

# Apocalypse: My Tattoos are Ten Yama Kings

## Chapter 151 - 149: Plotting an Assassination

[ 1,797 words ]

*Chapter 151: Chapter 149: Plotting an Assassination*

Trust requires no reason.

Although Lin Yuan couldn't understand what required Yang Dingguo to personally establish alliances.

But, in any case, he wasn't doing it for personal gain.

If Yang Dingguo were to seek personal gain, Lin Yuan felt that there might be no decent people left in this world.

From Peng City to Emperor Dragon City, there would also be meetings along the way through other cities.

Lin Yuan estimated that the journey would take at least two or three days!

Once out of Peng City, it becomes someone else's territory.

A frontal attack is easier to dodge than a clandestine one.

How to ensure Yang Dingguo's safety is indeed a troubling issue.

No doubt, the Deceitful King Faction will not miss the chance to strike at Yang Dingguo in such a territory.

During his time in Peng City, Yang Dingguo spends ninety percent of his time in an underground fortress.

Even when he occasionally appears, the security measures leave no gaps.

The Deceitful King Faction has inserted and bribed some informants in Peng City, but this is the extent of their capabilities.

To speak of assassinating Yang Dingguo in Peng City, they don't have that ability.

Therefore, Yang Dingguo's departure from Peng City to Emperor Dragon City is an excellent opportunity for the Deceitful King Faction.

No doubt, Yang Dingguo's journey to Emperor Dragon City will be fraught with upheaval.

However, since Yang Dingguo has decided to go, Lin Yuan will naturally do his utmost to support him with security work.

Lin Yuan feels confident about his capabilities.

In protecting Yang Dingguo's safety, he is confident there will be no problems.

Ultimately, it's just about responding to threats as they come.

Whatever moves the Deceitful King Faction makes, he'll handle them one by one.

"No problem?"

"When will we set off? I need to prepare," Lin Yuan asked.

Yang Dingguo glanced at the document in his hand, then slowly said, "The conference in Emperor Dragon City starts in a week; let's depart the day after tomorrow."

"Alright!"

"If there's nothing else, I'll go prepare!" Lin Yuan responded.

Seeing Lin Yuan not asking about his trip to Emperor Dragon City, Yang Dingguo looked up and asked, "Don't you want to know the reason for my trip to Emperor Dragon City?"

Did Lin Yuan want to know?

Truthfully, he was a bit curious.

But Lin Yuan didn't ask further.

This is the adult world; if it's something you're allowed to know, you'll be told without asking; if not, asking is pointless.

For example, now.

"If you want to tell me, you'll surely say it yourself, right?"

"If you don't say it, I think it's best I don't know?"

"The more you know, the greater the responsibility. I, for one, dread too much responsibility," Lin Yuan shrugged.

Yang Dingguo gave Lin Yuan a look and said to himself, "The Emperor Dragon City's conference is highly significant; it's related to the fate of humanity."

Upon hearing this, Lin Yuan quickly interrupted Yang Dingguo, saying: "Alright, alright! You don't have to say; I really don't want to know."

"I must tell you!" Yang Dingguo declared solemnly.

"There's really no need," Lin Yuan shook his hand repeatedly.

"Secretary Wang, close the door!" Yang Dingguo instructed Secretary Wang to close the door, trapping Lin Yuan in the office.

He then revealed the matter concerning humanity's fate to Lin Yuan.

Lin Yuan expressed that he truly didn't want to know! Closing the door on him really felt like being caught in an outhouse jump—way too much!

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Lin'an City.

Deceitful King Faction headquarters.

The heads of the nine families gathered here, with the ghostly leader looking much like an alien sitting at the top.

The nine family heads controlled nine assassination squads, which were the Deceitful King Faction's most formidable strike forces.

However, the Zhang Family and Li Family's assassination squads had been dismantled by Lin Yuan. Now, their squads were being rebuilt and lacked combat capability.

"Everyone should know about the Emperor Dragon City conference, right?" Ghost Leader started the conversation.

Regarding this matter, Zhang Yuandong angrily complained: "This time, no one bothered to inform us about Lin'an City; it's clear they're trying to exclude us completely."

"They used to maintain some semblance of protocol, but now even that is gone."

Though Lin'an City is a city in Dragon Country, previous similar conferences would still send notification to Lin'an City.

This time, they didn't even bother with a participation notice, directly excluding Lin'an City from attending.

"The upper echelons aren't fools; they know Lin'an City well."

"On several occasions they sent people to seize control, but those sent were just for show; everything in Lin'an City is under our control."

"Unable to wrest control of Lin'an City from us, they simply abandoned it," Ghost Leader said slowly.

Whether or not to attend the meeting doesn't really matter.

Because in Emperor Dragon City, these tycoons have no leading authority. Attending the conference is actually somewhat dangerous for them.

Even if they were allowed to attend, they'd only send someone unimportant to go through the motions.

In any case, these nine family heads definitely don't dare to participate in person.

If anyone dares to go, they'll certainly be left behind.

Many people attending the meeting, and many mouths.

The moguls have many ears and eyes, their sources are very keen, even if they don't go, they can still know the content of the meeting.

"The Emperor Dragon City meeting is not important to us."

"Our immediate priority is still to capture Peng City."

"Yang Dingguo and Lin Yuan, one with brains and one with brawn, are the two stumbling blocks standing in our way!" The Ghost Leader paused, took a breath, and continued, "Yang Dingguo will definitely attend this meeting."

"There aren't many opportunities to get Yang Dingguo to leave Peng City, and this time is a perfect opportunity for us."

"I plan to take advantage of this opportunity to assassinate Yang Dingguo on the way."

Peng City is Yang Dingguo's stronghold. When Yang Dingguo leaves his stronghold, the difficulty of assassinating him will definitely be reduced.

However, reduced difficulty doesn't mean no difficulty.

Yang Dingguo surely knows they will attempt an assassination on the way.

Therefore, as Yang Dingguo goes to Emperor Dragon City, Lin Yuan will definitely accompany him for protection.

Lin Yuan!

This name is like a thorn in the hearts of the family heads!

First the Zhang Family, then the Li Family.

And then Yang Jing.

The losses suffered by the Deceitful King Faction families under Lin Yuan are not few!

"Assassination?"

"If we can't handle Lin Yuan, this won't be easy!" said the Patriarch Li, pulling a long face.

Now, mentioning Lin Yuan, no one present can avoid a headache.

Zhang Yuandong is the only one among those present who knows about the Ghost Leader's modification of Yang Jing.

Zhang Yuandong looked at him and asked, "Ghost Leader, can you use that card?"

To assassinate Yang Dingguo, they first need an expert of the same caliber as Lin Yuan.

Not to say this person must defeat Lin Yuan, but at least they must be able to hold him off.

Considering the current situation, this person can only be Yang Jing.

Yang Jing has already endured the rejection of the implant of the Evil Spirits organ, and he has already awoken.

Moreover, after implanting these Evil Spirits organs, Yang Jing's strength has greatly increased.

The current Yang Jing is at least twice as strong as the previous Yang Jing.

However, the power gained through such means comes with a price.

Yang Jing's personality has changed drastically; he has become very irritable and easily angered.

Besides personality, there are other side effects.

The Ghost Leader doesn't beat around the bush and directly says, "The demonized Yang Jing is more powerful, but whether he is Lin Yuan's match, I can't be sure."

Currently, Lin Yuan's strength is a question mark for the Deceitful King Faction.

Because, according to Yang Jing himself, last time, even with all tricks used, he could not even touch Lin Yuan's hem.

So, even though Yang Jing's strength has greatly increased, the Ghost Leader is still not sure if he can match Lin Yuan.

"Lure the tiger away from the mountain?"

"Could we use this tactic to move Lin Yuan aside and then target Yang Dingguo?" proposed the Family Head of the Huang Family.

"Luring the tiger away, this tactic is too clumsy, isn't it?"

"Given Yang Dingguo's importance, Lin Yuan will never leave his side!" Zhang Yuandong retorted.

The Deceitful King Faction planning to assassinate Yang Dingguo on his way to Emperor Dragon City is a clear move.

Forget a clumsy tactic like luring the tiger away, no matter how brilliant a strategy, as long as Lin Yuan doesn't leave Yang Dingguo's side, it cannot be implemented.

At this point, using strategies is useless.

"It's not easy to kill Yang Dingguo, but some compromise is acceptable."

"This time, our Ma Family's hunting team will lead, and each of you must send at least two Tier Six Life Pattern Masters for coordination," the Ghost Leader directly assigned tasks.

Everyone present exchanged glances; except for Zhang Yuandong and Li Hongyan, others had no comments.

The Ma Family is deploying a whole hunting team along with the demonized Yang Jing as a trump card.

Each family providing two Tier Six Life Pattern Masters for coordination is quite reasonable.

Zhang Yuandong and Li Hongyan felt a bit troubled, the Zhang Family's hunting team only had two members left, the Li Family's hunting team was all gone.

Sending two Tier Six Life Pattern Masters might leave them a bit stretched.

Li Hongyan was slightly better off, as his family's overall strength is somewhat stronger than the Zhang Family.

Grinding his teeth, he can still send two Tier Six Life Pattern Masters for cooperation.

Zhang Yuandong felt quite troubled; the Zhang Family is ranked at the bottom among the nine families.

Having suffered in Peng City, their strength has indeed somewhat diminished.

Being the Ghost Leader's loyal supporter, seeing Zhang Yuandong in difficulty, the Ghost Leader proactively asked, "Yuandong, is there anything troubling you?"

Zhang Yuandong nodded and, in a negotiating tone, said, "Ghost Leader, how about I send my third son Zhang Peng for coordination, along with Day Traveler and Poison Lord?"

"Day Traveler and Poison Lord are Tier Seven Life Pattern Masters and have been active around Peng City for a long time. Not only are they familiar with the terrain, but also quite familiar with Lin Yuan and Yang Dingguo."

"Alright." The Ghost Leader thought for a moment and agreed.

Zhang Yuandong's maneuver effectively inserts Day Traveler, the internal spy, into the team.

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[ 1,780 words ]

*Chapter 152: Chapter 150: Transformation Program*

It's still the hill opposite Wushan Shelter.

Lin Yuan and Day Traveler are having a rendezvous here.

Using the word 'rendezvous' seems a bit inappropriate, after all, Lin Yuan really has no interest in Day Traveler, this crazy character.

Let's just call it a meeting!

Lin Yuan and Day Traveler are still meeting here.

"Why do you want to see me every day!"

"Are you captivated by my handsome face?"

"Is one day apart like three years to you?" Lin Yuan looked at Day Traveler and said.

Day Traveler: "?????"

Day Traveler had a face full of lines, not knowing where Lin Yuan got his confidence.

"Please, don't tell such cold jokes!" Day Traveler said with a blank face, looking utterly disinterested.

This guy really has no sense of humor!

Lin Yuan sighed inwardly, shrugged helplessly, and said, "Okay, tell me, what do you want from me?"

"Yang Dingguo is leaving Peng City, right?"

"The Deceitful King Faction has already arranged for his assassination, you'd better be cautious." Day Traveler said leisurely.

Upon hearing this news, Lin Yuan couldn't help but pause, as this information was crucial for him!

Day Traveler, this piece on the board, has finally proved its worth.

"How many people did they send?"

"When are they planning to assassinate Elder Yang?" Lin Yuan quickly asked.

The people of the Deceitful King Faction could never have imagined that Day Traveler was his mole, and their actions were entirely under his control.

Day Traveler shook his head and replied, "I don't know these yet. My and Poison Lord's task is to monitor your movements."

"As soon as you leave Peng City, report it immediately."

Lin Yuan pondered for a moment, knowing Day Traveler wasn't lying to him.

Until the Deceitful King Faction and the Zhang Family are eradicated, he and Day Traveler are comrades on the same front.

Day Traveler has no reason to lie to him, and besides, Day Traveler is only a Tier Seven Life Pattern Master; her strength is ultimately too weak.

If it were Zhang Peng or Celestial King, those Tier Six Life Pattern Masters, they would count as core members of the Deceitful King Faction.

Day Traveler and Poison Lord, these Tier Seven Life Pattern Masters, are ultimately too marginalized, with not many secrets they can access.

In fact, if it weren't for the major failure in Peng City that caused significant losses to the Zhang Family's strength, Day Traveler wouldn't have qualified to participate in this hunt mission.

Due to an unexpected turn of events, Zhang Yuandong actually sent Day Traveler to monitor Lin Yuan and Yang Dingguo's whereabouts.

I have to say, Zhang Yuandong really knows how to deploy his personnel!

Having Day Traveler in charge of surveillance means that Lin Yuan only lets him see what he wants him to see.

It seems there's some kind of fate at play, with Lin Yuan being their Zhang Family's nemesis.

"Alright then!"

"Just stay undercover for now, and if there's any movement on their side, contact me immediately!" Lin Yuan told Day Traveler.

"Got it!" Day Traveler and Lin Yuan reached an agreement.

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Time passed quickly.

In the blink of an eye, it was time for Yang Dingguo to set off.

This time heading to Emperor Dragon City, Lin Yuan didn't bring many people, just Zhang Zhen with him.

As for the rest of the security personnel, they were all arranged by Yang Dingguo with trustworthy staff.

Of course, the overall command of the security work was still under Lin Yuan's responsibility.

Peng City.

Underground bunker.

Lin Yuan walked with Zhang Zhen toward Yang Dingguo's office, and along the way, Zhang Zhen asked with a puzzled look, "Boss, what are we doing?"

Lin Yuan patted Zhang Zhen on the shoulder and said solemnly, "Zhen, the organization has a difficult task for you, one that can only be entrusted to you!"

Zhang Zhen: "?????"

Zhang Zhen felt a bad premonition rising in his heart and said nervously, "What task?"

"So young and already lacking patience!"

"We'll be there soon, and you'll know when we arrive!" Lin Yuan said to Zhang Zhen.

Zhang Zhen looked puzzled and muttered, "It definitely can't be something good, if it were, it wouldn't come to me!"

Quickly, Lin Yuan brought Zhang Zhen to Elder Yang's office.

Elder Yang was still handling his official duties, with Secretary Wang standing behind him.

"You're here!"

"Have a seat, is this young Zhang?" Elder Yang asked proactively.

Hearing this, Zhang Zhen, who was eager for official status, immediately said respectfully, "Elder Yang, I am Zhang Zhen."

"I've seen you on TV, and meeting you in person is really not as ..."

Yang Dingguo is probably the highest-ranking leader Zhang Zhen has ever met, and upon meeting him, he was already in a state of utter disarray.

"Can you talk or not? If you can't, then don't speak!" Lin Yuan gave Zhang Zhen a kick and said irritably.

Zhang Zhen scratched his head and said, "It's an honor, I've heard of you for so long, anyway, I'm just very excited, and when I get excited, I can't talk properly."

"Haha!" Yang Dingguo chuckled and said, "We all have one nose and two eyes, I'm not some monster, nothing to get worked up about!"

"Elder Yang, is everything ready?" Lin Yuan asked Elder Yang.

Yang Dingguo nodded and replied, "Everything's ready!"

At this point, Yang Dingguo said to Secretary Wang, "Bring him in!"

Secretary Wang left the office, and shortly after, brought in a man with a effeminate demeanor.

"Come on, put these clothes on first!" The effeminate man took out several outfits, measuring them against Zhang Zhen.

These clothes were all the usual ones worn by Yang Dingguo, and they even had the same style of gold-rimmed glasses that Yang Dingguo wore.

"Boss, what's the deal with this?" Zhang Zhen asked, completely puzzled.

It was time for the big reveal.

Lin Yuan chuckled and said, "This time, you're going to Emperor Dragon City to impersonate Elder Yang. Don't you like making up roles?"

"Let you experience a few days of being the big boss."

Zhang Zhen: "?????"

Zhang Zhen was utterly confused. Having him impersonate Yang Dingguo was a bit outrageous, wasn't it?

He was eighteen, while Yang Dingguo was eighty. Yang Dingguo could practically be his grandfather.

Having him impersonate Yang Dingguo, it's like insulting the Deceitful King Faction's intelligence, right?

If you really want someone to impersonate Yang Dingguo, at least find someone closer in age, right?

"Really?"

"The age doesn't match, and we don't even look alike," Zhang Zhen questioned.

Lin Yuan pointed at the effeminate man and said, "You just focus on disguising, whether or not it looks real, that's his job."

The effeminate man brought in by Secretary Wang was also a support-type Life Pattern Master like Geng Youcai.

Before the strange invasion, he was a makeup artist. And a particularly amazing one at that, specializing in doing makeup for all those famous stars, practically the best of the best in the makeup industry.

He had a chameleon tattoo, and after the strange invasion, his tattoo awakened a special ability.

The special ability he awakened was disguise.

Once he used his disguise technique, for up to seven days, not even someone with the Heavenly Eye like Yang Jing could see through it.

"Young man, be quick and strip!" the effeminate man urged Zhang Zhen to change clothes. As he spoke, he even started taking off Zhang Zhen's clothes.

It seemed he wasn't just effeminate! His sexual orientation probably had issues too.

Being watched by another man with such a heated gaze, and he was trying to take off your clothes, Zhang Zhen suddenly felt a chill run down his spine.

Not just Zhang Zhen, anyone else would feel goosebumps too.

"Get away!"

"I can change myself!" Zhang Zhen said grumpily, looking as if he'd punch the guy if he touched him again.

"Oh dear oh dear."

"You scared me, you scared me!" the effeminate man dramatically exclaimed, clasping his fingers together, and took a few steps backward after Zhang Zhen yelled at him.

Zhang Zhen changed into the clothes right there in front of everyone.

Luckily, Zhang Zhen had the habit of wearing thermal underwear. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to change in front of everyone.

After Zhang Zhen put on Yang Dingguo's clothes, the effeminate man approached again with a metal box.

The contents of the metal box were simple, just a glass vessel containing a mysterious green liquid.

Undoubtedly, the key to his miraculous disguise technique was this mysterious green liquid, right?

"What's this?" Lin Yuan asked.

The effeminate man clasped his fingers together and proudly said, "This is my super invincible magic transformation potion."

As he spoke, the effeminate man applied the mysterious green liquid evenly on Zhang Zhen's face, and Zhang Zhen's face remarkably began to sag visibly.

At this point, the effeminate man started molding Zhang Zhen's face as if it were clay.

Zhang Zhen's face seemed to turn into a lump of clay. It would change into any shape you molded it into.

It had to be said that the effeminate man truly had a pair of masterful hands!

As his hands worked their magic on Zhang Zhen's face, he managed to mold Zhang Zhen's face into Yang Dingguo's likeness.

Identical, absolutely identical.

Not even a wrinkle or a mole was off by a bit.

Next up was the hair.

After applying the green potion to Zhang Zhen's hair, it immediately turned gray.

At this point, only half of the green potion remained.

Now Zhang Zhen's appearance was exactly like Yang Dingguo's.

Just his face alone, not even Lin Yuan could distinguish, and not even Secretary Wang, who had been with Yang Dingguo day in and day out, could tell the difference.

"Wait a minute!"

"The face looks identical, but the body shape is different, isn't it?" Lin Yuan asked.

Zhang Zhen's physique was much stronger, and he was much taller than Yang Dingguo.

The effeminate man picked up the half bottle of green liquid and said to Lin Yuan, "Isn't there still half a bottle left?"

Then, he handed the remaining half bottle of green liquid to Zhang Zhen and said, "Drink it."

Zhang Zhen: "?????"

Drink it?

This stuff doesn't even look drinkable, right?

Let's put it this way, this stuff looks like if you drink it, you won't even need to go to the hospital, just straight to the crematorium.

"Really?"

"You're kidding, right? Can you even drink this stuff?"

"Is this for external or internal use?" Zhang Zhen asked, conflicted.

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## Chapter 153 - 151: All Is Ready

[ 1,823 words ]

*Chapter 153: Chapter 151: All Is Ready*

The makeup artist's potion was green, sticky, and slippery.

How to describe this thing?

It looked a bit like green phlegm, just putting it on the face felt disgusting.

Let alone, having to drink it.

To be honest, even if it were Lin Yuan, he couldn't drink it either.

However, there's a saying.

It's easy to talk when you're not the one doing it.

That's exactly how Lin Yuan felt now; if he had to drink it, he definitely couldn't. But, it wasn't for him to drink now!

So, Lin Yuan stepped forward, patted Zhang Zhen on the shoulder, and encouraged, "Drink up!"

"This thing looks disgusting, but when you drink it, it just slides right into your stomach."

If it weren't for Lin Yuan's vivid "slurp" sound, Zhang Zhen might have been able to drink it. But after that vivid "slurp," Zhang Zhen really couldn't bring himself to do it!

"Boss! Can I not drink this?" Zhang Zhen said in a negotiating tone.

Lin Yuan patted Zhang Zhen's shoulder and began to paint a big picture for him, saying, "Zhen! Whether this mission succeeds or not depends entirely on you."

"On a small scale, Elder Yang's safety rests on your shoulders. On a larger scale, you're bearing the life and death of our entire Peng City now."

"I believe you've always been a great person willing to contribute, and at moments like this, you need to take on the heavy burden!"

"Don't mention just drinking this stuff; I believe even if you had to climb a mountain of swords or plunge into a sea of flames, you wouldn't bat an eyelid."

"If you establish such a merit, in a hundred years, when you meet your ancestors underground, you can straighten your back. Such a merit could have a page on the genealogy just for you."

What kind of passionate youth could resist such brainwashing?

What kind of Dongshan person could refuse the temptation of having a page on the genealogy just for them?

Cannot!

Absolutely cannot!

Lin Yuan's words successfully brainwashed Zhang Zhen.

Zhang Zhen clenched his fists and solemnly said, "Boss, say no more!"

"Greatness needs no more words."

After his words fell, Zhang Zhen grabbed the glass vessel on the table and gulped down all the unidentified green liquid inside in one go.

"Slurp."

"Slurp, slurp."

You know what? Just like Lin Yuan predicted, once this stuff entered his mouth, it slid right in.

It was somewhat similar to a famous dish from Sichuan, slipping in before it even hit the taste buds.

After drinking the unidentified green liquid, Zhang Zhen felt his whole body go soft, weak, and powerless.

Soon, Zhang Zhen's body became as limp as a noodle.

The effeminate man reached out and patted Zhang Zhen's shoulder a few times; with each pat, Zhang Zhen's figure shrank a bit.

Then, he started kneading Zhang Zhen's body, and in no time, Zhang Zhen's figure became exactly like Yang Dingguo's.

"Damn!"

"Truly amazing!" Lin Yuan couldn't help but exclaim.

This technique was like a grand transformation act.

Honestly, sometimes the value of an auxiliary Life Pattern Master with such special techniques far exceeds that of a Tier Six combat-type Life Pattern Master.

After shaping Zhang Zhen, the effeminate man moved beside Elder Yang, activating the chameleon tattoo on his body, spraying some green liquid from his hands.

The concentration of this green liquid seemed much lower than the one used on Zhang Zhen.

Zhang Zhen, a guy in his twenties, disguising as Yang Dingguo, an old man in his seventies or eighties, required a drastic transformation.

It needed a large amount of change, so a high concentration of green liquid was necessary.

Yang Dingguo's changes were minimal; first, turning his grayed hair black, then slightly altering his facial structure.

As a result, Yang Dingguo looked about ten years younger.

Immediately, he went from looking seventy or eighty to fifty or sixty.

His appearance was ten years younger, and his face shape changed, making it unthinkable that he was Yang Dingguo.

Moreover, with Zhang Zhen disguised as this Yang Dingguo,

Purely in terms of appearance, Zhang Zhen truly looked like Yang Dingguo.

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Huaihai Hall Cinema.

In an abandoned theater.

Lin Yuan suddenly appeared behind the Day Traveler, startling the Day Traveler.

"You..."

"How did you find this place? The Poison Lord might come back anytime."

"If he sees you, it will be troublesome!" the Day Traveler said, somewhat flustered.

This stronghold at Huaihai Hall Cinema was disclosed to Lin Yuan by the Day Traveler.

However, it was agreed beforehand that Lin Yuan could only come here when he needed to find her in an emergency.

After all, it wasn't only her here, but also the Poison Lord.

The Day Traveler and the Poison Lord were responsible for monitoring Lin Yuan and Yang Dingguo, but they didn't need to stay at the entrance of the official shelter all the time.

After all, if two Life Pattern Masters were stationed at the official shelter entrance all the time, it would be a big target.

You might be discovered by the patrol Life Pattern Master at the official refuge.

Inside the official refuge, there are spies and informants planted and bribed by the Deceitful King Faction.

Moreover, there are not just a few of them.

There are both Life Pattern Masters and ordinary people, these people are hidden in the shadows.

For places like the core of the official refuge, such as the underground fortress, they surely cannot monitor those.

However, monitoring open places like city gates is surely no problem.

As long as Yang Dingguo and the others leave the official refuge, the news will be instantly relayed to the Day Traveler and Poison Lord, and then they will report it upwards.

Let's put it this way, the positions of the Day Traveler and Poison Lord are somewhat like station chiefs of intelligence stations.

Now, the station chiefs of the Deceitful King Faction's intelligence stations all belong to Lin Yuan, so they're as good as blind and deaf.

Lin Yuan's sudden arrival made the Day Traveler a bit panicky.

After all, if the Poison Lord sees her meeting with Lin Yuan, it could only end in silencing.

A mysterious death of the Poison Lord at this juncture would surely cause a chain reaction.

In contrast to the Day Traveler's panic, Lin Yuan was full of confidence.

"Just based on his ability, he doesn't have the means to detect me!"

"When he gets nearby, I can sense it in advance and leave any time!" Lin Yuan reassured the Day Traveler.

Then, Lin Yuan said to the Day Traveler: "It's eight o'clock now, in another hour, our convoy will set off."

"You can report as usual, I am fully prepared."

"Once we're out of the city, communication will be inconvenient, so I need to leave a mark on you in advance so I can always sense your position."

Hearing that Lin Yuan wanted to leave a mark on her, the Day Traveler hesitated a bit.

"Alright."

After pondering for a moment, she nodded and agreed.

Once the Day Traveler agreed, a Bronze Ancient Lamp slowly appeared in Lin Yuan's hand.

Then, a wisp of flame split from the lamp wick and entered the Day Traveler's body.

With this flame mark, Lin Yuan could sense the Day Traveler's position at any time, and even communicate with her over long distances.

The Day Traveler could also clearly feel as if something extra was inside her body.

The warmth felt very comfortable, but the thought that Lin Yuan could use this thing to monitor her made her psychologically uncomfortable.

"After this mission is completed, take your thing away!" the Day Traveler said irritably.

"Of course, we are partners!"

"I will definitely agree to your request." Lin Yuan agreed.

Lin Yuan thought to himself, do you think I enjoy monitoring you, you lunatic?

I am afraid to get infected with mental illness after interacting with you for too long!

After leaving a mark on the Day Traveler, Lin Yuan directly used the Yellow Springs Road Tattoo to leave.

Lin Yuan had just left for a short time when the Poison Lord swaggered back, utterly drunk.

The Day Traveler looked at the boozy Poison Lord with distaste and berated loudly: "We were sent here for a mission, not for you to drink?"

You gotta say, this Day Traveler spy is quite the actor!

This acting is far better than those little fresh meat actors like Little Deer or Little War.

At first glance, the Day Traveler seems loyal to the Deceitful King Faction!

The Day Traveler's sudden scolding gave the Poison Lord a jolt.

However, the Poison Lord quickly recovered and resentfully said: "Day Traveler, don't take the scraps as a mandate."

"Besides, we are equals; what gives you the right to scold me?"

Zhang Yuandong left the two of them in Peng City to monitor Lin Yuan and Yang Dingguo's every move.

However, he didn't say who should listen to whom.

"Hmph!" The Day Traveler snorted coldly, angrily saying: "I will report your behavior in detail to the higher-ups. Hopefully, you can be so tough when facing the Family Head."

Constantly tattling, who can stand that!

The crux is, recently, the Poison Lord's attitude has been somewhat negative, a bit like he's slacking.

Hearing the Day Traveler threatening to tattle, the Poison Lord quickly gave in.

"Day Traveler, is it really necessary?"

"Our hunting squad is down to just the two of us; we should be helping each other!"

"If you ask me, you're just missing a screw in your head. Do you even want to stay in Peng City?"

"This place isn't somewhere you'd want to stay! It's a death trap."

"The higher-ups left us here in Peng City to monitor that Lin Yuan monster. Aren't they just using us as cannon fodder?"

"Our boss the Celestial King was powerful, right? Yet he fell to Lin Yuan."

"Zhang Peng was formidable too, yet he was unmanned, ended up a eunuch."

"Yang Jing was even more formidable, went to cause trouble for Lin Yuan, and now we don't know if he's alive or dead!"

"Us two? We're no match for Lin Yuan! If you ask me, stop working so hard anymore, let's both just lie low."

"We should hide whenever possible, loaf around if we can, and get back to Lin'an City ASAP. I don't want to stay in Peng City any longer," said the Poison Lord pouring out his true feelings.

Toward Lin Yuan, the Poison Lord genuinely felt fear.

He was basically suffering from a phobia of Yuan now, just thinking of Lin Yuan almost made him shiver.

After hearing the Poison Lord's words, the Day Traveler thought to herself, you're the only one who'll be cannon fodder, I never will be.

Because I'm on Lin Yuan's side.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 154 - 153: Yang Jing's Agonizing Choice

[ 1,798 words ]

*Chapter 154: Chapter 153: Yang Jing's Agonizing Choice*

Ten o'clock in the morning.

The gates of the refuge slowly opened, accompanied by the sound of engine roars, a fleet of eight identical minibuses drove out of the sanctuary.

The buses all had black curtains drawn, moving slowly and steadily on the road.

Beside the main road out of the city, on the rooftop of a tall building, Poison Lord and Day Traveler were watching the entire convoy through binoculars.

"Eight identical vehicles, we still don't know which one Yang Dingguo is on. Let's report this for now!" said Day Traveler slowly.

Next to him, Poison Lord chimed in, "Not knowing now doesn't mean we'll never find out."

"Yang Dingguo can't stay on the bus forever; he has to get off to relieve himself eventually."

Speaking of which, Poison Lord activated Tattoo Power, and a blackish bowl appeared in his hand.

Poison Lord excelled in Gu techniques, and this bowl was formed using his Tattoo Power, containing various types of poison Gu insects.

Though Poison Lord's combat abilities weren't particularly strong, his poison Gu possessed many strange and unique abilities.

After finishing speaking, Poison Lord flicked his fingers, and two shadows flew out from the bowl. Looking closely, they turned out to be two transparent fluttering moths.

The two moths flew above the convoy, maintaining the same speed as the vehicles.

Since the moths were transparent, they were invisible to the naked eye.

With these two fluttering moths monitoring from above, Poison Lord could determine from which vehicle Yang Dingguo disembarked and onto which vehicle he boarded.

After releasing the moths to surveil the convoy, Poison Lord said to Day Traveler, "With these two Gu insects sensing within a ten-mile radius, let's keep our distance."

"If Lin Yuan discovers us, we'll be doomed."

"I don't want to do this cannon fodder job for another day!"

Mentioning Lin Yuan, Poison Lord was indeed fearful.

While Poison Lord was monitoring the convoy with his poison Gu, Lin Yuan had already left a flame mark on Day Traveler.

Currently, Lin Yuan knew Day Traveler's position like the back of his hand.

Inside one of the eight identical minibusses.

"Ugh, so tired!"

Zhang Zhen, disguised as Yang Dingguo, was relaxing in the bus, kicking back and sipping a drink.

On the other side, Yang Dingguo, with a changed appearance, continued handling various official duties.

The bus curtains were drawn, allowing Zhang Zhen to be at ease inside. However, when it was time to get off, he had to maintain his stance.

Right now, he looked like Yang Dingguo, so he couldn't appear slack and careless, like a hooligan.

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Lin'an City.

Inside a secret chamber at the Deceitful King Faction headquarters.

"Ah!"

"Ah! Ah!"

Painful screams echoed continuously from the chamber, the voice was very familiar, belonging to Yang Jing.

Several dark iron chains tightly restrained Yang Jing, who writhed on the ground, displaying a painful expression, continuously roaring in anger.

After-effects!

After implanting the organs of Evil Spirits, Yang Jing survived but was left with severe after-effects.

At least seventy to eighty percent of his organs came from Evil Spirits. Humans eat grains, but Evil Spirits consume humans.

The organs of Yang Jing came from Evil Spirits, so to keep these organs functioning, the required energy is...

Human blood.

Since Yang Jing acquired these organs from Evil Spirits, he has developed an addiction to human blood; he must ingest human blood daily to ensure his organs operate normally.

Otherwise, he would experience piercing pain throughout his body, as if every cell was tearing apart.

Although Yang Jing was outfitted with organs from various Evil Spirits, his brain remained his own.

His thoughts were still Yang Jing's own.

Thus, despite a physiological dependency on human blood, Yang Jing was psychologically very uneasy.

The purpose of having himself bound in chains was to break free from the dependency on human blood.

But that's impossible.

Because Yang Jing's situation with blood is different from that of addiction; addiction is a psychological dependency, whereas the physiology does not demand it.

Thus, if one's willpower is strong enough, overcoming addiction is achievable.

However, Yang Jing's dependency on blood is different.

His organs originate from Evil Spirits, and the sustenance Evil Spirits require is human blood.

The dependency of Yang Jing's organs on blood is akin to a car's dependency on gasoline.

To make a car run, one must refuel; without gas, the car won't move.

The same logic applies to Yang Jing's organs: to make these organs originate from Evil Spirits function properly, human blood is necessary for sustenance.

Unless Yang Jing dies, he can never eliminate his dependency on human blood.

It must be said that Yang Jing has incredible willpower.

Despite being bound in chains and enduring excruciating pain as if being torn apart, he persisted.

However, due to the lack of human blood intake, his organs started to enter a dormant state, and his aura grew increasingly weak.

Yang Jing had secretly vowed never to consume human blood again.

He cannot, must not become a monster that feeds on human blood.

If that were the case, he would rather die.

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"Ghost Leader."

"Ghost Leader, Ghost Leader."

The Ghost Leader brought a group of people to the outside of the secret chamber, and the Life Pattern Masters guarding outside the chamber all bowed in salute.

"Is Yang Jing still causing trouble?" the Ghost Leader asked the people at the door.

The Life Pattern Master at the door naturally didn't dare to hide anything and answered truthfully, "All day long, hasn't touched a drop of blood."

"We sent someone in several times, and they were all cursed out by him."

The Ghost Leader looked inside through the window on the door, at this moment, Yang Jing was lying on the ground squirming.

Yes, squirming, not struggling.

Due to the lack of blood, most of his organs had already entered a dormant state, and at the moment, he didn't have the strength to struggle at all.

Even the roaring sound from his mouth was now almost inaudible.

For Yang Jing's willpower, even the Ghost Leader felt some admiration.

This is a talent!

As long as he could be subdued completely, he would surely become his right-hand man.

"Open the door!" the Ghost Leader ordered the Life Pattern Master at the door.

Upon hearing the Ghost Leader's command, the Life Pattern Master guarding the door hurriedly opened it, and the Ghost Leader led his people inside.

"Bring the blood!" the Ghost Leader instructed his subordinates behind him.

Immediately, someone came with a tray, on the tray was a wine glass.

However, what was in this wine glass was not an '82 Lafite, but fresh blood.

"Drink it."

"Drink it and it won't be so painful!" The Ghost Leader's voice was laced with compulsion.

Yang Jing's organs, due to blood deprivation, had entered a dormant state.

At this moment, Yang Jing was groggy, his mind was blank, and his eyelids felt as heavy as lead.

"Gulp!" Yang Jing laboriously opened his eyelids, looking at the wine glass in the Ghost Leader's hand, he swallowed hard, feeling as if ants were crawling all over his body.

An itch that reached deep into his soul, it was a clawing, clawing feeling!

Facing his body's immense craving, Yang Jing forcibly suppressed it with his willpower, his voice hoarse as he said, "No, not possible!"

"I won't drink it!"

Yang Jing's resolute willpower made even the Ghost Leader a bit embarrassed.

"This is blood from the hospital's blood bank, no one was killed."

"Drink it, if you continue like this, you'll die." The Ghost Leader's voice was full of compulsion, making it feel impossible to refuse.

Yang Jing laboriously opened his eyes, his gaze somewhat unfocused, he knew, that the reason he had turned into this non-human, ghostly being was all thanks to the person in front of him!

However, he couldn't bring himself to hate the Ghost Leader.

If it weren't for the Ghost Leader, he would probably already be dead.

"Kill me, please kill me!"

"I don't want to become this non-human, ghostly being."

"Kill me, kill me!" Yang Jing's voice was hoarse, but incredibly firm.

From Yang Jing's words, it was clear that his desire was to die.

Does Yang Jing want to die? Would the Ghost Leader let him die?

Definitely not.

After all, quite an investment had been made in Yang Jing.

The Blood Pill Yang Jing snatched from the Zhang Family, the Evil Spirits' organs used to save Yang Jing, those were all resources from the Deceitful King Faction!

The nature of the Ghost Leader was, in fact, still that of a businessman.

Businessmen never hesitate to invest, but they must recover their investment tenfold or a hundredfold at least.

Does Yang Jing want to die now?

It's impossible for the Ghost Leader to let him die.

Before squeezing out the last bit of value from Yang Jing, he would never allow Yang Jing to die.

The Ghost Leader had achieved mastery in the art of human manipulation.

He knew that it was necessary to make Yang Jing ignite his own hope to live, willingly working for him.

Otherwise, Yang Jing as a card would be a useless one.

"Yang Jing, you cannot die."

"Your sister has woken up, don't you want to see her?" The Ghost Leader's voice sounded in Yang Jing's ears.

"What?"

"Chan'Er woke up?" Suddenly, as if a force had surged into Yang Jing's body, his voice raised a few notches.

After the excitement, a look of despair appeared on Yang Jing's face, he spoke to himself with infinite loneliness, "No, I cannot see her."

"I don't want Chan'Er to see me like this, a non-human, ghostly being."

"I can't see her, I can't see her."

Seeing Yang Jing like this, wisdom sparkled in the Ghost Leader's eyes, he knew Yang Jing already had the will to survive.

"I have a way to help you recover, but there's no such thing as a free lunch, the Blood Pill from the Zhang Family needs an explanation, the organization's investment in you needs to be recouped."

"Work for me and the organization for three years, then we'll be even. By then, you can live a normal life with your sister."

"Of course, being a businessman, I don't force business. I'll be waiting in the next office, if you're willing to make a deal, just drink this blood, I'll be waiting next door." Having said this, the Ghost Leader left.

In the next office, the Ghost Leader was leisurely brewing tea.

He brewed two cups, placed one in front of himself, and another across from him.

Clearly, he was confident Yang Jing would come.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 155 - 154: The Assassination Begins

[ 1,731 words ]

*Chapter 155: Chapter 154: The Assassination Begins*

In the secret chamber, Lin Yuan's face was full of struggle.

Several times he reached out, wanting to pick up that blood-filled wine glass and drink it all, but then weakly put it down.

To drink or not to drink.

To die gracefully, or to live on in this neither human nor ghostly state.

For Lin Yuan, this became an excruciating choice.

If only...

If Ghost Leader hadn't come, if he didn't know his sister had woken up, if Ghost Leader hadn't told him he could be restored...

If it weren't for these factors, then Lin Yuan could have chosen death without hesitation.

When he chose to bind himself with chains and lock himself in the secret chamber, he wanted to die silently and unseen.

His sister's awakening and the hope of restoration became obstacles in Lin Yuan's quest for death.

He couldn't bear to die anymore.

"I want to see Chan'Er, even if I die, I must see her."

"I can't see him in this non-human, non-ghost state, I must restore myself, I must recover."

"Three years, three years it is."

"I, Lin Yuan, have never wronged anyone in my life, even if it's a mistake, it's only for these three years." After much hesitation, Lin Yuan made his decision, muttering to himself.

Lin Yuan wasn't a fool. At this point, he vaguely guessed that this was more than just a simple business organization.

The so-called chamber president, who seemed to treat him well, was more than just a business president.

Agreeing to this three-year pact, he might indeed commit many wrongs.

But he had no other option.

On the surface, it seemed he had a choice.

But did he truly have one?

Wrong, let it be wrong!

Lin Yuan wanted to live for himself once.

Thinking of this, Lin Yuan grabbed the blood-filled wine glass on the ground, and gulped the blood down.

After drinking the blood, Lin Yuan lay on the ground, tears streaming down from the corners of his eyes.

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In the adjoining office.

Ghost Leader was leisurely brewing tea, pre-rain Dragon Well, a specialty tea from Lin'an City.

If this were ancient times, it would be the imperial tea, only drunk by emperors.

But then again, in this world, isn't he the emperor of Lin'an City?

"Ghost Leader, do you think Lin Yuan will come?" the confidant accompanying him asked.

Ghost Leader lifted the tea bowl, took a sip, and said slowly, "You can question my character, but you can't doubt my judgment."

"He'll come, he definitely will."

Lin Yuan was a great weapon, especially the demonized Lin Yuan, comparable to a nuclear bomb before the eerie invasion.

A nuclear bomb requires a nuclear code to launch, similarly, there is a key to controlling Lin Yuan.

Now, this key to controlling Lin Yuan was in Ghost Leader's hands.

This key was Lin Yuan's sister.

Ghost Leader had made it very clear, and believed Lin Yuan could understand.

The Zhang Family's Blood Pill, the resources consumed to save him, all were investments in him.

If this investment couldn't be recouped from Lin Yuan, then, was his sister really safe?

Why did Lin Yuan choose to live?

Because he dared not die!

On the surface, he seemed to have a choice.

In reality, Lin Yuan had no choice at all.

What bullshit three-year pact?

Three years later, helping Lin Yuan return to normalcy?

Ghost Leader had no means of restoring Lin Yuan to normal.

It was just Ghost Leader's deceitful talk, handing Lin Yuan a self-persuasion excuse.

Good people don't last, disasters linger for a thousand years.

Lin Yuan was destined to be the good man who, after enduring trials, accepted reality and turned bad.

The world is just this unfair.

The confidant seemed unable to understand Ghost Leader's confidence, tentatively saying: "I think Lin Yuan's quite principled, his bottom line shouldn't be easily shaken."

Principles?

Bottom line?

These things might be the most ridiculous in the eyes of businessmen, right?

Businessmen value most, the interest.

"Principles can be changed!"

"Bottom lines can be pushed, especially once they've been pushed the first time, they're no longer bottom lines." Ghost Leader continued, pouring himself a second cup of tea, speaking slowly.

"Tap."

"Tap, tap."

At that moment, heavy footsteps were heard outside.

Hearing the footsteps, Ghost Leader showed a smug smile and whispered: "See, here he comes!"

A creaking sound was heard, and the office door was pushed open.

As Ghost Leader expected, it was Lin Yuan who entered.

After entering, Lin Yuan said nothing and silently sat across from Ghost Leader.

"I knew you'd come." Ghost Leader spoke first, breaking the silence.

He pointed to the tea bowl in front of Lin Yuan, indicating for him to drink the tea.

The tea had cooled, and Lin Yuan realized he was completely in their grasp.

Playing with minds.

Or rather, everything was within his predictions.

He was merely a pawn in their game.

Looking at the man in front of him, Yang Jing had the confidence to easily snap his neck.

But would he dare to do it?

Yang Jing did not dare!

At present, he didn't even know where his sister was.

Let alone make a move against the Ghost Leader, he didn't even dare to have the slightest rebellious thought.

Yang Jing picked up the tea bowl and drank it in one gulp.

"Who to kill?" His question was simple and direct.

"Yang Dingguo," the Ghost Leader informed Yang Jing of the target.

Last time, to get Yang Jing to kill Lin Yuan, they had to tempt him with the Blood Pill.

Now, that's no longer needed.

This feeling of having complete control over Yang Jing as a pawn made the Ghost Leader exhilarated.

When hearing this name, a conflicted expression appeared on Yang Jing's face.

Yang Dingguo's name was known by everyone throughout Dragon Country.

For Yang Jing, this name was as well known as thunder to the ear.

Anyone would know Yang Dingguo is a good man; under his leadership, Peng City thrived in the world after the strange invasion.

Yang Jing inwardly resisted killing, especially a good man.

"He is a good man, right?" Yang Jing murmured, conflicted.

"A good man?" The Ghost Leader sneered, "Whether he's a good man or a bad man, what does it have to do with you, Yang Jing?"

"In your current state, do you still count as a human?"

"If you want to become human again, you have to exchange for life. Yang Dingguo's life is the first, you'll gradually get used to it."

Yang Jing closed his eyes, clenched his fists, his molars grinding with a "creak."

But he simply had no choice.

"Ah!" After a long while, Yang Jing exhaled heavily and responded, "Alright!"

Whether Yang Jing was forced into it or went willingly!

Anyway, he has agreed to it now.

Just as the Ghost Leader said, he'll slowly get used to it.

This type of thing, like betrayal, once there's a first time, there will be countless times.

"Go prepare!"

"The team is about to set off!" The Ghost Leader stood up and left.

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Meanwhile.

Yang Dingguo's convoy had already passed Huai City and Su City, and representatives from these cities followed Yang Dingguo together to Emperor Dragon City for a conference.

This time, Yang Dingguo's strive was not only concerning Peng City alone.

Rather, it was concerning the entire Huaihai's significant matters.

If this could be secured, it would be a boon to survivors across Huaihai Region.

The matter was significant, and official organizations in various cities of Huaihai Region had already expressed: everything was as Yang Dingguo led.

On the minibus, representatives from Huai City and Su City were present.

Time was pressing, couldn't stop at every city, so after picking people up, meetings were conducted onboard.

"Elder Yang, this time, the competition at Emperor Dragon City conference is intense!"

"Do you think our Peng City has a good chance?" the representative from Huai City questioned.

Prior to the eerie invasion, Peng City in Dragon Country was just a third-tier city.

Regardless of population or economy, nationally, it didn't rank high.

Peng City truly gained the attention of Dragon Country's upper tiers only after the eerie invasion.

An eerie invasion unexpectedly turned Peng City from an average student into the top of the class, a model good student.

Zhang Zhen: "?????"

The representatives from Huai City and Su City were facing this "Yang Dingguo," but the person was actually Zhang Zhen in disguise.

No matter if Zhang Zhen burnt his CPU, he couldn't respond correctly.

Because he simply didn't know the purpose of this trip to Emperor Dragon City?

Zhang Zhen pointed to the real Yang Dingguo beside him and said, "Ask him."

Huai City Representative: "???"

Su City Representative: "???"

Both of them had a face full of perplexity, not understanding what it meant.

Then, the actual Yang Dingguo across explained: "To avoid potential assassination, we did some small disguising."

"He's the stand-in, I'm the real Yang Dingguo."

Small disguising?

The two representatives thought, it's not just a small disguise!

It's clearly a big act of person-shifting!

Yet they thought further, as Yang Dingguo worried about assassination, could they also encounter assassination?

"Maybe get us a stand-in too?" The two representatives asked tentatively.

Lin Yuan glanced at the two and said, "No need, Deceitful King Faction wouldn't bother to assassinate you two."

What Lin Yuan's words essentially meant was, "You two aren't worth it."

On the minibus, Yang Dingguo began to meet with the two, delving into potential issues at the Emperor Dragon City conference.

Meanwhile.

Yang Jing and the people sent by Deceitful King Faction were already gathered on a distant hilltop.

"Is Yang Dingguo, the old man, in that car?" Zhang Peng asked, carrying a rocket launcher.

Poison Lord pointed at the convoy ahead, answering: "The third one, been watching—it didn't stop since morning boarding."

At this moment, Day Traveler at the back of the crowd was silently reciting, "Lin Yuan, Lin Yuan, Lin Yuan..."

Since Day Traveler already bore the flame mark, when silently calling his name, Lin Yuan felt a sense.

Lin Yuan quickly drew back the curtain, glancing toward the rear.

At this moment, he saw a rocket with a long flame tail flying toward the convoy.

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## **Chapter 156 - 154: Yang Jing, Once More in Battle**

[ 1,886 words ]

*Chapter 156: Chapter 154: Yang Jing, Once More in Battle*

"Damn it!"

"Rocket launcher!"

Upon seeing the scene behind them, Zhang Zhen, who was sitting with his legs crossed, sprang to his feet.

Lin Yuan's reaction was quick too. He immediately moved next to Yang Dingguo, ready to use his Yellow Springs Road Tattoo to take Yang Dingguo away at any moment.

"Boom!"

The rocket hit the third vehicle with precision, and a violent explosion erupted, releasing a blinding fireball.

In an instant, that minibus was blown into a heap of scrap metal.

Watching the minibus get blown in half, Lin Yuan thought of a line: "Taste the big guy."

This rocket was clearly an enhanced big guy. If Yang Dingguo had really been in the third vehicle, without a timely alert from the mole Day Traveler,

Lin Yuan might not have reacted in time.

An explosion of this magnitude might not harm Lin Yuan, but for Yang Dingguo and others in the vehicle, escaping death would be difficult.

Indeed, Yang Dingguo was not in the third vehicle.

The Poison Lord was using the Giant Flapping Moth to monitor the convoy, and he saw Yang Dingguo board the third vehicle and never get off.

But sometimes, what the eyes see may not be true.

Remember, Lin Yuan has the Yellow Springs Road Tattoo.

After they entered the third vehicle, Lin Yuan immediately used the Yellow Springs Road Tattoo to teleport everyone to the sixth vehicle.

This was part of the security measures. Lin Yuan would keep everyone switching vehicles at any time.

As a result, the outside observers had no idea which vehicle they were actually in.

After the violent explosion, flames and heat engulfed a large area, and the shockwave kicked up billowing dust clouds.

These dust clouds also disrupted the vision of the assassins on the distant hilltop.

"The Deceitful King Faction's ambush is here!"

"You guys protect Elder Yang, I'll take Zhang Zhen out to draw their fire," Lin Yuan said to Wu Xiao beside him.

This time, besides Lin Yuan, there were also several Tier Six Life Pattern Masters escorting Elder Yang.

These Tier Six Life Pattern Masters stayed close to Yang Dingguo at all times to ensure his safety.

As Lin Yuan and Zhang Zhen were about to leave, Yang Dingguo advised, "You two, be careful!"

Now, Zhang Zhen was the spitting image of Yang Dingguo. As long as he and Lin Yuan appeared, all the Deceitful King Faction's fire would be concentrated on them.

Especially Zhang Zhen, he was practically a living target.

Yang Dingguo understood that Zhang Zhen was taking the risk on his behalf.

"If I don't enter hell, who will?"

"Greatness needs no words!" Zhang Zhen struck a heroic pose, ready to sacrifice himself.

Without a word, Lin Yuan grabbed Zhang Zhen and used the Yellow Springs Road Tattoo to move into the wreckage of the third minibus.

Meanwhile, the smoke from the explosion began to slowly dissipate.

As the smoke cleared, car debris was visible on the ground, with a conspicuous red umbrella slowly twirling amid the rubble.

Under the red umbrella, stood Lin Yuan and Yang Dingguo.

"What a pity!"

"They didn't get blown up!" Zhang Peng discarded the rocket launcher from his shoulder with regret.

Dealing with a powerful Life Pattern Master using such surprise tactics is already the limit of hot weapons.

With Lin Yuan prepared, the rocket launcher was no different from a stick.

Yang Jing glanced coldly at Zhang Peng and said, "If he were so easy to kill, would it be your turn?"

"You..." Zhang Peng wanted to retort but reconsidered, realizing the guy's unstable mental state, and he wasn't his match, so there was no need to provoke him.

"Ma Family's hunting squad, come with me to block Lin Yuan."

"Everyone else, stop the people in the other vehicles."

"Zhang Peng, you have a task: hide here and don't take action. We'll engage Lin Yuan, and when Yang Dingguo is alone, that's when you strike and kill him," Yang Jing began assigning tasks.

"Got it!"

"I assure you, I'll kill Yang Dingguo," Zhang Peng responded promptly.

Hearing Yang Jing's words, Zhang Peng's eyes lit up.

The hardest part about the task to kill Yang Dingguo wasn't about killing him but dealing with Lin Yuan.

Yang Dingguo was just an ordinary man; killing him would be no challenge.

On the contrary, it was quite a lucrative gig.

Whoever killed Yang Dingguo would achieve great merit, essentially making a name for themselves.

Now, Yang Jing personally took on the task of stopping Lin Yuan, the toughest part of the plan.

He gave Zhang Peng the lucrative task of killing Yang Dingguo, making Zhang Peng feel grateful toward Yang Jing.

The reason Yang Jing entrusted Zhang Peng with the lucrative task of killing Yang Dingguo was that he didn't want to personally kill Yang Dingguo.

Even though Yang Jing had begun collaborating with the Deceitful King Faction, he wasn't yet completely ruthless.

Within him remained a shred of kindness.

But as the Ghost Leader said, once you breach your bottom line, doing it again becomes easier.

Whether Yang Jing turns out good or evil in the future remains uncertain.

After arranging everything, a bald man stepped out from Ma Family's hunting squad and addressed everyone present, "The Ghost Leader has commanded that we must go all out, and no one should hold back."

"Everything that happens today, I will report in full to the Ghost Leader."

"There's only one chance to assassinate Yang Dingguo. If we fail and alert them, there will be no other opportunities. I'm sure everyone understands this."

The bald man who spoke was code-named "Subduing Dragon," leader of the Ma Family's hunting squad.

Among the nine hunting squads of the Deceitful King Faction, Ma Family's squad was the strongest.

With eighteen members, all bearing the Buddhist Sect's Eighteen Arhats tattoos.

These eighteen people formed a grand formation to take action, even Tier Five Evil Spirits couldn't do anything to them.

Currently, Yang Jing isn't considered the confidant of the Ghost Leader, the code-named "Dragon Tamer" is the true confidant of the Ghost Leader.

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Yang Jing couldn't be bothered to listen to Dragon Tamer's nonsense, he turned into a black light and vanished from the spot.

The next moment, he appeared in front of Lin Yuan.

"Woosh!"

The sound of air being torn apart rang out as the edge of the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife reached right in front of Lin Yuan.

The Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife burst with a terrifying aura, slashing at the Qiankun Umbrella. Simultaneously, the red surface of the Qiankun Umbrella surged with energy, firmly resisting the blow from the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife.

"Yang Jing? Is that you?"

"You're still alive?" Lin Yuan's eyes were filled with astonishment upon recognizing the person.

At this moment, all three of Yang Jing's eyes were blood red, his face was covered in sinister black lines, and his entire body exuded an eerie aura.

Although Yang Jing's appearance and aura had greatly changed, Lin Yuan still recognized him at a glance.

Yang Jing is still alive?

This was entirely beyond Lin Yuan's expectation. In Lin Yuan's estimation, Yang Jing's grave should have been covered in tall grass by now.

You must know, back then, although Yang Jing used Vertical Earth Golden Light to leave the Punishment Department,

he had endured the excruciating punishment of heart-burning and liver-cooking in the Punishment Department!

Apart from this, when he was escaping, Lin Yuan had also slashed his back with a sword.

Having gone through such torture, with such injuries, how could Yang Jing still be alive?

When someone has their heart, liver, spleen, lungs, and kidneys all dug out, leaving just an empty shell, how could they survive?

Lin Yuan was at a complete loss, yet Yang Jing was indeed still alive and appeared in front of him, attacking him once more.

In their confrontation, Yang Jing was engulfed in magical energy, no longer human.

"Have you gone demonic?" Lin Yuan curiously asked.

Upon hearing this, Yang Jing's eyes turned even redder, and he snarled through gritted teeth, "Thanks to you."

Surging magical energy swirled around Yang Jing, and with a flick of his finger, he shouted "Go!"

At his command, the magical energy rapidly converged, transforming into a black dog, pouncing towards Lin Yuan.

Is this the Hound of Heaven?

"Woof!"

"Woof! Woof!"

The Hound of Heaven charged at Lin Yuan, its target conspicuously being Lin Yuan's butt.

"Bite the butt!"

It's aiming to "bite the butt!"

Lin Yuan became the target of Yang Jing's "butt biting."

One wonders if getting bitten by this thing requires a rabies vaccine!

The Hound of Heaven lunged, and Lin Yuan rolled aside, narrowly escaping with the dog's mouth.

Lin Yuan dodged, but the Hound of Heaven chomped down on a previously exploded tire, biting it cleanly in half.

One has to admit, its bite is impressive.

After undergoing demonization, Yang Jing's tattoo awakening level increased further.

Previously, he had only awakened the Heavenly Eye and the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife.

Now, even the Hound of Heaven had awakened.

Yang Jing truly hated Lin Yuan; killing others might weigh on his conscience, but killing Lin Yuan bore no psychological burden at all.

"Lin Yuan, die for me!"

Yang Jing let out a furious roar, then continuously wielded the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife towards Lin Yuan.

At this moment, Yang Jing was extremely agitated, recklessly destroying everything around him in a frenzy.

Yang Jing attacked with one slash after another, each one stronger than the last, filling the sky with raging blade energy.

Lin Yuan summoned Zhong Kui's Demon-Slaying Sword to block Yang Jing's Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife.

It must be said, Yang Jing's hand-to-hand combat techniques slightly edged out Lin Yuan's.

"Crude warrior!"

Lin Yuan cursed under his breath and prepared to employ the same old trick, pulling Yang Jing into the Punishment Department.

The Punishment Department was his domain. Once inside, Yang Jing would be at his mercy.

The Zhong Kui tattoo transformed into a crimson Judge's robe appearing on Lin Yuan. Just as he was about to drag Yang Jing into the Punishment Department,

suddenly, he heard the sound "Om Mani Padme Hum" in his ears.

This is....

The Buddhist Sect's Six-Word Mantra.

Lin Yuan successfully pulled Yang Jing into the Punishment Department. However, aside from Yang Jing, there appeared eighteen additional monks in the Punishment Department.

He had only pulled Yang Jing inside, so how did they enter the Punishment Department?

In mythology, there was Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva forcibly entering the Underworld, establishing a Buddhist Sect's Underworld office.

Now, there were these eighteen monks forcibly entering his Punishment Department.

Entering without permission, are they monks, or bandits?

Lin Yuan's Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva hadn't awakened yet. Once awakened, he would gain much insight into the abilities of these Buddhist-style tattoos.

The eighteen monks were enveloped in golden light, surrounding Yang Jing, with waves of Buddha's Radiance enveloping him.

Lin Yuan frowned, for although Yang Jing was now in the Punishment Department, he seemed unable to judge him as before.

(ps: Some brothers mentioned they couldn't join the reader group, so let me emphasize, it's a QQ group, not a WeChat group, don't add the wrong one. Group number: 263559029)

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## Chapter 157 - 155: Zhang Zhen: Buddy, I Suggest Downloading the Anti-Fraud App

[ 1,713 words ]

*Chapter 157: Chapter 155: Zhang Zhen: Buddy, I Suggest Downloading the Anti-Fraud App*

Eighteen bald monks recited Buddhist chants and formed Buddha Seals with their hands, their entire bodies emanating a dense Buddha's Radiance.

At this moment, the dense Buddha's Radiance above Yang Jing's head coalesced into a Seven-Treasure Canopy.

Beneath the canopy, it seemed like another world, isolated from the Punishment Department.

"Damn it!"

"The Ma Family's hunt squad is really powerful!" Lin Yuan cursed under his breath.

You can say the Deceitful King Faction is bad, but you can't say they're weak.

There's no denying that this hunt squad is the strongest force under the Ghost Leader of the Deceitful King Faction.

They indeed have strength.

Especially now, being able to use Buddhist power to form a canopy that isolates the Power of Rules within the Punishment Department, it was beyond Lin Yuan's expectations.

Last time, Lin Yuan was able to completely overpower Yang Jing, leaving him with no strength to retaliate, relying solely on the power of the Punishment Department.

Now, these eighteen monks immediately broke the power of the Punishment Department, which truly infuriated Lin Yuan.

"Yang Jing, the rules of this realm have been isolated."

"We brothers will be your protectors, go ahead and unleash your power!"

"Go, kill him!" shouted the monk code-named "Dragon Descender."

This was the second time Yang Jing had been dragged into the Punishment Department by Lin Yuan. As they say, the first time is unfamiliar, the second time adept.

Being dragged in for a second time wasn't nearly as terrifying as the first.

Moreover, now with the canopy formed by the eighteen arhats isolating the Punishment Department's rules.

Without this dependency, Lin Yuan could only fight Yang Jing with all he had.

Yang Jing's entire body was engulfed in black magic flames, which under the golden Buddhist canopy, looked incredibly out of place.

Yang Jing charged at Lin Yuan like a bolt of lightning, enemies meeting with great hostility. "Ah!"

As he neared Lin Yuan, Yang Jing let out a furious roar, stomping fiercely, propelling himself like a cannonball.

He leaped into the air, swinging the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife repeatedly at Lin Yuan with all his strength.

With a surging internal energy mixed with burning magic flames, the giant blade projections formed, attacking Lin Yuan like tigers descending the mountain or the flood dragon rising to the sea.

Facing Yang Jing's relentless attacks, Lin Yuan activated the Qiankun Umbrella, twirling it, absorbing all of Yang Jing's blade projections into it.

"Boom!"

"Boom, boom."

A continuous series of explosions sounded from within the Qiankun Umbrella, with the crimson umbrella surface visibly bulging.

This was caused by the blade projections exploding inside the Qiankun Umbrella, yet the umbrella's surface was so sturdy that this level of explosion couldn't damage it.

Seeing his powerful attacks being easily absorbed by Lin Yuan, Yang Jing was quite displeased.

Yang Jing thought to himself, so many tricks!

However, it's not just you, Lin Yuan, who have many tricks. I, Yang Jing, have plenty as well.

Having lost to you once, I can't possibly lose a second time.

With this thought, Yang Jing's magic flames surged, and as they hit the ground and caught the wind, they grew.

In the blink of an eye, they transformed into snarling divine hounds.

"Woof."

"Woof, woof."

At this moment, all the divine hounds around began to roar, the multitude of howling hounds creating a rather terrifying momentum.

Countless divine hounds around roared and charged at Lin Yuan.

Seeing this, Lin Yuan hurriedly summoned the Soul-Luring Lamp, scattering the lamp oil.

The lamp oil hit the ground, transforming into flaming giants, engaging in battle with the surrounding divine hounds.

For every move, there is a countermove; for every attack, there is a defense.

Lin Yuan and Yang Jing were engaged in a heated exchange, each attacking and countering fervently.

The Ma family's hunt squad, all eighteen monks, were fully aiding Yang Jing in resisting the rules of the Punishment Department.

In the special space of the Punishment Department, Lin Yuan and Yang Jing engaged in intense combat.

Meanwhile, outside, the battle had also reached a fever pitch.

Personnel dispatched by other factions of the Deceitful King Faction had engaged in battle with Yang Dingguo's subordinates.

Their fight was at a standstill, settling into a temporarily balanced state.

From a distant large tree, Zhang Peng hid within the dense canopy, watching the entire battlefield.

His gaze was fixed on "Yang Dingguo" on the battlefield.

Noticing that the Life Pattern Masters protecting Yang Dingguo were being held off, Zhang Peng knew it was his time to act.

Zhang Peng activated his tattoo ability, summoning the Wind-Fire Wheel and Fire-tipped Spear, stepping onto the Wind-Fire Wheel, rushing towards Yang Dingguo.

"Yang Dingguo, prepare to die!" Zhang Peng moved swiftly, within a blink, he was just over ten meters from "Yang Dingguo."

One might suggest to Zhang Peng at this point to download an anti-fraud app, because the Yang Dingguo he had in his sights was fake.

This Yang Dingguo was actually Zhang Zhen in disguise.

Of course, Zhang Peng was still in the dark.

Zhang Zhen and Zhang Peng were old acquaintances, and seeing Zhang Peng charging at him, Zhang Zhen also felt a surge of competitive spirit.

In Zhang Zhen's opinion, while he might not stand a chance against Yang Jing, surely he could handle the unimpressive Zhang Peng, right?

With this thought, Zhang Zhen intended to utilize his tattoo ability.

However, a sweeping glance revealed the real Yang Dingguo being protected by several Life Pattern Masters in the distance.

If he used his tattoo ability now, someone might realize that this Yang Dingguo was a fake.

At that moment, the danger for the rest of the people increased.

Zhang Zhen was uncommonly smart this time; a sudden idea struck him, and he decided to lure Zhang Peng away.

If he could lure Zhang Peng far away, then even the danger could be diverted.

With this thought, Zhang Zhen sprinted away, shouting as he ran, "Help, save me!"

However, on the battlefield, both sides' forces were locked in a fierce battle, unable to spare anyone to save him.

"Stop these people, don't let them support!"

"Yang Dingguo, I'm coming to kill you!" Zhang Peng gave the order and chased after Yang Dingguo on his Wind-Fire Wheel.

As he continued the chase, Zhang Peng began to sense something was off.

Yang Dingguo was supposed to be an old man in his seventies or eighties!

At that age, no matter how well you maintain yourself, you shouldn't be able to run this fast, right?

According to their intelligence, Yang Dingguo was just a regular person, not a Life Pattern Master!

Even if he practiced the second-generation Totem Visualization Method, he shouldn't gain combat power so quickly.

Damn it, this Yang Dingguo was running faster than Bolt!

Unfortunately!

Zhang Peng wasn't the sharpest; he just felt something was wrong but continued the pursuit.

Because he trusted his eyes, he believed this person was Yang Dingguo, looking exactly the same.

After running for two or three miles and sure that he was far from the battlefield, Zhang Zhen stopped running too.

"Whew!"

"Whew! Whew!"

Zhang Zhen leaned against a big tree, deliberately pretending to be exhausted.

In reality, Zhang Zhen planned to take Zhang Peng by surprise and smack him with his Golden Rod.

Now, in Zhang Peng's eyes, he was the defenseless Yang Dingguo. This was the information gap, and using it, he might easily defeat Zhang Peng.

Zhang Zhen, ever since he mixed with Lin Yuan, had fought numerous battles, big and small, and gained some battlefield judgment skills.

"Keep running!"

"Why did you stop running?" Zhang Peng tauntingly looked at "Yang Dingguo," approaching step by step.

He believed he had it all under control and wanted to mock "Yang Dingguo" well before killing him.

After all, with Yang Dingguo's status, teasing such a high-ranking person gave Zhang Peng an inexplicable satisfaction.

After losing his bird, Zhang Peng's psyche had twisted a bit.

"No, no..."

"I can't run anymore, can't move!" Zhang Zhen waved his hands repeatedly, feigning helplessness.

The more "Yang Dingguo" showed defenselessness, the more excited Zhang Peng became.

Seeing this, Zhang Peng used his Fire-tipped Spear to gesture on "Yang Dingguo's" body, tauntingly saying, "I'm going to first sever your tendons, both hands and feet. Then, I'll poke a few bloody holes in you and let the blood dribble out."

"During this process, you won't die right away; you'll watch your blood drain helplessly, feeling weakness gradually envelop your whole body."

As Zhang Peng finished speaking, "Yang Dingguo" feigned terror and said, "You...."

"I, Yang Dingguo, am a man of status and reputation, young man, give me a swift death."

Hearing "Yang Dingguo's" words, Zhang Peng became even prouder and boasted wildly, "A person of status and reputation?"

"After I kill you, I'll make a pair of shoes out of your skin and turn your head into a chamber pot."

"Status and reputation? I'll leave you without face or dignity!"

"Hahahahaha...."

"Boom!"

As Zhang Peng laughed recklessly, his laughter was suddenly cut off, and he was sent flying.

While Zhang Peng was laughing skyward, Zhang Zhen summoned his Golden Rod, seized the opportunity, and without hesitation, struck Zhang Peng with a smack.

The hit landed squarely on Zhang Peng's abdomen, and by the time he reacted, he was already airborne.

"Crash!"

Zhang Peng smashed into a tree as thick as a man's waist, breaking it in half upon impact.

"Splat!"

The intense pain made Zhang Peng's body curl up like a cooked shrimp, his whole body coiled in a ball.

"Splat!"

"Splat! Splat!"

Zhang Peng coughed up mouthfuls of fresh blood, clearly disoriented by Zhang Zhen's hit!

Now lying on the ground, Zhang Peng's head was still buzzing with confusion.

He was thinking:

Who am I?

Where am I?

Who just hit me?

"You..."

"Was it you who just hit me?" Zhang Peng struggled to stand, pointing at "Yang Dingguo."

His face was full of disbelief now.

Apparently, he couldn't believe it was this weak-looking old "Yang Dingguo" who had struck him.

How could this frail old man possibly send him flying with one hit!

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Tip: You can use left, right keyboard keys to browse between chapters.

## Chapter 158 - 156: Zhong Kui Devours Ghosts

[ 1,862 words ]

*Chapter 158: Chapter 156: Zhong Kui Devours Ghosts*

At this moment, the clarity that had a hint of foolishness in Zhang Zhen's eyes vanished, replaced by an incredibly shrewd gaze.

This clarity with a hint of foolishness can only be transferred, but never disappears.

Look, now that gaze has shifted to Zhang Peng's eyes.

Now, Zhang Peng's eyes were full of confusion, puzzlement, and bewilderment.

This sudden blow had directly stunned Zhang Peng.

The key point is, when that blow came, he was laughing heartily at the sky and didn't see it clearly.

At this moment, Zhang Peng was uncertain whether it was Yang Dingguo in front of him who gave him the blow, or if someone was hiding in the dark shadows.

Zhang Zhen shrugged, spread his hands, and said with a helpless tone, "Kid, don't accuse someone falsely with baseless assumptions."

"At my age, how could I possibly have sent you flying? This old man doesn't have that kind of strength."

Zhang Peng frowned, seemingly not believing that "Yang Dingguo" had the strength to knock him away.

If it wasn't Yang Dingguo, then there's only one possibility, someone ambushed him from the shadows.

"Who?"

"Who is sneaking around in the dark to ambush, if you are a man, come out now!"

"Who's there, stop hiding, I've already seen you, come out on your own!" Zhang Peng shouted around him, looking everywhere.

"Haha."

"Hahaha." Zhang Zhen couldn't help but laugh as he watched Zhang Peng's state.

This cat-and-mouse feeling with Zhang Peng gave Zhang Zhen a lot of satisfaction. At this moment, he felt a sense of intellectual superiority over Zhang Peng.

After all, there are not many people who Zhang Zhen can outwit like this!

Zhang Zhen's laughter immediately caught Zhang Peng's attention, and Zhang Peng, with a cold face and glaring at Zhang Zhen, said, "Yang Dingguo, what are you laughing about?"

What am I laughing about?

I'm laughing because you're such a fool.

"Someone came to save me, of course, I'm happy!" Zhang Zhen replied earnestly.

Zhang Peng pointed the Fire-tipped Spear at Zhang Zhen, shouting at the surroundings, "I'll count to three, if you don't come out, I'll stab him to death."

"Three."

"Two."

"One."

After the countdown, Zhang Peng pretended to stab "Yang Dingguo" with his spear.

"Damn it?"

"You're serious!" Seeing Zhang Peng thrusting the spear, Zhang Zhen knew he couldn't keep pretending.

If he kept this up, his little life would be over.

"Not playing anymore, not playing anymore!"

Zhang Zhen, saying this, spread his wind-thunder wings, quickly putting distance between himself and Zhang Peng, and also summoned his Golden Rod, which looked like a street lamp.

However, due to the effect of the transformation potion, although Zhang Zhen used his Tattoo Ability, his appearance was still that of Yang Dingguo.

Zhang Peng: "???????"

Zhang Peng, utterly confused, rubbed his eyes, wondering if he had seen wrong.

At this moment, in Zhang Peng's eyes, Yang Dingguo suddenly grew a pair of wings and flew into the sky with a Golden Rod in hand.

"Damn!"

"This old man is really fierce!" Zhang Peng cursed, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and chased after him on the Wind-Fire Wheel.

In the sky, a figure full of fiery light and another with thunderous light all over engaged in battle.

Zhang Peng, wielding the Fire-tipped Spear, launched a fierce attack, the fiery gale from the spear felt overwhelmingly hot.

However, Zhang Zhen was no pushover, fearlessly meeting the attack with his Golden Rod.

As the Golden Rod was swung, it created a storm of infinite lightning, instantly breaking through the fiery gale of the Fire-tipped Spear.

"Clang."

"Clang, clang."

The Fire-tipped Spear and the Golden Rod collided fiercely, the intense impact producing a buzzing echo.

Energy waves rippled out, stirring up a massive sandstorm, cutting many trees in half.

Zhang Peng and Zhang Zhen's fighting styles were quite similar; both used offensive tactics instead of defense, opting for fierce attacking methods.

For a moment, on the sky, fire light and thunder light were equally matched, it was a tie between them.

Last time the Zhang Family's hunting team besieged the Wushan Shelter, Zhang Zhen was far from being Zhang Peng's opponent.

But after that battle, Zhang Peng was severely injured and had to spend some time healing.

Meanwhile, Zhang Zhen followed Lin Yuan, dealt with major bosses like the Golden Armor Zombie and Mother-Child Deceitful King, and absorbed a lot of Deceitful Qi.

With one rising and the other falling, Zhang Zhen was now able to match Zhang Peng, making it an even contest.

The two fought for over ten minutes, yet still no victor, neither could defeat the other.

As the fight went on, Zhang Peng gradually realized something was amiss.

The more he fought, the more he felt something was not right.

Especially the fighting style of this "Yang Dingguo" in front of him, which seemed somewhat familiar.

"You're not Yang Dingguo?"

"Who exactly are you?"

"It's impossible for Yang Dingguo to have such fighting prowess?" Zhang Peng questioned while engaging in battle.

Zhang Zhen responded loudly, "If I'm not Yang Dingguo, then who am I? Could I possibly be Zhang Yuandong?"

"Wouldn't it be unfair if only the Deceitful King Faction had methods to give ordinary people incredible strength, and the official side didn't have similar means?"

Zhang Zhen was speaking nonsensically with a serious face, his words were completely illogical drivel.

However, even if it was Zhang Zhen's nonsense, Zhang Peng still had to consider it carefully.

After all, the Yang Dingguo in front of him, with such formidable combat power, was undeniably real.

Based on Zhang Peng's intelligence, he pondered for a long time, his brain almost overheating, yet he couldn't figure out the reason behind it.

Since he couldn't figure it out, he decided simply not to think about it.

Zhang Peng roared angrily, "I don't care whether you are Yang Dingguo or not, today, I must kill you?"

"You want to kill Yang Dingguo?"

"Do you have the strength?" Zhang Zhen responded loudly.

....

....

On the other side.

Within the special space of the Punishment Department, Yang Jing was evenly matched with Lin Yuan.

With the protection of the Seven Treasures Canopy formed by the eighteen arhats, the Power of Rules from the Punishment Department could not affect Yang Jing.

Thus, Lin Yuan was fighting with great difficulty.

Yang Jing, after demonization, was undeniably the Deceitful King Faction's top combat force. Without the Punishment Department's support, Lin Yuan found it incredibly hard to defeat him!

Still, Lin Yuan was someone who always liked to hold back his strength.

No matter the situation, Lin Yuan always kept a trump card hidden.

This trump card, he would not use unless it was a matter of life and death.

Now it seemed that without the trump card, there was no way to win against Yang Jing.

All along, Lin Yuan had been using the power of the Punishment Department, yet he hadn't used the most powerful force of the Zhong Kui tattoo.

Lin Yuan refrained from using this most potent force because using it would come with severe side effects.

Lin Yuan didn't know if he could withstand these side effects.

Now, regardless of these concerns, Lin Yuan had to use this final lethal move to defeat Yang Jing and the eighteen arhats.

With this thought, Lin Yuan began to fully exert the ability of the Zhong Kui tattoo.

In the next moment, a majestic voice echoed through the Punishment Department.

"Summon, all evil spirits and malicious deceits within a hundred miles."

"Summon, all evil spirits and malicious deceits within a hundred miles."

"Summon, all evil spirits and malicious deceits within a hundred miles."

The majestic voice spoke thrice, and then countless eerie black lights dispersed from the Punishment Department.

These black lights automatically sought out, and apart from the Tier Five evil spirits with the Power of Deceitful Demon, no other evil spirits within a hundred miles could resist the summoning power of the Punishment Department.

Once the black lights found the evil spirits and malicious deceits within a hundred miles, in the next moment, they brought them all into the Punishment Department.

Throughout the process, these evil spirits and malicious deceits had no power to resist at all.

In just a moment, the Punishment Department became crowded with over a hundred evil spirits and malicious deceits, all looking bewildered, not knowing why they appeared here.

There were three Tier Six evil spirits and malicious deceits, over ten Tier Seven, and the rest were Tier Eight or Nine.

Upon seeing these suddenly appearing evil spirits and malicious deceits, Yang Jing was initially somewhat stunned.

After the surprise, he sneered, "Lin Yuan, are you out of tricks?"

"Do you think manipulating these evil spirits and malicious deceits with such childish methods can handle me?"

Besides the possibility of some trouble from the three Tier Six evil spirits and malicious deceits, the rest of them, in Yang Jing's eyes, were nothing but trash.

Controlling these evil spirits and malicious deceits to attack?

Lin Yuan's methods would certainly not be so childish.

Zhong Kui's characteristic is to eat.

That's right, to eat.

However, it's not food being consumed, but deceits.

"Boom!"

Lin Yuan stomped on the ground fiercely, his form began to expand rapidly, in the blink of an eye, he grew to over three zhang tall, becoming a complete giant.

Furthermore, his appearance started to change, turning into one with a leopard's head, round eyes, an iron face, and a bristly beard.

This appearance was precisely like that of Judge Zhong Kui from myth and legend.

Transformed into Zhong Kui, Lin Yuan reached out to grab the nearby evil spirits and malicious deceits, with one large grasp, these evil spirits and malicious deceits shrank and fell into Lin Yuan's hand, unable to resist at all.

"Crunch, crunch."

Lin Yuan was like eating peanuts, swallowing these evil spirits and malicious deceits into his belly.

As these evil spirits and malicious deceits were swallowed, black demon flames began to billow from Lin Yuan, transformed into Zhong Kui.

The more evil spirits and malicious deceits he ate, the more intense and dense the demon flames grew.

The three Tier Six evil spirits and malicious deceits saw the unfavorable situation and attempted to flee.

However, this was the Punishment Department, every move they made was within Lin Yuan's surveillance range.

These three Tier Six evil spirits and malicious deceits did not have Yang Jing's power, nor the protection of the Seven Treasures Canopy condensed by the eighteen arhats.

"Clatter."

"Clatter, clatter."

Several chains appeared out of nowhere in the Punishment Department, directly binding the three fleeing evil spirits and malicious deceits, and then a large hand, steaming with scorching demon flames, reached out to grab them.

From the moment Lin Yuan transformed into Zhong Kui and started eating deceits, although it sounds complicated, all of this happened within a dozen seconds.

When Yang Jing realized Lin Yuan was strengthening by eating deceits, only three Tier Six evil spirits and malicious deceits remained in the Punishment Department.

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## Chapter 159 - 157: All Reveal Their Trump Cards, Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan Takes Shape

[ 1,874 words ]

*Chapter 159: Chapter 157: All Reveal Their Trump Cards, Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan Takes Shape*

Yang Jing is not a fool; on the contrary, he is a very shrewd person.

Feeling the explosive aura emanating from Lin Yuan, Yang Jing knows he cannot let Lin Yuan consume any more.

Among the hundreds of evil spirits arrested by the Punishment Department, these three Tier Six Evil Spirits are the strongest.

Even combined, all the evil spirits Lin Yuan just consumed are not stronger than these three Tier Six Evil Spirits.

If Lin Yuan were to consume these three Tier Six Evil Spirits, then he might become completely unbeatable to Yang Jing.

Thinking of this, Yang Jing hurriedly took action, trying to prevent Lin Yuan from devouring the three Tier Six Evil Spirits.

"Clang!"

The sound of a furious blade cutting through the air rang out, as Yang Jing swung the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife, aiming at the chains binding the three Tier Six Evil Spirits.

The enemy of my enemy is my friend, Yang Jing intends to release the bound three Tier Six Evil Spirits to join forces against Lin Yuan.

These three Tier Six Evil Spirits count as very formidable allies.

However, Yang Jing's ideas were overly optimistic, forgetting that the Punishment Department is Lin Yuan's territory.

Even though he is protected by the Seven-Treasure Canopy formed by the Eighteen Arhats, making the Power of Rules ineffective against him.

Still, within the Punishment Department, Lin Yuan's speed is considerably faster than his.

Just as Yang Jing's Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife was about to strike the chains, Lin Yuan's palm reached out, grabbing the blade in his hand.

It's crucial to know, Lin Yuan is currently not in his true form but fighting with Zhong Kui's Dharma Image.

Standing at nearly three zhang tall, Zhong Kui's Dharma Image holds the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife like a mere toy.

Lin Yuan is clutching the blade of the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife while Yang Jing holds the handle, neither willing to let go, starting a tug-of-war.

However, using Zhong Kui's Dharma Image, Lin Yuan's strength is far greater than Yang Jing's.

Lin Yuan swung the blade fiercely, trying to fling Yang Jing away.

Yang Jing was swung around like a spinning windmill, yet he stubbornly refused to let go.

Unable to match the strength of Lin Yuan using Zhong Kui's Dharma Image, Yang Jing began to devise a plan.

His deceitful qi surged, transforming into a giant black dog lunging at Lin Yuan's hand.

Yang Jing resorted to his old trick with the Howling Celestial Dog, but this time, it aimed for Lin Yuan's hand instead of his rear.

Yang Jing's purpose was clear—to make the Howling Celestial Dog bite Lin Yuan's hand, forcing him to release his grip.

Seeing the Howling Celestial Dog pouncing toward his palm, Lin Yuan certainly didn't want to be bitten by a dog.

Since Yang Jing wants him to let go, Lin Yuan obliges easily!

"This broken toothpick, take it back!" Lin Yuan shouted, tossing the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife together with Yang Jing.

Simultaneously, he turned his hand and grabbed the lunging Howling Celestial Dog, then squeezed it hard.

With a "boom," the Howling Celestial Dog was crushed by Lin Yuan, dissipating into deceitful qi.

Taking advantage of the moment when Yang Jing was flung away, Lin Yuan seized the three Tier Six Evil Spirits bound by chains.

Then, rapidly swallowed them whole.

After being thrown, Yang Jing swiftly returned, wielding the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife.

Alas, it was too late, the three Tier Six Evil Spirits had already been consumed by Lin Yuan.

Having devoured three Tier Six Evil Spirits, Lin Yuan felt a rush!

No, this wasn't merely a rush.

This is.....

Magic Qi infiltrating the mind!

Consuming too many Deceitful Evil Spirits, while greatly enhancing his strength, Lin Yuan must also endure the backlash brought by these Deceitful Evil Spirits.

Slaughter, frenzy, lust....

Numerous negative emotions spread throughout Lin Yuan's mind, forcing him to struggle to retain the last shred of clarity.

However, as the three Tier Six Evil Spirits entered his belly, Lin Yuan's aura surged, his strength dramatically increased.

Yang Jing, who was evenly matched a moment ago, has now completely lost the ability to contend with him.

Yang Jing wielded the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife and charged back, and without thinking, Lin Yuan swatted backhandedly.

"Clang!"

Lin Yuan's hand slammed against Yang Jing's Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife, producing a sound akin to clashing metals.

Yang Jing, along with the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife, was sent flying by Lin Yuan.

"Splat!"

Yang Jing was sent flying, person and blade, over ten meters away, and while airborne, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

His blood was as dark as ink.

Aside from the blood loss, the handle of the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife was bent into a U-shape by Lin Yuan's strike.

"Oh no!"

"This guy is too strong!"

"Yang Jing can't withstand him at all!" The Eighteen Arhats exchanged worried glances.

Lin Yuan is formidable right now!

If Yang Jing couldn't handle the situation, the Eighteen Arhats were already prepared to retreat.

But then again, who doesn't have a few tricks up their sleeve?

Lin Yuan may be favored by fate, but who isn't a genius?

In many ways, Lin Yuan and Yang Jing are quite similar.

That kind of powerful yet unused trump card, Yang Jing possesses as well.

Lin Yuan is the fate-favored Yang Jing, while Yang Jing is the hardship-endured Lin Yuan.

"Dragon Subduing, Tiger Taming, cut your wrists, lend me your blood!" Yang Jing struggled to rise, shouting to the Eighteenth Arhats.

Yang Jing also has a trump card, but it requires blood to activate.

The more powerful the Life Pattern Master's blood, the more effective the trump card becomes.

However, unless it's absolutely necessary, Yang Jing doesn't want to use this trump card.

Human blood, such a disgusting thing, Yang Jing really doesn't want to drink it!

However, now he has no other choice.

The Eighteen Arhats exchanged glances, and then, almost simultaneously, slit their own wrists.

As long as they can defeat Lin Yuan, a little blood is nothing.

Except for life itself, everything else can be given to Yang Jing without concern.

The wrists were cut open, and blood spurted out, forming strands of bloodlines.

A total of eighteen strands of bloodlines all surged towards Yang Jing's mouth.

The flow rate of the blood was very fast, and at this moment, as Yang Jing drank his fill, his internal organs felt satisfied for the first time.

Previously, Yang Jing only drank a measured amount of blood to maintain the operations of his internal organs.

Yang Jing drank to his heart's content this time, but the Eighteen Arhats were struggling to hold on.

In just a few seconds, at least one-fifth of their blood had drained away.

Fortunately, all of them were powerful Life Pattern Masters, or they would have fainted on the spot.

"Yang Jing, are you done yet!" Jiang Long shouted at Yang Jing, his face pale.

Yang Jing wiped his lips again and replied, "Done, it's enough now."

After drinking the blood heartily, Yang Jing's internal organs began to operate at full capacity.

This was also the first time he could exert all his strength after replacing his organs with those from the Evil Spirits.

The various Evil Spirits' organs started to work together, and a mysterious and profound pattern began to spread over Yang Jing's body.

Yang Jing's body started to grow explosively, and in the blink of an eye, it reached a height of about three zhang.

"Lin Yuan, am I, Yang Jing, any worse than you?" Yang Jing said with a sinister expression, black patterns dancing across his face, his voice wicked.

Lin Yuan observed all of Yang Jing's transformations.

It must be said, Yang Jing is very strong now.

In fact, he was on par with Lin Yuan, who had devoured hundreds of Deceitful Evil Spirits.

One consumed the deceitful, and the other drank human blood—both ways of becoming stronger were indeed sinister.

"You are strong!"

"But, I can be even stronger!" Lin Yuan's voice was hoarse, like sandpaper rubbing together.

From their voices, it was clear they were both striving to control the side effects of their power surges.

It's as if they were both dancing on the edge of a razor blade.

If they lost control, they would be reduced to Evil Spirits themselves.

Stronger yet?

Hearing Lin Yuan's words, Yang Jing frowned deeply.

At this moment, Lin Yuan opened his mouth wide, and Yang Jing saw everything around them shrinking rapidly, then being swallowed up by Lin Yuan.

The Punishment Department was swallowed by Lin Yuan as well.

At the moment Lin Yuan swallowed the Punishment Department, they all returned to reality.

After swallowing the Punishment Department, Lin Yuan's power increased once again.

This increase was evident in the height of Zhong Kui's Dharma Image.

Originally, Lin Yuan's Zhong Kui's Dharma Image was as tall as Yang Jing's, about three zhang.

However, after devouring the Punishment Department, Lin Yuan's Zhong Kui's Dharma Image reached a height of three zhang and three, or roughly nine meters and nine.

Overall, Lin Yuan was now a head taller than Yang Jing.

This extra height in the Dharma Image translated into significantly greater power.

Yang Jing looked at Lin Yuan, and after a moment, he said to the Eighteen Arhats, "The Punishment Department has been devoured, and the Seven Treasure Canopy is useless now."

"You no longer need to shield me; strike with all your might to help me kill him."

The Eighteen Arhats exchanged glances, then withdrew their support and retracted the Seven Treasure Canopy from above Yang Jing's head.

"Om Mani Padme Hum."

The Six-Syllable Mantra of the Buddhist Sect resounded, and behind the eighteen individuals codenamed the Eighteen Arhats, spiritual body phantoms of the eighteen Arhats, such as Dragon Subduing and Tiger Taming, appeared.

Undoubtedly, these phantoms were their tattoo abilities.

Then the Eighteen Arhats changed formation, combining in a stacking manner to form a gigantic Golden Buddha, joining Yang Jing in a frontal and rear assault on Lin Yuan.

With the Buddha's chant echoing, a massive Buddha Hand Seal formed, and the Divine Palm of Tathagata descended from the heavens, smacking towards Lin Yuan.

At the same time, Zhong Kui's Demon-Slaying Sword, the Qiankun Umbrella, and the Soul-Luring Lamp materialized in front of Lin Yuan.

At this point, these three treasures also began merging at a visible speed.

Zhong Kui's Demon-Slaying Sword transformed into the fan's bone, the Qiankun Umbrella into the fan's surface, and the Soul-Luring Lamp into fiery runes flickering on the fan's surface.

In the blink of an eye, these three treasures fused into a blood-red fan.

However, it seemed not yet fully merged.

At this time, the fan's form was unstable, occasionally revealing the state of the three treasures.

"Sssss."

Lin Yuan used the fan bone to scrape open his palm, letting blood pour onto the fan.

With the blood soaking the fan's surface, the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan finally formed.

(ps: Is there anyone who still can't join the reader group? If you can't, add me on qq704902983, and I'll add you.)

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## Chapter 160 - 158: Slaying Yang Jing, Mysterious Red Cloud

[ 1,830 words ]

*Chapter 160: Chapter 158: Slaying Yang Jing, Mysterious Red Cloud*

As the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan took shape, the surrounding demonic aura became incredibly dense, demonic flames blazed like wildfire, igniting a great fire.

Soon, the fierce and fearsome Zhong Kui manifestation walked out from the rising demonic flames.

With a leopard head and circular eyes, an iron face and bristly beard, his entire being enveloped in demonic flames.

The circular eyes of the Zhong Kui manifestation locked onto Yang Jing, a cold gaze that made Yang Jing feel a chill down his spine.

Lin Yuan used the fan as a blade, slashing fiercely upwards with the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan.

The demonic flames came slashing with a powerful gust, and Yang Jing's face changed color instantly; he quickly dodged, barely avoiding Lin Yuan's strike.

The gust slashed out by the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan left a trench over ten meters long on the ground.

Yang Jing frowned deeply; they were all top experts, and he felt the oppressive aura emanating from Lin Yuan.

Not easy to deal with!

Lin Yuan gave him an extremely difficult feeling.

"Attack together."

"Today it's either he dies or we perish; no matter what, we must kill him." Yang Jing shouted to the Eighteen Arhats.

Since he wasn't Lin Yuan's match on his own, he could only team up with the Eighteen Arhats to attempt to defeat Lin Yuan.

Both Lin Yuan and Yang Jing were top experts among the current human Life Pattern Masters, and once the Eighteen Arhats formed a large formation, they were qualified to battle Lin Yuan.

Yang Jing and the Eighteen Arhats launched a pincer attack on Lin Yuan.

Faced with a two-front assault, or rather, one against nineteen, Lin Yuan held his ground effortlessly.

Facing the pincer attack, Lin Yuan was fearless with the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan in hand.

With a wave of the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan, a gigantic tornado formed around him, sweeping along and becoming larger as it spread, emitting a hair-raising whistling sound.

Facing the approaching tornado, both Yang Jing and the Eighteen Arhats instinctively assumed defensive stances.

And Lin Yuan went in for the kill while they were vulnerable.

Lin Yuan hid in the eye of the tornado, and as it swept past Yang Jing, the flames on the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan surged, using the fan as a knife to slice toward Yang Jing's chest.

If this strike landed, it could gut Yang Jing in one blow.

In a critical moment.

Yang Jing quickly raised the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife to block in front of his chest, barely stopping the attack.

"Clang!"

A metallic sound rang out as the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan struck the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife, producing sparks "spritzing" everywhere.

The handle of the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife got several notches from the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan.

To say this, the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife had suffered greatly following Yang Jing.

It was just straightened after being bent by Lin Yuan, and now it got several more notches.

"Lin Yuan, is this all you have!"

After blocking Lin Yuan's strike, Yang Jing couldn't help but feel a bit smug.

However, time would soon show him that he celebrated too early.

"Wrang!"

"Wrang, wrang."

A series of crisp sounds rang out, and then spikes suddenly ejected from the fan ribs.

The spikes shot straight into Yang Jing's chest.

As the fan ribs of the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan pierced into Yang Jing's body, blood instantly sprayed out.

"Ah!"

Yang Jing let out a miserable scream, staggering back several steps, nearly falling to the ground.

Lin Yuan was relentless, capitalizing on Yang Jing's injuries, swinging the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan for a fierce attack.

"Boom!"

"Boom! Boom!"

Lin Yuan launched continuous fierce attacks, while Yang Jing scrambled to defend.

Seeing the situation turning dire, the Eighteen Arhats quickly cut into the battlefield from the side, attempting to relieve Yang Jing's pressure.

Now, they and Yang Jing shared the same fate; his defeat by Lin Yuan would mean none of them would fare well.

The Golden Buddha formed by the Eighteen Arhats chanted Buddha incantations, and under the Buddha sound, they launched palms in sequence, the massive Buddha palm prints struck toward Lin Yuan like a game of whack-a-mole.

Facing dozens of golden glowing Buddha palm prints, Lin Yuan remained unphased, wielding the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan to unleash fan-shaped gusts colliding with the golden Buddha palms.

The Eighteen Arhats helped Yang Jing withstand Lin Yuan's frontal assault, allowing Yang Jing to catch his breath slightly.

After catching his breath, Yang Jing once again launched an attack on Lin Yuan from behind.

At this moment, Lin Yuan's strength slightly surpassed Yang Jing's; however, Yang Jing still had the support of the Eighteen Arhats.

As the battle reached its climax, both sides were fueled by real fire.

However, the longer the battle dragged on, the more unfavorable it became for both Lin Yuan and Yang Jing.

Because, during the fight, they had to constantly endure the risk of the demonic aura invading their minds.

The longer they fought, the greater the risk they had to bear.

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On the other side of the battle.

Zhang Zhen and Zhang Peng's fight also reached its climax; though they were from the same family, their battle showed no mercy whatsoever.

Zhang Zhen wielded Wind and Thunder Wings, and Zhang Peng stood on the Wind-Fire Wheel.

One of them had lightning blazing all over, while the other was surrounded by firelight.

Their strength was considerably lesser compared to Lin Yuan and Yang Jing; their stamina was naturally not as enduring.

At this point, their internal energy was nearly exhausted.

Aside from their instinctive protective energy, neither of them can unleash energy attacks anymore.

Their current method of attack is quite primitive, which is you stab me with a gun, I hit you with a stick.

"You bastard, try stabbing me with a gun again." Zhang Zhen said weakly.

No sooner had Zhang Zhen finished speaking than Zhang Peng stabbed him in the shoulder, blood gushing out.

"You little punk, try hitting me with a stick again." Zhang Peng retorted defiantly.

As soon as Zhang Peng finished speaking, Zhang Zhen also hit his head with a stick, causing blood to flow profusely.

They both were almost exhausted now, not having much strength.

Otherwise, that stab from Zhang Peng could have pierced Zhang Zhen's heart, and Zhang Zhen's stick could have shattered Zhang Peng's head.

Both of their strength and energy have been almost completely depleted, and this deadly combat between experts has forcibly turned them into street thugs fighting.

The turn-based game between Zhang Zhen and Zhang Peng gradually could not hold up anymore.

Because they have exhausted not only their internal energy but also their physical strength.

Their current state can be described in one sentence.

That is, feeling completely drained!

"Clunk."

"Clunk."

The sound of heavy objects falling echoed consecutively, Zhang Zhen and Zhang Peng both fell almost simultaneously from the air and crashed heavily onto the ground.

They both lay powerlessly on their backs, unable to even move a finger now.

"You son of a bitch, you really are hard to kill!" Zhang Zhen said weakly.

Zhang Peng didn't respond well either: "You too, we're about the same!"

"Huff! Huff!" Zhang Peng took deep breaths, and after quite a while, he asked his next question: "You're definitely not Yang Dingguo, who are you really?"

"Fighting to such a degree, it's hard to say if we can continue to survive."

"Now, you can finally tell me your true identity, right?"

Upon hearing Zhang Peng's question, Zhang Zhen grinned, showing his big white teeth, and said weakly: "I'm your daddy."

Zhang Peng: "?????"

Obviously, as a southerner, Zhang Peng did not understand Zhang Zhen's intention.

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Half an hour has passed since the ambush by the Deceitful King Faction.

Zhang Zhen and Zhang Peng have been completely defeated, lying on the ground, their fate uncertain.

Meanwhile, Yang Dingguo's guards have fought to a mutual defeat with the other members of the Deceitful King Faction.

Of course, due to Yang Dingguo's excellent disguise, he remained safe.

Now, the only battlefield still in a heated combat state is the one with Lin Yuan and Yang Jing.

On this battlefield, the Eighteen Arhats can no longer hold on.

The real bodies of their Golden Buddhas have been shattered by Lin Yuan, and among them, eleven have been slain by Lin Yuan, leaving only seven still standing, each injured.

"Yang Jing, can you manage?"

"If this continues, our brothers will be wiped out!" The big bald man code-named "Dragon Slayer" roared, his abdomen split open with a fist-sized wound.

The remaining seven are in even worse shape, covered in blood, appearing as if they are blood men.

However, Yang Jing was unmoved by "Dragon Slayer's" call.

At this moment, Yang Jing's eyes were blood-red, his entire body rising with demonic aura, and he had clearly turned demonic.

Looking at Lin Yuan beside him, although his situation was slightly better than Yang Jing's, he was also teetering on the edge of demonic transformation.

"Hahaha!"

"Hahahahaha!" Seeing Yang Jing fully transform, Lin Yuan couldn't help but howl at the sky.

This is great, truly great!

If Yang Jing hadn't completely turned demonic, and was still half-human, half-demon, Lin Yuan would have found him harder to handle.

Now that he's fully transformed, Lin Yuan can fully display his abilities.

"Transformed!"

"Yang Jing, today you'll definitely die." After saying this, Lin Yuan slowly spoke: "Zhong Kui's Demon Slaying Slash."

With those words, Lin Yuan slowly raised his hand, the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan gathering endless burning demonic flames.

Fan it, and winds and clouds arise.

Fierce winds, demonic flames.

The fierce winds blew through Lin Yuan's hair, the endless demonic flames reflecting the image of Zhong Kui.

The burning demonic flames on the Iron Blood Demon Bone Fan began transforming into a new power of rules.

Slay the demon.

The demonic flames turned into fan-shaped aura slashing toward Yang Jing, carrying the power of "Slay the demon" within it.

In his transformed state, Yang Jing raised his Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife to block, but as the aura passed, the knife was directly cut in half.

As well as the Three-Pointed Double-Blade Knife, Yang Jing was also slashed into two pieces, a mist of black blood erupting.

Yang Jing's body fell heavily, and at this moment, Lin Yuan was also enduring the backlash of the demonic aura.

Forcing himself through the backlash, Lin Yuan intended to completely burn Yang Jing's body to ashes.

However, just then, a red cloud tore through the void, enveloping Yang Jing's remains and disappearing from sight.

Lin Yuan wanted to chase, but he stumbled a few steps and fell heavily.

With the demonic aura invading his mind, he was powerless to pursue.

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