.

The so-called glimpse of hope was actually taking away everyone's last glimpse of hope, urging them to prepare themselves to sacrifice their lives for the Black Vatican's grand ceremony.

The mysterious man glanced at the authority figures who had been released. Everyone was wearing the same despair and blank face, yet he knew that one of them was actually laughing in his heart, like a devil that had trampled the city under feet tied with black chains!

"It's no use, president." The mysterious man helped Han Ji to his feet.

If Salan's true goal was to trample the authority and dignity of the Magic Association that had lasted for thousands of years, he had already done it.

It was exactly as Great Deacon Hu Jin had mentioned, Salan was aiming to become a God, a God of Death that would shock the whole world. The festival was necessary; so was the destruction of the whole city.

How long they had been planning the festival?

The Black Vatican had managed to dig up even more secrets than the Magic Association was aware of.

They knew the secrets of the villages, how Bo City was related to the villages, the secrets of the Dark Abyss, and the way to control where it would appear...

Were they really going to wait for their deaths, just like that?

The mysterious man was still supporting Han Ji. His eyes were still fixed on the people who had been released, trying to find something suspicious from their reaction.

Besides, if they knew they were actually going to be executed before they were held in custody, would they really have surrendered that easily?

Everyone had the desire to stay alive. Even if he ordered the Imperial Magicians to capture and execute them, the person that tried to resist would not necessarily be Salan. Both sides would simply suffer losses from the infighting.

As the mysterious man was lost in despair and anger, an Imperial Magician slowly walked up to him and handed him a letter.

The mysterious man opened the letter. His eyes flickered when he saw the symbols that only he could read...

The man had finally brought back the news!

The mysterious man quickly read the message. His expression changed gradually the more he read the content. His hands even started trembling in the end.

Hope, the last line was the real hope they were looking for!

The mysterious man immediately looked at Fang Gu, Mo Fan, Zhang Xiaohou, and the others, yet considering that Salan was still among them, he immediately whispered into Han Ji's ears.

Han Ji's blank pupils finally recovered.

"Are you serious? Can we trust the man?" asked Han Ji.

"We definitely can!" the mysterious man said confidently!

"But, can they actually do it?" said Han Ji.

"We have no other choice. It's the only chance we have, no matter how slim it is!" said the mysterious man firmly.

## [Versatile Mage](#)

### **Chapter 648: The Descendants of the Ancient King**

As the people were lost in their thoughts, someone blurted out fiercely, "I would rather die trying than wait for my death here!"

"Yeah, it's better to die fighting than fall into the Dark Abyss!" said Lu Xu.

Even though their efforts might be in vain, if they were given a choice, they would rather charge out of the golden barrier and fight the undead until the end!

"Count me in," exclaimed Li Yujian.

Feeling depressed and hopeless was not something a Super Magician should do. They should be dying gloriously on the battlefield instead, dragging a few Corpse Officials and Phantom Generals with them, or even kill a Ruler Undead. It would be their glory!

"Everyone, let's calm down first!" said the mysterious man.

"We're not calming down! Even if we're about to die, we are going to die a glorious death! If Salan is really among us putting up an act, we'll drag him out there with us, and we'll see whether the asshole or us is going to die first!" cursed the Elder of the Hunter Union.

"Let's fight our way out of here, but we're not simply trying to get ourselves killed. We've just received some information from a reliable source. The Dark Abyss might be deadly, so deadly that even Lu Huan and the Nether Bone Ruler could not escape from it, yet it doesn't mean we can't go into it!" the mysterious man told the people on the clock tower.

The words immediately caught everyone's attention, and their eyes began to flicker.

*-It's possible to go into the Dark Abyss?*

*-There's actually a way to enter the Dark Abyss?-*

Even a strong Magician like Lu Huan was sucked into it! They could not even tell if he was still alive. No one was stronger than Lu Huan among them, they would most likely die if they were to jump into the Dark Abyss!

"We can now confirm that the Dark Abyss is the Ancient King's imperial tomb. He created the pit of death two thousand years ago when he fell into an eternal sleep, just so no one would disturb his peace," said the mysterious man.

The person who had sent him the letter had verified the piece of information. The fact that the Ancient King's imperial tomb was located under the Dark Abyss was incredibly shocking. It explained why no one had managed to locate the tomb after so many years!

The ancestor of the undead, Ying Zheng, was the emperor with the greatest ambition ever in the thousands of years old Magic Civilization. His talent in the Earth Element was incredibly shocking. The perfect condition of the Great Wall of China that was still holding the demon creatures off in the north was one of his greatest achievements.

A great talent when alive, but a terrifying ghost when dead. It was the perfect description for the Emperor of the Qin Dynasty, Ying Zheng!

The ability to place his imperial tomb under the Dark Abyss was still shocking to the Magicians from the current era!

“No one, including the strongest Magician, is allowed to step into the imperial tomb, yet there is a group of people that the Dark Abyss won’t reject. They are the people of the villages!” said the mysterious man excitedly, while pointing at Fang Gu.

Everyone quickly shifted their attention to Fang Gu, who was also quite surprised himself. He glanced at the mysterious man with a confused look.

“The undead will not attack the people from the dangerous villages, as they are the descendants of the Ancient King. The Dark Abyss will destroy everything, stopping every living thing that tries to invade the imperial tomb. However, the door of the imperial tomb is always open to the people from the villages,” said the mysterious man.

If they were able to capture a glimpse of light when they completely lost hope, it felt like they suddenly had something to look forward to. It was worth the try, at least it was better than waiting for their death helplessly!

“Are you saying that the people from the villages can enter the Dark Abyss?”

“Is that true? Are you sure about that?”

“How can you be sure of that?” Zhu Meng quickly went forward with a stern look.

“The person who gave me the information is very reliable. It’s true that we can’t verify the information whether the people from the villages are safe to enter the Dark Abyss, but we have to try,” said the mysterious man grimly.

Fang Gu fell silent when he suddenly became everyone’s hope. He finally spoke with a not so confident voice, “Our villages strictly follow our ancestors’ teachings. Everyone from the villages knows about it, but the chiefs are also told to hold on to some secret information. It does mention that we are protected by the Gods, that even if we fell into the kingdom of death, we will still be treated as the most honorable guests. I can’t tell if it’s referring to the Dark Abyss.”

The villages had existed for thousands of years. It was a miracle that they were still holding onto their traditions. It was expected that the things passed down generations after generations would not be perfectly preserved. In the case of Bo City, without the Underground Holy Spring and the people protecting it, no one would even know that Bo City was related to the villages, nor would they realize that they were the descendants of the Ancient King. People would only refer to themselves as children of the Yellow Emperor. It was impressive if anyone actually passed on their bloodline for a few hundred years.

As for two thousand years, it was almost impossible to say for sure!

“But, if you really want me to go down into the Dark Abyss, I can try. I’m already a sinner that has murdered my own tribe. I’m willing to sacrifice my life if it can give the millions of people in this city a chance,” said Fang Gu.

“I’m glad to hear that,” said Han Ji.

“President, I’ll go too,” said Su Xiaoluo.

Su Xiaoluo was also from the villages. If Fang Gu could enter the Dark Abyss safely, she would be safe too.

“The Dark Abyss is far from a safe place, you should just stay in the inner city,” Fang Gu shook his head.

“Fang Gu, can I ask you something?” asked Zhang Xiaohou.

“Go ahead,” said Fang Gu.

“The Ash Plum I saw outside of the houses when I was at the Sunny Goat Village...” Zhang Xiaohou did not finish his sentence.

“The Ash Plum is actually one of our village’s traditions. It means that someone in the household has passed away,” answered Fang Gu calmly.

“Every house has it, does that mean the whole village is dead?” asked Zhang Xiaohou.

“Mm, what you saw were living dead. I just wanted them to make it back to the city and stay there for seven days, before I will cremate them together with the houses. You Battlemages just happened to visit the village during that time... I had no choice but to control the living dead and interact with you, asking you to leave the village as soon as possible. The Ash Plum in front of every house does mean that they were all dead. So you already noticed that?” replied Fang Gu.

“I remember when my grandfather passed away, my family placed it in front of the house, so I felt it was familiar when I was at your village,” said Zhang Xiaohou.

“So, you think you too have the lineage of the villages, and you too want to go to the Dark Abyss?” said Fang Gu.

Zhang Xiaohou said with a nod, “If you can go down there, I should be able to go too. Since it’s an imperial tomb, it’s going to be dangerous in there still. We can look after one another.”

“What if you aren’t one of them?” blurted out Zhou Ming.

## [Versatile Mage](#)

### **Chapter 649: Do Something**

“If I’m not one of the descendants, so be it. Jumping into the Dark Abyss now is no different than jumping into it when it shifts here into the inner city. Besides, I was standing right beside the Dark Abyss at Xianchi, but the space vortex didn’t suck me into the Dark Abyss. Perhaps that’s a sign that I’m still a pure descendant of the tribe that moved to Bo City,” said Zhang Xiaohou with a forced smile.

“If you’re going, I’ll go with you too,” said Su Xiaoluo with determination.

“Houzi, are you sure about this?” Mo Fan looked at Zhang Xiaohou grimly.



“Brother Fan...” Zhang Xiaohou looked at Mo Fan. He suddenly choked with emotion as he continued to speak, “So many people here are going to die. I just can’t bear to watch it anymore. It’s great to stay alive...when everyone’s alive too. I don’t actually know if the tradition that my family follows has anything to do with the villages, nor do I know if I still have the lineage after so many years...but if I only have one-thousandth, or one ten-thousandth, even if I don’t even have a trace of it... I don’t want to wait until the Dark Abyss devours the city. It’s going to eat the people and all my friends. If the city is destroyed, and everyone is dead, but I somehow survive, I strongly believe that I’ll just kill myself, because I could have... saved everyone’s life!”

When the place was covered in bones and ruins, especially when everyone he was close with had died right beside him while he alone had survived the calamity, he believed that he would not feel relieved at possessing the bloodline of Bo City, but he would forever live in self-condemnation and the shadows of his sin.

Zhang Xiaohou’s voice was shaking as he spoke. He had already witnessed how terrifying the Dark Abyss was. He strongly believed that the most painful way to die was jumping into it.

He was scared. He had never faced fear like this before, yet the words he had spoken were of utmost sincerity.

He had not made the decision because he wanted to show how great a person he was. He just did not want to be the left person alive, even if the chance was only one-thousandth or one ten-thousandth. It was better to die than to live like an empty shell.

Zhang Xiaohou’s words echoed under the clock, in the hearts of the people. Even the Super Magicians with cold faces were touched.

Mo Fan was initially going to convince Zhang Xiaohou to change his mind, yet he was the one being convinced instead.

“Fang Gu, I’ve drunk the Underground Holy Spring. Do you think I’ll be fine jumping into the Dark Abyss?” Mo Fan asked, looking at Fang Gu.

“I wouldn’t know, but according to the information passed down to us, the Underground Holy Spring of your Bo City should be a lot more effective than our Water of Kun... wait, did you drink it all by yourself? I think the undead in the Dark Abyss won’t do any harm to you. The old ancestor is going to chop you into pieces himself!” replied Fang Gu.

“Mo Fan, you’re going too?” Zhou Ming looked at him in great surprise.

“We’re going to die either way, I would rather die trying. Well, we have candidates to jump into the Dark Abyss now, but the question is, how are we going to reach the Dark Abyss? Don’t forget that the Dark Abyss is still a few kilometers away from the An Yuan Gate. The undead across that distance is enough to stack into human pyramids,” said Mo Fan.

The question immediately puzzled the crowd.

The question was on point, the Dark Abyss was located outside of the walls, the whole place was crawling with undead. It was already impossible to reach it!

Zhu Meng snorted into his beard and said righteously, "Humph, do you think we're just going to stand here and watch?!"

"We'll clear a path for you!" Du Xiao declared, stepping forward.

"I already have a bet with Li Yujian. Whoever kills less undead is going to be the other person's servant in Hell. We can start whenever, let's do it!" Elder Shi Zheng was a straightforward person, too.

"We're going to survive, but the bet still counts!" Li Yujian responded.

The spirit in Han Ji's eyes slowly recovered when he saw the authorities willing to contribute.

The information had awakened their spirits after a long silence!

He was only curious what Salan would be feeling right now.

"To prevent Salan from disrupting our plan, I'll personally escort them until we reach the Dark Abyss!" said Han Ji.

"President, you're going too?" said the mysterious man in astonishment.

"Salan is here among us. I believe with how vicious he is, he will surely try to murder them in the midst of chaos. I'll look after them, and I bet Salan won't have the courage to face me!" said Han Ji in cold voice. He looked like a different person than before.

"Alright, since even the president is willing to fight together with us, what else could we say? Every person that was kept in custody just now will be going out. We'll leave a few men behind to guard the city, just in case the Ruler undead suddenly decide to attack!" Commander Yao Ting ordered.

"Zhang Xiaohou, well done, we're proud of you!" Chief Military Instructor Fei Jiao patted Zhang Xiaohou's shoulder solemnly.

"The Dark Abyss will be shifting very soon. We'll have to organize the people responsible for clearing the path. We must escort them to the Dark Abyss!"

"People, you are our only hope. If you succeed, you'll be heroes. If you fail, it won't matter much, either. We'll just gather and enjoy ourselves a grand meal in Hell."

"This is more like it; the more depressed we are, the happier the Black Vatican will be. We won't let them have their way even if we're going to die. F\*\*k the Black Vatican, try fighting me on the bell tower now, I'll torture them until they beg for mercy!"

"President, how about that Hu Jin? He's still kneeling there?" said the mysterious man.

"That guy must be ready to die for Salan if he dared to show himself. Tie him to the clock, let the whole city see his face..." said the president.

Mu He had indeed prepared to die for Salan. He simply knelt on the ground, like he was worshiping a god. He was completely insane!

It was meaningless to even kill someone like him. It was better to tie him up first.

Once they managed to resolve the situation, they would be sure to make him pay!

The Magicians proceeded to seal Mu He's mind and hang him on the clock with chains.

However, Mu He was ready to sacrifice. He continued grinning madly and mumbling words about the festival, apotheosizing, Salan, God of Death, and so forth, like a maniac.

The people simply ignored him. Everyone shared the same goal now, and they would try their best to achieve it!

"Yao Ting, are these people all you can arrange?" asked Han Ji.

"These are the only ones available. We still need people to guard the city. Otherwise, if the safety barrier crumbles when we're out of the city, the undead will simply invade the inner city. The outcome is still going to be the same..."

"He's right, we need enough men to defend the city, just so the Black Vatican won't be able to do much in the midst of chaos," said Lu Xu.

"It's nowhere enough, we won't be able to reach the Dark Abyss with this number," said the mysterious man.

"I've got a plan, but it might involve lots of sacrifices... well, voluntary ones," said Shi Zheng.

Everyone's expression changed when they heard Shi Zheng's suggestion. Some even shook their heads.

However, Shi Zheng still insisted that it was the only way, "I've made it clear. It's voluntary. We should gather the volunteers, and regardless of how many they are, we'll have to proceed with the plan. Time is running short."

"Then... we will tell them the truth."

"The commoners are weak. I doubt they would even volunteer; they are not Magicians, after all."

### [Versatile Mage](#)

#### **Chapter 650: The Resolution to Stay Alive**

Han Ji was solely responsible for protecting Mo Fan, Zhang Xiaohou, and Fang Gu. They were the only hope for the city. If they were killed on their way to the Dark Abyss, the whole city would die with them.

They had reached An Yuan Gate. The golden barrier was a lot dimmer than it was before, the gold edged with brown. They could clearly see waves of foul breaths unleashed by the countless undead like raging tides, striking the golden barrier and the inner walls!

The walls never stopped shaking. The golden barrier was swaying as waves after waves of undead collided on it.

The presence of the undead was so overwhelming that the people could already feel the destruction even though they were standing inside the barrier. They somehow felt like they would simply be crushed into pieces by the breaths of the army of undead alone!

Mo Fan gasped when he saw the horrifying sight once again.

The sight of the army of undead here was already this terrifying. Would he really have the guts to jump into the Dark Abyss once he reached there?

“Strange, why are there civilians among us?” Fang Gu frowned and pointed to where a huge crowd was coming toward them.

The crowd mainly consisted of men. It arrived at the City North under the Magicians’ guidance.

The sky was now completely dark. They could barely see the dull expressions on the crowd’s faces. Their pace was slow, some were even wearing blank faces, like a group of criminals being escorted to the guillotine.

“Why did they call civilians here? Are they planning to bring them out of the city too?” said Su Xiaoluo in astonishment.

“That is the plan,” said the mysterious man.

“Aren’t they only going to get themselves killed? The undead will butcher them all with ease!” yelled Zhang Xiaohou immediately.

“They will be going out through the small gate first to attract the undead’s attention. The Magicians will then exit through the northern gate and escort you to the Dark Abyss,” said the mysterious man.

“My God, you’re feeding them to the undead. How could you do such a thing? What different are you from the Black Vatican?!” screamed Su Xiaoluo.

“Yeah, it’s the Magicians’ responsibilities to protect them, yet to push them to the undead like that...”

Commander Yao Ting walked up when they saw the furious complaints, “We didn’t give them any order, nor did we force them to do it. They have all volunteered.”

“Volunteered? Didn’t they know they are simply going to die?” said Zhou Ming.

“They know that better than you. We’ve told everyone about the Dark Abyss, and the fact that the city will sink into Hell before dawn. The Magicians will sacrifice their lives for this final fight, so we hope that there are volunteers that are willing to attract the attention of the undead just so we can successfully escort you to the Dark Abyss... their bodies will be torn beyond recognition. The undead will snap their heads off, and suck their blood dry. However, when the people imagined the same thing happening to their families and kids, they decided to volunteer themselves as the bait instead. There are more people that volunteered than I thought,” Commander Yao Ting said with a straight face.

Why couldn’t the civilians sacrifice, if the Magicians were obliged to put their lives at risk?

Yao Ting agreed that the plan was quite inhumane. The so-called voluntary was actually because the people did not have any choice, but the journey to the Dark Abyss was surely going to be a bloodbath. Many Magicians were going to be sacrificed...

“Sorry for comparing you to the Black Vatican,” Su Xiaoluo lowered her head and her voice.

“I didn’t have to tell you this, but I hope you understand how many lives are at stake just to clear the path for you. Being fearless and courageous isn’t enough, I want you to also have the resolution to carry the fate of the millions of people in this city. Sacrificing isn’t necessarily the bravest act, and death is just an escape, running away from your responsibilities. Staying alive, endure the sufferings, fight with all you can for your goal, that is what we’ll be impressed and grateful for the most!” proclaimed Commander Yao Ting firmly.

Don’t keep on mentioning death all day, that is the act of cowards!

Everyone had the right to live on, but they could also choose death...

The night had just fallen. Dawn was far away. Choosing to live or die did not really decide how great a person was. The only thing was to calmly make the choice, knowing what you were carrying on your back.

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There was a small gate slightly to the east of the northern gate.

The volunteers formed a crowd, lining up at the small gate.

Those who were at the northern gate could see that the small gate that was previously shut had been opened. A Super Magician was leading the way, charging out of the protection of the golden barrier.

The Super Magician was emitting a purple glow. The power of lightning blasted the pack of undead outside the gate and created a gap.

Battlemages in uniforms rushed out from the gate. They stepped on the bodies of the undead and continuously tossed Spells at the army of undead. The glow that the Spells produced was barely visible under the dark breaths of the undead.

Soon, the volunteers followed the Battlemages rushing out of the safety barrier. They stood on the spacious land that had just been cleared by the Magicians.

They were wearing suits, and smart bow ties. Some were tall and handsome, some looked fairly ordinary, yet each one of them was a piece of fresh meat with a savory aroma in the eyes of the undead...

As the crowd grew larger, the presence of living humans immediately attracted the army of undead. They began to surge toward the small gate like rolling tides. The greedy zombies even crawled on top of their comrades who were lunging at the area!

“Not everyone will be eaten, right?” said Su Xiaoluo with a pale face. She had the urge to turn around just so she could not see the bloodshed anymore, yet she forced herself to watch it. She had decided to jump into the Dark Abyss, she had to know the burden she was carrying!

“Once we cross the army of undead, the Battlemages will immediately escort them back into the city through the small gate. There will be lots of casualties, but the majority of the dead are going to be Magicians. We’re only relying on the volunteers to create a strong presence of living humans, to shift the attention of the undead stacked outside of the walls,” replied the mysterious man.

Mo Fan always thought he was a strong, heartless man, yet when he saw the commoners willing to clear a path for them by using themselves as bait, when he saw them being torn into pieces and their fresh blood splattering on the wall, it felt like his breathing had almost halted!

The scene of blood and limbs flying everywhere showed him the resolution of the people in the city to stay alive!

How could he possibly let them down!?

After adjusting his thoughts, Mo Fan shifted his attention back to the journey ahead.

The number of undead did seem to ease up a little. If they were quick enough, they would be able to secure a head start of a kilometer!

“People heading to the Dark Abyss, prepare yourself!” President Han Ji’s voice echoed above the city that was drenched in the storm.