

Apocalypse: My Tattoos are Ten Yama Kings

Chapter 2: Forbidden Tattoos Covering the Entire Body

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Watching Lin Yuan's moves, the Tattoo Artist's face gradually became twisted and ferocious.

"Swiping a credit card to get all this shit tattooed? You're one hell of a badass, man!" the Tattoo Artist said through gritted teeth.

The Tattoo Artist had quoted a hundred grand, just to scare Lin Yuan off.

Never in his wildest dreams did he expect this kid to actually go through with it, and do it with such style.

"Hey!" The Tattoo Artist sighed, trying to talk him out of it one more time. "Kid, you better think this through."

"You'll have to pay all this money yourself—and you'll have to deal with the consequences of getting these tattoos, too."

Pay it back?

Pay what?

I borrowed it with skill—why the hell should I pay it back?

Besides, this is Ant Borrow, right?

If I borrow from the ants, let the ants collect it.

The world ends in three days. Supernatural shit will hit the fan—and less than one in ten will survive worldwide.

By then, money's gonna be worthless. Who the hell is paying anyone back?

And as for the consequences of these tattoos?

The consequence is—I'll become insanely badass. Like, off-the-charts badass.

"Let's do it!"

"I can handle whatever consequences come my way." Lin Yuan said solemnly.

Even good advice can't save someone doomed to die weird.

As a Tattoo Artist with professional ethics, Cool Bro had already done everything he could.

Keep pushing, and he'd just look like an idiot who didn't know when to stop.

"Yingying, ink him!" Cool Bro glanced at his daughter, squeezing the words out between his teeth.

Cool Bro thought to himself: Punk, just watch how I stick that needle in you!

Lin Yuan wasn't just getting some random picture tattooed—he wanted every single Underworld symbol inked onto his body.

For a Tattoo Artist, no doubt about it, that's a massive job.

Lin Yuan couldn't wait—he sprawled out on the tattoo bed, letting the Tattoo Artist unleash all their skills on him.

At first, the Tattoo Artist didn't want to do it—he flat-out refused to ink Lin Yuan with this stuff.

But once he started, he just got completely sucked in.

All these symbols Lin Yuan wanted? He'd done them before.

But always separately, on different people.

Never had he tattooed the entire Underworld lore on one person—not in over twenty years of tattooing.

Once the full outline emerged, Cool Bro was totally hooked.

This...

It was basically a jaw-dropping masterpiece.

This hundred-thousand-yuan project took a full forty-eight hours straight.

Lin Yuan ate, drank, peed, and pooped in the tattoo parlor the whole time.

Father and daughter, switching shifts, finally finished this work of art.

Calling it a tattoo didn't do it justice—it was basically a painting from the hand of a master.

In front of the Deceitful Gate, Ox Head and Horse Face stood on either side.

On Yellow Springs Road, Black and White Impermanence were hauling along wandering souls and ghosts.

On Naihe Bridge, the Four Great Judges put specters on trial.

Up ahead, in the raging Yellow Springs, stood Zhong Kui, sword in hand, fighting evil spirits.

And there, sitting majestically in the great halls, were the Ten Yama Kings.

Up on Yin Mountain, Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva was giving a sermon.

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The Tattoo Artist was stunned, just staring at the piece in front of him.

After a long while, he finally snapped out of it, mumbling to himself: "Perfect. It's fucking perfect!"

"This is the best work I'll ever do in my life—bar none."

Lin Yuan went up to the mirror, checking out his new ink from head to toe.

Invincible!

No question about it—once the supernatural comes, this ink will make me untouchable.

In my previous life, there were people who tattooed their whole bodies, too.

But theirs were a mess—nothing but random crap all over.

Most of those tattoos were useless anyway.

Like those with random English letters and nonsense.

But Lin Yuan's tattoos? Every single one is useful—tailor-made for what's coming.

Once he pulled his clothes back on, Lin Yuan was ready to leave.

"Got a friend who works at the meteorological bureau. Apparently, there'll be extreme weather the day after tomorrow—it'll last a while."

"If you believe me, you'd better stock up on food and supplies." With that, Lin Yuan turned and left.

He didn't tell the father and daughter anything about supernatural arrivals or evil invaders.

If he did, they'd probably just think he was crazy, right?

Instead, he made up a story about extreme weather to gently remind them to stock up—way better for surviving the early chaos.

As for tattoos, both father and daughter were Tattoo Artists—they obviously had their own ink.

Whether they believed him or not, that was their business.

Lin Yuan wasn't some bleeding-heart good guy—that quick warning was just because of his own tattoos.

He took a cab and went home.

Lin Yuan started thinking about what to do with his remaining day and a half.

Like, maybe build a shelter or something?

No need for that.

This is a supernatural invasion, not zombies breaking out.

If it really was a zombie apocalypse, a strong shelter might help.

Supernatural invasion?

With stuff you can't see or touch, no shelter's gonna help you.

Stockpiling some food made more sense, though.

Based on those three rough years before his rebirth, Lin Yuan knew: for regular people, staying in one place massively ups your survival odds compared to running around like a chicken with its head cut off.

But he didn't bother stocking up on food himself.

Because he wasn't a regular person.

Once the supernatural hits, even his weaker tattoos will awaken.

Ox Head and Horse Face, Black and White Impermanence—all that is more than enough to let him run wild at the start of the chaos.

Stuff that kills the average person—evil spirits, monsters—in his eyes, that's prime meal prep.

To awaken a tattoo, you need Deceitful Qi.

Once the supernatural arrives, the air will be laced with some Deceitful Qi.

As time goes on, it'll get denser and denser.

Weaker tattoos need less Deceitful Qi to awaken.

The stronger the tattoo, the more Deceitful Qi it takes.

That's why, in the previous life, lots of guys with powerful tattoos got killed by Deceitful Charm and evil spirits before ever awakening.

Having struggled for three years in the past, Lin Yuan knew—other than just passively absorbing Deceitful Qi from the air,

There's another way to make those powerful tattoos awaken fast.

And that is...

Hunt Deceitful Charm and evil spirits.

Once they're killed, they turn into super-pure Deceitful Qi.

The tougher the Deceitful Charm or evil spirit, the purer and more potent the Deceitful Qi they become.

With enough hunting, every tattoo on his skin would awaken.

With foresight plus this arsenal of tattoos, Lin Yuan was confident—he wouldn't fear any Deceitful Charm or evil spirit.

For normal people, the supernatural invasion is hell—but for Lin Yuan? It's paradise.

Lin Yuan was an orphan, all alone—nobody to say goodbye to.

With just a day and a half left, he decided to really enjoy modern society one last time.

Bars, karaoke lounges, saunas...

Massages, spa, twin babes...

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