

Scavengers 341

Chapter 341: Non-Chief

"How did you dodge my knife just now? You'd better speak up quickly so I can send you on your way sooner," Ji You asked. She wanted to understand the reason, but if the other party wasn't willing to say, Ji You would not force it, as she knew such life-saving techniques weren't easily revealed by "weak chicken."

So—

Ji You seemed arrogant and conceited, not taking "weak chicken" seriously, but secretly she was alert. The moment "weak chicken" made a move, she quickly raised her hand to tighten her grip...

"weak chicken" felt a tightening around his neck and screamed in fright, "Ahhh... I don't want to die..."

Ji You: "..."

At that moment, "weak chicken" suddenly twisted his neck, slipping out like a slippery loach, and burst through Ji You's palm. Ji You's pupils shrank, ready to draw her knife and strike...

Just then, a fierce gust of wind struck. As Ji You dodged to the side, she realized it was a powerful arrow. She raised her hand to block the arrow with the back of the knife.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Hidden enemies, seeing that one arrow had failed, shot three more arrows directly at her! The attack was so fierce that Ji You had to temporarily give up chasing "weak chicken" to deal with the immediate crisis.

"weak chicken" had slipped away as soon as he broke free from Ji You's grasp.

He had no other skills, but his skill in escaping was top-notch. Despite an arrow flying straight towards him, he swerved a few times and got away, quickly disappearing from sight.

Ji You took a moment to look, and damn, he was already out of sight.

After dodging the arrows, Ji You used the momentum to jump into a bush. She was still wearing a straw coat, and diving in made her blend in like a fish in the sea, temporarily making the hidden enemy lose their target.

Ji You calmed herself. This matched her guess; the hidden person must be at a certain distance, so once she hid in the bushes, they could no longer pinpoint her position.

However, this was only temporary.

Being ambushed from behind was indeed unpleasant. Ji You lurked for a while and the distant arrows stopped, probably because both sides were still probing...

Ji You guessed that the hidden archer was probably alone.

So, there was an opportunity to exploit.

Just then, Ji You heard an almost inaudible noise:

Swoosh~

Swoosh~

Swoosh~

It was the sound of tree branches moving slightly.

She concentrated, listening intently, and sensed the source of the sound was about 50 meters behind her in the forest. This meant the person was using the branches as cover, looking for her hiding spot. The slight noise was because they were probably up in a tree, and moving their body caused the branches to sway slightly...

This tree couldn't be in the center of the woods; it must be near the edge.

Which one could it be?

Ji You narrowed her eyes. The more tense and urgent the situation, the more patient she became.

This one?

No.

This one?

Also no.

The third tree from the left!

Right there!

About 55 meters away from her position.

Ji You quietly picked up a stone, squinted slightly, and didn't act immediately. Instead, she measured the distance and then leapt into action; in that instant, the person in the tree also moved, quickly drawing their bow.

Swoosh—

Whoosh—

The moment Ji You threw the stone, she fiercely dropped to the ground.

An arrow barely missed her earlobe, and at the same moment, Ji You heard a loud 'boom'.

Thump—

She jumped up and within a few bounds, she darted under a tree, to her surprise, the man who fell from the tree below didn't expect Ji You to arrive so swiftly. He had just gotten up from the ground, trying to draw his bow and arrow—

Facing him, a White Light flashed, and with a click—

This strike, with immense force, instantly split the man's hand clutching the bow and arrow. He hurriedly discarded the bow and arrow and went on the attack, but the woman's Big Chopper was already slashing straight towards his head.

Click—

The man's eyes widened: "!!!"

In less than 5 seconds.

The battle was over.

Taking down one opponent, in this primitive map, without Ji You, without various equipment, Ji You felt the helplessness of only being able to use cold weapons. If only she could have one more firearm, she could have swept across effortlessly, not needing to engage in close combat with someone every time.

She picked up the bow and arrow from the ground, finding only three arrows left, but better than none. Ji You still slung the bow and arrow on her back. She didn't dare to delay here any longer and hurriedly made her way to the range indicated by the system alert.

Currently—

The map began its scan. If she did not reach the safety range within the designated time, she would be directly eliminated.

The rules of this competition were a bit like the PUBG game Ji You played in her previous life, generally similar but also with differences. The PUBG game has many system alerts, but this arena has none, only death count alerts and periodic safe zone alerts. Besides that, there was nothing else; competitors had to navigate on their own.

Perhaps because her early bad luck was enough, when Ji You headed to the safety zone, she unexpectedly made it without any danger. Along the way, she even found a small pistol on a corpse, though it only had 3 bullets, but this was a big surprise for Ji You.

Soon, Ji You silently crept into the safe zone, with no cover around, she couldn't stay long and quickly dove into a house. The house covered about a thousand square meters, three stories in total, but was already very dilapidated. Ji You quietly approached, knowing it was an abandoned small workshop-like factory.

She nearly landed silently, Ji You searched room by room, only finding a few unwanted Daggers, all other bags and boxes had been opened and emptied.

"This place has been searched by others."

"Maybe there's even someone hiding here."

Realizing this, Ji You became even more vigilant, not daring to search heavily, just moving bit by bit.

Suddenly—

A violent sound of crashing wood.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Ji You's pupils shrank; this fierce fight was in another room just a few meters away from her, and by the look of their fighting style, it could soon spill over to where she was hiding.

Listening to the chaotic footsteps, Ji You preliminarily judged that there were at least 7 or 8 people.

Fight head-on?

Or retreat?

This competition did not require contestants to eliminate many people; the only win condition was to survive until the end.

—to be among the last 10 standing to advance.

However, this seemingly simple condition was also forcing contestants to eliminate as many opponents as possible. Otherwise, even if only 11 were left at the last moment, one still had to be eliminated.

Because she was utterly non-chief at the beginning, failing to pick up any weapons or gear, Ji You's initial strategy was just to survive until the end, so she did not force herself to kill several people.

Chapter 342: Playing Dead

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

When Ji You resolved to covertly retreat, the nearby fight was closing in. She looked around and found the room empty, with nowhere to hide—the doors and windows had already been destroyed.

Brutal!

It seemed she had no choice but to fight back with all her might.

Ji You clenched her teeth, about to draw the wooden gun from her waist, when she suddenly caught sight of several corpses at her feet. Indeed, this room had 4 or 5 corpses, all smeared with blood, presenting a horrific scene.

Clang—

Someone's body slammed into the wall, causing the old house to shudder.

Ji You, seized by a jolt of realization, fell to the ground, lying among the corpses. To make it convincing, she smeared herself with the blood from the corpses, creating a camouflage.

No sooner had Ji You disguised herself as a 'corpse', than the wall of the room was forcefully pushed over.

Rumble, rumble—

Bricks fell with a thud, thud, and dust billowed everywhere. Ji You nearly choked but managed to hold her breath, thanks to her formidable self-control.

Tap—

Tap—

Someone with a submachine gun burst in, firing several shots ruthlessly at the pile of bricks.

"Cough—" The person hit could only let out a single cough before dying.

Then, another person with a submachine gun entered and asked, "Dead?"

"Mhm," the other replied.

With that, the person gestured, "Let's go!"

After a brief exchange confirming the death of their opponent, the two men decided not to waste more time and prepared to leave the place. The two of them had taken out a group of eight, and although they were strong, they had inevitably made some noise. Conceivably, others hiding nearby had discovered their location.

Therefore, they had to leave quickly.

But—

As one of the men was about to step away, he suddenly hesitated.

His companion, seeing he hadn't promptly followed, urged, "Hurry up."

The man turned and said with some confusion, "Do you remember how many we killed in this room before?"

His companion paused, "Hm?"

The man said, "I remember we only killed four."

The companion asked, "The count is off?"

After that, he looked down and saw the bodies tangled up together, a mess without proper arrangement. Indeed, only counting heads, they seemed to be five or six.

The man became somewhat perplexed, "Maybe I misremembered. Let's go."

The companion nodded, "Yeah, let's make it quick."

Just as the two raised their feet and were about to step away, they suddenly turned around, raised their guns together, and aimed at the pile of corpses, about to trigger a powerful barrage—

In that instant, Ji You sprang up and drew her gun in a flash.

Bang!

Bang!

In less than half a second, Ji You fired two shots in close range. With urgent timing and seemingly careless aim, it looked almost impossible to hit, yet surprisingly, one of them fell to the ground with a large hole in his forehead.

The other, too, crashed to the ground with a clang, having been shot in the shoulder. His response was incredibly fast; he immediately shifted his gun toward Ji You's chest.

In this critical situation, sweat formed on Ji You's forehead, but she still raised her hand and fired her last bullet.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The submachine gun fired continuously, Ji You barely dodged the bullets with the swiftness of life and death, and at the moment her opponent fired, her last bullet hit precisely on their forehead.

Clang——

The person fell to the ground, convulsed once, and then stopped moving.

Facing two opponents alone, Ji You did not immediately feel relieved by her substantial victory. The moment her opponent fell, she darted over and bent down to pick up a submachine gun, and at the same time, she kicked away the neighboring one——

The moment Ji You grabbed the submachine gun, she quickly aimed at the pile of corpses and squinted: "The one playing dead, get up, you've given yourself away."

Silence.

Ji You didn't wait, she straight away pulled the trigger.

In a flash, the person hiding among the corpses jumped up, screaming: "Ahhhh... don't kill me!"

That voice——

Ji You's eyes darkened: It was indeed the weak chicken who had run away before.

Hugging his head and trembling, weak chicken stealthily lifted his eyelids, and when he saw that disheveled, blood-stained girl, his pupils shrank: [How could it be her? My life is over!]

Ji You blew on the gun's muzzle and said lightly: "Weak chicken, you hid quite well."

Weak chicken, his eyes wide and mouth trembling: "Big... boss... I didn't mean to run away just now, but someone attacked me from behind, so I had no choice but to run."

Ji You's eyes narrowed: "If you didn't run, you were on a dead-end street anyway, so running was the right choice."

"Wuwu... I just want to live, can you please let me go? I am begging you..." At this moment, weak chicken was showing complete panic in his voice and actions, but inwardly he did not want to die at all, so he was looking for an opportunity to slip away again.

Ji You coldly said: "Letting you go, impossible."

Hearing this tone, weak chicken immediately screamed: "You... you... you how can you be so cruel?"

"Cruel?"

Ji You aimed the gun at weak chicken again, smiling slightly: "To my enemies, if I don't send bullets their way, should I deliver them warmth instead?"

Weak chicken: "..."

Weak chicken in a low voice: "Boss... should we talk someplace else, it's not safe to stay here for long."

Saying so, his eyes glanced at the submachine gun Ji You had kicked away, wondering if he could speed up to his full capacity and grab the submachine gun in the instant this female devil pulled the trigger.

Ji You: "I advise you to give up on that thought. Can your burst of speed outmatch my gun? Or, do you think your Spiritual Interference could be completely silent and undetected again?"

That's right.

The reason Ji You had not immediately slaughtered this weak chicken was because she found his Spiritual Interference quite peculiar, being able to be completely silent without detection, even by Ji You's 100% clearance rate of six strands of stupidity.

So——

Ji You was truly curious.

After all, any attack, even Spiritual Interference, couldn't possibly leave no trace. Every time Ji You performed Spiritual Interference, there would still be some fluctuations spreading around.

But this weak chicken?

Truly unexpected.

If she could learn this technique, it would be incredible.

When weak chicken heard Ji You mention Spiritual Interference, his pupils shrank slightly: "You actually noticed?"

"Impossible!"

"You actually noticed!"

"Absolutely impossible!"

Weak chicken looked incredulous, as if struck beyond coherence.

Ji You: "..."

Such exaggerated acting.

Chapter 343: Traveling Together

"Impossible!"

"I don't believe it!"

"I won't listen!"

To have his own secret technique so easily discovered, the weak chicken was struck hard, his figure reeled as if about to collapse, and the average-looking face still had the blood smear from pretending to be a corpse, making his appearance at this moment even more ludicrously comical...

That is—

This person clearly had no self-awareness at all. Far from feeling embarrassed, he took it as a badge of pride. Watching Ji You's forehead twitching, his tone and gestures became even more exaggerated: "No! I don't believe it!"

Ji You: "..."

No one stop her, at this moment, she just wanted to smash this guy's head in.

As for the silent spiritual interference technique, well, she could always come back and scheme another day.

Without another word, Ji You immediately raised her gun and said ominously, "If you don't shut up, I'll have to ask you to do so."

As she finished speaking, she gently squeezed the trigger.

The weak chicken's pupils constricted, feeling the bullet speeding towards him.

Swoosh—

The weak chicken felt bitter in his heart. In a moment of desperation, he unleashed a burst of spiritual power, and the bullet, shooting straight at him, grazed his body and went through the wall. At that moment, the weak chicken leaped towards the submachine gun tossed in the corner.

Chit—

But at that instant, a pair of hands was faster than his. They reached the submachine gun before him. His hands grabbed at air, and his eyes suddenly bulged as if they were huge bells: "You, you, you..."

He saw the girl before him, her face emotionless, disassembling the bullets from the submachine gun with extremely swift and agile movements and stuffing them into her waistband.

Afterward, Ji You tossed the emptied gun to the weak chicken right before his eyes.

Weak chicken: "..."

The weak chicken's mouth puckered almost to the point of tears: "You, you, you... you're bullying."

Ji You gave him a sideways glance, firmly denying it: "No, I'm not."

Holding the empty gun and pouting, the weak chicken insisted, "If you're not bullying me, why give me an empty gun?"

Ji You casually rubbed her face, wiping off the previously applied fake blood, and glanced at him: "If I really wanted to bully you, I would have just killed you. Why bother giving you a gun?"

Weak chicken: "..."

His argument was outrageously unreasonable, yet he found himself unable to refute it.

But—

To give him an empty gun, she's clearly being mean, clearly bullying him.

The weak chicken was indignant and wanted to have words with Ji You. Of course, he wasn't fearless—in fact, he was extremely afraid of dying. But those who fear death often have a knack for understanding people's hearts, and right now, he could tell that the ferocious girl didn't want to kill him. So, the weak chicken's courage soared and he thought about giving the girl a piece of his mind.

Ji You ignored the weak chicken's nauseatingly over-the-top theatrics, patted the bullets in her pocket, slung the bow and arrow onto her back, held the submachine gun, and pointed to the Big Chopper on the ground, telling the weak chicken: "Take it, that's your weapon."

The weak chicken opened his mouth: "Boss... The Big Chopper is useless." Against someone with a gun, it's like bringing food to them.

Ji You's face darkened as she said, "If I tell you to take it, you take it. What's with all the nonsense?"

Weak chicken: "..."

Helplessly, the weak chicken could only grudgingly strap the Big Chopper to his back, his heart crying out: What kind of luck is this? He, the weak chicken, relied on his incredible escape skills to finally make it to the safe zone, only to run into this ferocious woman, and even ended up lying next to her, pretending to be a corpse.

Such a hard fate!

Ji You gestured: "Let's go."

Weak chicken asked, "Where to?"

Ji You replied: "To kill."

Weak Chicken got startled: "Kill who? As weak chickens like us, we shouldn't get stirred up in trouble. I think I've guessed where the final safe coordinates are. Let's hurry over and dig a hole to hide and wait for the competition to end."

Ji You: "..."

Ji You, holding her forehead, said: "Let me make it clear, 'Weak Chicken' is you, only you! Don't replace me with 'it', and furthermore—digging holes to survive is your thing. Don't expect me to join you."

She is the Rag Queen, after all, a notable figure among the Level 1 students of the Alliance. A competition would attract at least millions of spectators. If those viewers were to find out that the Rag Queen relied on strategies like blowing people up and digging holes to win, it would be utterly humiliating.

Doesn't she have any pride?

Ji You, with an idol's burden weighing two hundred tons, thought this but also seriously considered Weak Chicken's proposal. If it came to a dire situation, digging a hole or something like that wouldn't be a big deal.

But can she admit this in front of the audience?

No.

Ji You narrowed her eyes: "I'll say this only once, follow me—live. Want to escape—die. Which will it be?"

Weak Chicken: "..."

Half a second.

Weak Chicken, with a bitter face: "Live."

As long as one can endure humiliation to survive, what is hiding away for a while?

Ying~

"Let's go!" Hearing Weak Chicken's answer, Ji You pointed outside the window, took the lead, jumped out of the window, and flashed into another building.

Weak Chicken stood in front of the window, hesitating whether to follow or take the chance to run away when suddenly he felt a menacing glare from the ruthless woman.

Weak Chicken's heart trembled, and he had no choice but to jump out of the window, following and hastily entering the building Ji You was in.

The two quickly climbed to the top floor and hid quietly.

Ji You in a suppressed voice said: "To the north, two people. Pay close attention, and when they are 500 meters away, tell me." Ji You made these arrangements, of course, not worried about Weak Chicken's ability to carry them out. With his ability to silently interfere with others' spiritual power, his spiritual power must be considerable. Scouting nearby movements was indeed not difficult.

However, Weak Chicken was still curious, asking: "...Queen... what are you planning to do on your own?" He knew her as the Rag Queen a long time ago and, now relying on her, naturally changed his way of addressing her.

Ji You raised her bow and arrow, saying: "I'm going to deal with someone to the south first."

Weak Chicken was shocked: "There's someone in the southern direction?"

Ji You narrowed her eyes: "Mhm."

She chose a bow and arrow rather than a submachine gun because the noise from a submachine gun was too loud, and using it meant revealing their current location. Hence, relatively speaking, a bow and arrow were safer.

At this moment, Ji You focused her listening, sensing the rustling movement of a figure to the south.

The next moment.

Ji You tensed her face and suddenly released her hands.

Whoosh—

The released arrow rushed out, instantly turning into a streak, breaking through layers of the air's resistance and hitting the transparent glass—

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The glass shattered upon impact.

The person hiding in the dark was startled, became alert, and instantly pulled their head back.

Is this—

A missed shot?

Disappointment flashed in Weak Chicken's eyes, but it was at this instant that he sensed the two people from the north approaching, exactly 500 meters away—

Weak Chicken opened his mouth: "They're here."

Chapter 344: Faking Death Isn't Fun

As her words fell, Ji You immediately pulled the trigger.

Bang—

Bang—

Bang—

The two people in the north direction had just heard the sound of glass shattering nearby, aware that a group was engaged in combat ahead, so they sneaked over, hoping to loot amidst the chaos. Just as they were about to dart into the house, they suddenly heard the faint sound of something cutting through the air behind them, and instantly alarm bells rang in their minds. They tried to dodge, but it was already too late.

Pfft!

One person was hit and fell to the ground.

Pfft!

The second person also fell to the ground following the sound.

Ji You put away her gun, turned her position, and focused back on the south direction.

Weak chicken watched all this unfold, his eyes wide in shock: "Big...Boss!!!"

What kind of peerless sniper was this?

Even more astonishing was that while it seemed her target was the enemy in the south, her real targets turned out to be the two people from the north.

This tactic of deceiving to attack from another side—

Brilliant.

Truly brilliant.

After showing this move, Ji You coldly said, "I will only focus on the south direction, keep an eye on other directions."

Originally planning on fleeing, Weak Chicken no longer thought about escaping; instead, he felt like he had found a reliable ally and instantly responded, "Yes, ma'am."

Ji You narrowed her eyes. Her quick handling of the two individuals earlier would surely alert and inform the man hiding in the south about Ji You's exact position.

This man would either take the opportunity to escape.

Or, he might look for a chance to probe Ji You's strength and position.

What Ji You was waiting for was exactly this moment when the opponent made a move.

So—

She was not in a hurry.

Seeing Ji You remain still, Weak Chicken got a little anxious and urged, "Queen, shouldn't we change locations?" Isn't that how guerrilla warfare works? Fire a shot and then move to a new place.

If we just stay here, isn't that akin to waiting for death?

Ji You remained silent, focusing intensely on a certain direction.

Suddenly—

A faint sound reached Ji You's ears. Her Spiritual Network instantly spread out towards the south, at the moment she spotted the tall figure appearing.

Bang!!!

The bullet swiftly flew!

Just as a head peeked out and before the figure could fully reveal itself, it fell to the ground in response to the shot.

Weak Chicken was shocked: "!!!"

Another one!

Audience: "!!!"

Silence.

After a while, the audience erupted into noise: "Has the Rag Queen started cheating? Is she hacking? How many have died by her hand tonight? I can barely keep count."

"Cheating? You must be joking. You can question Rag Queen's skills, but you can't doubt the monitoring capability of the Star Network. Hacking and cheating, that's absolutely impossible!"

With cheating ruled out, several in the audience expressed their confusion, "Is her opponent too weak? Or is Rag Queen too strong? Or perhaps, is there something wrong with our eyes?"

"Admit it, the Rag Queen is just strong! Those who have seen her show her phenomenal sniper skills during the preliminary contest know this well. But her powerful sniping is reliant on her incredible spiritual power! I guess her spiritual power must be at least SS level! It's unbelievable."

"A first-year student with SS level spiritual power, are you kidding?"

"SS Level, why not? Other than that, how do you explain?"

"In this low-tech map, fighting for the Rag Queen, a high-Level Spiritual Power User, is like a fish in water. Their spiritual power is the perfect detector."

...

In the chaotic battle of the Hundred-man Team, viewers can watch from the perspective of a specific player, or choose the system's macro view. In any case, the freedom to choose viewing angles is very high. Initially, the Rag Queen and the weak chicken kept a low profile, unnoticeable compared to the stunning performances of other experts, attracting little attention from the audiences. However, when the Rag Queen silently took down several people, it suddenly woke the audience up.

Turns out!!! The Rag Queen was also in this match.

The audience was shocked.

Then, checking her record for the current match, they discovered she had already killed several people effortlessly, making it look easy.

So—

Many switched their view to focus solely on Rag Queen's performance.

As for weak chicken next to her?

Just an accessory.

...

After dealing with the opponent, Ji You leaped down and with a few quick movements, reached two corpses. She had just grabbed a sniper rifle from one corpse and was about to reach for another when weak chicken beat her to it.

Weak chicken, clutching the gun, said: "Boss, I'll carry it for you, won't use it myself."

Ji You: "..."

Damn old man, I trust you my ass.

But—

Ji You wasn't worried that weak chicken would backstab her, as initiating a strike isn't necessarily an advantage for him.

Ji You glanced at his slight figure, "Can your small frame even carry it?"

Weak chicken chuckled: "Can carry, can definitely carry."

Ji You opened her mouth to curse, but suddenly her expression changed, just as she was about to move, a machine gun started spraying bullets towards her and weak chicken, aiming to shred their bodies apart.

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

Ji You's body contorted, twitched for a moment, and thudded to the ground.

Soon after, weak chicken also fell, not getting up.

...

The two lying in a pool of blood could no longer just be described as pitiful.

Then—

A man and a woman holding guns, step by step, lingering pause, slowly approached, walking up to the four corpses. Not sure if it was out of confidence or lack of bullets, the man and the woman didn't shoot at the corpses but instead kicked Ji You and weak chicken's bodies.

No movement.

Even Ji You's blood-covered arm was limply hanging off to one side, and weak chicken was bleeding profusely...

The man and woman exchanged glances, finally reassured, the man said: "See which gun has more bullets, switch the guns, then pull back immediately."

Having made the decision, the two didn't delay, immediately bending down to reach for the gun barrels.

Just at that moment, Ji You, who had been still, suddenly sprang up, charging straight at the man's head with a heavy blow.

Boom—

Caught off guard, the man was heavily smashed by a fist.

The woman quickly reacted, spinning the gun barrel to aim at Ji You, just as weak chicken, lying on one side, also suddenly leapt up, kicking the woman away, but his kick only skewed her off course, not knocking her down.

Ji You, entangled with the man, kicked out, knocking the woman to the ground, and even spared a moment to glare at weak chicken, scolding: "Weak chicken! Can't even defeat a girl."

Weak chicken: "..."

Hearing this, weak chicken said with a face full of wronged expression: "Are these supposed to be girls? You're not girls, you're not even human, you're beasts!"

Chapter 345: The Burrow

arena.

Ji You kicked over the girl, and quickly after, the boy rushed over to assist. The three of them got entangled in an instant. Ji You was already injured, and the other two were strong and robust, clearly about to be overpowered.

Weak chicken's face was full of conflict:

Run?

Assist?

Privately, weak chicken wanted to run; if it weren't for Ji You's threats, he would have bolted without a trace. But now, seeing the Rag Queen about to suffer, wasn't this the perfect chance for him to escape?

Bang!

Thud!

Thud!

With the three shadows flickering before his eyes and the clanging sounds of fighting, weak chicken remembered the Rag Queen's taunt that he couldn't even beat a girl, and a surge of courage was sparked within him!

Are you kidding me? He, weak chicken, couldn't beat a girl?

A fierce light flashed in weak chicken's eyes, and he charged towards the girl entangled with Ji You and shouted, "Queen, leave her to me. You concentrate on taking this guy down, then come help me!"

Ji You twitched at the corner of her mouth.

Under normal circumstances, shouldn't this weak chicken be guaranteeing to take down the girl? It turns out he still needs her support?

However, even with her inner grumbling, Ji You didn't say anything. With weak chicken joining in and keeping the girl busy, it indeed relieved her pressure. The pressure suddenly diminished, and Ji You no longer had half a mind to deal with both while also guarding against their attempt to pick up firearms again.

The boy, clearly realizing the danger, fiercely intensified his attacks. While attacking, he attempted to pick up a weapon, but each time he was precisely interrupted by Ji You. Ji You burst forward with a punch and slammed the boy into the wall.

Clang—

Hearing this loud noise, weak chicken looked on with a headache, and the boy was dizzied by the punch and took a while to recover.

Ji You didn't give the opponent a chance. She picked up the Big Chopper from the ground and chopped down straight.

Crack—

The boy was instantly eliminated from the match.

The girl, having witnessed this scene, was already thinking of retreating, and now had no intention of tangling with Ji You and weak chicken. After a fierce offensive that left weak chicken unable to fight back, the girl was just about to make a run for it—

Unexpectedly, as soon as she moved, she felt a terrifying momentum from behind her, this was—

Crack—

The girl only felt a flash of White Light, and then she heard the system prompt that her Life Value was zero. The girl widened her eyes: "!!!"

Dying with lingering regrets!

The pair came together intending to kill and take weapons, but instead, they were counter-killed.

How could they die without regrets?

Ji You put away the knife, rolled up her sleeves, wiped the bloodstain, and performed all these actions with no expression on her face, completely inscrutable whether she was glad or angry...

So...

So terrifying.

Weak chicken cowered in the corner, shivering.

Ji You ignored him, quickly picked out a submachine gun from the scattered guns on the ground, and held her originally desired sniper rifle in hand. Then she disassembled all the bullets from this man and woman's guns and stuffed them into her waist pouch...

She finished all this in less than 30 seconds.

Then, Ji You turned her head and glared at weak chicken: "Weak chicken, aren't you following me?"

Weak chicken: "...Yingyingying."

So strong.

But so terrifying.

The recent brawl would likely attract a bunch of people over. Ji You dared not delay. Just now, she had been ambushed by this man and woman, and although she survived, they had used a submachine gun to spray bullets at her. Ji You's shoulder was hit, and her right elbow was too. Knowing she couldn't endure a prolonged fight, she needed to find a place to hide.

Ji You quickly got herself together and, without checking if the weak chicken was following, started running.

The weak chicken's eyes darted around, ultimately too scared to escape.

But soon after, followed along.

...

minutes later, Ji You and the weak chicken took refuge in a pitch-black hole where you couldn't see your hand before your face.

Silence.

The weak chicken didn't dare to speak. Ji You didn't want to, her mind constantly revolving with thoughts, knowing they couldn't stay in this small hole forever.

Because the safety zone would keep shrinking, even if they were lucky and this hole stayed within the final safe area, its low position and enclosed surroundings meant they couldn't scout out the area, obviously lacking the high ground advantage.

Betting their lives on luck wasn't Ji You's style. Besides, whenever she gambled on luck, she never won.

Ji You suddenly said, "Weak chicken, didn't you mention before that you could roughly estimate the final safety zone?"

The weak chicken shrank its neck, saying nothing.

Ji You's face darkened as she realized she'd been tricked, and couldn't help but swear, "You can't shoot, can't fight, can't even provide support; you're useless in everything, what good are you?"

The weak chicken huddled even more.

Ji You cursed and, unable to help it, raised her hand to rub her forehead.

This was difficult.

Without information on the safety zone, they could only gamble on luck.

But—

She was injured now, her combat effectiveness reduced by at least thirty percent.

In this little hole, with Ji You's grim face, the air pressure was incredibly low, as if the air itself might solidify—the weak chicken trembled and mustered the courage to say, "About the safe area... queen... actually, I just guessed, wasn't sure. Look, these are our current coordinates, and look at the current safety zone. Since each contraction must be at least by half, I used the process of elimination, ruled out here, there, and here, and here, and thought it might end up over here!"

Ji You furrowed her brows and asked, "How sure are you?"

The weak chicken sported a sycophantic smile, glanced at Ji You, and said, "Thir... thirty percent."

Ji You bluntly said, "Fine!"

The weak chicken: "Huh?"

Ji You said: "Let's go!"

The weak chicken was stunned: "Go where?"

Ji You gave him a sideways glance: "With such low intelligence and no abilities, how have you survived until now?"

Hearing those words, the weak chicken realized he was being mocked. Feeling a bit wronged, he said, "Who says I'm good for nothing? I'm invincible when it comes to running away."

"Oh—" Ji You drew out her tone indifferently and said, "Is that something to be proud of?"

The weak chicken: "..."

The weak chicken covered his mouth, "Yingyingying... queen, you're bullying me again."

Ji You's brow twitched, and she swore, "If you whine again, I'll beat you to death."

The weak chicken immediately shut his mouth.

After extending her Spiritual Network and carefully sensing again, Ji You confirmed there were no enemies within a 500-meter radius and immediately said, "Let's leave now."

"Alright!"

"Wait..."

The weak chicken suddenly stopped Ji You and said, "Boss... there's someone heading this way from outside, maybe—should we wait for them to pass before we go?"

Ji You's pupils constricted.

She carefully sensed again and found indeed there was no one within a 500-meter radius.

What did this mean?

Chapter 346: The Weak Chicken's Background

What does this mean?

It means that weak chicken's Spiritual Network covers a broader range than her own.

In the pitch-black pit, Ji You turned towards weak chicken. Although she couldn't see the expression on his face, the moment she slightly turned her head towards weak chicken, his figure in the shadows trembled slightly.

Hmm?

It seems not only is the range of his Spiritual Silk broad, but his Spiritual Silk is also very sensitive.

A glimmer of inquisitive interest flashed through Ji You's eyes, but her face remained expressionless as she casually asked: "Oh—someone there? How far?"

weak chicken lowered his head and thought for a moment, then said, "Probably, around over 500 meters away?"

Ji You didn't make a sound.

Then, she sent out her own spiritual touch. At first, she didn't notice anything, but a few seconds later, she detected that there indeed was a person about 500 meters away, crouching and moving stealthily.

Based on the other person's speed of movement, when weak chicken detected his whereabouts, he should have been around 600-550 meters away from the place where both of them were hiding...

This—means that weak chicken's range of the Spiritual Network tentacles is at least 550-600 meters, and perhaps, weak chicken might have hidden his actual range, maybe his Spiritual Network could reach 700 meters, 800 meters, 900 meters, or even higher.

After estimating for a while, Ji You was suddenly not happy.

Her 100% Spiritual Silk Cleaning Rate, currently only grants a maximum range of 500 meters in the Spiritual Silk Network. Beyond 500 meters, she is practically blind.

Why is weak chicken so much higher than her?

This thing, obviously worthless.

Could it be? Does this thing have at least 50% Spiritual Silk Cleaning Rate? Possible? Impossible!

Therefore, Ji You could only think of one possibility: Perhaps weak chicken doesn't have a high Spiritual Silk Cleaning Rate, but a higher Spiritual Level, which allows him to use more Spiritual Silk...

She only has 6 strands, while he might have 6,000, 60,000, or even 600,000...

Moreover—weak chicken, right in front of her, extended his Spiritual Network to check the surroundings; Ji You being so close still didn't feel even the slightest spiritual fluctuations.

What does this imply?

...

As Ji You fell into contemplation, weak chicken beside her couldn't help but shrink his neck:

The air pressure was getting lower, and he was finding it somewhat suffocating.

What's happening?

Unintentionally, weak chicken increased the distance between himself and Ji You and quietly asked: "Queen... shall we leave now?"

The Spiritual Silk detected that the person had left. But Rag Queen made no movement, so weak chicken mustered up the courage to break the silence and ask about the next step.

Ji You looked at weak chicken, her expression rather complex: honestly, encountering this weak chicken by accident, there were so many mysteries about him that were unclear to her—this also meant weak chicken represented uncertainty, one wrong move, and he might backlash against Ji You.

Maybe—even though he appears so weak, he might be a hidden master?

It made Ji You want to just straightforwardly and brutally kill him, yet she couldn't bring herself to do it.

Caught in a dilemma.

Ji You, with a darkened face, increasingly irritable said: "Are we not leaving, staying here to celebrate the New Year?"

weak chicken: "..."

Ying~

The temper of a boss indeed is fickle.

Better to provoke less.

Weak chicken dared not make a sound.

Ji You pushed aside the grass at the entrance of the burrow and slowly crawled out, followed closely by weak chicken.

Ji You said, "Let's quietly head west."

Weak chicken was still a bit unsure: "Queen... Are we really going to take this gamble?" He had guessed a bit of Ji You's plan, which was to move ahead in advance, find a good hiding spot, and then wait for the opportunity to snipe the enemy.

But—

The final position was just his estimate, with a confidence of less than thirty percent.

And the Rag Queen was going to go over there?

Weak chicken was a bit afraid to gamble.

Ji You's eyes were fixed on the path ahead, and her ears tuned to the surroundings, she squinted and said, "Take a gamble, a bicycle may turn into a motorcycle."

Though she said this, the reality was that Ji You had no choice but to gamble; currently injured, she couldn't confront others head-on and could only find a hidden spot in advance to ambush others.

Weak chicken twitched the corner of his mouth:

Bicycle?

Motorcycle?

These products from the era of Ancient Earth were not commonly spoken about, but the phrase did sound catchy. It's just—hopefully, it won't end up being a gamble where the Mecha turns into a motorcycle.

However, weak chicken dared not voice this thought; puffing up his cheeks, he complimented, "The Queen is truly courageous!"

Without further ado, Ji You and weak chicken stealthily headed towards the estimated safe position. Along the way, thanks to the reminders from weak chicken, they encountered no significant twists, managing a smooth journey filled with minor scares but no dangers, and safely arrived at the location.

Soon, Ji You found a fairly secluded hiding spot in the attic of the tallest building around.

Here, it must be mentioned, during the previous surprise attack by a man and a woman, avoidance was impossible. Ji You had been shot twice in the shoulder and elbow, yet the weak chicken who was with her remained completely unharmed.

Both were forced to feign death, yet one was truly unscathed while she was genuinely injured.

This made Ji You even more distressed.

At this moment, while weak chicken was lively, Ji You had to drag her injured body and slowly climb the stairs.

This world was truly unfair to those who seriously engage in competitions.

Whine~

Despite being injured, Ji You quickly hid inside the attic. The attic was extremely low, making it impossible to stand upright; one had to bend over or simply lie down on the floor.

The entire attic looked like a small-sized bunker, with only a tiny window for observing the outside.

Ji You instructed, "I'll take a quick nap. Keep an eye on the surroundings within a 1000-meter radius and let me know immediately if there's any disturbance."

Weak chicken jumped in fright: "Boss! Are you going to sleep? You shouldn't sleep at this time!" Who sleeps in an arena?

Ji You: "..."

Ji You, with a stern face, said, "I'm just resting to recover my energy. I'll leave the surroundings to your watch for now. Can't you handle even this little task?"

Upon hearing this, weak chicken knew he had misunderstood. Slightly embarrassed, he scratched his head and said, "Okay! Queen, you have a good rest. I'll take care of the nearby surveillance, and I promise to complete the task!"

A flicker passed through Ji You's eyes.

She intentionally mentioned a range of 1000 meters; yet weak chicken agreed so casually and easily, suggesting that his coverage of the Spiritual Network truly could reach 1000 meters?

Or, was he merely talking big?

Ji You narrowed her eyes, silently observing. Then, realizing that weak chicken was tensely keeping his face and genuinely seemed to be on alert, not faking at all.

For a moment, Ji You was also a bit puzzled.

Could it be—

Had she really misjudged this weak chicken, and he was actually a hidden expert?

Chapter 347: Urgency

The silence was all around, with only the faint breathing of the two remaining.

Half-squinting her eyes, Ji You suddenly opened them wide and, in the blink of an eye, tightened her grip on the sniper rifle in her hands, startling weak chicken with her abrupt movement, "Queen... Queen... what are you doing with the gun?"

Ji You couldn't even bother with him, what else would she do with a gun if not to kill people?

Was he asking such a foolish question to highlight his questionable intelligence?

That certainly proved it.

Ji You squinted her eyes, intently staring at a moving black dot outside the window, which gradually grew larger until the figure of a person could be clearly seen.

But this person was extremely cautious, hiding with every step they took, seeming to constantly scrutinize the dangers around them.

Only then did weak chicken manage to make out the figure, his face stiffening and his voice weakly saying, "When did this person sneak in? I didn't even notice, it must have been a tiny... tiny mistake..."

Embarrassed, weak chicken awkwardly tried to explain, "Queen... please don't be angry, next time I promise to spot the enemy immediately."

Ji You narrowed her eyes: "Shut up."

Weak chicken retracted his neck: "Yes."

Ji You: "... In 10 seconds, if you dare to speak again, I'll be the first to slaughter you."

Weak chicken's mouth opened to reply but then he immediately realized he couldn't speak, so he held his breath.

At that moment—

The shadow that had been sneaking around stopped in its tracks, with only half its head poking out, pondering over which house to choose as a hiding spot, when suddenly it heard a faint whooshing sound.

A shock went through him, and just as he was about to retract his head, his vision blurred, followed by a surge of agonizing pain!

System: [You are dead and will soon be transported out of the battlefield.]

Shadow: "Huh???"

What just happened?

How did he die?

Who killed him?

Taking advantage of the few seconds before being transported out, the shadow quickly checked his death log: [Rag Queen has killed you with a 7.62 caliber sniper rifle.]

Shadow: "!!!"

The Rag Queen?

Isn't that the...

Next thing he knew, his vision blurred again, and he was completely removed from the arena.

Compared to the shadow's resentful master, at this moment, weak chicken's look towards Ji You could only be described as worshipful: [Ah, ah, ah... Boss! That's a real boss!]

But since the boss wouldn't let him speak, weak chicken struggled to hold it in, not daring to make a sound.

After her successful sniping, Ji You raised her hand to rub her brow.

It appeared easy, but inwardly it was anything but. To maintain long-term concentration, the consumption of spiritual power threshold was immense, and since Ji You had only recently raised her spiritual power to Class D, she couldn't afford to use much, so she had to count every shot, not daring to waste any. After each use, she needed to adjust her breathing frequency to restore her spiritual power threshold as quickly as possible.

Thus—

Ji You once again plunged into closing her eyes to recuperate.

Weak chicken felt the Rag Queen beside him was even more mysterious...

Silence.

Quiet enough to hear a pin drop.

seconds later, Ji You opened her eyes again, because— the system sent another prompt: [80 people have died, 20 remain on the field.]

After this message popped up, the system immediately followed up with another announcement: [The new safe zone has been designated, please players proceed to the safe area quickly.]

Weak chicken was the first to jump up: "Queen! We are indeed within the safe zone."

This was a major advantage!

Others are far away and have to go through a tough journey to arrive, but they don't have to; they can lie in ambush here in advance and take action immediately as soon as anyone comes by.

The weak chicken's face was full of joy: "Thank the heavens ah ah ah... the place I blurted out randomly, I never expected it would actually be..."

Suddenly—

The weak chicken quickly shut up.

Damn, accidentally revealed it.

Ji You, upon hearing this, glanced at him indifferently, and the weak chicken's face immediately turned sheepish, his heart slightly apprehensive.

Ji You spoke in a low voice, "If you don't stay vigilant, I'll be the first to slaughter you."

The weak chicken: "..."

Discovered?

Did she really discover my slack-off disguise?

As the weak chicken was pondering over what excuse to come up with, a subtle change transmitted through his extended Spiritual Network—someone was coming.

The weak chicken whispered: "Queen, someone's coming."

Ji You said: "Coordinates."

The weak chicken accurately reported a set of coordinates.

Ji You spread out her Spiritual Net and realized it was too far to feel anything on her own. This distance was at least 1000 meters, which meant—

This annoying weak chicken had been hiding his capabilities, trying to deliberately deceive her?

Very well.

Ji You's eyes narrowed dangerously.

The weak chicken shuddered, nearly kneeling in fright as he hurriedly explained: "Queen... please don't misunderstand. How dare I, the weak chicken, deceive you? Not noticing the enemy before was genuine oversight; sometimes my spiritual power doesn't obey, out of control, and once that happens, I easily lose insight into my surroundings..."

Ji You let out a cold snort.

The weak chicken whined endlessly: "I, the weak chicken, have survived till now all thanks to Queen's guidance. How could I dare to deceive you? If you don't believe me, I swear: From now on, the weak chicken will regard Queen's commands as paramount, alive as Queen's man, dead as Queen's ghost! Absolutely loyal, never doing anything to harm the Queen."

Ji You's mouth twitched: "Enough with this rubbish, who'd want someone like you? Whoever wants you can take you."

The weak chicken grinned sheepishly, yet still brazenly moved closer, saying: "Queen is wise and heroic, I will always follow the Queen."

Ji You almost slapped him to death but managed to hold back.

Because—

The person discovered earlier by the weak chicken had entered within a 500-meter range, triggering Ji You's perception: a boy wearing a black leather jacket and pants, carrying an assault rifle.

The black leather-pants boy was incredibly fast, ducking behind a large boulder.

Ji You readied her rifle, patiently waiting.

Suddenly—

In the Spiritual Network, a slight disturbance came from the north—a pair of gray-clothed girls who were especially vigilant, stealthy all the way, and quickly slipped into a Red House.

Then—

From the Southwest, a Red-haired boy carrying a Big Saber was rushing over—

Not even a second later, a motorcycle roared from the Northwest. With two people on it, one on guard and the other driving the motorcycle, they directly crashed into a house through the glass window.

Immediately after, a small car came zooming, with four or five men and women inside; they drove very arrogantly, unleashing a wild spray of bullets at the same house the motorcycle had crashed into—

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

...

Suddenly, gun smoke rose from all directions, and the situation became extremely urgent!

Chapter 348: Ji You Dominates the Arena

System: [91 people have died, 19 remain on the field.]

This system alert ignited the already tense atmosphere, as gunfire erupted all at once—

Bang!

Bang!

Bang!

The five people in the car, as if they were in a deserted land, chased after the two on the motorcycle, and swiftly, the ones on the motorcycle were eliminated. But these five people seemed very confident in themselves, charging directly towards the Red-haired boy—

However, the Red-haired boy was no pushover. With one move, he eliminated a girl from inside the car.

Ji You, hiding in the attic, lay steadily on the floor, her eyes fixed on a certain spot. She dared not relax her connection to the Spiritual Network, keeping watch on everything around her.

Muddying the waters.

Causing chaos in the confusion.

Fear not the chaos, but the absence of it. During the standoff between the Red-haired boy and the passengers of the car, Ji You made her move.

She pressed the trigger, and a bullet flew straight out of the window.

Whoosh—

Someone from inside the car suddenly fell.

Eh?

This scene caught the attention of those in the car. The leader said, "Someone else has intervened, just take care of this Red-haired one."

As the words fell—

Whoosh—

A bullet whistled by, hitting the leader in the head, but slightly off target, not eliminating him immediately. The leader's body swayed, and as he was about to return fire, he was struck by the Red-haired boy.

Clang—

With the leader eliminated, the remaining three instantly became disarrayed, unable to cooperate effectively. Originally, these five had formed a temporary alliance, and with their strongest member out, the rest were unwilling to submit to one another, each deciding to fight independently.

[There are 6 people left.]

Everyone remaining knew this; just 6 more to go, and they would all be safe.

The three on the car thought the same, so they decided to abandon the car and hide inside buildings—

However—

The Red-haired boy and Ji You had no intention of letting them split up.

It's not easy to gather these people together, a perfect opportunity to wipe them out at once. If they let them disperse, it wouldn't be as easy to catch them.

So—

The Red-haired boy's onslaught became more intense, as if his bullets cost nothing. His submachine gun rattled off, eliminating two people in quick succession.

As another tried to run, Ji You's bullet was already on its way.

Bang!

In an instant, both the Red-haired boy and Ji You acted, eliminating three people in the blink of an eye.

The Red-haired boy slightly lifted his head, looking in Ji You's direction.

Ji You locked eyes with him emotionlessly.

Immediately after, the Red-haired boy took off running.

Ji You narrowed her eyes—

The Red-haired boy's internal alarm bells were ringing. He knew the person hidden at the highest point was an expert, an absolute sniper! If he wasn't fast enough, he would be the next to be eliminated.

Then—

Whoosh—

The Red-haired boy, sprinting away, suddenly felt something was amiss—the sound of air flowing was not directed at him, but towards a point less than 50 meters away from him.

Huh?

The Red-haired boy rolled on the ground, and at that 50-meter distance saw a man in leather pants collapse to the ground, struggling for a moment, then laying still.

The Red-haired boy had no time to care about that, quickly taking cover in a small warehouse.

[Only 2 left.]

Throughout the venue, there were still 12 people, all of whom, just like the Red-haired boy, had found places to hide and dared not act rashly anymore.

The Red-haired boy had a narrow escape, his heart pounding fiercely. He knew that if the sniper's initial target hadn't been someone else, he too might have been the one eliminated.

A formidable enemy!

This sniper could be said to be the most dangerous person in the entire arena, bar none.

At this moment, everyone present was aware of this fact.

...

After sniping several people in a row, Ji You's face still remained calm and composed, not showing the slightest bit of unease, just like a cold, ruthless killing machine.

The weak chicken, peeking at her secretly, felt a chill run down his spine.

Oh my...

What kind of god of death had he, the weak chicken, encountered?

So... so terrifying.

But!!!

Also so... so thrilling!

In this life-and-death competition arena, shouldn't one put their whole heart into it and fight bravely?

For a while, the weak chicken looked at Ji You with fear and dread, but also with a soaring admiration!!! His heart couldn't help but heat up!

Someday with a knife in hand, he, the weak chicken, also wanted to be a person who could command the winds and the clouds!

The eyes of the weak chicken, growing brighter, flared up at the thought of his own feeble strength, then quickly deflated like a punctured balloon.

He, the weak chicken, should just wholeheartedly try to be a hanger-on for the big shots...

After Ji You's round of maneuvers, the weak chicken's thoughts and decisions had been overturned, rebuilt, and overturned again... In the end, he finally resolved to cling to the leg of the one called 'Rag Queen' and remain firm in his decision.

At that moment, a pair of girls in grey seemed to have met their match. They relied on their numbers advantage and coordination to take down someone else within a few seconds.

[Only 1 person left.]

Who?

Who could be this unlucky one?

Unquestionably, this question popped into everyone's minds at the venue.

Within the secluded attic.

Ji You, who had been staring outside the window, suddenly turned her head, her gaze landing on the weak chicken.

The weak chicken shivered all over: "Qu... queen, why are you suddenly staring at me?"

Inexplicably, a bad premonition flashed through his mind.

Little did he know, Ji You would suddenly break into a smile, looking at the weak chicken very kindly and asking softly, "Weak chicken, guess how many seconds it will take for me to deal with that Red-haired boy?"

The weak chicken's lips tremblingly replied: "When the queen takes action, 5 seconds! No, it can be done in 1 second."

Hearing this, Ji You chuckled lightly and said: "You flatter me too much. Not accounting for air resistance, it will take at least 7 seconds just for the projectile to travel from being fired to hitting the target."

The weak chicken opened his mouth, about to speak.

But Ji You quickly changed the subject, suddenly asking, "Now guess, how many seconds would it take for me to deal with you?"

The weak chicken: "..."

The weak chicken's face instantly fell: "Qu... queen, you're joking, right? That's not funny."

Ji You lifted her eyes, looking directly at him, and said, "10 seconds. It would take at least 10 seconds for me to deal with you."

The weak chicken: "..."

The weak chicken trembled even more fiercely, as if he were a sieve shaking, his face full of terror as he stepped back continuously: "Queen... I, the weak chicken, I'm your person."

Meaning—

Please don't kill your own teammate.

"Also—also, queen, you're giving me too much credit. It couldn't possibly take 10 seconds to deal with a weak chicken like me, even 1 second is too long," the weak chicken said, shrinking his neck and fluttering Ji You all the while.

Ji You lifted the corners of her mouth, noncommittal: "Mm-hmm~"

Chapter 349: Blackhearted

In the secluded, narrow attic, weak chicken had nowhere to retreat and was forced to press his body against the wall, staring at Ji You with a pair of innocent, pure, and frail big eyes.

Ji You's face was stern, with a hint of cruelty at the corner of her mouth.

Weak chicken shrank his neck.

Ji You, gripping the handle of the gun, said indifferently: "Still not willing to speak?"

Weak chicken's face was twisted with struggle as he said with a distressed look: "Queen, I, weak chicken... really don't know what you want, okay?"

Ji You suddenly raised the gun slightly and frowned tightly: "Stop playing dumb, hurry up and clear things up." Of course, what she wanted to know was how weak chicken's Spiritual Interference could be so silent and undetected.

If this function was not unique, special, and could be learned by others too, then naturally, Ji You would want to master it. She showed her greed for this kind of Spiritual Interference very timely in front of weak chicken, believing that weak chicken must have had a profound feeling of it.

Weak chicken, of course, also had a clear understanding of Ji You's thoughts, but he did not know how to make his choice.

But before that—

second.

seconds.

seconds.

...

Ji You silently counted the time in her heart. Outside the attic, apart from a few players hiding, a gang of two girls had already clashed with a lone male player.

The light in the attic was dim, Ji You's forehead was already covered with fine sweat, and her body was a bit unstable, but she bit down hard, determined not to show any signs that weak chicken could detect.

seconds.

Just 5 more seconds.

The air was very quiet, so quiet that even a pin drop could be heard, so the breathing of Ji You and weak chicken was also clearly audible.

Thump!

Thump!

Thump!

That was the heartbeat of weak chicken. Due to the pressure exerted by Ji You, weak chicken seemed very nervous, and his heartbeat was especially fast—this matched the timid image he projected.

And Ji You?

Ji You's breathing was steady, but—gradually, her breathing began to grow heavier, yet she quickly suppressed it back.

Weak chicken seemed to notice something, quietly raising his head to look at Ji You, but Ji You's face was expressionless and her gaze cold. Just that one look was enough to scare weak chicken back into withdrawal.

But the sweat of panic was building up on Ji You's forehead, more and more, about to roll down her cheeks onto the floor. To prevent weak chicken from discovering anything amiss, she slightly tilted her head and forcibly licked up the sweat that rolled to the corner of her lips with her tongue.

Salty! And slightly astringent, the taste of her own sweat was indescribably strange...

But Ji You had no choice but to do so because she was on the verge of not being able to hold on.

Whether it was her physical strength or spiritual power, including the already severe injuries on her body, were all starting to give way. At most 5 seconds, if the system did not announce the end of the game in 5 seconds, once weak chicken harbored malicious intentions, Ji You would definitely be done for. This was why she, knowing that her body and spiritual power were almost spent, still used her usual strong stance just moments before, instantly killing several people, and completely intimidating weak chicken. Afterward, though she very well knew she couldn't get anything out of weak chicken's mouth, she still used a tough attitude to threaten weak chicken, forcing him to divulge his secret of how the Spiritual Interference could be silent and invisible.

Because Ji You had to be dominant; otherwise, someone like weak chicken, whose background was unclear, whose thoughts were impure, and who hardly spoke a true word, might turn on her and make a lethal move if he detected the slightest hint of vulnerability.

And at this moment—

Suddenly—

Bang!

Inside the safe zone, a loud bang suddenly erupted, followed by the system's announcement: "90 dead, 10 remaining: the competition is over. Congratulations to the following winners who have advanced to the next round: Rag Queen, weak chicken, Red-haired Madman..."

Phew~

Ji You's body suddenly swayed, and she fell to the floor with a thud, but in her heart, she finally let out a sigh of relief.

She won.

Seeing Ji You fall to the ground, weak chicken's pupils shrank sharply, and he also knew that he had been stunned by a series of moves from Ji You, missing the best chance.

With a quick thought, weak chicken concealed his reaction, not showing even a hint of it, and as he turned to face Ji You, he put on an extremely obsequious smile, eagerly moving closer, pretending to help Ji You up: "Queen! We won! Hahaha... Thank you, Queen, for leading me to advance! Without the Queen, I, weak chicken, wouldn't know how many thousands of times I'd have died..."

Exaggerated.

Truly exaggerated.

Listening to this, Ji You didn't call him out, just waved her hand, refusing his help and then faintly said: "Good to know."

weak chicken immediately clutched his chest, as if he could pull out his own heart to demonstrate his loyalty to Ji You, loudly saying: "Queen, you have been my savior, I will forever remember the grace of the Queen, and will always be at your beck and call whenever you need me."

As soon as these words were finished, the system began transporting the players off the field, and in an instant, Ji You and weak chicken were teleported away from the arena.

As soon as the match ended, Ji You immediately felt waves of exhaustion spreading through her limbs and body. This battle had consumed an enormous amount of her physical and spiritual power—she should log off to rest immediately, but looking at the virtual street bustling with people, and following the flow of the crowd, Ji You felt slightly unwilling to let it go, carefully looking around, but she did not see weak chicken's figure. Considering his special situation and his words before they parted, Ji You still held onto a sliver of hope, locating weak chicken's ID and adding him as a friend.

Then—

Right after sending it, she received a notification alert. Ji You clicked it open and almost choked on the spot:

[Your request has been declined, and you have been added to their blacklist.]

For a moment, Ji You was so angry she felt her molars ache.

Alright.

Such a great gesture of indebtedness, an unforgettable favor...

Such promises of being available upon request, instantly at service...

Alright.

Ji You had a grim expression, her teeth grinding loudly, simply wishing she could snatch weak chicken up right away and give him a good beating, then crush him! Stomp him flat! Feed him to pigs!

Aaaah...

She, Ji You, was actually tricked! Cheated!

This was absolutely outrageous.

After bursting with rage, still disbelieving, Ji You sent another message to weak chicken, only to be met with a system notification: [Your message failed to send as the recipient has blacklisted you.]

Ji You: "..."

Forget it.

Who cares about such a weak chicken.

Ji You didn't have time to pay attention to the latest news about the competition and logged off immediately.

After logging off, Ji You ate a high-level Butterfly Honey Candy Bean obtained from her teacher Mu Jianling, which finally replenished her depleted spiritual power. However, while spiritual power could be quickly restored with Candy Beans, her drained physical strength couldn't recover so swiftly.

This battle also exposed Ji You's greatest weakness—insufficient physical strength.

In the previous qualifying matches, most of Ji You's battles ended within 1 to 5 minutes, and the longest didn't extend beyond 10 minutes, so she temporarily overlooked her biggest shortcoming.

An inadequate physical condition means she can't endure in prolonged tug-of-war battles.

In this 100-person melee, which lasted nearly 60 minutes, Ji You felt physically weak already 30 minutes in; later receiving an injury, she was even less able to carry out a full match.

Hence, this was also why she decided to follow weak chicken's gamble on the final safety zone and why she decided to bring along such a blackhearted person like weak chicken.

Chapter 350: Provocation

How to resolve the Physical Strength issue?

Ji You was immediately troubled.

Her body had Innate deficiencies, and a lack of training in the past led to her short stature, thin arms, and legs. Even with daily training now, she didn't gain much muscle, not to mention growing taller.

But what Ji You wanted wasn't to grow taller; she wanted to increase her Physical Strength, to gain more muscles, to enhance her explosive power and stamina... Otherwise, just fighting one match left her in a plight, let alone going to the battlefield or the front lines in the future. Would those Star Beasts wait for her to recover before killing her?

After pondering hard for a while, Ji You couldn't find a solution to her weak Physical Strength. Suddenly, a person came to her mind: Teacher Mu Jianling.

Without delay, Ji You immediately dialed Mu Jianling's contact number.

In just a few seconds, the call was answered.

What she saw was an extremely annoyed face. Mu Jianling said discontentedly, "Speak if you have something to say, or hang up if you don't."

With a quick glance, Ji You saw in the holographic video that Mu Jianling was watching a TV series, the melodramatic one called "Ex-wife's Temptation."

She wouldn't have thought this melodramatic series was not only bloody but also disgustingly long, and it hadn't even ended yet.

Ji You internally ridiculed it, but she put on a flattering smile and hurriedly said, "Teacher, sorry to disturb your rest. I have a question I'd like to ask you."

Mu Jianling said, "Speak."

Ji You didn't dare to delay Teacher from watching the TV series, so she quickly spilled everything: "It's like this, I feel my Physical Strength is too poor, and I really don't have endurance, so I wanted to ask the Teacher if there is a way to change it?"

Upon hearing this, Mu Jianling raised his eyebrows and said, "You just realized?"

Ji You chuckled and flattered, "It's Teacher's keen vision that detected my weakness early on. I was just wondering if you have any recommendations..."

Mu Jianling glanced at her and said indifferently, "Recommendations? No, but I have a simple idea: double your current training."

Ji You: "..."

Mu Jianling said, "What? Don't believe it?"

Ji You distressedly said, "I wouldn't dare... I wouldn't dare..."

Annoyed, Mu Jianling said, "Looking for shortcuts? Stop dreaming. You only have the path of hard training ahead of you. Alright, I'm hanging up."

Click.

The communication was cut off.

Ji You felt a bitter emotion inside.

She really wasn't looking for shortcuts; she just wanted to consult Teacher Mu Jianling for methods tailored to her body's characteristics, to train purposefully.

Now that she got an answer, Ji You felt a little disheartened. She quickly composed herself, carefully reviewed today's battle again, and seriously took fighting notes before she stopped to rest.

This was a new habit she had developed.

Recording every battle with text to improve her combat ability.

After all was done, Ji You went to sleep on time.

The next day.

Ji You got up half an hour earlier and quickly finished washing. She immediately put on her work vest and began to run laps around the main road of the dormitory.

Previously, she only ran 2 laps. Since she was already trained, it took her just 30 minutes to run 2 laps, but now, since she needed to double it to 4 laps, naturally, she had to start 30 minutes earlier.

One step.

Two steps.

Three steps.

...

With every step Ji You took, she was earnest, not daring to slack off at all. She knew very well she had no right to be lazy or take shortcuts. She couldn't step back; she could only move forward, keep moving forward...

As the Black Fog gradually dissipated and the first ray of White Light appeared on the horizon, Ji You completed two laps. Then, as she started the third lap, the silhouettes of other students began to appear on the main thoroughfare of the dormitory area.

The first among them was Sheng Qingyan, who was yawning and reluctant. As soon as Sheng Qingyan saw Ji You, wearing a tank top with a towel draped over her shoulders to wipe her sweat, he spoke irritably: "Poor dead rat, you started running early today, didn't you?"

Ji You nodded: "Mm."

Immediately, Sheng Qingyan jumped up in frustration: "How can you just suddenly start running early? Doing this, you could kill somebody, you know that right?"

Ji You remained expressionless: "No idea."

Sheng Qingyan looked around surreptitiously and whispered, "I don't care if you start early and have to run extra laps, but you can't tell my grandpa... Otherwise—you'll face the wrath of Little Cutie..."

It was her own decision to increase her running time and the number of laps, and indeed her own private matter—there was no need to involve others. Ji You nodded, "Mm."

Sheng Qingyan converted his anger to satisfaction: "Smart move..."

Ji You didn't continue speaking with him and maintained her own running rhythm, sprinting evenly.

Before long, Sheng Qingyan also joined the group of runners.

Apart from Sheng Qingyan, the second batch to join was a line of five girls, each tall and slender with long legs. As Ji You looked at their long legs and their towering height over one meter eighty, she felt a twinge of pain in her molars:

Pure envy.

These girls, led by Chen Yan, hastened their pace and caught up with Ji You.

Chen Yan greeted her with a smile: "Good morning, Ji You."

Ji You also smiled: "Good morning, Chen Yan."

Then, the other girls also greeted Ji You one after another, and the atmosphere was very harmonious. These self-funded students who were originally forced to run and harbored complaints, might have, after perseverance for a while, found that running was not so difficult and it cultivated good habits, as well as improved Physical Strength. Thus, gradually, they harbored no resentment towards running.

On the contrary, by running together every day, it promoted camaraderie among classmates.

After the greetings, everyone split up and Ji You was about to resume her previous pace when an incredibly discordant voice came from behind:

"A loser, sneaking into the school by plagiarizing others, got kicked out after being discovered, and still not giving up—taking loans and going into debt to enroll again, now you really think too highly of yourself, don't you?"

As soon as those words were spoken,

Ji You's feet abruptly halted.

Seeing Ji You's reaction, the girl who had spoken curled her lips into a self-satisfied smile: "Or am I wrong?"

Chen Yan's expression already changed, "Lin Lele, you've gone too far."

Lin Lele glanced at Chen Yan indifferently: "Who are you, Chen Yan? You really think you're the Boss of the self-funded class? I wasn't talking to you, and I don't want to bother with you. It'd be wise for you to keep your mouth shut."

Upon hearing this, Chen Yan's face darkened and the girls behind her also frowned instantly.

Just as Chen Yan was about to speak, a hand suddenly reached out to stop her, and she looked up to see it was Ji You. Thus, Chen Yan held back and stepped aside.

At this moment, Ji You's face was devoid of expression, and her dark eyes shone with a chilling light. She looked at the girl named Lin Lele, raised an eyebrow, and said faintly, "Lin Lele, is it?"