

Apocalypse: My Tattoos are Ten Yama Kings

Chapter 51: This Kid's Got Some Guts!

[1,241 words]

Chapter 51: Chapter 51: This Kid's Got Some Guts!

Sure, here is the translated text:

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At this moment, the battle had reached a fever pitch.

On the battlefield, Lin Yuan was facing off against the bleeding Mudman directly, while on either side were the red-eyed Black Cat and the cold, icy Snow Corpse.

The Mudman's attack power was weak, yet it was extremely annoying.

Because it seemed as if it couldn't be killed at all.

Lin Yuan left a bowl-sized hole in the Mudman's chest with the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork, but the mud on its body wriggled and quickly patched up the wound.

While Lin Yuan was grappling with the Mudman, the Black Cat and the Snow Corpse were constantly coordinating their attacks.

Among the twenty or thirty Tier Eight Evil Spirits opposing Lin Yuan, the strongest were these three.

Mudman, Snow Corpse, Black Cat, although they were still Tier Eight Evil Spirits.

However, they were just a step away from becoming Tier Seven Evil Spirits.

Should these Evil Spirits be able to devour Lin Yuan tonight, then the Mudman, Snow Corpse, and Black Cat could successfully ascend to Tier Seven Evil Spirits.

Unfortunately, that's just a hypothesis, never to be realized.

Mounted on the Yellow Steed, Lin Yuan maneuvered quickly to the Mudman's rear.

Then, he drove the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork fiercely into its back, lifting it into the air.

However, not only did the Mudman not feel any pain, it wasn't affected in the slightest.

It kept wriggling on the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork, as if trying to break free.

At this moment, Lin Yuan noticed that under the black flames of the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork, the Mudman began to transform into a Clay Figurine.

After making this discovery, Lin Yuan didn't throw the Mudman away as before.

Instead, he intensified the black flames on the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork.

Ceramics are made by firing clay!

Now, what the Mudman was experiencing was a rapid ceramic-firing process.

Under the intense black flames, within a few seconds, the Mudman indeed was fired into a Clay Figurine.

Then, with a forceful shake, Lin Yuan enveloped the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork in a burst of energy, shattering the Clay Figurine into a heap of ceramic shards.

The undying body of the Clay Figurine was mistakenly broken by Lin Yuan, turning into strands of pure Deceitful Qi.

Among the twenty to thirty Tier Eight Evil Spirits, only the bleeding Mudman was the most troublesome; its undying body was a nuisance to Lin Yuan.

With the Mudman disposed of, the remaining Evil Spirits were easily dealt with.

Lin Yuan rode and galloped, his speed surpassing the Black Cat, and quickly caught up, striking swiftly with the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork.

"Meow!"

A shrill wail rang out as the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork pierced the Black Cat's heart, and the blood spattered from its body was both black and foul.

Under the black flames of the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork, the Black Cat was quickly reduced to a heap of ashes, also turning into a mass of pure Deceitful Qi.

With the Mudman and Black Cat meeting tragic ends, the Snow Corpse seemed to realize that the man before them was not someone they could contend with.

Was the Snow Corpse trying to flee?

Yet Lin Yuan was no escort; come and go at will?

"Trying to run?"

"Can't escape, no way to escape?"

A trace of coldness flashed in Lin Yuan's eyes before he pursued fiercely on horseback, the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork in hand launching a move, The Flood Dragon Rises to Sea, directed at the Snow Corpse.

The Snow Corpse's speed couldn't match the Black Cat's; how could it outrun the Horse Face Tattoo transformed into a steed?

The Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork pierced into the Snow Corpse's body, black flames erupted, engulfing the Snow Corpse.

During the burning process, a large amount of steam was even generated.

The bleeding Mudman.

Red-eyed Black Cat.

Cold all over Snow Corpse.

These three Evil Spirits were the most powerful among the twenty to thirty Tier Eight Evil Spirits.

Now, Lin Yuan had handled all three, leaving the other Tier Eight Evil Spirits as insignificant obstacles.

Three minutes.

After disposing of the Mudman, Black Cat, and Snow Corpse, Lin Yuan eradicated the remaining Tier Eight Evil Spirits in just three minutes, leaving none alive.

Deceitful Qi.

Deceitful Qi everywhere!

In a short time, the twenty to thirty Tier Eight Evil Spirits slain all turned into Deceitful Qi, the surrounding battlefield drenched in dense Deceitful Qi like steam in a sauna.

Nebulized,

All around was nebulized steam.

"You two, quickly absorb this Deceitful Qi!" Lin Yuan instructed Wen Yingying and Zhang Zhen.

Zhang Zhen and Wen Yingying, being obedient, listened to Lin Yuan's order and immediately sat cross-legged to start absorbing Deceitful Qi.

After Wen Yingying and Zhang Zhen sat down, Lin Yuan also sat cross-legged and began to absorb Deceitful Qi.

However, Lin Yuan deliberately sat in front of Wen Yingying and Zhang Zhen to guard against the identity-unknown Night Traveler doing anything suspicious.

While absorbing Deceitful Qi, Lin Yuan watched Night Traveler.

No matter if he wanted to recklessly attack Lin Yuan and the others or attempted to flee, Lin Yuan would immediately take action to capture him.

At this time, Night Traveler was inwardly struggling.

According to the plan, he should have already fled.

Moreover, he roughly gauged the strength of Lin Yuan and the others, so he really ought to have escaped by now.

But he was reluctant!

Lin Yuan had slain twenty to thirty Tier Eight Evil Spirits, and the Deceitful Qi from the Evil Spirits had almost nebulized.

This nebulized Deceitful Qi, Night Traveler coveted!

If he could get a share, perhaps his Night Wanderer Tattoo could greatly strengthen.

Seeing Lin Yuan and the others sitting cross-legged, closing their eyes to absorb Deceitful Qi,

greed arose in Night Traveler's heart, and he thought, I'll just take a little, I won't go in.

I'll sit at the edge and absorb some Deceitful Qi; when it's nearly absorbed, I'll make a run for it.

Thinking this, Night Traveler guiltily glanced at Lin Yuan.

He saw Lin Yuan and the others focused on absorbing Deceitful Qi, not paying him any mind.

So he sat cross-legged at the edge of the nebulized Deceitful Qi range, secretly beginning to absorb Deceitful Qi.

Lin Yuan: "?????"

Seeing this, Lin Yuan was somewhat stunned.

Daredevils prosper, cowards starve!

This guy had guts!

Not running away at this time, he even wanted to take Deceitful Qi for free.

However, Lin Yuan didn't act against him at this moment, to avoid interrupting his own absorption of Deceitful Qi.

Since he dared to take Deceitful Qi freely, let him!

Later, he'd learn that taking it for free was always the priciest.

Absorb as much Deceitful Qi as you want, later, pay with costs tenfold, a hundredfold.

The four sat cross-legged, inadvertently entering a brief peace.

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Meanwhile.

The other seven members of the Black Mask Squad had already taken the opportunity to escape the maze, reaching the amusement park's outskirts.

The leading man in black suddenly stopped, frowned, and asked, "Something's not right!"

"Night Traveler was the fastest; logically, after luring them away, he should have returned and caught up with us?"

"Could something have gone wrong?"

At this, the leading man in black instructed another, "Prajna, go support Night Traveler!"

"We'll meet at the usual spot."

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## Chapter 52: Master Qi, Xie Bi'an

[ 1,185 words ]

*Chapter 52: Chapter 52: Master Qi, Xie Bi'an*

Giant Spirit, Diting, Night Traveler, Prajna....

This mysterious squad in black robes is quite unusual!

Their codenames are actually titles of ancient deities from Huaxia mythology.

It's known that the man with the codename Night Traveler has the awakened ability of the Night Wanderer tattoo.

So, do Giant Spirit, Diting, and Prajna correspond to their respective deities in awakened tattoo abilities?

Everything remains unknown until they use their awakened tattoo abilities.

The person with the codename Prajna obeys the order of the leading black-robed man and goes to assist Night Traveler, who hasn't returned for a long time.

Even though the black robe is loose and Prajna wears a deceitful mask with a green face and tusks.

Before moving a step, as the robe is drawn, one can vaguely discern the graceful figure beneath the black robe.

In simple terms, under the black robe is a woman with a plump behind suited for childbearing.

That's right!

This person with the codename Prajna is a woman.

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At this moment, on the other side.

Lin Yuan, Wen Yingying, and Zhang Zhen, along with Night Traveler on the edge without entering, are sitting cross-legged, absorbing the deceitful qi.

At this time, the surrounding deceitful qi is about ten percent compared to before.

Night Traveler is the first to awaken from meditation, sneaking a glance toward Lin Yuan and the others.

Night Traveler knows it's time for him to escape.

While there is still some deceitful qi, as Lin Yuan and the others are focused on absorbing, he opts to leave respectfully.

If they wait until the deceitful qi is fully absorbed, then Lin Yuan and the others would wake up.

And if he waits to escape then, wouldn't it add complications?

Night Traveler thinks, it's best to leave now; if he pushes his luck, it could end up with a fatal incident.

With this thought, Night Traveler quietly turns to leave.

But as Night Traveler turns to go, he suddenly realizes he's unable to move.

Looking down, he sees his shoulder is held by Lin Yuan with one hand.

Lin Yuan's hand feels like an iron clamp, unmoving despite Night Traveler's struggle.

Instantly, Night Traveler's expression darkens.

He now feels as if he's been stubbornly stupid, greedy for the deceitful qi, making escape difficult.

Night Traveler tries to maintain his composure, awkwardly asking, "Brother, what do you mean?"

"Hmph!" Lin Yuan snorted coldly, asking, "Thinking of leaving, have you forgotten something?"

Forgotten something?

Night Traveler was taken aback but quickly regained composure, saying, "Oh!"

"I remembered, I forgot to thank Brother for saving my life; I have no way to repay your life-saving grace, I, Wang Chong, am grateful for your life-saving grace."

"My name is Wang Chong, my ID number is xxxxxxxx, I live at Xingshi District, Building 20, Unit 8, Room 301."

"Brother, I have an eighty-year-old mother and a three-year-old son at home, I can't rest assured as they are home alone late at night, I must hurry to check on them."

"Let me check on them first, and later you come to my house, I'll treat you to a drink."

Lin Yuan: "?????"

Lin Yuan thought, we have no grievances, why do you repeatedly insult my intelligence.

If I let you go this time, can I encounter you next time?

You claim to be Wang Chong?

Damn, truly think I'm foolish!

You could be named anything but absolutely not Wang Chong.

At this point, Lin Yuan neither intends to feign civility nor deceive.

Instead, he straightforwardly says, "I found a Life Pattern Master's corpse just over there. His heart was stabbed; it wasn't done by evil spirits but by a person."

"The skin with his tattoo was excised."

Upon hearing this, Night Traveler's expression changed instantly, becoming extremely ugly.

Oh no!

That corpse he didn't manage to dispose of was indeed discovered.

Instantaneously, sweat beads profusely formed on Night Traveler's forehead, his eyes slightly squinting.

Evidently, his mind is racing to concoct a plausible excuse to fool Lin Yuan.

Admittedly, Night Traveler possesses some quick wit.

Within two or three seconds of reflection, Night Traveler's face showed a panic-stricken expression.

He said frantically, "Yes! Yes!"

"The one who died was my companion; we came together."

"Besides evil spirits and Deceitful Charm here, there's someone hunting down his kin; my companion fell victim to him."

"You know, it's fortunate I ran quickly; otherwise, I'd also perish under his hand."

"To escape him, I encountered those evil spirits, Deceitful Charm."

"Brother, you guys should head back promptly; it'd be disastrous should you encounter this killing madman!"

His explanation is quite plausible, were it an amateur Life Pattern Master, he could indeed fool them.

Unfortunately, he encounters Lin Yuan, who struggled for three years in an apocalyptic setting in his previous life.

Such skills of adapting words for humans and deceit for spirits are already mastered by Lin Yuan.

"Ha!" Lin Yuan sneers, "No need to worry about encountering this killing madman anymore; I've encountered him."

"Killing madman, you know exactly who I mean, right?"

With Lin Yuan directly exposing his identity, Night Traveler knew he couldn't keep up the pretense.

He just couldn't fathom how his identity got exposed.

How did Lin Yuan confirm he was the murderer of the Life Pattern Master, the one who excised the skin?

"How did you discover?" Night Traveler discarded the act, speaking menacingly.

"The wound on that corpse and the wound on your hand are identical."

"If I'm not mistaken, it's the same dagger that caused it!" Lin Yuan resolutely solved his query.

Upon Lin Yuan's revelation, Night Traveler froze momentarily.

Indeed, the wounds on the Life Pattern Master corpse, which weren't handled timely, were Night Traveler's doing.

Night Traveler used his dagger as a weapon to kill in one strike.

And he just sliced his wrist to lure evil spirits with the scent of blood, using his dagger.

Meticulous!

Absolutely meticulous!

This man in front of him is impossibly meticulous!

Such tiny details, he even noted them.

"Impressive!"

"Utterly impressive!" After acclaiming a few times, Night Traveler's face twisted into a deceitful grin, "Unfortunately, you can't hold me!"

As he speaks, Night Traveler's form begins turning into shadows, eventually merging with the night.

He triggers his Night Wanderer tattoo ability again, granting himself immunity to all attacks.

Lin Yuan: "?????"

Goodness!

Capable indeed!

Lin Yuan stared incredulously at his now empty hand.

He definitely held his shoulder, yet Night Traveler escaped!

A cooked duck has flown off?

Impossible, undoubtedly impossible.

With a thought, Lin Yuan immediately utilizes one of his two cards.

The White Impermanence tattoo.

Moments later, the White Impermanence spirit body manifests.

A figure appears behind Lin Yuan.

Its frame slim and tall akin to a stalk.

A complexion ghostly as powdered makeup.

A tongue hanging to the chest, crimson as blood.

A smile sinister, neither crying nor laughing.

Embracing a Mourning Stick, wearing a pointed hat inscribed with four large characters "Bringing Wealth Upon Sight."

This spirit body is none other than Master Qi, Xie Bi'an.

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## **Chapter 53: Night Traveler Captured, Casting a Long Line to Catch a Big Fish**

[ 1,235 words ]

*Chapter 53: Chapter 53: Night Traveler Captured, Casting a Long Line to Catch a Big Fish*

Master Qi, Xie Bi'an.

Also known as White Impermanence.

Our Master Qi is most skilled in capturing souls and seizing spirits, apprehending fierce ghosts.

In simpler terms, White Impermanence's entire being is a mastery of dealing with souls.

Lin Yuan very much wanted to tell the fleeing Night Traveler this.

I know, your Night Wanderer Tattoo's ability to blend with the night is quite formidable.

However, if I summon White Impermanence to capture your soul, how would you respond?

The Night Wanderer Tattoo's ability to blend with the night is indeed powerful, even Lin Yuan finds it hard to grasp.

But Lin Yuan is well aware of one thing.

And that is, the Night Traveler still exists.

The Night Wanderer Tattoo's ability only allows him to merge with the night, not completely vanish into nothingness.

Unless his soul is utterly scattered, he certainly exists in the world.

Since he exists, he cannot escape White Impermanence's soul-capturing tactics.

"Master Qi, force him out!"

As soon as Lin Yuan finished speaking, he heard the metal bells jingle, "ding ding, ding dinging".

White Impermanence's spirit kept shaking the Mourning Stick in his hand, and the Soul-Suppressing Bell hanging on it violently shook.

The sound from the Soul-Suppressing Bell rang out, each sound overpowering the last.

The sound of the Soul-Suppressing Bell struck directly at the soul, rendering escape impossible.

As the bell's sound echoed, a humanoid shadow seemed to squirm violently in the night some twenty or thirty meters in front of Lin Yuan and his group.

Without a doubt, this violently writhing humanoid shadow was the Night Traveler merged with the night.

Under the pressure of the Soul-Suppressing Bell's sound, the Night Traveler's soul was fiercely attacked, unable to maintain his merging with the night.

Suddenly, White Impermanence's spirit vanished, only to appear the next moment right in front of the humanoid shadow.

Its speed was so fast, it seemed like teleportation.

"Swoosh!"

The Mourning Stick in White Impermanence's hand swung out with lightning speed, and even Lin Yuan only saw a white shadow sweep past.

"Crack!"

A crisp sound echoed as the Mourning Stick struck the humanoid shadow, forcefully pulling it from the night.

"Thud!"

A sound accompanied the sight of the Night Traveler crashing heavily onto the ground, his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth brimming with blood.

The ringing Soul-Suppressing Bell caused him to bleed from all seven orifices, nearly claiming his life.

At this moment, he could only lie powerlessly on the ground, utterly incapable of resistance.

Lin Yuan retracted the White Impermanence Tattoo and squatted in front of the injured, utterly weak Night Traveler lying on the ground.

Lin Yuan pinched his face and asked mockingly, "So, can I keep you here?"

Upon hearing this, the Night Traveler, lying on the ground, gave a wry smile.

He laughed at himself, laughed at his own blindness, failing to recognize a master with a sharp eye!

Back when he first attracted the Evil Spirits, he should have fled.

But in the end, greed got the better of him, wanting to figure out Lin Yuan's trio's tattoo abilities.

Then, using old tricks, he intended to harm Lin Yuan and the others, and strip off their tattoos.

Now, after witnessing Lin Yuan's true strength, the Night Traveler realized just how delusional his idea was.

With the strength of this little squad, did they really think they could harm Lin Yuan, and take Lin Yuan's skin?

Impossible, absolutely impossible.

Luckily, they hadn't acted!

If they had attacked Lin Yuan, the unlucky one wouldn't be just him; the entire squad might've faced annihilation.

"Outmatched, willing to admit defeat!"

"Kill me or cut me up, do as you please!" The Night Traveler, still sparse with words, uttered this remark.

He simply closed his eyes and lay on the ground, saying nothing more, leaving Lin Yuan to decide his fate.

"Which organization are you from?"

"Why do you kill Life Pattern Masters and strip their skins?"

"Who is your leader, where is your headquarters?"

"Do you have any accomplices?"

Lin Yuan asked several questions in succession, but the Night Traveler remained unresponsive, as silent as Xu Shu entering Cao's camp.

Frustrated, Lin Yuan suddenly brandished the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork and thrust it fiercely toward the Night Traveler's throat.

This stab would surely send the Night Traveler to the Yellow Springs.

However, the Night Traveler remained unmoved, unfazed.

The edge of the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork had already slit the skin on the Night Traveler's throat, yet he still lay unmoving.

Is he unafraid of death?

Is there really someone unafraid of death in this world?

Or has this kid completely given up?

Were it not for the importance of this organization that hunts Life Pattern Masters and skins people,

Lin Yuan earnestly hoped to glean information about this organization.

Otherwise, given his temperament, he would have resolved the Night Traveler with a single stab long ago.

"Brother Lin, what do we do if he says nothing?" Wen Yingying glanced at Lin Yuan and asked.

Lin Yuan shook his head; dealing with someone who fears nothing and wants nothing, who's given up, is indeed challenging.

After pondering for a moment, Lin Yuan said, "Let's take him back and interrogate him slowly!"

We still have Geng Youcai at home!

Before the bizarre invasion, Geng Youcai was a big influencer with a million followers.

His seemingly useless inventions were jokingly called "instruments of torture" by netizens.

Moreover, netizens gave Geng Youcai a nickname, "Minister of the Ministry of Justice".

As they say, there's no wrong name, only a wrong nickname.

Lin Yuan trusted the netizens' judgment, so since they dubbed Geng Youcai "Minister of the Ministry of Justice",

Geng Youcai must have a knack for this.

Thus, Lin Yuan planned to take the Night Traveler back and let Geng Youcai interrogate him thoroughly.

If they managed to extract information, great; if not, Lin Yuan had a final plan.

And that is, fishing.

Since they captured the Night Traveler alive, his organization would surely worry about him leaking secrets.

In such cases, there are only two possibilities.

The first is to rescue him.

The second is to kill him.

Whether they come to rescue or kill him, someone is bound to come.

If someone comes, Lin Yuan can lie in wait and fish for bigger bait.

"Get him in the car!"

"Let's head back!"

With that, Lin Yuan picked up the weakened, powerless Night Traveler, like a dead pig, and headed toward the parked car outside the amusement park.

"Thud."

Dumping the Night Traveler in the back seat, Lin Yuan instructed Zhang Zhen, "Hold his hand. If he tries to escape, just electrocute him."

"Understood!"

"Boss, he definitely won't escape!" Zhang Zhen assured, patting his chest confidently.

The Night Traveler was now severely wounded, not to mention if he could still summon the Night Wanderer Tattoo or perform the magic to blend with the night.

Even if he could, Lin Yuan was confident that his casting speed was no match for Zhang Zhen's speed at discharging electricity.

The Night Traveler was human, definitely not as resistant as a Mountain Demon.

As soon as he showed signs of casting a spell, Zhang Zhen would immediately electrocute him.

By then, his entire body would be paralyzed, twitching, with absolutely no chance of escaping.

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## **Chapter 54: The So-called "Sacrifice" of the Mysterious Organization**

[ 1,180 words ]

*Chapter 54: Chapter 54: The So-called "Sacrifice" of the Mysterious Organization*

"Boom."

"Rumble."

The deep roar of an engine, like that of a beast, echoed as the Land Rover Defender gradually disappeared down the road.

At this moment, not far from where Lin Yuan and his group had just absorbed the Ghost Qi, a graceful figure in a black robe flashed by.

It was the woman codenamed "Prajna."

The leader of the Black-Faced Ghost Squad, she was instructed to support the Night Traveler.

When she arrived, she happened to witness Lin Yuan battling twenty to thirty Tier Eight Evil Spirits, consecutively slaying the powerful evil spirits, the Mud Man, Snow Corpse, and Black Cat, who were all a step away from Tier Seven.

After that, the Night Traveler, instead of escaping, actually lingered around soaking up the Ghost Qi.

Seeing this scene, Prajna was very envious!

Unfortunately, with the Night Traveler not leaving, it was inconvenient for her to approach.

So she found a spot where she could observe conveniently and prepared to assist the Night Traveler at any moment.

In the end, when the Night Traveler was about to flee, the tattoos summoned by that man pulled him out directly from the shadow state, and he was captured alive.

Prajna, who observed the entire process, didn't dare make any rash moves.

She was there to assist the Night Traveler, not to sacrifice herself.

The man before her displayed combat prowess that could easily wipe out their entire squad.

Knowing the impossible and still trying is foolishness.

Prajna didn't dare reveal herself to assist and just watched as Lin Yuan captured the Night Traveler alive.

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Peng City.

Huaihai Hall Cinema.

This was an old cinema, but it had already closed down years ago due to poor management before the strange invasion.

With little human presence around, it was used by this mysterious squad as a temporary base.

The head of the mysterious squad had told Prajna to rendezvous at the old place when she was assigned to assist the Night Traveler.

The "old place" referred to here.

At this time, all the other black-clad men were in the abandoned screening room.

Only Prajna and the Night Traveler had yet to arrive.

"Clack."

"Clack, clack."

The sound of footsteps echoed as someone approached from outside.

"Boss, Night Traveler and Prajna are back!" The brawny man codenamed "Giant Spirit" said in a muffled voice.

The footsteps grew closer, but it was only Prajna who entered the abandoned screening room.

The leading black-clad man's brows furrowed, and a sense of foreboding crept into his heart as he asked in a deep voice, "Prajna, why are you back alone?"

"Where's Night Traveler?"

Prajna was taken aback and replied with a slightly solemn tone, "He can't come back."

"Night Traveler is dead?" The leading black-clad man asked, his tone heavy.

Night Traveler is dead?

Hearing the question, the other black-clad men looked at Prajna in unison, seeking an answer.

Among them was a petite and fragile-looking black-clad figure whose body seemed to tremble slightly at that moment.

"No!" Prajna shook her head and replied, "He was captured alive."

Upon hearing this, the expressions of the black-clad men present changed drastically.

Captured alive?

Might as well be dead!

This squad was specifically tasked with doing the organization's dirty and tiresome work.

Their activities of hunting Life Pattern Masters and skinning humans must never be exposed.

Night Traveler knew many organizational secrets, and being captured alive was the worst possible news.

"Prajna, are you useless?"

"Boss told you to assist, and you let Night Traveler get captured alive?" Giant Spirit's booming voice resounded, tinged with anger.

Prajna rolled her eyes at Giant Spirit and retorted, "If you're that capable, why don't you go?"

"You muscle-brained oaf."

After snapping at Giant Spirit, Prajna ignored his rage and turned to the leading black-clad man, saying, "Boss, that man is incredibly strong! Incredibly strong!"

"Even if our entire squad combined forces, we wouldn't stand a chance against him."

With that, Prajna recounted everything she saw, like spilling beans from a bamboo tube, to the people present.

After listening to Prajna's account, the leading black-clad man's face turned ashen, beyond words to describe.

"You say he alone killed twenty to thirty Tier Eight Evil Spirits?"

"He shattered Night Traveler's fusion with the night in one move?" The man codenamed "Diting" spoke with disbelief in his voice.

"Do I need to lie to you?" Prajna retorted.

This...

They are all teammates; Prajna indeed had no reason to lie.

At this moment, the leading black-clad man interrupted their conversation, speaking in a cold, silent tone, "Let's vote!"

"Captain!" At this moment, the most petite and fragile black-clad figure among them rushed forward, pleading, "Captain, no! Don't vote."

"Save him, I beg you, save him."

The leading black-clad man shook his head and said in a gravely serious tone, "Day Traveler, I know you have a special relationship with Night Traveler."

"But business is business, and personal feelings can't interfere."

"You heard what Prajna said; it's not that I don't want to save him, but our whole team together is no match for that man."

"Do you want our entire team to be buried alongside him?"

The frail, petite black-clad figure stood there, speechless for a long time.

Just as the captain was about to let everyone vote again, the frail, petite black-clad figure seemed to think of something and spoke up again, "Captain, we can ask for help from above and have them send experts down!"

"Day Traveler, don't be ridiculous!"

"You know that the higher-ups won't send experts down to save Night Traveler."

"Whoever gets captured faces the same outcome, including myself—no exceptions!"  
The leading black-clad man's voice carried anger.

After being reprimanded by the leading black-clad man, the frail, petite figure dared not retort, trembling uncontrollably where they stood.

The woman known as "Day Traveler" seemed to be sobbing.

Clearly, her relationship with Night Traveler was far from ordinary.

"Vote!" The leading black-clad man said coldly, "Raise your hand if you agree Night Traveler should make a sacrifice for the organization."

What do they mean by sacrificing for the organization?

It means letting Night Traveler die!

As soon as the leading black-clad man finished speaking, six hands, including his own, shot up in unison.

Only the frail, petite black-clad figure didn't raise theirs; the others, a unanimous decision.

The voluptuous and graceful Prajna walked up to the frail, petite Day Traveler, and with veiled hostility, mocked, "Day Traveler, what do you mean by this?"

"The boss wants you to vote!"

Prajna looked down at Day Traveler with a stance that clearly displayed workplace bullying, akin to seasoned professionals oppressing novices.

"Enough!" The leading black-clad man interrupted Prajna, speaking in a deep voice, "If she doesn't want to vote, we'll consider it an abstention."

"Six votes in favor, one abstention, Night Traveler must make a sacrifice for the organization."

Sacrifice means killing Night Traveler.

To deliver the final blow to a teammate, such a move belongs to an extremely evil organization!

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## **Chapter 55: Deceitful King Faction, Ghost Leader, Hunting Squad, and Celestial King**

[ 1,191 words ]

*Chapter 55: Chapter 55: Deceitful King Faction, Ghost Leader, Hunting Squad, and Celestial King*

Being captured alive means you must contribute to the organization.

This is the rule of this mysterious organization. Not just a mere Night Traveler, but even the leader of a mysterious team would face the same fate if captured alive.

Therefore, the Day Traveler's pleas were destined to be in vain.

In the abandoned theater hall, the leading man in black sat down cross-legged, activating his Tattoo Power.

In front of him appeared a radiant Seven Treasures Linglong Tower.

This Seven Treasures Linglong Tower was his awakened Tattoo Ability.

Artifact-type tattoo.

Such tattoos are primarily based on various Divine Weapons and Magical Treasures from myths and legends.

For example, the Linglong Tower, Yin-Yang Mirror, Immortal Slaying Sword, Demon-Subduing Pestle, and so on.

Of course, there are some unconventional ones too.

For instance, in his previous life, Lin Yuan saw someone awaken a tattoo of an enchanted Italian Cannon during his three years of struggle.

With this Italian Cannon, he could blast at some Low Tier Evil Spirits.

"Poison Lord."

"Soul Slayer Gu." shouted the leading man in black.

As the words fell, one among the men in black stepped forward, his silhouette slightly hunched.

He approached the leading man in black and rolled up the sleeve of his black robe.

On his arm was a tattoo of a pitch-black Gu Basin, filled with densely packed, wriggling Gu Insects.

Wait!

Something's not right!

This tattoo isn't his.

At the edge of the rolled-up sleeve, one could vaguely see the traces left by stitches.

This Gu Basin and Poison Insect tattoo should originally belong to another Life Pattern Master.

The man called Poison Lord gently tapped his finger on the Gu Basin tattoo on his arm.

A moment later, a Gu Insect the size of an adult silkworm, hideous and disgusting like a centipede, emerged from the tattoo.

Poison Lord picked up the Gu Insect and placed it on the Seven Treasures Linglong Tower.

The Gu Insect rapidly climbed from the base of the Seven Treasures Linglong Tower, burrowing into its third layer.

Inside this third layer was a piece of human skin the size of a quail egg.

The leading man in black's Seven Treasures Linglong Tower had seven layers in total, just like the number of members in this mysterious team, excluding the leader.

And in each layer of this Seven Treasures Linglong Tower, there lay a piece of human skin, corresponding to each of the team's seven members.

All members of the mysterious team, including the leading man in black, were actually ordinary people.

Their Tattoo Abilities were acquired through skin grafts.

The human skins placed in each layer of the Seven Treasures Linglong Tower were the backup left by the mysterious organization when they were endowed with Extraordinary Abilities.

Destroying the human skin meant certain death.

The Soul Slayer Gu entered the third layer of the Linglong Tower, beginning to devour the piece of human skin.

...

...

The Land Rover Defender roared down the street, its engine breaking the silence of the night.

It was three in the morning; in a few hours, dawn would arrive.

Lin Yuan glanced at the car's navigation, only a couple of kilometers left to home.

At that moment, an accident occurred.

"Splash!"

Sitting in the back seat, the Night Traveler suddenly spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

"Boss!"

"Boss, he dirtied your car's interior!" Seeing the Night Traveler vomit blood, Zhang Zhen hurriedly shouted.

Lin Yuan: "?????"

Wen Yingying: "?????"

Hearing Zhang Zhen's shout, Lin Yuan's face darkened, speechless.

No wonder a college student with a clear, slightly foolish look in his eyes!

Zhang Zhen's point of concern was indeed peculiar.

No, he didn't get into college.

Is the focus now on dirtying the car's interior?

Shouldn't the focus be on why he suddenly vomited blood?

Lin Yuan realized something was amiss, suspecting it was a remote curse-killing technique.

During the previous life's three years of struggle at the bottom of society, even though he hadn't tasted pork, he'd seen pigs run.

Though he didn't have Tattoo Abilities, he had heard many rumors about various Tattoo Abilities.

Tattoo abilities are incredibly diverse; there's nothing they can't achieve, only things you haven't thought of.

Long-range curse-killing tattoo abilities are not uncommon.

Lin Yuan quickly stopped the car, rolled to the back seat, and looked at the Night Traveler who was bleeding profusely, his gaze unfocused.

"You didn't say anything, yet they want to kill you!"

"Is such an organization worth risking your life for?"

"Don't you have any family or friends? Anyone you care about, and who cares about you?"

"This isn't loyalty; it's sheer stupidity." Lin Yuan angrily rebuked the Night Traveler.

Perhaps Lin Yuan couldn't wake him, but he had to vent the anger burning within him.

People like this, blindly loyal to an extreme degree, are truly infuriating.

However, when Lin Yuan mentioned "people who care about you and whom you care about," the Night Traveler's unfocused eyes seemed to momentarily brighten.

"Gulp" The Night Traveler opened his mouth to speak, but blood poured out first. Struggling immensely, he said, "Save..."

"Save someone, save my sister, huff, promise me, save my sister, and I'll tell you, huff, tell you everything you want to know."

The Night Traveler coughed up blood continuously. Even a short sentence left him gasping desperately for air.

The Night Traveler was loyal to this mysterious organization, so much so that he was willing to risk his life for it.

But he remembered one thing.

Today, he was captured alive, and the organization didn't hesitate to take his life.

If one day, the Day Traveler was captured, what then?

Would the organization also mercilessly let the Day Traveler die?

The answer is obvious.

Between the organization and his sister, the Night Traveler chose his sister without hesitation. She was his only family in this world.

Towards this organization, with its heartless and appalling methods, Lin Yuan had only two words.

And that was, utter revulsion.

As long as he had the strength, he would not hesitate to obliterate this evil organization.

"Alright!"

"I promise to save your sister!" Lin Yuan agreed almost instantly.

Hearing Lin Yuan's words, the Night Traveler seemed to lay down his final burden, gasping, saying, "My sister's code name is 'Day Traveler,' a very thin, petite girl. Rescue her, get her out of the organization."

"Thank you, thank you."

After conveying the most crucial information, the Night Traveler began pouring out what Lin Yuan wanted to know.

However, his breath grew weaker, and his condition deteriorated.

He reached a point where even saying a word required a long pause.

"Deceitful... huff, Deceitful King, huff, Deceitful King Faction."

"Leader... huff, huff, the leader is called the Ghost Leader, I... huff, haven't met, met."

"Boss... huff, boss, met... met."

"We, we... huff, huff, we are... one of the... huff... seven hunting squads."

"Celestial... Boss... huff, huff, boss's code... code name..."

Blood continued to pour from the Night Traveler's mouth as he gasped heavily, appearing to be on the verge of death.

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

## **Chapter 56: Speculations About the Deceitful King Faction**

[ 1,150 words ]

*Chapter 56: Chapter 56: Speculations About the Deceitful King Faction*

The Night Traveler's condition was deteriorating rapidly; he was just a breath away from death.

"Do you know where the Celestial King and the hunting squad are right now?" Lin Yuan asked urgently.

If the Night Traveler died, this hard-earned clue would be severed.

Moreover, the Night Traveler's rank was too low; he was just a minor character within their mysterious organization.

What he knew was so limited, and the clues he divulged were of little use.

To learn more, they had to capture the captain of their hunting squad.

Celestial King.

Yes, the man with the code name "Celestial King" was the key to breaking this deadlock.

"Huai..."

"Huai... Huai... splutter!"

Before the words could come out, another mouthful of blood gushed from the Night Traveler, then his head slumped, life extinguished!

Night Traveler died?

Just as he was asking the most critical question, the Night Traveler died?

"Damn it!" Lin Yuan cursed, landing a frustrated punch on the Night Traveler's corpse.

"Did he just say the last word was 'Huai'?" Lin Yuan asked Zhang Zhen and Wen Yingying on either side.

"Yes!"

"Exactly, 'Huai'!" They both nodded in agreement.

At least they heard one word clearly; it wasn't a complete loss!

Huai!

Although it was only one word, it was a crucial clue.

"Sigh!" Lin Yuan sighed, instructing, "Let's head back; once we're back, check place names in Peng City that start with 'Huai'."

"Boss, what about his body?" Zhang Zhen asked, pointing at the corpse in the car.

What to do?

What the hell can you do?

Could they possibly take him back, hold a funeral, and then set tables for a feast?

"Burn it!" Lin Yuan said.

The body couldn't simply be discarded; it was food for Evil Spirits, especially the corpse of such a Life Pattern Master.

If consumed by Evil Spirits, it would only strengthen their powers.

Burn it, turn it to ashes—it's the best way to handle it.

Of course, burying it is an option too.

Bury it in the ground, and soon enough, it will decay.

But he was the enemy!

Despite defecting at the last moment and providing some information, he wasn't deserving of Lin Yuan digging a pit for him.

This kind of villain should be burned, making a posthumous contribution to nourish the trees, at least offering some benefit at death.

Lin Yuan retrieved the Night Traveler's corpse single-handedly, prepared to burn it beside the road.

Throwing the body down by the roadside, he summoned the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Tea Fork, ready to have the Heaven-Supporting Fork spew black flames to burn the corpse when suddenly...

Lin Yuan thought of something, and instructed Zhang Zhen, "Strip him of his clothes!"

Strip him of his clothes?

That was a corpse?

A male corpse?

Was he taking advantage while it's warm?

Boss, you're confused!

You can't be!

At the very least, you shouldn't!

Hearing Lin Yuan's command, Zhang Zhen's mind wandered with wild thoughts.

Stripping the clothes off a male corpse made Zhang Zhen uncomfortable, but he dared not defy Lin Yuan.

"Boss, isn't this inappropriate?"

"In Huaxia, there's an old saying, 'Respect the dead!'" Zhang Zhen stuttered.

Lin Yuan: "?????"

Lin Yuan thought to himself, We're both men, don't you get what I'm saying?

"I'm telling you to strip him to check his tattoos!"

"Where did your mind go?" Lin Yuan snapped irritably.

"Oh, right!" Zhang Zhen quickly responded, "I also assumed it was to check the tattoos."

Since it was to check the tattoos, there's no issue!

Zhang Zhen stepped forward, stripping off the Night Traveler's black robe, and soon there was a corpse lying bare-chested at the scene.

On the Night Traveler's body, a full back Night Wanderer Tattoo was prominently displayed.

However, this Night Wanderer Tattoo didn't originally belong to him.

On the Night Traveler's back, there was a dense circle of stitch marks left behind after suturing.

Clearly, this Night Wanderer Tattoo was cut from another Life Pattern Master's body and then sewn onto the Night Traveler.

Seeing this, Lin Yuan's face darkened.

Just when he was about to burn the Night Traveler's corpse, Lin Yuan considered, given that this organization hunts Life Pattern Masters to cut tattoos...

Was it possible that the tattoos on these hunting squad members were also cut from other Life Pattern Masters?

Now it seems as Lin Yuan anticipated.

In this mysterious organization, even the hunting squad's tattoos were cut from other Life Pattern Masters.

This thought is terrifying!

First, this mysterious organization wasn't established before the supernatural invasion.

Because if it had been established before the supernatural invasion, it would indicate one thing—they, like Lin Yuan, were aware of the invasion beforehand.

If that were the case, there would be no need to hunt Life Pattern Masters and cut their tattoos.

They could very well, like Lin Yuan, have tattooed themselves fully before the invasion, which would be far better.

Just from their act of hunting Life Pattern Masters and cutting tattoos, it shows that they were unaware of the supernatural invasion.

And after the invasion happened, they rapidly formed.

In a very short time, they discovered the tattoo ability's transfer possibility.

And mastered the method of transferring tattoo abilities.

In a short time, they acquired a batch of tattoos, transferring them to trustworthy individuals.

Then they formed seven battle-ready hunting squads, beginning a large-scale hunt on Life Pattern Masters to cut tattoos.

What kind of person, or what organization?

Could achieve all this in such a short time?

Thinking about it made Lin Yuan's spine tingle.

This....

This thought is terrifying!

"It can't be the officials! Absolutely impossible!" After a thorough consideration, Lin Yuan dismissed his chilling thought.

He was a reborn individual.

He had lived through everything during the early stages of supernatural invasion firsthand.

From the beginning of supernatural invasion to before his death in these three years, the officials had been working tirelessly to restore social order.

Although due to various reasons, their actions were somewhat inadequate.

However, their efforts are undeniable.

Moreover, the officials have consistently been recruiting and consolidating Life Pattern Masters for their use.

Hunting Life Pattern Masters and cutting tattoos were not the officials' style.

Since it couldn't possibly be the officials!

Then there's only one possibility!

Wealthy factions!

Before the supernatural invasion, the way wealthy factions ensured their status was through money and capital.

But, after the supernatural invasion, money is hardly more valuable than waste paper.

Their tool to maintain status had failed, so they could only find new ways to preserve such status.

In the era of supernatural invasion, power signifies status.

Tattoos!

Only the Life Pattern Masters with awakened tattoo abilities can ensure status.

After reaching this point, Lin Yuan could virtually confirm that this mysterious organization known as the Deceitful King Faction was likely formed by various wealthy factions.

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

[ 1,206 words ]

*Chapter 57: Chapter 57: Wen Yingying's Worries*

Oligarchs, huh!

Oligarchs!

No question, oligarchs are the kind of people who ought to be strung up from streetlights.

Their interests, absolutely run counter to almost everyone else's.

Especially a grassroots guy like Lin Yuan, who's got crazy powers but zero background.

Once he comes into the spotlight, you can bet those oligarchs will set their eyes on him.

Deceitful King Faction.

This Deceitful King Faction is basically the oligarchs' secret weapon to keep their status after the supernatural invasion!

Lin Yuan sank deep into thought, trying to figure out his next move.

He's doomed to never piss in the same pot as those oligarchs, and now he's already clashing with the Deceitful King Faction's kill squads.

No doubt about it, sooner or later they'll duke it out for real.

After thinking it over, Lin Yuan made up his mind.

Screw whatever damn Deceitful King Faction, Demon King Faction—if they're dumb enough to mess with me, they're toast.

Just one word.

Fight!

Just fight, that's it.

I'm a barefoot guy—am I supposed to be scared of this pack of shoe-wearing pricks?

And besides, Peng City is my turf. If the Deceitful King Faction comes to Peng City, they won't stand a chance against me, Lin Yuan.

As for waiting and leveling up for late game?

Late game?

You wanna talk about late game? Hell, then Lin Yuan won't feel sleepy at all.

With all those tattoos on him, once they're all awakened in the late game—even if the Bull Demon King shows up, he'll end up plowing two acres for me; Sun Wukong pops by, I'll snap his Golden Cudgel in half; Tathagata Buddha tries something, I'll beat him till he's got bumps all over his head....

What's up?

You wanna say the Monkey caused trouble in the Underworld?

Well, then let's debate. Let's hash it out.

The Monkey even messed up the Celestial Court, you know.

So what, all those gods in the Celestial Court—the Three Pristine Ones, Four Imperial Lords, Five Directions, Five Elders, Ten Halls' Monarchs, Twenty-Eight Star Constellations, Seventy-Two Officials—are they just a bunch of losers?

That's just how the monkey story goes—Monkey's the main character, and everyone else's job is to make him look good.

Monkey raised hell in the Celestial Palace, but honestly, he was the only one playing for keeps—everyone else was just humoring him and going along for the ride.

Same thing in the Underworld—the Underworld gods were just acting along with him, putting on a show.

Monkey's rampage in the Underworld—come on, the highest bigwig who showed up from Underworld was just Yama.

The Ten Yama Kings are mid-level managers for the Underworld. Above them, you've got Ksitigarbha Bodhisattva, Emperor Fengdu, Lord of Mount Tai—those ancient heavy-hitters.

And if you go even higher, there's Lady Houtu, who embodies the Six Paths of Reincarnation and can arm-wrestle with the saints!

With all the tattoos covering every corner of the Underworld, once Lin Yuan unlocks them in late game, he'd seriously have nothing to fear.

"Brother Lin, what are you thinking about?" Wen Yingying tugged Lin Yuan, who was zoning out.

"Huh?" Lin Yuan snapped back to reality. "Nothing, really."

"Burn his body, and let's head home!"

As soon as those words left her mouth, Lin Yuan summoned the Five-Pronged Heaven-Supporting Fork, and a jet of fire blasted out, spreading quickly to the Night Traveler's corpse.

Black flames engulfed the body in seconds. Just three to five moments later, he was pure ash.

The sky was already getting light.

After getting in the car, Lin Yuan glanced at the navigation—already five in the morning.

"Vroom."

"Vroooooom."

The engine roared, and the Land Rover Defender tore down the empty highway.

Lin Yuan was focused on driving, Wen Yingying was dead silent.

The only one with any energy was Zhang Zhen in the back, still crazily hyped and chattering nonstop.

Youngsters, man—nothing gets to them.

Hell, the whole Deceitful King Faction hunting Life Pattern Masters and skinning people didn't even put a dent in his mood.

"Sister Ying, do you think the Deceitful King Faction totally hit a wall running into our boss?"

"No idea who those guys even are, but compared to our boss, they suck."

"Boss, boss—should we start a gang or something? Form an organization?"

"How about Overlord Gang? Boss shows up with full kingly swagger, all the heroes in the world flock to join!"

"Haha! I'm a genius, what an amazing name I came up with!"

....

....

Zhang Zhen rambled in the car forever, but not one person responded.

Yeah, things got a bit awkward that way.

Lin Yuan didn't mention how the Deceitful King Faction was probably made up of the big-shot oligarchs from before the invasion.

He kept all his suspicions about them to himself—didn't spill a word.

First off, it's all just his own speculation anyway, no solid proof.

Second, telling Zhang Zhen and Wen Yingying wouldn't help with anything.

He knows, and that's enough. Zhang Zhen and Wen Yingying just need to follow orders, that's all he needs from them.

"Ahem!" Zhang Zhen faked a couple coughs, then tried: "Boss, Sister Ying, why are you both ignoring me?"

Lin Yuan glanced back at Zhang Zhen, then snapped, "You talk too damn much!"

He didn't bother wasting words on Zhang Zhen and instead turned to Wen Yingying in the passenger seat.

Her brow was furrowed, face so serious—clearly troubled by something.

"What's on your mind?" Lin Yuan asked.

"Uh!" Wen Yingying looked blank for a second, then replied, "I wanna go see my dad!"

"Do you think those Deceitful King Faction people only target tattoos from living people, or do they mess with corpses too?"

"I remember you said my dad's tattoo was super powerful. I'm worried those bastards might..."

"If, you know, it's not convenient, forget it."

She trailed off, obviously anxious.

Her dad's already dead—if his body gets defiled afterwards, that's a whole new level of misery.

"Shouldn't be, right? Your dad's been dead for days!"

"Besides us, nobody knows he's got the Celestial Lord of Nine Heavens, Thunderous Sound and Universal Transformation tattoo."

"The Deceitful King Faction folks shouldn't know..." But before Lin Yuan could finish, he stomped the brakes—tires screeching hard, going "kkeeerrr-kkeeerrr."

The sudden stop caught Wen Yingying and Zhang Zhen off guard—they almost smacked their heads on the dash.

"Slow down!" Wen Yingying glared at Lin Yuan after the car steadied, pissed. "You just love driving like a maniac."

"Can't go a minute without slamming the brakes!"

But Lin Yuan wasn't bothered about his wild driving—he'd braked for a reason.

He'd just thought of something critical.

How the hell does the Deceitful King Faction hunt Life Pattern Masters so accurately?

Is it because they already know all the tattoos on the Life Pattern Masters? Plus, they know how strong or useful each tattoo is?

That's probably the only explanation that fits.

That's how those seven Deceitful King Faction kill squads can move so fast and score big every time.

"Let's go to your place!"

"We need to check your dad's body!" Lin Yuan said, grim-faced.

Before Wen Yingying could reply, he spun the car around and raced off toward her home.

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

## **Chapter 58: Digging and Digging in the Little Yard!**

[ 1,329 words ]

*Chapter 58: Chapter 58: Digging and Digging in the Little Yard!*

Lin Yuan originally wanted to say that's impossible.

Besides him and Wen Yingying, how could anyone else know that her father bore the Celestial Lord of Nine Heavens, Thunderous Sound and Universal Transformation on his body?

Even if some relatives or friends knew, they might not know where Wen Yingying's father was buried, would they?

However, Lin Yuan stopped halfway through his sentence.

Because he thought of something.

Big data.

Yes, it's big data.

Before the supernatural invasion, the internet industry was extremely developed.

Let me tell you this, big data knows you better than you know yourself.

And this thing called big data, apart from being controlled by the authorities, is also in the hands of oligarchs.

You have to know, during the 1.0 version of the supernatural invasion, the network was still in use.

So the oligarchs still had the advantage of big data.

According to Lin Yuan's speculation, the Deceitful King Faction is the sharp blade in the hands of these oligarchs.

If that's the case, then Wen Yingying's father's body might not really be safe.

....

....

The Land Rover Defender stopped, and through the window, the familiar tattoo shop was still in view.

Mysterious Art Tattoo.

For some reason, though it had only been a few days.

Looking at the familiar photo again, there was actually a feeling of long-awaited reunion.

As the shutter door was pushed up, the layout was still the same as before.

Since there was no one here now, the Evil Spirits wouldn't come either.

Moreover, even if the Evil Spirits came, they wouldn't use the door.

In the familiar layout, after passing through the front of the tattoo shop, they reached the small courtyard in the back.

On the arch connecting the tattoo shop and the small courtyard, Lin Yuan saw a red flashing surveillance camera.

Now during the 1.0 version of the supernatural invasion, the network, water, and electricity were still supplied, so naturally, the camera was still working.

Without a second thought, Lin Yuan directly cut the power cable connecting the camera.

If Lin Yuan's speculation was correct, and the Deceitful King Faction's hunting team was using the power of big data controlled by the oligarchs to precisely hunt Life Pattern Masters and harvest tattoos.

Then this camera was the eyes of the oligarchs.

After cutting the power cable of the camera, Lin Yuan glanced around, and after confirming there were no other cameras here, the three of them stepped into the courtyard.

In the courtyard, a simple tomb with a still-intact tombstone stood.

Although it was very simple, in an environment where even burial was a luxury, this could be considered a VIP luxury grave.

"Phew!" Seeing the grave still intact, Wen Yingying let out a sigh of relief and said, "It's all still here, seems like I was overthinking it?"

Was it really overthinking?

Among the three, Lin Yuan had the strongest power, and naturally the keenest eyesight.

Lin Yuan had already noticed that there was a layer of loose soil on top of the grave.

You have to know that it had been several days since Wen Yingying buried her father.

After so many days, there shouldn't have been new soil on the grave.

"Zhang Zhen, dig up the grave!" Lin Yuan suddenly ordered Zhang Zhen.

Zhang Zhen: "????"

Zhang Zhen looked puzzled, thinking, boss, why do you always make me do such strange things?

Just now you made me strip a male corpse, and now you're making me dig up a grave, the grave is fine, why dig it up?

Before Zhang Zhen could speak, Wen Yingying asked in shock, "What are you doing!?"

It was clear that Wen Yingying also didn't understand why Lin Yuan insisted on digging up a perfectly good grave.

"Take a closer look!"

"This grave has been disturbed!" Lin Yuan stared at the grave and reminded.

After hearing this, Wen Yingying was first taken aback, then stumbled over to the grave.

She closely examined the grave, checking if it had really been disturbed as Lin Yuan claimed.

If this grave had indeed been disturbed, then her father would truly have suffered even after death.

After checking the grave, without waiting for Lin Yuan to speak, she began to dig the grave herself.

Clearly, Wen Yingying had already found that the grave had indeed been disturbed.

With Wen Yingying digging the grave, Lin Yuan and Zhang Zhen couldn't stay idle and also started digging.

Now the three were....

In the little courtyard, they dug, dug, and dug.

Soon, the grave was excavated, revealing a wardrobe used as a coffin inside.

Wen Yingying's hands trembled as she opened the wardrobe door, used as a coffin.

Upon seeing the body inside the wardrobe, even Lin Yuan, who always had a strong mental resilience, couldn't help but close his eyes.

It was too tragic!

Too miserable!

Utterly unbearable to look at.

The scene before them reminded Lin Yuan of a song.

In the little courtyard, they dug, dug, and dug.

Dug up an old man, who didn't have a head.

Exactly!

This song perfectly described the state inside the grave.

The skin on the entire back of Wen Yingying's father's body had been peeled away, and most importantly, his head was missing.

Inside the grave was a headless corpse with the skin of the upper back removed.

Moreover, he had been dead for several days, and the corpse had already started to bloat and stink.

The situation in the grave was absolutely horrific.

Seeing this, Lin Yuan couldn't help but close his eyes, let alone Wen Yingying.

In an instant, Wen Yingying's tears fell like rain, sorrow rising from her heart, crying out, "Dad!"

Couldn't bear it!

Couldn't endure it at all!

It's too much to bear!

The Deceitful King Faction has gone too far.

Besides removing the Celestial Lord of Nine Heavens, Thunderous Sound, and Universal Transformation tattoo from Wen Yingying's father's back, did they really have to take his head too?

Although that old man didn't help me counter Deceitful Fires, he was essentially my would-be father-in-law.

Thinking of this, Lin Yuan inwardly decided, "You scum from the Deceitful King Faction, if you fall into my hands, you will pay dearly."

Wen Yingying squatted by the grave, crying for a full five minutes before she stopped.

Lin Yuan couldn't comfort her, after all, anyone would break down in such a situation.

Lin Yuan speculated that the first blood moon overhead was the medium for tattoo awakening.

Only tattoos that existed before the supernatural invasion could later awaken.

The Deceitful King Faction's goal was clear, they wanted these tattoos.

So cutting out the skin to take away the Celestial Lord of Nine Heavens, Thunder God, and Universal Transformation tattoo made sense.

Even though this tattoo hadn't awakened yet, transferring it to someone else and it awakening afterward would make it unimaginably powerful.

However, the part about cutting off the head was quite unreasonable.

After stopping her sobs, Wen Yingying finally stepped forward. Lin Yuan asked, "What's with your dad's head?"

Upon seeing Lin Yuan, Wen Yingying embraced him, tears in her eyes, and said chokingly, "My dad has a tattoo of the Thunder God Palace behind his left ear and a tattoo of the Thunder Pool behind his right ear. They were done using micro-sculpting techniques, so the tattoos are very small, about the size of quail eggs."

If that's the case, then it makes sense again.

The Celestial Lord of Nine Heavens, Thunderous Sound and Universal Transformation, Thunder God Palace, and Thunder Pool; these three tattoos are a set.

If they came all this way, the Deceitful King Faction would definitely want to take the whole set.

(ps: Seeing brothers say my Chapters are short, I'm short, but I write frequently! Two thousand per Chapter, four Chapters a day, eight thousand words daily, that's explosive in the web literature circle.)

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

## Chapter 59: Geng Youcai: How About Giving the Old Man a Nine Dragons Pulling the Coffin?

[ 1,214 words ]

*Chapter 59: Chapter 59: Geng Youcai: How About Giving the Old Man a Nine Dragons Pulling the Coffin?*

There's no way to fix it now that it's come to this.

If I had known, I would have cremated Wen Yingying's father's corpse.

The body is so desecrated now, it's indeed disgusting.

"Hey!" Lin Yuan looks at Wen Yingying, whose eyes are filled with tears, and says, "How about cremating your father's body?"

Upon hearing this suggestion, Wen Yingying shakes her head and says, "Our hometown values burial customs; when someone dies, they should be laid to rest."

"Let's just bury him directly, after all, they've already taken all the tattoos from my father's body."

"They probably won't do anything more to my father's body."

Burial!

That's quite normal, although before the eerie invasion, the government was already strongly advocating for cremation.

But, there are still many remote areas, including some minority groups, that still practice burial.

The customs vary from place to place, and this is completely understandable.

Just as Wen Yingying mentioned, the Deceitful King Faction has already obtained what they want.

This corpse, to them, no longer has any value.

Just as they were preparing to re-bury Wen Yingying's father, Lin Yuan suddenly says to Zhang Zhen: "Go find a sack to put the body in."

Zhang Zhen: "???????"

Zhang Zhen looks perplexed, thinking, Boss, why do you always have me do strange things?

First, you had me strip a male corpse, then dig up graves.

Now you want me to put a corpse in a sack.

No, did you make a mistake!

Judging by the work I'm doing, the position you gave me isn't the power bureau chief, it's more like a funeral director!

I'm starting to suspect I'm being fooled!

Is it still possible for me to leave now!

I'm really impressed!

In Zhang Zhen's clear but slightly foolish eyes, there are now a few strands of confusion.

Lin Yuan touches the head of Wen Yingying, who is sobbing in his embrace, and says, "Take your father back, bury him by the artificial lake!"

"That way, you can see him often."

Upon hearing Lin Yuan's words, Wen Yingying's eyes are filled with gratitude.

Given Wen Yingying's expression now, I'm telling you, once the sadness passes, she'll definitely 'thank' Lin Yuan eighteen times over.

"What are you waiting for?"

"Aren't you going to find a sack for the body?" Lin Yuan sees Zhang Zhen still standing there and scolds him.

Zhang Zhen: "???????"

Zhang Zhen gets startled by Lin Yuan's shout and quickly says: "Okay! Okay! I'm on it, I'm on it!"

Zhang Zhen goes into the house to find a sack, thinking, he's so gentle with her, but so fierce with me.

Good! Boss, are you discriminating between men and women?

Just you wait, I'll post on social media and see if the brothers stand by you!

I'll tell you, not only sisters can fight back, brothers are also very good at it.

Zhang Zhen finds a sack inside and loads Wen Yingying's father's body into the sack, Lin Yuan drives, and the three return to the villa area.

This car can't be used anymore.

The car got sprayed with blood by the Night Traveler, like ketchup got spilled all over it.

Now with a corpse inside, the smell is overwhelming.

Forget it!

Anyway, this thing can be acquired for free now; I'll pick up a new car from a dealership some other day.

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After a night of chaos, by the time they return to the villa area, it's already eight in the morning.

Outside the villa area, Geng Youcai is busy building the walls of the shelter.

You really have to admit, the Lu Ban Tattoo's ability is truly useful.

In such a short time, he's already built about twenty to thirty meters of wall.

Seeing Lin Yuan's car stop, Geng Youcai rushes over with a warm greeting: "Boss, you're back!"

Lin Yuan nods and says to Geng Youcai: "Put aside your work for now, make a coffin."

As they speak, Zhang Zhen also moves the body off the car.

Although it's in a sack, Geng Youcai, being such an old hand, can tell it's a corpse.

"What is this?" Geng Youcai asks tentatively.

Lin Yuan doesn't conceal anything and straightforwardly says, "Yingying's father."

Upon hearing it's Wen Yingying's father, Geng Youcai immediately gets excited, repeatedly saying, "Make a coffin!"

"This is easy to handle; it's my old trade, I'll make one that'll satisfy the old man."

Geng Youcai knows, helping Wen Yingying means helping Lin Yuan; after all, Wen Yingying is Lin Yuan's woman.

"By the way!"

"Should we make a flip-top or a sliding cover coffin?"

"I'd say, use pure wood for the bottom, and make the coffin lid from glass; call it the panoramic canopy, very trendy!" Geng Youcai starts describing his coffin designs.

This guy Geng Youcai, is practically a great inventor, with so many ideas!

Building a coffin, he can offer options for flip-top, sliding lid, and panoramic canopy.

"My father is quite traditional in matters of burial, so let's make a traditional coffin!" Wen Yingying says, her voice somewhat low.

Traditional?

After mulling it over, Geng Youcai slaps his thigh and says, "How about Nine Dragons Pulling the Coffin?"

"I'll carve a grandiose coffin for the old man, with nine dragons at the head; how about that, isn't this idea amazing?"

Lin Yuan: "???????"

Nine Dragons Pulling the Coffin?

Are you planning to send my father-in-law straight to Mars?

If the dragons come alive and fly the coffin off to Mars, what then?

"A grand coffin is okay, but forget the nine dragons!" Lin Yuan decides.

After saying this, Lin Yuan tells Zhang Zhen: "You stay here and help him, hurry up and get the shelter built."

As he leaves, Lin Yuan gives Geng Youcai a hard stare, indicating he shouldn't get fancy.

After Lin Yuan leaves, Zhang Zhen eagerly asks Geng Youcai: "Boss said I'm supposed to be the power bureau chief here, by the way, how many people are in this shelter!"

"You think, as power bureau chief, how many people can I manage?"

Geng Youcai: "???????"

Geng Youcai thinks, Boss must have fooled another foolish guy in here!

"Counting you, five?"

"Manage people? You're nothing but a solitary commander!" Geng Youcai says irritably.

"Oh!" Hearing this, Zhang Zhen feels a bit disappointed.

Seeing Zhang Zhen's disappointment, Geng Youcai instigates, "How about we run away together?"

"I've heard the official shelters aren't bad either!"

Geng Youcai is intimidated by Lin Yuan's ability to deal with evil spirits as easily as chopping vegetables; he definitely doesn't dare run alone.

However, if someone joins him, he'll consider trying.

"No! No!" Zhang Zhen shakes his head like a rattle and says, "I'm not running, even though there are few people now, but when there are more, won't I still be the power bureau chief?"

"If I go to the official shelter, I'll surely be a small fry."

Saying this, Zhang Zhen curiously asks, "You arrived earlier than me, what's your position?"

"Construction Bureau Chief!" Geng Youcai thinks, Boss didn't arrange for me to be an official!

But, he arrived earlier than Zhang Zhen, so he can't lose face.

Thus, he self-appoints the title.

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## **Chapter 60: Bai Ling'Er: I'm a Sexy Little Fox Demon**

[ 1,355 words ]

*Chapter 60: Chapter 60: Bai Ling'Er: I'm a Sexy Little Fox Demon*

Villa.

In the living room.

Lin Yuan patted Wen Yingying's head and comforted her, "Don't think too much!"

"Take a good rest first, Geng Youcai has prepared the coffin, I'll call you."

"Mm!" Wen Yingying nodded, her spirits still extremely low.

Gratitude is not urgent at this moment, Wen Yingying just went through such an incident, her mood is very low, and now gratitude is also difficult to reach the best state.

After Wen Yingying went back to her room, Lin Yuan also returned to his room.

He had a very important task to do.

Before Night Traveler died, he said a word "Huai." Lin Yuan needed to find out which places in Peng City start with "Huai."

This place name that Night Traveler wanted to say but didn't speak out before his death is the gathering place of the Deceitful King Faction's hunting team.

Lin Yuan planned to capture the captain of this hunting team alive, who is also the person codenamed "Celestial King."

The ordinary members of the hunting team were too low-ranked, and the information they had was simply not enough for Lin Yuan to gain a deep understanding of the Deceitful King Faction.

Only the Celestial King, among the entire hunting team, is considered a core member of the Deceitful King Faction.

And only in his hands can there be the core secrets about the Deceitful King Faction.

Lin Yuan sat in front of the computer and turned it on.

Opened the search engine.

Entered the search keyword.

Place names in Peng City starting with "Huai."

Moments later, the search results came out.

Seeing the results, Lin Yuan's head was about to explode.

"I have searched 36,792 results for you."

Huaihai Road.

Huai Tower.

Huainiu Beef Soup.

Huaihai Industrial Park.

Huaihai Global Harbor.

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"Damn it!" Lin Yuan couldn't help but curse.

Peng City is the capital of Huaihai Province, and here, there are place names starting with "Huai" everywhere.

To put it in the simplest way, the place name that Night Traveler mentioned before his death starting with "Huai."

It's like going to a pharmacy to buy medicine and forgetting the name, only remembering the word capsule.

Such a clue is as good as no clue at all.

Lin Yuan was going crazy; this clue was completely useless.

If he were to search according to each place name starting with "Huai," it would take forever.

Now, he can only give up the idea of actively searching for the Deceitful King Faction's hunting team.

However, Lin Yuan believed that even if he didn't look for the hunting team of the Deceitful King Faction, both sides would eventually face each other.

With such a huge loss on their hands, Lin Yuan did not believe they could swallow their anger.

Since the address Night Traveler mentioned before his death couldn't be found, then hunt as many Evil Spirits and Deceitful Charms as possible.

One must be strong to strike iron; as long as his strength is strong enough, any Deceitful King Faction or Demon King Faction coming to cause trouble will be nothing.

One comes, kill one; two come, kill both!

Thinking of this, Lin Yuan finally figured it out.

There is no need to proactively look for people from the Deceitful King Faction now; focusing on growing his strength was the real path.

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Just as Lin Yuan was about to shut down the computer, he suddenly found that there seemed to be a dozen more browsing histories.

These were definitely not browsing histories he left behind, because he always used incognito mode when searching.

So, there was only one possibility for these browsing histories—someone had used his computer.

With intense curiosity, Lin Yuan opened the browsing history to take a look.

"What to do about a fox in heat feeling restless?"

"How to control a fox's unease during its heat?"

"A Fox Demon's three hundred years of cultivation now in vain, unable to suppress inner restlessness during heat; does any elder of the Fox Race know what to do? Waiting online! Urgent!"

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Bai Ling'Er wouldn't find any results from such searches.

Because, as everyone knows, foxes don't use the internet.

This was purely an exceptional case for Bai Ling'Er; if she hadn't met Lin Yuan by chance, she wouldn't have been able to transform into human form.

Seeing these browsing records, Lin Yuan's eyes widened and almost popped out.

His entire being was like he had discovered a new continent.

Bai Ling'Er! Bai Ling'Er, you're still too young!

You probably don't know that in our world, the last thing people do before they die is to format their phones and clear their computer history.

This is called leaving a clean name in the world!

A moment later, Lin Yuan couldn't hold it anymore.

"Haha!"

"Hahaha!"

Lin Yuan clutched his belly, laughing so hard it hurt.

No wonder Bai Ling'Er said before that it was her fault she couldn't refine the Power of Rules, and she couldn't focus and concentrate on refining it.

So this was the reason!

Thinking of this, Lin Yuan couldn't suppress his inner curiosity and wanted to see what Bai Ling'Er was doing now.

Lin Yuan sneaked downstairs and quietly went outside Bai Ling'Er's room.

Loud music was playing inside, and Lin Yuan quietly opened the door to witness a startling scene.

Bai Ling'Er was swaying her hips in the room, dancing a very seductive dance.

She was murmuring, "I am a sexy little fox demon, I am a sexy little fox demon...."

The dancing Bai Ling'Er seemed to notice Lin Yuan suddenly appearing behind her, she turned her head sharply, and her whole body stiffened.

Lin Yuan: "?????"

Bai Ling'Er: "?????"

Four eyes met, and the atmosphere was incredibly awkward for a moment.

Some foxes are still alive, but they have already socially died.

"You..."

"You get out!" Bai Ling'Er's face flushed red, and she was about to chase Lin Yuan out.

Lin Yuan stuck at the door, unwilling to leave, and asked with a curious expression, "What are you doing?"

Bai Ling'Er: "Dancing, can't you see? I'm a lively little fox."

Lin Yuan: "That's not what you said just now. Just now, you said you are..."

Bai Ling'Er bared her little tiger teeth and furiously said, "Get lost, what I do is none of your business."

"Hey! Who left the browsing history on my computer? Seems like it wasn't you; let me ask if it was Yingying, right, I should also ask that Geng Youcai guy!" Lin Yuan muttered as he turned away.

"Don't go!" Bai Ling'Er immediately pulled Lin Yuan back.

"Didn't you just tell me to scram?" Lin Yuan tapped Bai Ling'Er's forehead and said, "Naughty!"

"Tell me, what's going on?"

How dare you ask me what's going on?

Don't you have a clue in your own heart about what's going on?

Bai Ling'Er wished she could step on Lin Yuan's annoying face and give it a few good stomps.

But alas, the leverage was in someone else's hands.

If those search histories were known by others, she would have no face to meet people.

Baring her little tiger teeth, Bai Ling'Er said angrily, "You have the face to ask, it's all your fault!"

"You caused my three hundred years of cultivation to vanish, and now the little cultivation I have left can't suppress the desire.... suppress that special situation and the internal restlessness."

"I have already thought of a way to refine the Power of Rules into my tail, but because of my inner restlessness, I can't focus, so I haven't been able to refine the Power of Rules."

(ps: Sacrificing a few friends' books to strengthen my fortune and help me ascend to godhood. "The Disaster Tattoo: Start with the Twelve Ancestral Witches Tattoo" "Me! Skillful Streamer! Starting by Curing All Refusal" "The Disaster Tattoo: Starting with the True Monarch Erlang Tattooed on My Back" "Pay Ninety-nine Yuan: Create a Mysterious Funeral for You" "Collecting Bodies for the Great Emperor, I Enjoy Ten Thousand Years of Cultivation")

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