

Versatile 2231

Chapter 2231: I'm Not Leaving!

They might have had a chance to escape if they had realized the audience was not real earlier, but they had now fallen into a trap which their enemies had planned so thoroughly. It was unlikely that their enemies would hesitate to proceed with their plan!

Sancha looked around her and noticed the audience was not surprised by the conductor's reckless behavior. They all rose to their feet and looked at her instead.

"They bought out every ticket for the concert and waited for you to take the bait. Everyone here is their people... no wonder they didn't notice the errors. They weren't here for the concert; they were here for you," Zhao Manyan stated grimly.

These people had planned a lot to kidnap the daughter of someone who might influence the decision of establishing the Andes Federation.

They had organized a high-class concert and disguised themselves as the guests. Zhao Manyan somehow felt like the hundred thousand he had spent on the ticket was well worth it!

The only problem was that he was just trying to approach Sancha to find out what the Black Vatican wanted from her. On the other hand, he was also trying to take some revenge on Zhao Youqian. He did not expect to be involved in such a mess!

"Miss Sancha, we didn't have a choice either. We have nowhere to go once the Andes Federation is established," The conductor stepped closer.

"So you decided to kidnap me to blackmail my father?" Sancha snarled.

"It's just an option. Just think of yourself as Chile's goddess. You can lend us a hand and save us all," the conductor replied evenly.

"Not going to happen. You are trying to hold on to your power out of greed. You can only blame yourself for it," Sancha said stiffly.

"Then I guess we don't have a choice. I hope you will like the concert we have prepared for you," the conductor said coldly. "Do it; leave Miss Sancha alive and kill the other!"

Zhao Manyan's eyes widened when he heard those words.

What the heck was going on? He was just a passerby. If they felt like he was a nuisance, he could just leave on his own and pretend nothing had happened. Why did they have to silence him?

"I'm sorry for involving you in this mess," Sancha told Zhao Manyan apologetically.

"Now is not really the time for it, but I think the man is right. They are the martyrs of a revolution. They will be charged with treason if they lose. Why don't you give them a chance?" Zhao Manyan said.

"They won't let me leave even if I agreed to their condition. They will continue to blackmail my father as long as I'm alive," Sancha said.

“Being alive isn’t that bad,” Zhao Manyan had to say.

Sancha shook her head. She did not want to cause more unrest in South America!

“(Sigh), guess I don’t have a choice either,” Zhao Manyan shook his head helplessly when he saw Sancha was unwilling to change her mind. “I can keep them at bay for a while. I bet someone as important as you will have bodyguards nearby. I can hold on until they arrive.”

“There are so many of them. How are you going to last until they arrive?” Sancha asked.

“Stop worrying so much. Just call for backup. We are in the middle of the city. They won’t be able to cover up the presence of their magic even if they have occupied the entire venue,” Zhao Manyan ordered her.

Sancha was hoping Zhao Manyan would run away on his own. These people had come for her. Zhao Manyan should be able to protect himself.

However, Zhao Manyan did not run away, and remained by her side. The people in the hall began Channeling their spells, like hundreds of battle horns pouring at them from all directions. Sancha felt like she was going to suffocate under the pressure.

“Moon Shell!”

It was a piece of magic Equipment which could provide him with the energy to Cast a Super Light Spell. Zhao Manyan knew the conductor would not give him a chance to construct a Star Palace, so he activated the Tool right away.

The magic Equipment immediately supplied Zhao Manyan with an enormous amount of energy so he could Cast a Super Spell!

A bright light burst out of the Moon Shell and enclosed the area Zhao Manyan and Sancha were standing in.

There were sparkles across the place. The luxurious decorations in the concert hall shattered into pieces, and the comfortable sofas were no exception. Even the stairs leading to the seats had collapsed!

“Control your magic!” the conductor instructed his men.

He did not want Sancha to end up dead in the blast. Otherwise, not only would they fail to earn her father’s support, he would do everything to avenge his daughter!

However, the conductor saw that Zhao Manyan and Sancha were perfectly unharmed after the smoke cleared. A silver Light had encapsulated them. The Light had dimmed, with some cracks around it, yet not a single spell had managed to penetrate it.

“Is the Light he Summoned made of steel? Keep attacking!” the conductor commanded anxiously.

More Star Constellations appeared across the hall. Their light was brighter than the lighting in the hall. The whole place began to shake vigorously, yet the people on the Central Plaza were not surprised, since the hall shook whenever the drums were rolling during a concert!

“Control your magic!” the conductor reminded them when he noticed the hall shaking so violently.

They were currently at the center of the city. The Auras of their magic were going to attract the attention of nearby Mages. They would have a hard time leaving if Mages responsible for policing the city arrived.

Around a hundred of the Mages established barriers along the walls of the hall to prevent the building from collapsing.

A huge cloud of smoke rose following the blasts. Many of them thought the man and the woman had evaporated in the middle of the blasts. They might not even find their corpses!

To their surprise, a blue barrier gradually appeared to them. The man and woman were standing close to one another inside it, perfectly unharmed!

The Mages almost lost their minds.

Did they fire their spells into space or something? How did the two not even have a single bruise?

"Damn it, who are you? Why are you interfering with our business?" the conductor snarled.

"I'm a lecturer at the Aorus Sacred Institute!" Zhao Manyan replied forthrightly.

"I don't care who you are. You should leave at once! Those who oppose us never have a good ending!" the conductor yelled.

"F**k me, weren't you the one who asked who I am?" Zhao Manyan lost his temper. "You were threatening to silence me permanently just a moment ago, and now you are asking me to leave? Are you treating me like a dog you can ask to come and go as you please? I've decided, I'm not leaving! Let's see what you are going to do to me!" Zhao Manyan shouted right back.

Chapter 2232: Escaping with Water

"They only have five minutes at most. I have a device that will send a signal to my nearest bodyguards once in a while. I can turn it off if something goes wrong. They will realize I'm in danger if they don't receive the signal. However, I'm worried that you can't fend them off for five minutes, considering their numbers!" Sancha said quietly.

Sancha was extremely touched that Zhao Manyan was willing to stay for her sake. She might look tough, but she was still a woman, after all. She would be troubled if someone was trying to harm her, let alone these martyrs who were willing to do anything to achieve their goals!

There were around five hundred people in the hall who were coming after her!

"Five minutes? It shouldn't be a problem. These people have to go easy on the building, too. They wouldn't dare use spells that are too powerful," Zhao Manyan calculated quickly.

Zhao Manyan activated another piece of magic Equipment as he was talking. A half-transparent blue armor with gold edges fell over them. The armor was not very big, so Zhao Manyan had to carry Sancha in his arms so the Mantle could cover both of them.

“They can’t force you to do something you don’t want as long as I’m around.” Zhao Manyan looked into Sancha’s eyes. He had a mature and firm air about him that was different from his usual handsome appearance.

Sancha did not expect the young and handsome lecturer to be so reliable. She was perfectly safe even while a few hundred Mages were attacking them. It was like a peaceful bird’s nest by the edge of a cliff. It was dry, comfortable, and warm inside, despite the wild storm on the outside.

The conductor almost snapped his silver baton in half. Those two were being lovey-dovey in front of them. Were they seriously treating them like idiots?

“Try defending against my Magic Concerto!” the conductor yelled.

Cook looked like a typical magician in the Americas as he waved his silver baton around. He was still dressed in a black tuxedo, wielding the baton in his hand.

Cook did not need an orchestra. It was like he could play every instrument by himself!

The drum rolls came first, followed by heavy metal and rock, which were the complete opposite of the jazz instruments on the stage.

The beats and melody of the heavy metal and rock poured into Zhao Manyan’s mind, but they were not just plain music. It felt like devils with metal musical instruments were pounding his head non-stop. His skull was about to break because of it!

It felt like a bunch of rascals had just invaded his calm mind and Spiritual World while smashing everything they came upon. Every vein and bone in his mind was being tortured.

It would be surprising if he did not end up in a vegetative state because of the torture, let alone using his magic. Zhao Manyan never liked facing a Sound Mage, as their abilities were totally unreasonable!

“I have a Heart-Calming Talisman!” Sancha exclaimed.

“Quick!” Zhao Manyan gasped.

Sancha attached the talisman to Zhao Manyan’s chest. A soothing chime rang inside his messed-up mind to purge the noise. His mind had never felt so calm. Even the Stars and Galaxies in his Spiritual World began shining brightly.

The talisman was even enhancing his magic. It was the best thing that Zhao Manyan could ask for!

“We won’t last for five minutes as long as the Sound Mage is here. Come with me!” Zhao Manyan said.

“Mm!” Sancha nodded, trusting him.

The Mantle did not last for another half a minute. It was soon filled with cracks as lightning began penetrating it like drills.

The magic of other Elements poured in from all directions as soon as the mantle disappeared. There was no escape from them.

Zhao Manyan hugged Sancha tightly. His eyes were rippling like water.

His body was transforming too. Water was flowing through every part of his body, and pouring at Sancha too.

The Elements mixed with one another and caused rapid explosions, but Zhao Manyan and Sancha merely sank into the ground like water amid all the attacks.

Water was flowing inside the concert hall, that was now beyond recognition as it was immersed. Both Zhao Manyan's and Sancha's bodies blended with the water and began flowing away from the blasting spells.

Cook thought his men had overdone it and blasted the two into a pool of blood, but he realized it might be their way of escaping when he noticed the water was not evaporating, even when there were flames around.

Cook had never seen a trick like this. Only Shadow Mages were able to blend into other substances!

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Water was flowing out of the building toward the fountain. Two faces surfaced on the clear water, which slowly rose into the air and outlined the silhouette of a man.

The water clouded up and slowly gained color. The water began falling off like a coat, revealing Zhao Manyan in his suit.

"Are you alright?" Zhao Manyan reached his hand into the water and pulled Sancha out like a magic trick. The water on her fell off as she was rising, leaving her dress perfectly clean and white.

"I'm fine... you are better than I thought!" Sancha was overjoyed.

She did not expect to escape in one piece. The concert hall had felt like an inescapable dungeon to her. If she had gone on her own, she would never have been able to escape safely.

She was very impressed by Zhao Manyan's strength. It was rare to find a strong man with great taste nowadays!

"Are they going to chase us?" Zhao Manyan looked at the concert hall worriedly.

"No, they only dared to act recklessly inside the building!" Sancha harrumphed coldly.

"What a concert that was. We should head back to the Aorus Sacred Institute and have a cup of coffee to get over the shock," Zhao Manyan suggested, as if this happened every day.

Chapter 2233: Is Your Place Convenient?

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The Mages under Cook did not leave the concert hall. They knew they were at the center of Banlo City. If they used their magic outside of the concert hall, they would be asking for death. Both the Magic Association and the leaders in Banlo City would execute them right on the spot.

Zhao Manyan looked back at the concert hall. He saw the conductor in a tuxedo, Cook, standing on top of the building. He combed back his disheveled fringe of hair, revealing vicious eyes filled with resentment.

He was staring at Zhao Manyan, who had ruined everything!

"Let's hope their faction doesn't win. Otherwise, I might die very soon!" Zhao Manyan rubbed his nose.

"They won't."

Sancha heard a strange noise coming from the concert hall after she finished the sentence.

Cook was holding a dagger in his hand, and had stabbed himself in the throat. His blood was pouring down like a spring.

The fresh blood stained Cook's tuxedo, yet his eyes were still glaring at Zhao Manyan, as if he was about to turn into a vengeful spirit.

His life drained away rapidly. He eventually fell from the building into the fountain outside the hall. He was dead.

"It looks like he doesn't want to implicate his superiors." Zhao Manyan was not surprised by Cook's decision.

Their political parties were known to the public, and they might become leaders of the countries around the Andes Mountains. The Yellows had gone to extreme measures in trying to kidnap the daughter of a bank's CEO for his vote. The man who controlled the economy of the Andes Federation was surely going to make the Yellows pay in less than a day.

Cook was leading the operation. He had no chance of survival under the pressure of someone so powerful.

Unfortunately for him, his operation had failed. Killing himself meant he was bearing full responsibility for his actions. It had nothing to do with his party.

Either way, he was already a dead man!

"They are like a bunch of lunatics. They will do anything to achieve their goals. I'm not planning to tell my father what happened," Sancha sighed.

"You are worried that your father might do something reckless?" Zhao Manyan asked.

Sancha shook her head and replied, "The truth is, a kidnapping won't alter my father's decision. His eyes are only focused on the Andes Federation. I'm just a tool for him to gather more resources through marriage." She sighed. "Forget it, you will never understand it, since you don't have a background like mine. I have no intention to involve you in my mess, either."

Zhao Manyan smiled.

He would never understand? His family might be richer than hers!

The marriage she had mentioned was obviously an arranged marriage between families that were well-matched in terms of social status.

The Zhao Financial Group was cooperating with the Andes Federation Bank. They were using the marriage between Zhao Youqian and Sancha to build trust on both sides. Zhao Manyan was well aware of Sancha's situation from the very beginning. He also realized why Zhao Youqian had chosen Sancha as his fiancée.

"Let's go back to the Aorus Sacred Institute. It's safer there." Sancha did not even bother looking at Cook's corpse.

Sancha knew making the incident public would only cause more conflicts. She had no choice but to keep quiet about it, despite the shock and humiliation she had gone through. It was enough relief that she was unharmed. However, she had no clue if she would be so lucky as to have a reliable Mage by her side the next time!

"Mm, I'll escort you home," Zhao Manyan said.

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Zhao Manyan helped Sancha as they walked through the Central Plaza. A man in a jacket came up to them in a panic.

"Miss Sancha, are you alright? I didn't receive the signal from you!" the man exclaimed.

"I'm fine, I turned it off by accident. I didn't want it to disturb me while I was enjoying the concert," Sancha replied smoothly.

"Oh, that's great... you must be Lecturer Zhao Yanzu, I was in your patrol class!" the man said with a smile.

"Aren't you the guy who destroyed the fields of a village?" Zhao Manyan blurted out in surprise.

"Yes, that was my bad. Actually, I'm Miss Sancha's bodyguard. I know you are a powerful Mage, so I didn't follow you two very closely. Miss Sancha prefers to have some personal space," the student said sincerely.

"You are dismissed," Sancha waved her hand. She did not want to talk too much with the bodyguard.

"Understood, about the concert..."

"I don't want you to utter nonsense in front of my father," Sancha glared at him.

"Understood. Either way, I should thank Lecturer Zhao Yanzu for his help," the student agreed promptly.

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Zhao Manyan fell into deep thought as he watched the student leave.

He still had no clue what the student was up to. Was he using the identity of a bodyguard to hide his affiliation with the Black Vatican? Or was he pretending to be a bodyguard to approach Sancha?...

After all, Zhao Manyan had yet to see him do anything suspicious, except for destroying the fields that had been planted with Frenzy Poppies to get rid of the evidence.

"If he's a bodyguard, he should be stronger than he seems if he's disguising himself as a student. I wonder what level he is in the Black Vatican," Zhao Manyan mumbled to himself.

"Do you feel like you are being watched? If you are uncomfortable with it..." Sancha said apologetically after she noticed the frown on Zhao Manyan's face.

"I don't mind it, since I enjoyed my time with you. That being said, your bodyguard is a little slow to react. Those people might have turned the concert hall into an enclosed cage, but it took him so long just to arrive. I'm not sure if he's a capable bodyguard," Zhao Manyan warned her.

"I should really thank you," Sancha forced a smile.

"You don't have to. If you really want to repay my kindness, you may perform a piece for me. I believe your skills are on par with the masters who perform on stage. I might be able to forget the unpleasant stuff today if I can enjoy your performance alone," Zhao Manyan suggested.

"Where should we go then?"

"Is your place convenient?"

"Mm... sure," Sancha nodded after a slight hesitation.

Zhao Manyan remained calm on the surface, but the song of victory was already playing in his heart!

He should thank the martyrs for lending him a hand to speed up his progress!

Chapter 2234: Your Two Husbands?

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The sunny season suited the Aorus Sacred Institute the most. The sunlight and blossoming flowers were essential to set off the school's charm, like a sky garden from ancient Babylon.

The scent of the flowers lingered in every corner of the school. When they opened the windows in the morning, the pleasant scent was greeting them like a woman whom they were fond of jumping into their arms.

"You're an animal!"

"You're a f**king animal!"

"People like you were locked up with the pigs in ancient times," Mu Bai went on.

Mo Fan looked at Mu Bai. He could not think of a more suitable term to describe Zhao Manyan. He simply added, "You're an animal!"

"We were just sharing our interest in music," Zhao Manyan argued.

"For the whole night?" Mo Fan asked.

“Not really, we also discussed red wine, coffee beans, and culinary arts, things that people like you aren’t fancy about,” Zhao Manyan answered.

“How many times in total?” Mo Fan pressed.

“Just two... our relationship is pure and innocent.”

“Did you wear a condom?”

“It’s her safe time... ” Zhao Manyan sighed, “That’s enough, it’s really not what you are thinking. I might have had ulterior motives when I approached her in the first place. I was trying to get my revenge on my brother through my future sister-in-law, but I realized we have a lot in common, like she’s my soulmate. She can immediately understand me when I briefly touch upon a topic. It’s obvious that she doesn’t like Zhao Youqian, that assh***. Luckily, I met her in time to prevent a brilliant woman like her from falling into the hands of a vicious man with poor tastes. Anyway, it’s true love between us,” Zhao Manyan pontificated.

“Mm, Pan Jinlian and Wu Da-lang said the same thing too,” Mo Fan nodded.

{TL Note: Wu Da-lang was murdered by his adulterous wife, Pan Jinlian.}

Zhao Manyan could no longer keep calm. He snapped, “A man like you who keeps thinking of having two wives has no right to judge me! As for you, you don’t even have a girlfriend. You have no idea what true love is!”

“Fine, we are both animals,” Mo Fan spread his arms. He had nothing else to say if Zhao Manyan insisted on taking him down too.

“Why does it have anything to do with me?” Mu Bai complained. He did not do anything at all!

“You are worse than an animal!” both Zhao Manyan and Mo Fan shouted at the same time.

“...”

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Humans were very realistic. Ever since Mo Fan had beaten the crap out of Nelson, his classes were always fully booked.

After all, magic theory had to be compatible with practical skills. Most people only believed in what they saw. They did not care about Mo Fan’s advanced ideas.

Mo Fan adjusted his glasses after finishing a class that was now full of students. He was very pleased with himself.

A genius like him could easily dominate every field to which he devoted his time!

He went to the coffeehouse and rested for the afternoon.

He enjoyed coming to the coffeehouse. The reasons were simple. He could lay on the spacious balcony that was covered in white sand and enjoy the view of the blue sea. Most importantly, the female students would come here in their bikinis and sunbathe. They might even untie the strings on their

backs to make sure the tan was perfect. Some might even place their bras to the side, so others could tell their cup sizes just by looking at them!

A sunbath was no different from a picnic in the park if the girls were not comparing their cup sizes!

It was one of the good things about foreign women. They were open-minded enough to share their good things with others.

Mo Fan looked around the beach and quickly noticed a pair of adorable peach-colored bras that were roughly the size of an E cup placed beside their owner.

The owner turned her head to the side to grab something and noticed Mo Fan's gaze.

Mo Fan froze with an awkward expression.

He was a teacher, yet he was caught in his shameless act!

"Hey, aren't you Lecturer Mo Yifan?" the girl blurted out in surprise. She did not mind Mo Fan's gaze at all.

"Hello there, your badges are hindering my preparation for my next class," Mo Fan said.

"My bust size was already a D when I was ten. I'm twenty now, but my breasts haven't grown a lot more. I don't think we've met before. I'm Winnie, a student from Lecturer Brianca's faction," Winnie said. She reached out like she was going to shake Mo Fan's hand.

Mo Fan looked surprised. He quickly said, "Well, it's a little inconvenient for us to shake hands. Why don't you give me a hug?"

Winnie realized she had found a worthy opponent.

Meanwhile, a man in a suit and another in casual clothes approached them, going straight up to Winnie. The former shared the exciting things he had encountered during the day, while the other started applying sunscreen to Winnie's back.

Mo Fan felt extremely awkward, and placed his attention on his book instead.

He caught a glimpse of Winnie kissing the man who was applying sunscreen on her back before kissing the talkative man in a suit.

Mo Fan's eyes widened.

Holy crap, they are having a threesome in broad daylight!

The student seriously deserved a scolding for doing it in public!

"Lecturer Mo Yifan, these are my two husbands. I bet you won't remember their names even if I tell you. Why don't we continue with our conversation?" Winnie asked him.

"Say what?" Mo Fan was stunned. What did she mean by her two husbands? "Did I hear that right?" Mo Fan blurted out.

"What do you mean?"

“Your TWO husbands?” Mo Fan emphasized.

“Yeah, what’s wrong with it?” Winnie asked naturally. She quickly explained after she realized something, “I can tell you are really clueless. The Aorus Sacred Institute does not restrict the number of husbands and wives of its citizens. I’m not a playgirl like you think. They are both my legal husbands.”

Legal husbands...

It sounded oddly thrilling!

Zhao Manyan had mocked his dream earlier today, yet Mo Fan had immediately learned such a shocking piece of information.

“This country doesn’t practice monogamy?” Mo Fan asked softly, with a hint of excitement.

“You can be polygamous if you want. It’s up to you. There’s no such thing as the one and only in this world. The Aorus Sacred Institute doesn’t restrict human nature. Speaking of which, I’m looking for my third husband. My two husbands aren’t bad, but I always feel like I’m taking the lead. As a woman, I’m hoping to find a man who’s stronger than me in many areas. Well, he must at least be a stronger Mage than me,” Winnie said, staring at Mo Fan enticingly.

Chapter 2235: The Skull on Your Shoulder

Mo Fan went back to his apartment and told Zhao Manyan and Mu Bai the exciting news.

Mu Bai acted like he already knew about it, but Zhao Manyan had a strange expression.

“She told me she had a fiancée yesterday, but she didn’t really mind. Did she mean...” Zhao Manyan was too scared to think about it.

“It’s very likely she baited you instead,” Mo Fan confirmed.

Zhao Manyan almost lost his mind.

It meant Sancha did not mind having a relationship with both him and his brother!

Zhao Manyan was planning to get some revenge by hooking up with Zhao Youqian’s fiancée, yet it was him who was tricked in the end!

It was like roars of thunder were echoing across the sunny sky. Zhao Manyan went back to his room. He felt like he was not ready to face such an evil world for the time being.

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Mo Fan went to the Dean’s office that evening. To his surprise, the Dean who rarely stayed in his office was there. The Elemental Chief, Green, was in the office, too. They seemed to be discussing something important.

“The Andes Federation’s decision is really troublesome for us,” Schierling, the Dean of the Aorus Sacred Institute, commented.

"We'll give them our answer in a few days... I think Lecturer Mo Yifan is outside. It looks like he's here for something urgent," Green noticed.

They ended their conversation and invited Mo Fan into the office.

Mo Fan saw them with pleased faces, like two elderly men who enjoyed reading newspapers while enjoying a cup of tea. They seemed to be admiring him a bit.

A talented man will be popular wherever he goes, Mo Fan thought. "Dean, may I apply for a position as a long-term lecturer?" Mo Fan asked.

"Ah, you would like to join the Aorus Sacred Institute. Did our school's marvelous vision convince you to join us? That's great, the doors of the Aorus Sacred Institute are always open for a talent like you," Green said.

"Not really, I just want to have two wives," Mo Fan said honestly.

"Alright, that's also part of our school's vision," Green managed to say awkwardly.

"Lecturer Mo Yifan, if you join our school, it means you are going to become a citizen of the Aorus Sacred Institute too..." the Dean pointed out.

"Huh?" Mo Fan scratched his head.

His homeland had nurtured him well. He might have to reconsider before changing his citizenship. One was his dream, while the other was his nationality. He was struggling to make a decision!

"Lecturer Mo Yifan, we do accept dual nationality," Green spoke up.

"But my homeland doesn't allow it," Mo Fan sighed.

"Then I guess we can't help you. You will have to make the call yourself," Green said helplessly.

Dean knew Mo Fan was not willing to forfeit his Chinese citizenship. He said patiently, "There's always a way. Lecturer Mo Yifan, do you support multifaith?"

"What do you mean?" Mo Fan was confused.

"The Aorus Sacred Institute has its own religion, too. You can also enjoy the benefits of a citizen by registering yourself as a disciple of our religion. Your country doesn't restrict your religion, does it?" Dean said.

"You're right! Thank you for your guidance," Mo Fan spoke up agreeably.

"There's always a way indeed!" Green smiled.

The Dean nodded. He looked at Mo Fan's shoulder and saw something lustrous like a jade, yet it resembled a skull when he took a closer look.

"Lecturer Mo Yifan, that thing on your shoulder..." Dean asked.

"I'm carrying the honorable mission of the Aorus Sacred Institute on my shoulders!" Mo Fan declared firmly.

The Dean coughed and emphasized, "I'm asking about the object on your shoulder."

"Oh, I thought you were asking me to devote myself. It's a skull. I found it in the Hillmen's cave during an excursion. I can't seem to destroy it with my flames, so I find it quite interesting. I took it as a souvenir," Mo Fan answered.

Oh, Little Flame Belle, it was already quite spooky that you enjoyed playing with a skull, yet you didn't put your toy away after you were done playing with it. No wonder the girls were looking at me weirdly on the way here!

"The hillmen have always given our school a huge headache. They are like a bunch of devils preying on our school's sacred land," Green sighed.

"Can you give the skull to me?" the Dean requested of him.

"Huh?" Mo Fan did not expect the Dean to ask for the skull.

It was a difficult decision to make. Little Flame Belle had enjoyed matching her strength against the skull lately. She might leave home again if he gave away her favorite toy. His daughter's temper had worsened after she grew up. It was not easy to trick her as he had in the past.

"I can't tell you what its uses are, but I sincerely hope you can give it to me. Oh, it's not part of your request to join our school. How about this? I'll trade it for something else. It's a blessing that you are willing to join our school. The skull is just a personal deal between us," the Dean assured him.

"Well..." Mo Fan was even more troubled.

"I have a piece of amber that I obtained when I held a position in the Holy Judgment Court. It's as useful as the Lightning Pentagons, which have been a hot topic lately. Do you think it's a fair trade?" The Dean took out a piece of amber that was emitting white steam.

Mo Fan was going to appraise it when Little Loach Pendant started shaking vigorously. It might even have lunged at the piece of amber right away if there were no outsiders around!

Can't it behave more like a pendant? Was it so difficult to behave itself? It is acting like it just saw a pretty girl!

Mo Fan withheld the Little Loach Pendant's urge and said with a troubled face, "If the Dean fancies the skull, I don't mind agreeing with the trade."

"Thank you so much!" The Dean was overjoyed.

"You're welcome."

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Mo Fan quickly found a quiet corner after leaving the Dean's office.

Little Loach only needed a little more energy to upgrade his Lightning Element to the second-tier of the Super Level. He was having trouble finding another Lightning Pentagon after the mine was taken over by the federation.

To his surprise, the Dean had a similar piece that was of the Fire Element!

It did not really matter. It was still beneficial for him if Little Loach ended up improving his Fire Element after refining the amber. His Fire Element was less stable than his Lightning Element. He could use this as a chance to improve his Fire Element!

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“Ling~,” Little Flame Belle woke up from her nap. She flew back and forth in the room. Her insane speed using the Space Element made it look like there were over a dozen of her moving inside the room.

“Little Flame Belle, I told you to put your toy away whenever you are done playing with it so you won’t lose it. Humph, I have a piece of rock. Little Loach has absorbed its energy. You can play with it instead!”

“Ling!~” Little Flame Belle nodded in joy.

Little did she know, Mo Fan was basically tricking her, the equivalent of saying, *I’ll help you keep your money until you have graduated from high school!*

Chapter 2236: The Ninth Mound

Knock knock knock!

Mo Fan was thinking of taking a nap when he heard the loud knocks on his door.

He had been a lot busier ever since he became a teacher, as students with ulterior motives would keep visiting him with whatever excuse they could think of. Sighing, he considered that the way he had been acting was definitely not worthy to be called an animal!

“Lecturer, lecturer, I just recalled something!” Lily blurted out excitedly after the door was opened.

Mo Fan was disappointed. Why did it have to be this ugly chick? “What did you recall?” he asked politely.

“There’s a place where you might find the clues you want!” Lily spoke up.

“Where is it?” Mo Fan’s eyes glittered.

The Black Vatican was done harvesting the Frenzy Poppies. He had no idea how much Frenzy Liquid the Black Vatican could produce from the Frenzy Poppies. There was no way Salan would wash her hands in a gold basin so easily. The incidents she was responsible for in China had raised her reputation as a Goddess of Death across the world. She was already brewing another conspiracy, and it was very likely to take place in the Americas!

The problem was that they had no idea which city was her next target, given the size of the Americas. The clues they had found had yet to lead them to a key person in the Black Vatican.

“A mound in the Andes Mountains!” Lily declared.

Mo Fan immediately called Mu Bai and Zhao Manyan over. Mu Bai filtered out the special places the Aorus Sacred Institute had established in the Andes Mountains, and found thirteen mounds scattered across the mountains.

“What are these mounds used for?” Zhao Manyan asked, looking confused.

“The kingdom of the demon creatures in the Andes Mountains is comparable to Mount Kunlun. The Aorus Sacred Institute is very close to the Andes Mountains, without any cities nearby. Even if the school has a solid defense, there’s a den of demon creatures covering over ten thousand square kilometers outside it. These mounds serve as fire beacon towers between the territory of the school and the Andes Mountains. The school can observe the movement of the demon creatures in the Andes Mountains through these mounds, like whether the demon creatures are gathering or roaming, or if demon creatures above the Commander-level are on the move. The mounds will reflect this information to the school right away so it can react accordingly,” Mu Bai told them all.

“These thirteen mounds are like the school’s alarm system in the wild, but aren’t some of them a little too deep in the mountains? They are located on some of the taller mountains. Does the school assign people to these mounds? Even Super Mages might not survive on those mountains!” Zhao Manyan pointed at a few of the dots on the map.

“These mounds are more like posts the school uses to observe the Andes Kingdom of Demon Creatures. It’s hard to say if they are occupied all the time. The place Lily recalled is the Ninth Mound.” Mu Bai pointed at a location with uneven terrain.

“Aren’t the lecturers responsible for patrolling these mounds? They were also considered the most difficult patrols!” Mo Fan remembered.

Patrolling the mounds was no different from invading the dens of some demon creatures. Most importantly, even though the fire beacon towers were mainly used for observing the demon creatures, there were no reinforcements if anything went wrong!

“I’ll get more information about these mounds from the school,” Mu Bai proposed.

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Mu Bai went to the school’s Security Department, which was focused on the school’s safety. The mounds were under their management.

Mu Bai found a clerk in the office, who was trimming her nails. She was currently in her thirties, at the point where she was only wasting her money trying to conserve her youthful looks, which she should have done at a younger age.

“Hi, I’m a guest lecturer of the school, Mu Han. My colleagues and I are thinking of earning some extra money. We heard the mount patrols have the highest pay, so we are interested in them,” Mu Bai asked.

If the Black Vatican had spies in the school, they had to stick to their disguises as teachers of the school. Dean Xiao had made the smart choice of suggesting they disguise themselves as guest lecturers. If they were students, they would struggle to get things done!

“What do you want to know?” the clerk answered lazily.

Mu Bai was just about to ask some questions when he caught a pungent smell.

He glanced at the nail polish the clerk was using, yet the smell did not seem to come from it. Could it be the woman had put on enough perfume to marinate her flesh?

“What’s behind there? Is it a storage area?” Mu Bai pointed at a door behind the clerk’s desk.

The smell was coming from there...

“Yeah, resources are stored here before they are transported to the mountains. Is there any problem?” The clerk continued to apply her nail polish.

“May I take a look at them?” Mu Bai asked her.

“Go ahead.”

A strong smell assailed Mu Bai’s nostrils as he approached the door. He almost broke out in tears from it.

Mu Bai was very sensitive to odors as a Poison and Plant Mage. The clerk might think the smell was soothing, yet it felt like a slow poison to Mu Bai!

The storage area was empty when Mu Bai walked inside, but the odor that lingered on the floor and the walls were too strong. Mu Bai had been conducting experiments on the Frenzy Poppies lately, so he was very sensitive to their scent!

“Damn it, it’s the Black Vatican!” Mu Bai had a cold expression as he stared into the empty storage area.

Mu Bai had always thought the Black Vatican had transported the Frenzy Poppies to a secret factory in a hidden place. To his surprise, the Black Vatican was bold enough to store the Frenzy Poppies right inside the school, in the storage area of the Security Department!

The fact that the lingering smell was so strong meant the Frenzy Poppies had been stored here for quite some time.

The Frenzy Poppies looked just like normal poppies on the surface. The Aorus Sacred Institute did not have strict control over poppies. They only treated poppies as medicinal herbs which were commonly used to make painkillers.

It was common for battles to take place at the mounds. The people stationed at the mounds were always injured, so it was not strange to transport poppies to the mounds.

Mo Fan and his group had forgotten something important. The Black Vatican was very good at hiding their crimes under the cover of normal lives. They even let the school, which was the last thing anyone would suspect, hide and transport their goods!

“Where did they move the things in this room to?” Mu Bai asked quickly.

“The Ninth Mound.”

Chapter 2237: If the World isn’t Peaceful

“So you are saying that the Black Vatican moved the Frenzy Poppies that had been harvested straight to the school and stored them casually in Security. They even let the school transport their stuff to the Ninth Mound?” Mo Fan repeated what Mu Bai had said.

Mu Bai nodded.

“Why do I feel like our minds are being rubbed on the floor again?” Zhao Manyan smiled wryly.

The people leading the Black Vatican had always been very smart. If only they used their intelligence to do proper business!

“What should we do now?” Mu Bai was struggling to make a decision.

They had been searching for the Frenzy Poppies for a long time, and it turned out they had been stored less than a kilometer away from their apartments. They were only sent to the Ninth Mound recently!

“What else can we do? We will tackle the root of the problem!” Mo Fan said.

They would only be played like a fiddle if they kept going in circles with the Black Vatican.

Mu Bai had already mentioned that the trickiest part was planting the Frenzy Poppies. If the Black Vatican had already mastered the skills needed to refine the Frenzy Liquid, it would not take long for them to produce the Frenzy Liquid once they had the raw material.

Salan would have access to a new batch of the Frenzy Liquid. It was up to her if she wanted to repeat the Calamity of the Ancient Capital. The problem was that Salan was an emotionally unstable woman. Perhaps she might think the sandy white beaches around the Andes Mountains were too sunny, so a rain was needed to dampen them down. The area would immediately turn into Hell, where blood was scattered across the place and demons roamed!

“I’ve asked around. The Frenzy Poppies weren’t transported to the Ninth Mound using manual labor. The Ninth Mound is over a hundred kilometers away from the school. It would be tricky to transport the goods safely, even with an elite troop,” Mu Bai said.

“How did they do it, then?” Zhao Manyan asked.

“With Teleportation Portals! The Eighth Mound and the Twelfth Mound each have a Teleportation Portal connected to the Aorus Sacred Institute. It can transport objects over a hundred kilometers away, but the Portals can only transport non-living things. Living things will die instantly if they step into the Portals,” Mu Bai informed him.

“Damn it, why does the school have to be so rich? Otherwise, we might have had a chance to catch up to them!” Mo Fan complained.

“That’s why we must set out as soon as possible. We must stop the Black Vatican before they produce the Frenzy Liquid and stop whatever they are up to. The only problem is... these thirteen mounds aren’t just fire beacon towers in the Andes Mountains. They are also important road signs in the mountains

that are basically a maze, like white poplars in a desert. We can only find the way to the Second Mound from the First Mound, and the way to the Third Mound from the Second Mound..." Mu Bai went on.

"Are you serious? They are taking a plane straight to the Eighth Mound and the next mound will be their destination, while we have to go on foot?" Zhao Manyan exclaimed.

"To make matters even worse, the school has lost contact with the Sixth Mound for a few days, whether or not the Black Vatican was behind it. Something must have happened to it. The school is organizing a group to check it out, so even if we are going to the Ninth Mound, we have to resolve the problem that is occurring at the Sixth Mound first!" Mu Bai frowned.

"Holy crap, does that mean we will only retrieve the corpses of innocent people at this rate?" Zhao Manyan wondered.

"Where are the Portals?" Mo Fan asked.

"Mo Fan, what are you trying to do?" Mu Bai and Zhao Manyan asked simultaneously.

"I'll Teleport to the Eighth Mound right away," Mo Fan declared.

"You're going to get yourself killed. Those Portals are meant for non-living things. No one knows what's going to happen to a living thing. You might be able to reach the Eight Mound, but your body might end up in several segments. We should just follow the Mounds instead. It's not our fault if we don't make it in time. We have made a lot more progress than the Magic Association and the Holy Judgment Court, who always notice something is wrong after it's already too late," Zhao Manyan yelled at him.

There were many kinds of Teleportation Portals. The principles of a Portal used to transport goods were different from those that could Teleport a person. It did not matter if goods were disintegrated in the spatial rift.

For example, if they were transporting potatoes and jerky, it would still be fine if they ended up as potato chips and mincemeat at the destination.

However, it was not the same for a living thing!

"I'm a Space Mage. I can look after myself in the spatial rift. If everything goes smoothly, I can go straight to the Eighth Mound. It's even better if I can find the evil herbalist and send him to Heaven with my flames, giving the world its peace back," Mo Fan replied confidently.

"Mo Fan, you are smashing an Apple against a Nokia. Who knows which one is going to last until the very end!" Zhao Manyan warned him.

"I have to take the bet. I've never taken a flight like this before... let's not waste any more time. You two aren't Space Mages, so don't follow me into the Portal, I won't be able to protect you. Just start from the First Mound and try to back me up. I'll head to the Eighth Mound first. We are always one step behind the Black Vatican throughout this operation. We almost captured the evil herbalist who is such an important asset for Salan in Greece, yet he ran away right under our noses. If we don't try harder, we'll still be a step late. I don't want a city to end up in a bloodbath because of us," Mo Fan said.

"The Americas owe you a Nobel Peace Prize!" Zhao Manyan declared.

Mo Fan could not help it. He only had a few hobbies in his life. If the world was not peaceful, how could he read a book on the sandy white shore pretending he was preparing for his classes while enjoying the view of ladies in their bikinis?

If the world was not peaceful, how could he go wild with his lover on a bed inside the Parthenon Temple until the sun rose the next day?

If the world was not peaceful, the delicacies he loved would soon be drowned in the ocean, like his favorite restaurant that served crayfish in Pudong.

Fighting a war was not necessarily scarier than losing the things he loved, so he had no choice but to fight now!

The Eighth Mound had a Teleportation Portal that was used to transport goods. No one had ever tried using it to travel through it.

It felt like he was walking toward his reincarnation; the Way of the Animal, to be precise. He had no clue which species he would turn into.

Mu Bai always found Mo Fan's courage impressive. If Mo Fan made it to the Eighth Mound in one piece, he would only be a dozen kilometers away from the Ninth Mound. He might be able to stop the evil herbalist in time!

"Mo Fan, do you know people who are involved in high-risk work will write their last words every month in case their families can't take their possessions if they die a sudden death? Can you tell me if you have written a similar entry in your diary lately, before going inside the Portal?" Zhao Manyan inquired of him blithely.

Mo Fan already placed one of his feet inside the Portal. Silver strings began to circle him rapidly, forming a polygon. It was like Mo Fan was standing between two mirrors facing one another. His reflection was being projected in multiple dimensions.

Zhao Manyan saw Mo Fan talking as he entered the spatial rift, but his voice was sucked into the spatial rift. He could only guess what Mo Fan was saying by reading his lips.

It was more like Mo Fan was telling Zhao Manyan to send his regards to Chen Yi, rather than leaving his last words...

Chapter 2238: Bowing Together

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Mo Fan kept hearing the rustling of leaves. It was familiar yet strange, but it immediately put Mo Fan on alert, as if something terrifying was going to happen whenever he heard the sound.

His vision was as narrow as a crack. He was struggling to open his eyes, as if his eyelids were stuck together.

A while later, he finally realized he was badly wounded when he felt the pain across his body.

As he had expected, a trip with such huge risks was meant to go wrong. It was like he had been in a plane that had crashed.

"Where the hell am I? The Eighth Mound? Why am I seeing... (Sigh), my head is on the ground. No wonder I couldn't see anything," Mo Fan finally realized the posture he had landed in after his vision recovered a little.

He must have hit his face on the ground. His eyes were most likely swollen by now, hence the struggle he had opening them.

Something soft landed on him. There were many of them, and they were quick, yet they were not deadly. He felt a sharp pain whenever the things landed on his wounds.

He could not move his body. It felt like he was twisted around like a pretzel.

Mo Fan could not remember what he had been through. He swore he would never enter the spatial rift again. He had almost killed himself!

"Is there anyone here?"

"Anyone? Is this the Eighth Mound? I'm Lecturer Mo Yifan, who just crashed my plane. If someone would be kind enough to treat my injuries... the soil here stinks. Why does it smell like dog poop?..."

There was no answer, except for the sound of the drizzling rain.

Mo Fan suddenly heard heavy breathing beside him, and was overjoyed.

Someone finally showed up! What a blessing from the Heavens. Every heroic Martial Artist who fell down a cliff would obtain a peerless Martial Art and encounter a beautiful innocent lady. Mo Fan was only asking for a helping hand!

The person who was approaching Mo Fan let out a deep groan. Its voice was strange, yet familiar for some reason.

Mo Fan worked very hard to turn his head. He saw a pair of hairy legs. The bare feet looked like they were made of rocks. The hair on the legs was like a pair of rugged filthy trousers. A bone axe was dangling beside the owner's waist. It still had bloodstains on it, which were being washed away as water drops fell from its tip.

Mo Fan's heart skipped a beat. Seriously? He was asking for a living human who was able to help him up, not a Hillman who could kill him with a single swing of its axe!

Was karma at play here? Was this the result after he had wiped out an entire nest of Hillmen?

"Brother Hillman, I might not be able to move for now, but I can still use most of my spells. You should stay away from me if you have the slightest common sense. Otherwise, I'll skin you and rub you on the ground!" Mo Fan snarled.

The hillman laughed like a squealing pig, as if it could understand Mo Fan.

"You dare laugh at me? Telekinesis Arrows!"

Mo Fan was enraged. He modified his Will to take the shape of an arrow and fired it at the Hillman.

The Telekinesis Arrow flew at the back of the Hillman's head rapidly. The Hillman was still laughing, but it suddenly stopped when it saw the arrow between its eyes... after it had pierced its head from behind.

Bang!

The Hillman fell beside Mo Fan. Its brain fluids were flowing out of the hole on its head. Its face happened to be facing Mo Fan's.

"I might not be able to move, but it doesn't mean I can't use my magic. Idiot!" Mo Fan swore at it.

The Hillman was holding its last breath. It glared at Mo Fan with a weird expression.

Mo Fan was utterly confused by the Hillman's reaction until he heard more footsteps approaching around him. He immediately saw more pairs of bare feet coming closer, followed by heaving breaths.

What the heck is going on!?

Didn't he teleport to the Eighth Mound? How did he end up in a den of Hillmen? Were they having a meeting here?

"Is it too late for me to apologize? Brother Hillman, hang in there!" Mo Fan yelled at the Hillman lying beside him.

A second later, the Hillman's head tilted to the side and lay still. It was unlikely to answer Mo Fan's question...

Mo Fan was left speechless. Why did he never bother fixing his bad temper? Why did he have to blast a hole on the creature's head with a Telekinesis Arrow for no reason? Couldn't he leave the Warrior-level creature with some dignity?

Mo Fan shook his head. He promised himself he would try to settle conflicts peacefully from today onward, even when he was facing demon creatures.

Mm? He could now turn his head around!

What a relief, he could now control his Will more freely to lock onto the targets around him!

Screw it, there was no way he would settle a dispute peacefully with these savages! Didn't they want to kill him? He would let them give him kowtows and apologize to him first!

"Telekinesis: Inextricable Links!"

The same arrows with blurred outlines floated in the air amid the rain. They followed Mo Fan's gaze and flew at the Hillmen who were eying Mo Fan so covetously.

Mo Fan was a man of his words, and deliberately fired the arrows at the Hillmen's knees. Blood splattered out of the Hillmen's legs as they all fell to their knees, like they had just stumbled into their king as he was wandering the mountains!

"Bow!"

The arrows grew longer under Mo Fan's control. They were more like spears now, diving at the Hillmen's heads the moment they fell to the ground and nailing their skulls to the ground!

The Hillmen's bodies shook vigorously as their heads were nailed to the ground. Blood was pouring out from the wounds and soon blended with the rain. The Hillmen were forced to stay in the same posture around Mo Fan, like displayed specimens. The strange thing was, Mo Fan, who was being 'worshiped' by the Hillmen, was in a similar posture himself!

He had been in a kneeling posture since he landed!

"Is there anyone? Come give me a hand!"

"Where the Hell am I... any kind demon creatures in these mountains that are willing to lend me a hand? I'm here to save the world. I can't afford to waste too much time here!"

The scent of blood spread through the air and soon attracted a huge number of demon creatures.

Mo Fan's bones had yet to recover. He could only bow with the Hillmen who had turned into display specimens.

The demon creatures who were attracted by the scent of blood were well-behaved, and only picked on the corpses of the Hillmen. They left Mo Fan alone, as if they knew they did not want to mess with the human who was stuck in such a weird posture.

Chapter 2239: Fight Until Death

The demon creatures did not forget to bow to Mo Fan after they were done eating.

Mo Fan felt an urge to break into tears. He regretted taking the cargo flight.

Since he could not move, he decided to Cultivate instead. It had been a while since he had last visited the Demon Element's Galaxy.

The Demon Element was dark red in color as it spun quietly in his Spiritual World, observing the rest of the Elements like an evil concubine. It remained calm and collected even when the Lightning Queen possessed great power and the Fire Concubine was acting recklessly. It was acting like everything was under its control!

The Demon Element was different from the rest of the Elements. It did not have the system of Star Dust, Nebula, Galaxy, and Star Ocean. It did not even have Stars. It was just a crack that resembled a wormhole, connected to somewhere far away.

The Demon Element did not welcome Mo Fan when he tried to approach it, as if it was not bothered by his presence.

"Being aloof isn't the trend anymore. I'm currently injured. Can't you give me some other useful Passives, since you have only provided me with a transformation skill with a cooldown that lasts for half a century?" Mo Fan complained to it.

Communication was the key. It was possible to communicate with everything in the world, including a puff of energy!

The Demon Element started emitting a faint glow. Mo Fan felt a layer of warmth encapsulating his body, like he had fallen into a pool of mud that had been exposed under the sun for an entire afternoon. It was sticky yet comfortable.

“It was that easy to convince it?” Mo Fan was surprised.

He had thought he would need to have a prolonged argument with the Demon Element, with a lot of begging and pleading, yet it was willing to lend him a hand when he was only suggesting it indifferently!

The Demon Element had strengthened his flesh and given him an outstanding ability to self-recover. Mo Fan had sustained great injuries from the crash. He might have been stuck in the same posture for a few days without the help of a Healer, but Mo Fan could already feel his bones after receiving the help from the Demon Element. He was now able to move his arms around!

What a surprise! The Demon Element might seem aloof, but it had failed to withstand the slightest provocation. All Mo Fan did was take a quick tour of its territory, and it immediately poured out its energy to nurture him.

Mo Fan was finally able to stand. He tried moving his stiff joints.

His injuries recovered quicker than he had expected. He was soon as healthy as an ox after applying the whole bag of ointments and medicine Xinxia had given him over his entire body!

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“Is it possible that the turbulent flow of space has teleported me somewhere else? I was supposed to land on the Eighth Mound, despite my injuries. How did I end up here?” Mo Fan murmured.

Mo Fan took a few steps forward as he was murmuring to himself. The ground suddenly sank and revealed the entrance of an underground structure. Huge banana leaves were blocking Mo Fan’s vision. He was greeted by a shocking sight as he pried the leaves.

He had arrived at the Eighth Mound, but the place was already in ruins.

The walls around the irregular terrain were made of light green rocks. Some of them spread out like a fan, while others were stacked in layers like stairs. They had surrounded the mound like a valley. A few defensive buildings were constructed along the walls. They were most likely connected to some caves, allowing their occupants to escape in an emergency.

Mo Fan could roughly see the outline of the structures, but both the walls and the buildings were now in ruins!

“The mounds are supposed to be the alert system of the school. How come the school is unaware that the Eighth Mound has been destroyed?” Mo Fan was shocked.

The Aorus Sacred Institute was constructed at the edge of the Andes Mountains. In other words, it was located right outside the entrance of a demon creatures’ den. The misbehaving demon creatures often gathered in groups to expand their territories. If the Aorus Sacred Institute was unaware of the

movement of demon creatures beforehand, it was possible for the school to be completely surrounded by demon creatures within a night.

The mounds were similar to the outposts, sentry towers, and fortresses around a city!

Mu Bai had mentioned that something was wrong with the Sixth Mound. It turned out that the Eighth Mound had long been destroyed, yet the people of the Aorus Sacred Institute had no idea what was going on! If the demon creatures were on the move, it would be too late for the people to react once the demon creatures reached the fourth, third, and second mounds!

“Was the Black Vatican behind it?” Mo Fan thought grimly.

Destroying the mounds was the same as destroying the alarm system of the Aorus Sacred Institute.

There was something else too. It had been raining for a long time!

It was supposed to be a sunny season, but rain was sweeping across the mountains. Mo Fan’s heart skipped a beat.

Damn it, isn’t this a sign that the Black Vatican is on the move!?

The rain, the breakdown of the city’s defenses, followed by a huge tide of demon creatures attacking the city. The disaster came as the people were still preoccupied by their comfortable lives. There was enough blood to flow like rivers, while the land was littered with corpses!

“Their target is the Aorus Sacred Institute!”

The Black Vatican had been hiding in the Aorus Sacred Institute, and had even planted the Frenzy Poppies in its territory. It was even producing the Frenzy Liquid at its facility to wipe out the school itself.

Mo Fan, Zhao Manyan, and Mu Bai were too focused on the main cities in the Andes Federation. They had assumed Salan was going to target one of the cities, yet she was aiming the cannon at the school instead!

*Damn those assh**** of the Black Vatican!*

He would never let them get what they wanted!

Where could he look for such a tolerant marriage law in the world once the Aorus Sacred Institute was razed to the ground?

He had always wondered why he was so incompatible with the Black Vatican. It turned out to be his destiny.

Screw the Black Vatican and Salan. He would fight them until his death!

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Mo Fan looked around, but did not find a single corpse at the Eighth Mound. It was likely that the demon creatures and Hillmen that were roaming nearby had cleaned them up. He was unable to ask anyone about the current situation.

Luckily, Mo Fan had come prepared. He knew how to get to the Ninth Mound from the Eighth Mound.

If Lily said she had been to the Ninth Mound in the past, it meant the evil herbalist had moved his lab to the Ninth Mound. Everything would be straightforward once Mo Fan found his way to the Ninth Mound!

“Come to think of it, how did the Black Vatican make the rain?”

“Even if they are relying on Water Mages, the rain would only cover a distance of ten kilometers at most, yet this rain is covering an area of at least a hundred kilometers. Do they worship the Rain of God?”

Chapter 2240: Razing the School to the Ground

Mo Fan had no idea what the rain might cause. He did not dare waste a single second, and quickly headed to the Ninth Mound.

The Ninth Mound was around a dozen kilometers from the Eighth Mound. The Black Vatican had destroyed the Eighth Mound and planned to bury it with the rain to prevent the people of the Aorus Sacred Institute from finding the Ninth Mound.

Luckily, Mo Fan had decided to take the risky path. The path to the Eighth Mound would have been filled with mud and soil if he took the old-fashioned way. They would never have found its precise location.

The path ahead was undulating, and Mo Fan had a poor sense of direction. It would be surprising if he did not lose his way among the mountains, let alone find the Ninth Mound.

The light green rocks were the only connection between the Eighth Mound and the Ninth Mound. Mo Fan called them Cuckold Rocks.

(Ed. Note: This is a reference to the Green Hatted Man saying)

The Cuckold Rocks were scattered across the mountain. It was unlikely the Black Vatican could clear every single one of them. Mo Fan had no idea where he was currently, and was blindly following the Cuckold Rocks, hoping they would bring him to the Ninth Mound.

“I think I’m in the right way. Is that...” Mo Fan moved his foot and picked up a dirty petal he had just stepped on.

It was a petal from the Frenzy Poppies!

The Black Vatican must have followed the Cuckold Rocks to the Ninth Mound too. They had accidentally dropped the petal along the way!

“The rain should still be clean. Let’s hope they aren’t done refining the Frenzy Liquid,” Mo Fan muttered after sniffing the rain.

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“Strange, the Cuckold Rocks are gone. They must be destroying the path to prevent people from intervening with the refinement process. This is bad, I’m only a few kilometers away!”

Mo Fan could not find any more Cuckold Rocks, unable to see a single one in the area. They were the only things that would lead him to the Ninth Mound.

A few kilometers in the wilderness was not far, but the terrain in the mountains was too complicated, made up of caves, peaks, canyons, cliffs, and valleys. The Ninth Mound was not like a fortress or a village. It was just a sentry outpost that was well-hidden to enhance its safety. It might be located in a hidden cave with plants covering its entrance, or on top of some dense trees.

“Summoning Gate: Army of Wolves!”

Mo Fan constructed a lunar-white Star Constellation and opened a Gate connected to the Summoned Beast Plane.

The restless wolves rushed out of the Gate and scanned the area for enemies. They were rubbing their claws, preparing for an intense battle!

“Put your claws away. I only need your noses. Come over here and sniff around... holy crap, will you take turns instead? Are you trying to squeeze me to death?”

Mo Fan felt like a shepherd with a pack of white sheep around him! The wolves did look rather adorable when they put their claws and fangs away.

“Old Wolf, bring a troop with you and find those scum of the Black Vatican, even if you have to dig three inches deep into the ground!” Mo Fan commanded the Flying Creek Snow Wolf.

The Flying Creek Snow Wolf was in low spirits, as it had been a long time since he was pampered.

Mo Fan could not help it. The Flying Creek Snow Wolf’s Cultivation was stuck at peak Commander-level. If he could not achieve the Ruler-level, he would have no chance of adapting to the battles Mo Fan was fighting nowadays. The Flying Creek Snow Wolf felt helpless, as there was nothing he could do.

The Flying Creek Snow Wolf howled, asking Mo Fan a question.

“Did everything I feed you go to waste? Does it matter if we are in the Andes Mountains? Are you telling me you don’t dare to cause a scene in other creatures’ territory?” Mo Fan yelled back.

The Flying Creek Snow Wolf felt wronged.

“Just screw them all up. I don’t care if there are the hordes living in the Andes Mountains or a little pack within five kilometers of where we are. You aren’t a good dog if you aren’t an ambitious white wolf who wants to be the king of beasts!” Mo Fan scolded him.

The Flying Creek Snow Wolf almost burst into tears.

They were currently in the Andes Mountains, which had a kingdom of demon creatures!

This place was not necessarily any friendlier than Mount Kunlun! Even the tribal chiefs in the Summoned Beast Plane would behave themselves when they heard about the Andes Mountains. It was fine if the Flying Creek Snow Wolf was on his own, but he was bringing three hundred wolves with him to scout the mountains. They were obviously trying to compete for territory with the local tyrants. Things were doomed to go south!

“Enough with your nonsense and start looking. If you can find the Black Vatican’s nest, I’ll do everything to help you grow stronger. I’ll also help you to take over the Mountain of Nine Fangs you have been struggling to invade!” Mo Fan promised him.

The Flying Creek Snow Wolf was instantly motivated.

The other wolves grew restless when they heard Mo Fan was going to help them to claim a new territory. They quickly formed a dozen packs and started searching the area thoroughly. They were more efficient than a well-trained army.

Mo Fan Summoned Apas and ordered the yawning snake lady, “Apas, keep an eye on them. Don’t let the local tyrants kill them!”

“So I’m a wolf keeper now?” Apas retorted unwillingly.

The Andes Mountains had many species of demon creatures. Even a single pine tree might have three species competing for its ownership. The Flying Creek Snow Wolf and the army of white wolves were outsiders here. Their numbers could easily alert the demon creatures in the area.

However, they hesitated to make a move under Apas’ pressure!

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The Sixth Mound...

The mound was like a building lying horizontally across the entrance of a canyon on a barren mountain.

A few people in the uniforms of the Aorus Sacred Institute’s Security Department were busy investigating something when Mu Bai and Zhao Manyan arrived. They seemed to have an emergency.

Mu Bai went up to them and asked, “What happened here?”

The person in charge was an old man. He was wearing the Aorus Sacred Institute’s uniform, but he did not seem reliable enough to assume full responsibility for the place.

“The Sixth Mound and the Seventh Mound are connected by a river, but it’s been raining heavily so suddenly. The strong current has destroyed the bridge along the river. Some of the areas are underwater after the flash flood...” the old man began.

“Why didn’t you tell the Security Department immediately?” Mu Bai demanded.

“There’s an excursion class trapped out there because of the flash flood. I...I didn’t want to lose my job. I was planning to tell the school after we rescued them,” the old man had no choice but to admit.

“Are you f**king out of your mind!? Not only are you putting the lives of the students in danger, you are placing the school in danger too!” Mu Bai swore scathingly.

Mu Bai rarely scolded anyone, but he was so angry that he felt like beating the crap out of the old man when he heard his ridiculous excuse.

It had been a few days since the problem had occurred. They could have resolved it sooner if they had told the school right away!

However, the paths had been destroyed by the flash flood, making it impossible to find the way to the Seventh Mound.

In other words, they could no longer back Mo Fan up. He was going to have to invade the Black Vatican's nest by himself!